# CHIEF PRE-SHAKESPEAREAN DRAMAS

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Joseph Quincy Adams

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# CHIEF PRE-SHAKESPEAREAN DRAMAS

## A SELECTION OF PLAYS ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA FROM ITS ORIGIN DOWN TO SHAKESPEARE

BY

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# PREFACE

This book is the result of an invitation from the publishers to prepare for their well-known series of collected plays a volume to cover the period lying before that represented in Professor Neilson's *Chief Elizabethan Dramatists*. I have aimed to tell, as clearly as may be in selections, the story of the origin and development of the English drama, to render the plays as intelligible and as vivid to college students as I could, and to make the texts so accurate as to be of genuine service to scholars. In order clearly to illustrate the origin of the drama, I have necessarily had to include a few liturgical plays from the Continent, since the corresponding English plays, though known to have existed, have not survived; here my procedure is justified by the fact that the early drama, as a part of the service of the Roman Church, was international in its development. In order to render the plays intelligible to college students, I have furnished translations of the mediæval Latin texts, have modernized the punctuation, have added, in brackets, stage-directions, and have explained in footnotes all words that seemed to offer difficulty. Finally, in order to make the texts accurate and serviceable, I have tried to print from the most authoritative sources, and have spared no pains in collating the proofs with the originals. In general, the proofs have been compared at least twice with the indicated sources; and the result, I hope, will gain for the volume the confidence of scholars.

I wish to acknowledge, as of right due, my indebtedness to the excellent collection of a similar nature, *Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearean Drama*, issued by my former teacher, Professor John M. Manly, to whose instruction and abiding inspiration I owe more than I can well express. Without his earlier labors in charting the sea, the present volume would have been more difficult to prepare, and not nearly so effective. Some of my detailed indebtedness I have been able to indicate in the footnotes, but not all; and hence I here wish to make this general acknowledgment.

To various friends and colleagues I am also under obligation for assistance generously rendered. In translating the very bad Latin of some of the liturgical texts, I have had valuable aid from Professor George Lincoln Burr and Professor Charles Love Durham; in elucidating difficult words in the Middle

English texts, I have had no less valuable aid from Professor William Strunk, Jr.; and in collating the proofs with the originals, I have been assisted by Mr. Horace Mack. To all these I wish to express my sincere gratitude.

J. Q. A

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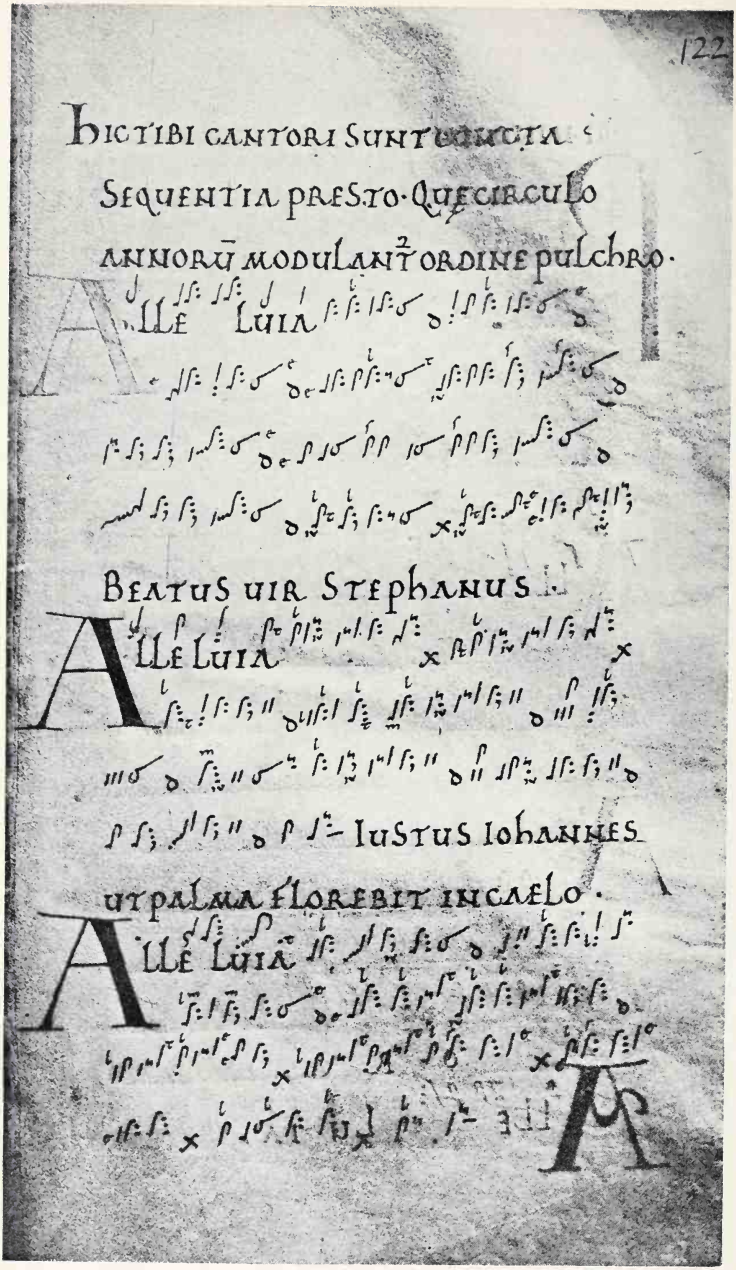
# CHIEF PRE-SHAKESPEAREAN DRAMAS

## I

## SOURCES OF THE LITURGICAL DRAMA



122

Hic tibi cantori sunt cuncta :
Sequentia presto· Que circulo
annorū modulantᷣ ordine pulchro·
Alle luia
Beatus uir Stephanus
Alle luia
Iustus Iohannes
ut palma florebit in caelo·
Alle luia
Alle

The Alleluia Wordless Sequence
From the Winchester Troper (Bodleian M.S. 775) of the year 979

# THE *QUEM-QUÆRITIS* TROPE[1]

| DE RESURRECTIONE DOMINI | OF THE LORD'S RESURRECTION |
|---|---|
| Int[errogatio]: | Question [of the angels]: |
| *Quem quœritis in sepulchro,* [*o*] *Christicolæ?* | *Whom seek ye in the sepulchre, O followers of Christ?* |
| R[esponsio]: | Answer [of the Marys]: |
| *Jesum Nazarenum crucifixum, o cœlicolæ.* | *Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified, O celestial ones.* |
| [Angeli:] | [The angels:] |
| *Non est hic; surrexit, sicut prædixerat.* | *He is noi here; he is risen, just as he foretold.* |
| *Ite, nuntiate quia surrexit de sepulchro.* | *Go, announce that he is risen from the sepulchre.* |

---

[1] In the ninth century, words were set to the wordless sequences, thus making "tropes." The one printed above, commonly referred to as *Quem quœritis*, and belonging to the Introit of the Mass at Easter, is from the St. Gall MS. 484, of the ninth century (see the facsimile in Léon Gautier, *Histoire de la Poésie liturgique au Moyen Age*, 1886, p. 216). The text is the earliest we have, and doubtless represents the original form of this particular trope. The lines were sung in the manner of dialogue between the angels and the three Marys at the sepulchre on Easter morning (see St. Mark, xvi, 1–8). From this simple dialogued song of the Easter Mass service the modern drama developed.

# THE EASTER SEPULCHRE[1]

## I

## DEPOSITIO CRUCIS

[*Good Friday.*]

Within the Abbye Church of Durham, uppon Good Friday, theire was marvelous solemne service, in the which service time, after the Passion was sung, two of the eldest Monkes did take a goodly large CRUCIFIX, all of gold, of the picture of our Saviour Christ nailed uppon the crosse, lyinge uppon a velvett cushion, havinge St. Cuthbert's armes uppon it all imbroydered with gold, bringinge that betwixt them uppon the said cushion to the lowest greeces in the Quire; and there betwixt them did hold the said picture of our Saviour, sittinge of every side, on ther knees, of that, and then one of the said Monkes did rise and went a pretty way from it, sittinge downe uppon his knees, with his shooes put of, and verye reverently did creepe away uppon his knees unto the said Crosse, and most reverently did kisse it. And after him the other Monke did so likewise; and then they did sitt them downe on every side of the Crosse, and holdinge it betwixt them; and after that the Prior came forth of his stall, and did sitt him downe of his knees, with his shooes off, and in like sort did creepe also unto the said Crosse; and all the Monkes after him, one after another, in the same order; and in the mean time all the whole quire singinge an himne. The service beinge ended, the two Monkes did carrye it to the SEPULCHRE with great reverence, which Sepulchre was sett upp in the morninge on the north side of the Quire, nigh to the High Altar, before the service time; and there lay it within the said SEPULCHRE with great devotion, with another picture of our Saviour Christ, in whose breast they did enclose, with great reverence, the most holy and blessed Sacrament of the Altar, senceinge it, and prayinge unto it upon theire knees, a great space, settinge two tapers lighted before it, which tapers did burne unto Easter day in the morninge, that it was taken forth.

## II

## ELEVATIO CRUCIS

[*Easter Day.*]

There was in the Abbye Church of Duresme[1] verye solemne service uppon Easter Day, betweene three and four of the clocke in the morninge, in honour of the RESURRECTION, where two of the oldest Monkes of the Quire came to the Sepulchre, being sett upp upon Good Friday, after the Passion, all covered with red velvett and embrodered with gold, and then did sence it, either Monke with a pair of silver sencers sittinge on theire knees before the Sepulchre. Then they both rising came to the Sepulchre, out of which, with great devotion and reverence, they tooke a marvelous beautifull IMAGE OF OUR SAVIOUR, representing the resurrection, with a crosse in his hand, in the breast wherof was enclosed in bright christall the holy Sacrament of the Altar, throughe the which christall the Blessed Host was conspicuous to the behoulders. Then, after the elevation of the said picture, carryed by the said two Monkes uppon a faire velvett cushion, all embrodered, singinge the anthem of *Christus resurgens*, they brought it to the High Altar, settinge that on the midst therof, whereon it stood, the two Monkes kneelinge on theire knees before the Altar, and senceing it all the time that the rest of the whole quire was in singinge the foresaid

[1] Durham.

---

[1] From *A Description or Brief Declaration of all the Ancient Monuments, Rites and Customes belonginge or beinge within the Monastical Church of Durham before the Suppression*, edited by J. Raine, in the Surtees Society, xv. For a more primitive form of the *Depositio Crucis* and the *Elevatio Crucis*, see the Latin text from the *Regularis Concordia* of St. Ethelwold, printed by E. K. Chambers, *The Mediæval Stage*, ii, 306.

anthem of *Christus resurgens.* The which anthem beinge ended, the two Monkes tooke up the cushions and the picture from the Altar, supportinge it betwixt them, proceeding, in procession, from the High Altar to the south Quire dore, where there was four antient Gentlemen, belonginge to the Prior, appointed to attend theire cominge, holdinge upp a most rich CANNOPYE of purple velvett, tached round about with redd silke and gold fringe; and at everye corner did stand one of theise ancient Gentlemen, to beare it over the said image, with the Holy Sacrament, carried by two Monkes round about the church, the whole quire waitinge uppon it with goodly torches and great store of other lights, all singinge, rejoyceinge, and praising God most devoutly, till they came to the High Altar againe, whereon they did place the said image, there to remaine untill the Ascension day.

# SEMI-DRAMATIC TROPE [1]

[Easter.]

| | |
|---|---|
| Post hæc [tert. resp.] duo pueri in albis, unus ad dextram altaris, alius ad sinistram, cantant: | After this [the third responsory] let two boys, in albs,[1] one at the right of the altar, the other at the left, sing: |
| *Quem quæritis [in sepulchro, o Christicole]?* | *Whom seek ye in the sepulchre, O followers of Christ?* |
| Tres capellani cum dalmaticis albis, coopertis capitibus, ante altare respondent: | Let three chaplains, garbed in white dalmatics,[2] with covered heads,[3] standing before the altar, reply: |
| *Jesum Nazarenum [crucifixum, o celicole].* | *Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified, O celestial ones.* |
| Item pueri: | Then the boys: |
| *Non est hic; [surrexit sicut predixerat.* | *He is not here; he is risen, just as he foretold.* |
| *Ite, nuntiate quia surrexit a mortuis].* | *Go, announce that he is risen from the dead.* |
| Deinde illi tres accedentes ad altare, et intro aspicientes, versi ad chorum dicunt alta voce: | Then those three, approaching the altar and looking within, turning towards the choir, say in a loud voice: |
| *Alleluia, surrexit Dominus!* | *Alleluia, the Lord is risen!* |
| Post hæc cantor incipit: | After this the cantor [4] begins: |
| *Te Deum [laudamus].* | *We praise thee, O God.* |

[1] A full-length vestment of white linen.
[2] A vestment resembling the alb, but with slits in the side.
[3] Probably in order that they might the better represent women.
[4] The leader of the choir, who regularly sang the *Te Deum* marking the end of the Matin service.

---

[1] Performed at Tours, in France. I have reproduced the text from Carl Lange's *Die lateinischen Osterfeiern*, 1887, p. 24. Under the influence of the "Easter Sepulchre" just described, as well as because of the more appropriate time, the *Quem quæritis* trope has been transferred from the Mass to the Matin service, and rendered partly dramatic by having the lines of the angels sung by two choir boys standing at the altar, and the lines of the Marys by three chaplains who advance up to the altar. Since the *Te Deum laudamus* closed the Matin, it is obvious that the song was inserted just before the conclusion of the service.

# II

# LITURGICAL PLAYS DEALING WITH THE STORY OF CHRIST

# SEPULCHRUM[1]

[Easter.]

Dum tertia recitatur lectio, quatuor fratres induant se, quorum unus alba indutus ac si ad aliud agendum ingrediatur, atque latenter sepulchri locum adeat, ibique manu tenens palmam, quietus sedeat. Dumque tertium percelebratur responsorium, residui tres succedant, omnes quidem cappis induti, turribula cum incensu manibus gestantes ac pedetemptim ad similitudinem querentium quid, ueniant ante locum sepulchri. Aguntur enim hæc ad imitationem angeli sedentis in monumento atque mulierum cum aromatibus uenientium ut ungerent corpus Ihesu. Cum ergo ille residens tres uelut erraneos ac aliquid querentes uiderit sibi adproximare, incipiat mediocri uoce dulcisono cantare:

*Quem queritis* [*in sepulchro, o Christicole*]?

Quo decantato fine tenus, respondeant hi tres uno ore:

*Ihesum Nazarenum* [*crucifixum, o celicola*].

Quibus ille:

*Non est hic; surrexit, sicut prædixerat:*

*Ite, nuntiate quia surrexit a mortuis.*

Cujus iussionis uoce uertant se illi tres ad chorum dicentes:

*Alleluia! resurrexit Dominus* [*hodie,*
*Leo fortis, Christus filius Dei. Deo gratias dicite, eia!*]

While the third lesson is being chanted, let four brethren vest themselves; of whom let one, vested in an alb, enter as if to take part in the service, and let him without being observed approach the place of the sepulchre, and there, holding a palm in his hand, let him sit down quietly. While the third responsory is being sung, let the remaining three follow, all of them vested in copes, and carrying in their hands censers filled with incense; and slowly, in the manner of seeking something, let them come before the place of the sepulchre. These things are done in imitation of the angel seated in the monument, and of the women coming with spices to anoint the body of Jesus. When therefore that one seated shall see the three, as if straying about and seeking something, approach him, let him begin in a dulcet voice of medium pitch to sing:

*Whom seek ye in the sepulchre, O followers of Christ?*

When he has sung this to the end, let the three respond in unison:

*Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified, O celestial one.*

To whom that one:

*He is not here; he is risen, just as he foretold.*

*Go, announce that he is risen from the dead.*

At the word of this command let those three turn themselves to the choir, saying:

*Alleluia! The Lord is risen to-day,*
*The strong lion, the Christ, the Son of God.*
*Give thanks to God, huzza!*

---

[1] From the *Regularis Concordia* of St. Ethelwold, written between 965 and 975. According to the *Proœmium* of the document, it was prepared by the bishops, abbots, and abbesses of England at the request of King Edgar at a Council of Winchester. I have reproduced the text from that printed by W. S. Logeman in *Anglia* (1891), xiii, 365 ff., and have followed Manly in expanding the songs from the cues given; the expansion of the second song of the Marys I have based on the text of the Winchester Troper, Bodleian MS. 775, dating from 979. Lines in italic type were intended to be sung. See St. Mark, xvi, 1–8.

Dicto hoc, rursus ille residens, uelut reuocans illos dicat antiphonam:

*Uenite, et uidete locum* [*ubi positus erat*
*Dominus, alleluia! alleluia!*]

Hæc uero dicens surgat, et erigat uelum, ostendatque eis locum cruce nudatum, sed tantum linteamina posita quibus crux inuoluta erat. Quo uiso, deponant turribula quæ gestauerant in eodem sepulchro, sumantque linteum et extendant contra clerum, ac, ueluti ostendentes quod surrexerit Dominus et iam non sit illo inuolutus, hanc canant antiphonam:

*Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro,*
[*Qui pro nobis pependit in ligno*].

Superponantque linteum altari. Finita antiphona, Prior congaudens pro triumpho Regis nostri, quod, deuicta morte, surrexit, incipiat hymnum:

*Te, Deum, laudamus.*

Quo incepto, una pulsantur omnia signa.

This said, let the former, again seating himself, as if recalling them, sing the anthem:

*Come, and see the place where the Lord was*
*laid. Alleluia! Alleluia!*

And saying this, let him rise, and let him lift the veil and show them the place bare of the cross, but only the cloths laid there with which the cross was wrapped. Seeing which, let them set down the censers which they carried into the same sepulchre, and let them take up the cloth and spread it out before the eyes of the clergy; and, as if making known that the Lord had risen and was not now therein wrapped, let them sing this anthem:

*The Lord is risen from the sepulchre,*
*Who for us hung upon the cross.*

And let them place the cloth upon the altar. The anthem being ended, let the Prior, rejoicing with them at the triumph of our King, in that, having conquered death, he arose, begin the hymn:

*We praise thee, O God.*

This begun, all the bells chime out together.

# SEPULCHRUM[1]

[Easter.]

Finito iij Responsorium cum suo ℣ et Gloria Patri, uenient tres persone in superpelliceis et in capis sericis capitibus uelatis quasi tres Marie querentes Ihesum, singule portantes pixidem in manibus quasi aromatibus, quarum prima ad ingressum chori usque sepulcrum procedat per se quasi lamentando dicat:

*Heu! pius pastor occiditur,*
*Quem nulla culpa infecit:*
*O mors lugenda!*

Factoque modico interuallo, intret secunda Maria consimili modo et dicat:

*Heu! nequam gens Iudaica,*
*Quam dira frendet uesania,*
*Plebs execranda!*

Deinde iij Maria consimili modo dicat:

*Heu! uerus doctor obijt,*
*Qui uitam functis contulit:*
*O res plangenda!*

Ad huc paululum procedendo prima Maria dicat:

*Heu! misere cur contigit*
*Uidere mortem Saluatoris?*

Deinde secunda Maria dicat:

*Heu! Consolacio nostra,*
*Ut quid mortem sustinuit?*

Tunc iij Maria:

*Heu! Redempcio nostra,*
*Ut quid taliter agere uoluit?*

At the end of the third responsory with its verse and the *Gloria Patri*, let three persons enter, in surplices and with their heads covered with silk copes, as if they were the three Marys seeking Jesus, each one carrying in her hands a censer as if it were filled with spices; of whom let the first proceed alone from the entrance of the choir up to the sepulchre, and say as if lamenting:

*Alas! the good shepherd is killed,*
*Whom no guilt stained.*
*O lamentable death!*

After a short interval of time, let the second Mary enter in like manner and say:

*Alas! vile race of Jews,*
*Whom a dire madness makes frenzied,*
*Detestable people!*

Then let the third Mary in like manner say:

*Alas! the true teacher is dead*
*Who gave life to the dead.*
*O lamentable fact!*

At this let the first Mary, advancing a little, say:

*Alas! why has it pitiably befallen us*
*To see the death of the Saviour?*

Then let the second Mary say:

*Alas! our Consolation,*
*Why did he suffer death?*

Then the third Mary:

*Alas! our Redeemer,*
*Why did he choose to pursue such a course?*

---

[1] Printed by E. K. Chambers, *The Mediæval Stage*, ii, 315, from Bodleian MS. 15,846, described as "a Sarum processional written in the fourteenth century, and belonging in the fifteenth century to the church of St. John the Evangelist, Dublin." Another, and somewhat inferior text, is reproduced in facsimile by W. H. Frere, *Winchester Troper*, 1894, from which it is printed by Manly, *Specimens*, i, xxii. The play is of interest as illustrating textual expansion by the introduction of new tropes, and dramatic expansion by the introduction of a new scene, the Race of Peter and John. Lines in italic type were chanted or sung; in the manuscript they are accompanied by musical notation. See St. Mark, xvi, 1–8, St. John, xx, 1–10.

Tunc se coniungant et procedant ad gradum chori ante altare simul dicentes:

*Iam, iam, ecce, iam properemus ad tumulum*
*Unguentes Delecti corpus sanctissimum!*

Deinde procedant similiter prope sepulchrum, et prima Maria dicat per se:

*Condumentis aromatum*
*Ungamus corpus sanctissimum,*
*Quo preciosa.*

Tunc secunda Maria dicat per se:

*Nardi uetet commixtio,*
*Ne putrescat in tumulo*
*Caro beata!*

Deinde iij Maria dicat per se:

*Sed nequimus hoc patrare sine adiutorio.*
*Quis nam saxum reuoluet a monumenti ostio?*

Facto interuallo, angelus nixus sepulcrum apparuit eis et dicat hoc modo:

*Quem queritis ad sepulcrum, o Cristicole?*

Deinde respondeant tres Marie simul dicentes:

*Ihesum Nazarenum crucifixum, o celicola!*

Tunc angelus dicet:

*Surrexit, non est hic, sicut dixit;*
*Uenite et uidete locum ubi positus fuerat.*

Deinde predicte Marie sepulcrum intrent et inclinantes se et prospicientes undique intra sepulcrum, alta uoce quasi gaudentes et admirantes et parum a sepulcro recedentes simul dicant:

Then let them join together, and advance to the steps of the choir before the altar, saying in unison:

*Now, now, behold, now let us hasten to the tomb*
*To anoint the most sacred body of the Beloved One!*

Then let them advance in similar fashion almost up to the sepulchre, and let the first Mary say alone:

*With preservatives of spices*
*Let us anoint the most sacred body, —*
*With the most costly ones possible.*

Then let the second Mary say alone:

*Let a mixture of spikenard hinder*
*Lest in the tomb putrefy*
*The Blessed Flesh!*

Then let the third Mary say alone:

*But this we cannot accomplish without assistance.*
*Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?*

After an interval, an angel, leaning on the tomb, appears to them; and let him speak in this manner:

*Whom seek ye at the sepulchre, O followers of Christ?*

Then let the three Marys answer, saying in unison:

*Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified, O celestial one!*

Then let the angel say:

*He is risen; he is not here, just as he said.*
*Come and see the place where he was laid.*

Then let the aforesaid Marys enter the sepulchre; and, bowing themselves and looking on all sides within the sepulchre, in a loud voice as if rejoicing and wondering, and withdrawing a little distance from the sepulchre, let them say in unison:

*Alleluya! resurrexit Dominus!*
*Alleluya! resurrexit Dominus hodie!*
*Resurrexit potens, fortis, Christus, Filius Dei!*

Deinde angelus ad eas:

*Et euntes dicite discipulis eius et Petro quia surrexit.*

In quo reuertant ad angelum quasi mandatum suum ad implendum parate simul dicentes:

*Eya! pergamus propere*
*Mandatum hoc perficere!*

Interim ueniant ad ingressum chori due persone nude pedes sub personis apostolorum Iohannis et Petri indute albis sine paruris cum tunicis, quorum Iohannes amictus tunica alba palmam in manu gestans, Petrus uero rubea tunica indutus claues in manu ferens; et predicte mulieres de sepulcro reuertentes et quasi de choro simul exeuntes, dicat prima Maria per se sequentiam:

*Victime paschali laudes*
*Immolant Christiani.*
*Agnus redemit oues:*
*Christus innocens Patri*
*Reconsiliauit peccatores.*
*Mors et uita duello*
*Conflixere mirando:*
*Dux uite mortuis*
*Regnat uiuus.*

Tunc obuiantes eis in medio chori predicti discipuli, interrogantes simul dicant:

*Dic nobis, Maria,*
*Quid uidisti in uia?*

Tunc prima Maria respondeat quasi monstrando:

*Sepulcrum Christi uiuentis,*
*Et gloriam uidi resurgentis.*

*Alleluia! the Lord is risen!*
*Alleluia! the Lord is risen to-day!*
*He is risen, the powerful, the strong, the Christ, the Son of God!*

Then the angel to them:

*And, going, tell his disciples and Peter that he is risen.*

Whereupon, let them turn towards the angel as if ready to execute his command, saying in unison:

*Come on! Let us go quickly*
*To perform this command!*

Meanwhile let there come to the entrance of the choir two persons barefooted, impersonating the apostles John and Peter, clad in albs without ornaments, with tunics, of whom John clothed in a white tunic, carrying a palm in his hand, Peter clad in a red tunic, carrying the keys in his hand;[1] and the above-mentioned women returning from the sepulchre, and as if going forth from the choir together, let the first Mary say alone the sequence:

*Let Christians offer the sacrifice of praises*
*To the Paschal Victim.*
*The Lamb has redeemed the sheep:*
*The innocent Christ, to the Father*
*Has reconciled the sinners.*
*Death and Life have fought*
*In a wonderful duel:*
*The Prince of Life, having died,*
*Reigns living.*

Then let the above-mentioned disciples, meeting them in the middle of the choir, questioning them, say in unison:

*Tell us, Mary,*
*What hast thou seen on the way?*

Then let the first Mary answer as if pointing:

*The sepulchre of the living Christ,*
*And the glory of the Resurrected One, I saw!*

---

[1] The keys to heaven and hell, symbolical of papal authority.

Tunc ij Maria responde[a]t similiter monstrando:

*Angelicos testes,*
*Sudarium et uestes.*

Tunc iij Maria respondeat:

*Surrexit Christus, spes nostra,*
*Precedet uos in Galileam.*

Et sic procedant simul ad ostium chori; interim currant duo ad monumentum; uerumptamen ille discipulus quem diligebat Ihesus uenit prior ad monumentum, iuxta euangelium: "Currebant autem duo simul et ille alius discipulus precucurrit cicius Petro et uenit prior ad monumentum, non tamen introiuit." Uidentes discipuli predicti sepulcrum uacuum et uerbis Marie credentes reuertant se ad chorum dicentes:

*Credendum est magis soli Marie ueraci*
*Quam Iudeorum turbe fallaci!*

Tunc audita Christi resurreccione, chorus prosequatur alta uoce quasi gaudentes et exultantes sic dicentes:

*Scimus Christum surrexisse*
*A mortuis uere.*
*Tu nobis, uictor Rex, miserere!*

Qua finita, executor officii incipiat:

*Te, Deum, laudamus.*

Tunc recedant sanctae Marie, apostoli, et angelus.

Then let the second Mary answer, likewise pointing:

*Angelic witnesses,*
*The sudarium and the vestments!*

Then let the third Mary answer:

*Christ, our hope, is risen!*
*He will go before you into Galilee.*

And so let them [i.e. the three Marys] proceed together to the door of the choir; meanwhile let the two [i.e. John and Peter] run to the tomb; but that disciple whom Jesus loved [i.e. John] comes first to the tomb, according to the evangelist: "Moreover they ran both of them together, and that other disciple outran Peter, and came first to the tomb; yet he did not enter." Let the above-mentioned disciples, seeing the sepulchre empty, and believing the words of the Marys, turn themselves toward the choir, saying:

*It is better to believe a single truthful Mary*
*Than all the lying host of the Jews.*

Then, having heard of the resurrection of Christ, let the choir follow after, in a loud voice, as if rejoicing and exulting, saying thus:

*We know that Christ is risen*
*From the dead in very truth!*
*Do thou, O Victor King, have mercy on us!*

This having been finished, let the manager of the office begin:

*We praise thee, O God.*

Then let the holy Marys, the apostles, and the angel withdraw.

# SEPULCHRUM [1]

[Easter.]

Ad faciendam similitudinem Domini sepulchri, primum procedant tres fratres præparati et vestiti in similitudinem trium Mariarum, pedetentim, et quasi tristes, alternantes hos versus cantantes:

Prima eorum dicat:

*Heu! pius pastor occidit,*
*Quem culpa nulla infecit!* [1]
*O res plangenda!*

Secunda.

*Heu! verus pastor obiit,*
*Qui vitam sanctis contulit!*
*O mors lugenda!*

Tertia.

*Heu! nequam gens Judaica,*
*Quam dira frendens vesania!*
*Plebs execranda!*

Prima.

*Cur nece pium impia*
*Dampnasti sava invida?*
*O ira nefanda!*

Secunda.

*Quid justus hic promeruit*
*Quod crucifigi debuit?*
*O gens dampnanda!*

Tertia.

*Heu! quid agemus misere*
*Dulci magistro orbate?*
*Heu! sors lacrymanda!*

To make the representation of the Lord's sepulchre, first let three brothers, prepared beforehand and clothed in the likeness of the three Marys, advance slowly and as if sad, alternately singing these verses: the first of them shall say:

*Alas! the good shepherd is killed,*
*Whom no guilt stained.*
*O lamentable occurrence!*

The second:

*Alas! the true shepherd is dead*
*Who gave life to the upright!*
*O lamentable death!*

The third:

*Alas! vile race of Jews,*
*Whom a dire madness makes frenzied!*
*Detestable people!*

The first:

*Why condemned ye to an impious death*
*The Holy One with savage hate?*
*O direful rage!*

The second:

*How has this righteous man deserved*
*To be crucified?*
*O race accursed!*

The third:

*Alas! what are we wretched ones to do,*
*Bereft of our sweet Master?*
*Alas! lamentable chance!*

---

[1] Lange prints *occidit*, apparently an error derived from the preceding line.

[1] The manuscript, of the thirteenth century, is from Orléans, France. It shows the development of the *Sepulchrum* into a play of three episodes, the Visit of the Three Marys, the Race of Peter and John, and the Appearance of Christ to Mary Magdalene. I have reproduced the text from Carl Lange, *Die lateinischen Osterfeiern*, 1887, p. 160. The lines in italic type were sung or chanted. See St. Mark, xvi, 1–8, St. John, xx, 1–18, St. Luke, xxiv, 1–12.

Prima.

*Eamus ergo propere,*
*Quod solum quimus facere,*
*Mente devota.*

Secunda.

*Condimentis aromatum*
*Ungamus corpus sanctissimum,*
*Quo preciosa.*

Tertia.

*Nardi vetet commixcio,*
*Ne putrescat in tumulo*
*Caro beata.*

Cum autem venerint in chorum, eant ad monumentum quasi quærentes, et cantantes omnes simul hunc versum:

*Sed nequimus hoc patere sine adiutorio.*
*Quisnam saxum hoc revolvet ab monumenti hostio?*

Quibus respondeat Angelus sedens foris, ad caput sepulchri, vestitus alba deaurata, mitra tectus caput, etsi deinfulatus, palmam in sinistra, ramum candelarum plenam tenens in manu dextra, et dicat moderata et admodum gravi voce:

*Quem quæritis in sepulchro, O Christicolæ?*

Mulieres.

*Jesum Nazarenum crucifixum, O celicola.*

Quibus respondeat Angelus:

*Quid, Christicolæ, viventem quæritis cum mortuis?*
*Non est hic; surrexit, prædixit ut discipulis.*
*Mementote quid iam vobis locutus in Galilea,*
*Quod Christum opportebat pati, atque die tertia*
*Resurgere cum gloria.*

The first:

*Let us therefore go quickly,*
*To do the only thing we can do,*
*With mind devout.*

The second:

*With preservatives of spices*
*Let us anoint the most sacred body, —*
*With the most costly ones possible.*

The third:

*Let a mixture of spikenard hinder*
*Lest in the tomb putrefy*
*The Blessed Flesh.*

When they have entered the choir, let them go towards the sepulchre as if seeking, and all singing together this verse:

*But we cannot open this without assistance.*
*Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?*

To whom let the angel respond, seated without at the head of the tomb, clothed in an alb gilded over, his head covered with a coif, yet unadorned with the *infula*, holding in his left hand a palm, in his right hand a candelabrum full of candles, and let him say in a modulated and very grave voice:

*Whom seek ye in the sepulchre, O followers of Christ?*

The women:

*Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified, O celestial one.*

To whom let the angel respond:

*Why, O followers of Christ, seek ye the living among the dead?*
*He is not here; he is risen, as he foretold to his disciples.*
*Remember now what he said to you in Galilee,*
*That it behoved the Christ to suffer, and on the third day*
*To rise with glory.*

Mulieres, conversæ ad populum, cantent:

*Ad monumentum Domini venimus*
*Gementes; angelum Dei sedentem vidimus*
*Et dicentem quia surrexit a morte.*

Post hæc Maria Magdalene, relictis duabus aliis, accedat ad sepulchrum, in quod sepe aspiciens, dicat:

*Heu dolor! heu! quam dira doloris angustia*
*Quod dilecti sum orbata magistri præsencia!*
*Heu! quis corpus tam dilectum sustulit e tumulo?*

Deinde pergat velociter ad illos qui in similitudine Petri et Johannis præstare debent erecti,[1] stansque ante eos quasi tristis, dicat:

*Tulerunt Dominum meum,*
*Et nescio ubi posuerunt eum.*
*Et monumentum vacuum est inventum,*
*Et sudarium cum sindone intus est repositum.*

Illi autem hoc audientes velociter pergant ad sepulchrum ac si currentes; sed junior, S. Johannes, perveniens stet extra sepulchrum, senior vero, S. Petrus, sequens eum, statim intret; postquam et Johannes intret; cum inde exierint, Johannes quasi mirans dicat:

*Miranda sunt quæ vidimus!*
*An furtim sublatus est Dominus?*

Cui[2] Petrus:

*Imo, ut prædixit vivus,*
*Surrexit, credo, Dominus.*

Johannes.

*Sed cur liquit in sepulchro*
*Sudarium cum lintheo?*

Let the women, turned about towards the people, say:

*To the sepulchre of the Lord we have come*
*Lamenting; we have seen the angel of God seated*
*And saying that he is risen from the dead.*

After this let Mary Magdalene, having left the other two, draw near to the sepulchre, into which looking many times, let her say:

*Alas the grief! alas! how dire the anguish of grief*
*That I am bereft of the presence of my beloved Master!*
*Alas! who bore away the body, so dear, from the tomb?*

Then let her go swiftly to those who in the likeness of Peter and John should present themselves with heads erect; and standing before them as if sad, let her say:

*They have taken away my Lord,*
*And I know not where they have laid him;*
*And the tomb is found empty,*
*And the sudarium with the muslin cloth lying within.*

Then let these, upon hearing this, proceed swiftly to the sepulchre as if running; but let the younger, Saint John, upon arriving, stand without the sepulchre, but let the elder, Saint Peter, following him, immediately enter in; after which John also enters; when they have come out, let John, as if wondering, say:

*Marvelous are the things we have seen!*
*Hath the Lord been taken away by stealth?*

To whom Peter:

*Nay, as he predicted while alive,*
*The Lord, I believe, is risen.*

John:

*But why did he leave in the sepulchre*
*The sudarium with the linen cloth?*

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[1] *Erecti* is omitted by Lange, but appears in Milchsack.

[2] Omitted by Lange; supplied from Milchsack.

Petrus.

*Ista quia resurgenti*[s]
*Non erant necessaria,*
*Imo resurrectionis*
*Restant hæc indicia.*

Illis autem abeuntibus, accedat Maria ad sepulchrum, et prius dicat:

*Heu dolor! heu! quam dira doloris angustia!*
*Quod dilecti sum orbata magistri præsencia.*
*Heu! quis corpus tam dilectum sustulit e tumulo?*

Quam alloquantur duo angeli sedentes infra sepulchrum dicentes:

*Mulier, quid ploras?*

Maria.

*Quia tulerunt Dominum meum,*
*Et nescio ubi posuerunt eum.*

Angelus.

*Noli flere, Maria; resurrexit Dominus.*
*Alleluia!*

Maria.

*Ardens est cor meum desiderio*
*Videre Dominum meum;*
*Quæro et non invenio*
*Ubi posuerunt eum.*
*Alleluia!*

Interim veniat quidam præparatus in similitudinem hortolani, stansque ad caput sepulchri, dicat:

*Mulier, quid ploras? quem quæris?*

Maria.

*Domine, si tu sustulisti eum, dicito mihi ubi posuisti eum, et ego eum tollam.*

Peter:

*Because to one rising from the dead*
*These things were not necessary;*
*Nay, they remain here*
*As tokens of his resurrection.*

Then, as they are going out, let Mary approach the sepulchre, and let her first say:

*Alas the grief! alas! how dire the anguish of grief,*
*That I am bereft of the presence of my beloved Master!*
*Alas! who bore away the body, so dear, from the tomb?*

To whom let two angels sitting inside the sepulchre speak, saying:

*Woman, why weepest thou?*

Mary:

*Because they have taken away my Lord,*
*And I know not where they have laid him.*

Angel:

*Weep not, Mary; the Lord is risen.*
*Alleluia!*

Mary:

*My heart is burning with desire*
*To see my Lord;*
*I seek, and I do not find*
*Where they have laid him.*
*Alleluia!*

In the meanwhile let one come, prepared beforehand in the likeness of a gardner; and standing at the head of the sepulchre, let him say:

*Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?*

Mary:

*Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.*

Et Ille.

*Maria!*

Atque procidens ad pedes ejus, Maria dicat:

*Rabboni!*

At ille subtrahat se, et quasi tactum ejus devitans, dicat:

*Noli me tangere, nondum enim ascendi ad Patrem meum et Patrem vestrum, Dominum meum et Dominum vestrum.*

Sic discedat Hortolanus, Maria vero, conversa ad populum, dicat:

*Congratulamini mihi omnes qui diligitis Dominum, quia quem quærebam apparuit mihi, et dum flerem ad monumentum vidi Dominum meum. Alleluia!*

Tunc duo angeli exeant ad ostium sepulchri, ita ut appareant foris, et dicant:

*Venite et videte locum ubi positus erat Dominus.*
*Alleluia!*
*Nolite timere vos:*
*Vultum tristem jam mutate:*
*Jesum vivum nuntiate.*
*Galileam jam adite:*
*Si placet videre, festinate:*
*Cito euntes dicite discipulis quia surrexit Dominus.*
*Alleluia!*

Tunc mulieres discedentes a sepulchro dicant ad plebem:

*Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro,*
*Qui pro nobis pependit in ligno.*
*Alleluia!*

Hoc facto, expandeant sindonem, dicentes ad plebem:

*Cernite vos, socii, sunt corporis ista beati*
*Lintea, quæ vacuo iacuere relicta sepulchro.*

And he:

*Mary!*

And falling prostrate at his feet, let Mary say:

*Rabboni!*

And let him draw himself back; and as if avoiding her touch, let him say:

*Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father and your Father, to my Lord and your Lord.*

Thus let the Gardner go out; but let Mary, having turned toward the people, say:

*Rejoice with me, all ye who love the Lord, for he whom I sought has appeared to me, and while I was weeping at the tomb I saw my Lord. Alleluia!*

Then let the two angels come to the door of the sepulchre in such a way that they are visible without, and let them say:

*Come and see the place where the Lord was laid.*
*Alleluia!*
*Be not affrighted:*
*Change now your sad countenance!*
*Proclaim Jesus living!*
*Go now into Galilee.*
*If it please you to see, hasten!*
*Go quickly, and tell his disciples that the Lord is risen from the dead.*
*Alleluia!*

Then let the women, going away from the sepulchre, say to the people:

*The Lord is risen from the sepulchre,*
*Who for us hung upon the cross!*
*Alleluia!*

Having done this, let them unfold the muslin cloth, saying to the people:

*Look you, friends, these are the cloths of the blessed body*
*Which lay abandoned in the empty tomb.*

Postea ponant sindonem super altare, atque revertentes alternent hos versus:

Prima dicat:

*Resurrexit hodie Deus Deorum!*

Secunda.

*Frustra signas lapidem, plebs Judeorum!*

Tertia.

*Jungere jam populo Christianorum!*

Item Prima dicat:

*Resurrexit hodie Rex angelorum!*

Secunda.

*Ducitur de tenebris turba piorum!*

Tertia.

*Reseratur aditus regni celorum!*

Interea is qui ante fuit Hortulanus, in similitudinem Domini veniat, dalmaticatus candida dalmatica, candida infula infulatus, phylacteria pretiosa in capite, crucem cum labaro in dextra, textum auro paratorium in sinistra habens, et dicat mulieribus:

*Nolite timere vos; ite, nuntiate fratribus meis ut eant in Galileam, ibi me videbunt sicut prædixi eis.*

Chorus.

*Alleluia! Resurrexit hodie Dominus!*

Qui finito, dicant omnes insimul:

*Leo fortis, Christus, filius Dei!*

Et Chorus dicat:

*Te Deum laudamus*, etc.

Then let them place the cloth upon the altar; and turning themselves about, let them sing alternately these verses: let the first say:

*The God of Gods has arisen to-day!*

The second:

*In vain do ye seal the stone, O race of Jews!*

The third:

*Join now with the people of Christ!*

Likewise let the first say:

*The King of the angels has arisen to-day!*

The second:

*The throng of the righteous is led out of hell!*

The third:

*The door of the kingdom of heaven is opened!*

In the meantime let him who had previously been the Gardner come in the likeness of the Lord, clothed in a dazzling-white robe, adorned with a white *infula*, with a precious *phylacterium* on his head, holding in his right hand a cross with the *labarum*, in his left hand a *paratorium* [1] woven of gold, and let him say to the women:

*Be not affrighted: go, tell my brethren that they shall go into Galilee; there they shall see me, just as I foretold to them.*

The choir:

*Alleluia! The Lord is risen to-day!*

Which being ended, let all say in unison:

*The strong Lion, the Christ, the Son of God!*

And let the choir say:

*We praise thee, O God!* etc.

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[1] The pall used to cover the sacramental chalice before and after the celebration of Mass.

# PEREGRINI [1]

[Monday of Passion Week.]

Nota, fili: Officium Peregrinorum debet hic fieri hoc modo.

Duo de ij sede, qui sint scripti in tabula ad placitum scriptoris, induti tunicis et desuper cappis transversum [eant], portantes baculos et peras in similitudinem Peregrinorum, et habeant capellos super capita et sint barbati. Exeant a vestiario, cantantes hymnum:

*Jhesu, nostra redemptio,*
*[Amor et desiderium,*
*Deus creator omnium,*
*Homo in fine temporum,*

*Quæ te vicit clementia*
*Ut ferres nostra crimina,*
*Crudelem mortem patiens*
*Ut nos a morte tolleres,*

*Inferni claustra penetrans,*
*Tuos captivos redimens,*
*Victor triumpho nobili*
*Ad dextram Patris residens.*

*Ipsa te cogat pietas*
*Ut mala nostra superes*
*Parcendo, et voti compotes*
*Nos tuo vultu saties.*

*Tu esto nostrum gaudium,*
*Qui es futurus præmium;*

Observe, son: The office of the Wayfarers [to Emmaus] [1] should at this point be performed in the following manner.

Let two of the lower row,[2] whose names may be written on the bulletin-board at the pleasure of the scribe, clothed in tunics and copes, go across, carrying staffs and wallets in the likeness of travelers; and let them have caps upon their heads and be bearded. Let them advance from the vestry singing the hymn:

*Jesus, our Redeemer,*
*Love and Ardent Desire,*
*God, Creator of all things,*
*Man in these final times,*

*What mercy has o'erwhelmed thee*
*That thou shouldst bear our sins,*
*Enduring a cruel death*
*In order to free us from death,*

*Entering the gates of Hell,*
*Releasing thy captives,*
*Conqueror in a glorious triumph,*
*Sitting at the right hand of the Father!*

*Let sheer compassion impel thee*
*To overcome our wrong-doing*
*With forbearance, and to satisfy us,*
*Our desire thereby fulfilled, with thy countenance.*

*Be thou our joy,*
*Who wilt be our reward!*

[1] See St. Luke, xxiv, 13–35; cf. St. Mark, xvi, 12–13. I have retained, in so far as possible, the language of the King James' version.

[2] Who sat in the lower stalls of the choir; of the lower rank, here petty-canons.

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[1] The *Peregrini*, in existence by the twelfth century, was performed, we know, in England; but no English text has come down to us save the late and transitional fragment reproduced on page 73 to illustrate the introduction of the vernacular. I have selected the Rouen text (printed from A. Gasté, *Les Drames liturgiques de la Cathédrale de Rouen*, 1893, p. 65) as being the most interesting one available. The Saintes text (see *Bibliothèque de l'École des Chartes*, 1873, xxxiv, 314) is more primitive in form, but is almost entirely devoid of descriptive matter relating to its method of performance. It contains only the single scene of the appearance of Christ to the two disciples, and ends with the supper at Emmaus. The Rouen text, it will be observed, adds the interview with Mary Magdalene. The Benedictbeuern text, from Germany, introduces all three Marys; and the Beauvais and Fleury texts, as well as the Benedictbeuern text, are expanded by an additional scene, the incredulity of Thomas, a suggestion of which appears in the English fragment mentioned above. The lines in italic type were sung. See St. Luke, xxiv, 13–35.

*Sit nostra in te gloria*
*Per cuncta semper secula!*]

venientes lento pede per dextram alam ecclesie usque ad portas occidentales, et subsistentes in capite processionis. Et cum cantaverint hymnum usque ad eum locum *Nos tuo voltu sacies*, tunc quidam sacerdos de majori sede, scriptus in tabula, indutus alba et amictu, nudus pedes, ferens crucem super dextrum humerum, voltu demisso, veniens usque ad eos per dextram alam ecclesie, et subito stet inter illos et dicat:

*Qui sunt hii sermones* [*quos confertis ad invicem ambulantes, et estis tristes?*]

Peregrini quasi admirantes, et eum respicientes, dicant:

*Tu solus peregrinus* [*es in Jerusalem, et non cognovisti quæ facta sunt in illa his diebus?*]

Sacerdos interroget:

*Que?*

Peregrini respondeant:

*De Jhesu Nazareno* [*qui fuit vir propheta, potens in opere coram Deo et omni populo, quomodo tradiderunt eum summi Sacerdotes et Principes nostri in damnationem mortis et crucifixerunt eum; et super omnia, tertia dies est quod hec facta sunt.*]

Sacerdos, utrimque respiciens, dicat:

*O stulti! et tardi corde* [*ad credendum omnibus quæ locuti sunt Prophetæ! Nonne sic oportuit pati Christum et intrare in gloriam suam?*]

Quibus dictis, statim recedens Sacerdos, fingens se longius ire, et Peregrini, festinantes, prosequentes, eum detineant quasi ad

*In thee be our glory*
*Through all ages, forever!*

coming at a slow pace, through the right aisle of the church, as far as the western doors, and taking their stand at the head of the procession. And when they shall have sung the [above-quoted] hymn to the line "Our desire thereby fulfilled, with thy countenance," then let a priest from the upper row, whose name has been written on the bulletin-board, clothed in an alb and an amice, barefooted, bearing the cross upon his right shoulder, with a downcast countenance, come up to them through the right aisle of the church, and let him suddenly stand with them and say:

*What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another as ye walk and are sad?*

Let the wayfarers, as if in wonder, and gazing at him, say:

*Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?*

Let the priest inquire:

*What things?*

Let the wayfarers reply:

*Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet, mighty in deed before God and all the people, how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him up to be condemned to death, and have crucified him; and beside all this, to-day is the third day since these things were done.*

Let the priest, looking fixedly at both, say:

*O fools! and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken! Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?*

With these words, immediately let the priest walk away, making as though he would go further, and let the wayfarers, hastening, following after him, detain him hospicium invitantes et trahentes, baculis ostendentes castellum, et dicentes:

*Mane nobiscum* [*quoniam advesperascit, et inclinata est jam dies. Sol vergens ad occasum suadet ut nostrum velis hospicium; placet enim nobis sermones tuos, quos confers de ressurrectione magistri nostri.*]

Et ita cantantes, ducant eum usque ad tabernaculum, in medio navis ecclesie, in similitudinem castelli Emaux preparatum. Quo cum ascenderint, et ad mensam ibi paratam sederint, et Dominus inter eos sedens panem eis fregerit, [et] fractione panis agnitus ab illis, subito recedens ab oculis eorum evanescat. Illi autem, quasi stupefacti surgentes, versis vultibus inter ipsos, cantent lamentabiliter:

*Alleluia!*

cum versu:

*Nonne cor nostrum* [*ardens erat in nobis, dom loqueretur in via, et aperiret nobis scripturas? Heu! miseri! ubi erat sensus noster quando intellectus abierat?*]

Quo reiterato, vertent se versus pu[l]pitum, et cantent hunc versum:

*Dic nobis, Maria,*
[*Quid vidisti in via?*]

Tunc quidam de majori sede, indutus dalmatica et amictu, in modum mulieris caput circumligatus, respondeat:

*Sepulchrum Christi* [*viventis*
*Et gloriam vidi resurgentis;*

*Angelicos testes,*
*Sudarium et vestes.*]

Tunc ostendat et explicet unam syn-

as if inviting and urging him to be their guest, pointing to the village with their staffs, and saying:

*Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is now far spent. The sun declining towards the west urges that thou accept our hospitality; for we are pleased with what thou sayest to us concerning the resurrection of our Master.*

And thus singing, let them lead him to the structure in the middle of the nave of the church, prepared in the likeness of the village of Emmaus. When they have ascended into it, and are seated at the table ready there, and the Lord, sitting between them, has broken bread unto them, and has been recognized by them through his breaking of the bread, then let him suddenly vanish out of their sight. Moreover, let them, rising up as if dumfounded, with faces turned towards each other, mournfully sing:

*Alleluia!*

with the verse:

*Was not our heart burning within us while he was talking by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures? Alas! wretched we! where were our senses when we did not comprehend?*

Having repeated this, let them turn themselves toward the pulpit and sing this verse:

*Tell us, Mary,*
*What hast thou seen on the way?*

Then let one from the upper row, clothed in a dalmatic and an amice, his head bound about after the fashion of a woman, answer:

*The sepulchre of the living Christ,*
*And the glory of the Resurrected One, I saw!*
*Angelic witnesses,*
*The sudarium and the vestments!*

Then let him hold up to view and unfold a donem ex una parte, loco sudarii, et aliam ex alia parte, loco vestium, et projiciat ante magnum hostium chori. Deinde dicat:

*Surrexit Christus* [*spes mea!*
*Præcedit suos in Galilæam.*]

Chorus cantet duos versus sequentes residuos:

[*Credendum est magis soli Mariæ veraci*
*Quam Judæorum turbæ fallaci.*

*Scimus Christum surrexisse*
*A mortuis vere.*
*Tu nobis, victor Rex, miserere!*]

Et interim recedant Maria et Peregrini.

muslin cloth from one side, to represent the sudarium, and another muslin cloth from the other side, to represent the vestments; and let him cast them before the main entrance to the choir. Then let him say:

*Christ is risen, my hope!*
*He goes before his disciples into Galilee!*

Then let the choir sing the remaining two verses, which follow:

*It is better to believe a single truthful Mary*
*Than all the lying host of the Jews!*

*We know that Christ is risen*
*From the dead in very truth!*
*Do thou, O Victor King, have mercy on us!*

And, in the meanwhile, let Mary and the Wayfarers withdraw.

# PASTORES [1]

[Christmas.]

Finito *Te Deum laudamus,* peragatur Officium Pastorum hoc modo secundum Rothomagensem usum.

Presepe sit paratum retro altare et ymago sancte Marie sit in eo posita. In primis quidam puer ante chorum in excelso in similitudinem angeli nativitatem Domini annuncians ad quinque canonicos quindecim marcharum et librarum vel ad eorum vicarios de ij sede, pastores intrantes per magnum hostium chori per medium chorum transeuntes, tunicis et amictis indutos, hunc versum ita dicens:[1]

> *Nolite timere: ecce enim evangelizo vobis gaudium magnum quod erit omni populo: quia natus est vobis hodie Salvator, qui est Christus Dominus, in civitate David. Et hoc vobis signum: Invenietis infantem pannis involutum, et positum in præsepio.*

Sint plures pueri in voltis ecclesie quasi angeli qui alta voce incipiant:

> *Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bone voluntatis.*

Hoc audientes, pastores ad locum in quo paratum est præsepe accedant, cantantes hunc versum:

The *Te Deum laudamus* being ended, let the Office of the Shepherds be performed in this manner, according to the usage of Rouen.

Let a manger be prepared at the back of the altar, and let a figure representing the Holy Mary be placed in it. First let a boy, dressed like an angel, from a lofty place in front of the choir announce the birth of the Lord to the five canons of fifteen marks and pounds,[1] or to their proxies of the second row;[2] and let the shepherds, entering through the main door of the choir, and crossing through the middle of the choir, vested in tunics and amices, say this verse:[3]

> *Fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.*

Let there be many boys, as if they were angels, in the roof of the church, who in a loud voice shall begin:

> *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men!*

Hearing this, let the shepherds draw near to the place in which the manger has been prepared, singing this verse:

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[1] The MS. reads: "*Nolite timere, ecce enim,* usque *in praesepio.*" I have replaced this with the full text; and have followed the same procedure throughout the play.

[1] So called because they received annual stipends from two special endowments; four canons received fifteen marks annually, others shared in a bequest yielding £15 annually.

[2] The second row of choir stalls, occupied by canons of inferior rank.

[3] St. Luke, ii, 10–11. I have retained, in so far as possible, the language of the King James' version.

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[1] Printed from A. Gasté, *Les Drames liturgiques de la Cathédrale de Rouen,* 1893, p. 25. The text is found in two manuscripts (Rouen MSS. y.110 and y.108) of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries respectively. The play, which probably came into existence not later than the eleventh century, existed in England (there are allusions to it in the twelfth-century Statutes of Lichfield), but no English text, so far as we know, has been preserved. The lines here printed in italic type are set to music in the manuscript. See St. Luke, ii, 1–20.

*Pax in terris nuntiatur,*
*In excelsis gloria!*
*Cœlo* [1] *terra federatur,*
*Mediante gratia.*

*Mediator homo Deus*
*Descendit in propria,*
*Ut ascendat homo reus*
*Ad admissa gaudia. Eya! Eya!*

*Transeamus, videamus*
*Verbum hoc quod factum est;*
*Transeamus ut sciamus*
*Quod hic* [2] *nuntiatum est.*

*In Judea puer vagit,*
*Puer salus populi,*
*Quo bellandum se presagit*
*Vetus hospes seculi.*

*Accedamus, accedamus*
*Ad presepe Domini,*
*Et congaudentes* [2] *dicamus:*
*Laus fecundæ Virgini!*

Quod dum intraverint, duo presbyteri dalmaticati, de majori sede, quasi obstetrices quid ad præsepe fecerint, dicant:

*Quem quæritis in præsepe, pastores, dicite.*

Pastores respondeant:

*Salvatorem Christum Dominum infantem, pannis involutum, secundum sermonem angelicum.*

Item obstetrices, cortinam aperientes, puerum demonstrent, dicentes:

*Adest hic parvulus cum Maria matre sua, de qua dudum, vaticinando, Isayas dixerat propheta:*

hic ostendant matrem pueri dicentes:

*Let peace be proclaimed on earth,*
*Glory in the highest!*
*Earth is leagued with heaven,*
*By means of grace.*

*The God-Man as mediator*
*Comes down to his own,*
*That condemned man may ascend*
*To the admitted joys. Huzza! Huzza!*

*Let us go, let us see*
*This thing which is come to pass.*
*Let us go that we may know*
*What has here been announced.*

*In Judea a boy is crying,*
*A boy-saviour of the people,*
*For whom that he would wage war*
*The ancient heathen stranger foretold.*

*Let us draw nigh, let us draw nigh*
*To the manger of the Lord,*
*And rejoicing together, let us say:*
*"Glory to the fecund Virgin!"*

When they enter this [the place of the manger], let two clerics of the upper row, clothed in dalmatics, as if they were the midwives who had served at the manger, say:

*Whom seek ye in the manger, O shepherds? Tell us.*

Let the shepherds reply:

*The Saviour, the Christ, the infant Lord, wrapped in swaddling clothes, according to the words of the angel.*

Whereupon let the midwives, drawing aside the curtain, show the boy, saying:

*The little one is here with Mary his mother, of whom long ago in prophecy the prophet Isaiah spoke:*

here let them expose to view the mother of the boy, saying:

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[1] Added by Tougard. Du Méril proposes *Namque.*
[2] Added by Du Méril.

*"Ecce virgo concipiet et pariet filium."*
*Et nunc euntes dicite quia natus est.*

Tunc, eo viso, inclinatis cervicibus, adorent puerum et salutent, dicentes:

*Salve, virgo singularis;*
*Virgo manens, Deus paris!*
*Ante sæcla generatum*
*Corde patris,*
*Adoremus nunc creatum*
*Carne matris.*

*Nos, Maria, tua prece*
*A peccati purga fæce;*
*Nostri cursum incolatus*
*Sic dispone*
*Ut det sua frui Natus*
*Visione.*

Deinde vertant se ad chorum redeuntes et dicentes:

*Alleluia! Alleluia! Jam vere scimus Christum natum in terris; de quo canite omnes, cum propheta dicentes.*

Hoc finito, incipiatur Missa, et Pastores regant chorum.

*"Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son." And now, as ye go forth, announce that he is born.*

And having seen him, with bowed heads let them worship the boy, and salute him, saying:

*Hail, virgin unparalleled!*
*Remaining a virgin, the bride of God!*
*Before the ages he was generated*
*In the heart of the Father,*
*Let us worship him now embodied*
*In the flesh of his mother.*

*O Mary, with thy prayers*
*Cleanse us from the impurities of sin;*
*Our life of exile*
*So fashion*
*That thy son may allow us*
*To see his face.*

Then let them turn themselves about, returning into the choir, and saying:

*Alleluia! Alleluia! Now we know in very truth that the Christ is born into the world; of whom let all sing, saying with the prophet: . . .*[1]

This ended, the Mass is begun, and the Shepherds rule the choir.

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[1] Apparently a song, in which the choir was invited to join, is omitted.

# MAGI [1]

[Twelfth Day.]

| | |
|---|---|
| Officium regum trium secundum usum Rothomagensem. Die Epyphanie, tercia cantata, tres de majori sede more regum induti, — et debent esse scripti in tabula, — ex tribus partibus ante altare conveniant, cum suis famulis portantibus regum oblaciones, induti[s] tunicis et amictis, — et debent esse de secunda sede, scripti in tabula ad placitum scriptoris. | The office of the Three Kings, according to the usage of Rouen. On the day of Epiphany, after Tierce, let three, of the upper row, clothed in the manner of kings — their names should be written on the bulletin-board — come from three parts of the church up before the altar, with their servants bearing the offerings of the kings, clothed in tunics and amices — and they should be from the second row, their names written on the bulletin-board at the pleasure of the scribe. |
| Ex tribus regibus medius ab Oriente veniens, Stellam cum baculo ostendens, dicat alte: | Let the middle one of the three kings, coming from the east, pointing with his staff at the star, say in a loud voice: |
| *Stella fulgore nimio* [*rutilat*]. | *This star blazes with an exceeding brightness.* |
| Secundus rex a dextra parte respondeat: | Let the second king, from the right side, reply: |
| *Que regem regum* [*natum demonstrat*]. | *That shows that the King of Kings is born.* |
| Tertius rex a sinistra parte dicat: | Let the third king, from the left side, say: |
| *Quem venturum olim* [*prophetiæ signaverant*]. | *Whose coming long ago the prophets foretold.* |
| Tunc Magi ante altare sese osculentur, et simul cantent: | Then let the Magi greet each other with a kiss before the altar, and sing together: |
| *Eamus ergo et inquiramus* [*eum, offerentes ei munera: aurum, thus, et myrrham*]. | *Let us go, then, and seek him, offering to him gifts: gold, frankincense, and myrrh.* |
| Hoc finito cantor incipiat ℟: | This being ended, let the cantor begin the response: |
| *Magi veniunt* [*ab Oriente Jerosolimam, quœrentes et dicentes: Ubi est qui natus est? Cujus stellam vidimus, et venimus adorare Dominum*]. | *From the East the Magi are come to Jerusalem, seeking, and saying: "Where is he who is born? We see his star, and come to worship the Lord."* |

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[1] Acted at Rouen in France. The text comes from a manuscript of the fourteenth century entitled *Ordinarium seu liber ordinarius Ecclesiæ Rothomagensis* (reproduced by Armand Gasté, *Les Drames liturgiques de la Cathédrale de Rouen*, 1893, p. 49). The play of the Magi, which was developed before the end of the eleventh century, appears in its simplest form in the Limoges version (printed by E. Du Méril, *Origines latines du Théâtre moderne*, 1849, p. 151), but I have chosen to reproduce the Rouen version as being more interesting. The lines here printed in italic type were sung or chanted. See St. Matthew, ii, 1–18.

Et moveat processio.

℣: *Cum natus* [*esset Jesus in Bethleem Judæ, in diebus Herodis regis, ecce Magi ab Oriente venerunt Jerosolimam, dicentes: Ubi est qui natus est rex? Cujus stellam vidimus, et venimus adorare Dominum*].

Sequatur aliud ℟, si necesse fuerit:

*Interrogat Magos* [*dicens ipsis: Quodnam vidistis signum de rege genito? Dicite mihi. Et dixerunt illi Magi: Stella ejus nata est magna et illuxit super stallas cœli*].

Processio in navi ecclesiæ constituta stationem faciat. Dum autem processio navem ecclesiæ intrare ceperit, corona ante crucem pendens in modum stelle accendatur, et Magi, stellam ostendentes, ad ymaginem sancte Marie super altare Crucis prius positam cantantes pergant:

*Ecce stella in Oriente* [*prævisa iterum præcedit nos lucida. Hæc inquam stella natum demonstrat, de quo Balaam cecinerat dicens: Oritur stella ex Jacob, et exsurget homo de Israel, et confringet omnes duces alienigenarum, et erit omnis terra possessio ejus*].

Hoc finito, duo de majori sede cum dalmaticis, ex utraque altaris parte stantes, suaviter respondeant:

*Qui sunt hii qui, stella* [*duce*], *nos adeuntes, inaudita ferunt?*

Magi respondeant:

*Nos sumus, quos cernitis* [*reges Tharsis, et Arabum, et Saba, dona ferentes Christo,*

And let the procession move. Verse:

*When Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of King Herod, behold the Magi came from the East to Jerusalem, saying: "Where is he who is born king? We see his star, and come to worship the Lord."*

Let there follow another response, if it shall be necessary:

*He inquires of the Magi, saying to them: "What sign do you see of the king who is born? Tell me." And those Magi said: "His great star has arisen, and shines above all the stars of heaven."*

Let the procession, having been drawn up in the nave of the church, make a stand. Moreover, when the procession begins to enter the nave of the church, let the *corona*[1] hanging before the cross be raised in the fashion of the star, and let the Magi, pointing to the star, proceed up to the image of the Holy Mary previously placed upon the altar of the cross, singing:

*Behold the star, already seen in the East, again leads us on, brightly shining. This star indicates the birth of him whom Balaam foretold, saying: "There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a man shall arise out of Israel, and he shall break to pieces all the leaders of the gentiles, and all the earth shall be his possession."*

This being ended, let two of the upper row, vested in dalmatics, standing on either side of the altar [impersonating the midwives], reply in courteous tones:

*Who are these, who, star-led, approaching us, bear strange things?*

Let the Magi answer:

*We, whom ye see, are the Kings of Tharsis, and of Arabia, and of Saba, bearing gifts to the Christ, the new-born king,*

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[1] A chandelier in the shape of a crown, illuminated with candles, and hanging from the ceiling above or slightly in front of the altar.

*regi nato, Domino, quem, stella deducente, adorare venimus*].

Tunc duo dalmaticati, aperientes cortinam, dicant:

*Ecce, puer adest* [*quem quæritis. Jam properate adorare, quia ipse est redemptio mundi*].

Tunc procidentes reges ad terram, simul salutent puerum, ita dicentes:

*Salve, princeps seculorum!*

Tunc unus a suo famulo aurum accipiat et dicat:

*Suscipe, rex, aurum* [*regis signum*].

Et offerat. Secundus ita dicat, et offerat:

*Tolle thus, tu vere Deus.*

Tercius ita dicat et offerat:

*Mirram, signum sepulture.*

Interim fiant oblaciones a clero et populo, et dividatur oblacio predictis duobus canonicis.

Tunc, Magis orantibus et quasi sompno sopitis, quidam puer, alba indutus, quasi angelus, illis ante altare dicat:

*Impleta sunt omnia que prophetice* [*dicta sunt: ite viam remeantes aliam, nec delatores tanti regis puniendi eritis*].

Hoc finito, cantor incipiat ad introitum chori. ℟:

*Tria sunt munera* [*pretiosa quæ obtulerunt Magi Domino in die illa, et habent in se divina mysteria. In auro, ut ostendatur Regis potentia; in thure sacerdotem magnum considera, et in myrrha dominicam sepulturam*].

*the Lord, whom we, led by a star, are come to worship.*

Then let the two in dalmatics, drawing aside the curtain, say:

*See, here is the boy whom ye seek. Now hasten to worship him, for he is the redeemer of the world.*

Then let the kings, falling prostrate on the ground, salute the boy together, saying thus:

*Hail, prince of the ages!*

Then let one take from his servant gold, and say:

*Receive, O King, gold, the sign of a king.*

And let him offer it. Let the second in like manner speak and offer:

*Accept frankincense, thou very God.*

Let the third in like manner speak and offer:

*Myrrh, the sign of thy sepulture.*

Meanwhile let offerings be made by the clergy and the people, and let the offering be divided by the two above-mentioned canons.

Then, after the Magi have prayed and, as it were, have fallen into slumber, let a boy, clothed in an alb, as if he were an angel, say to them before the altar:

*All things are fulfilled which were spoken of the prophets. Returning, go another way, and ye will not be informers to bring punishment on so great a king.*

This being ended, let the cantor, at the entrance to the choir, begin the response:

*Three are the precious gifts which the Magi brought to the Lord on that day, and they have in them divine mysteries: in the gold, that the power of a king shall be manifested; in the frankincense think of the High Priest; and in the myrrh, of the sepulture of the Lord.*

℣ *Salutis nostre autorem* [*Magi venerati sunt in cunabulis, et de thesauris suis mysticas ei munerum species obtulerunt. In auro*, etc.].

Ad missam tres reges chorum regant.

Verse:

*The Magi worshipped in the cradle the author of our salvation, and from their treasure offered him the mystic sort of gifts: in gold*, etc.

In the Mass [which immediately follows], let the three kings rule the choir.

# HERODES[1]

[Twelfth Day.]

Tunc incipit ordo ad representandum Herodem.

Parato Herode et ceteris personis, tunc quidam Angelus cum multitudine in excelsis appareat. Quo viso, pastores perterriti; salutem annuntiet eis (Angelus) de ceteris adhuc tacentibus:

*Nolite timere vos, ecce enim evangelizo vobis gaudium magnum quod erit omni populo, quia natus vobis[1] hodie Salvator mundi in civitate David, et hoc vobis signum: Invenietis infantem pannis involutum et positum in presepio, in medio duum animalium.*

Et subito omnis multitudo cum Angelo dicat:

*Gloria in excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus bone voluntatis. Alleluia! Alleluia!*

Tunc demum surgentes (Pastores) cantent intra se:

*Transeamus usque Bethleem, et videamus hoc verbum quod factum est, quod fecit Dominus et ostendit nobis.*

Et sic procedant usque ad presepe, quod ad januas monasterii paratum erit. Tunc due Mulieres custodientes presepe, interrogent pastores, dicentes:

*Quem queritis [in presepe], pastores, dicite?*

Respondeant Pastores:

Then begins the order for the representing of Herod.

Herod and the other persons being ready, let an Angel appear aloft, accompanied by a multitude [of angels]. At the sight of this the shepherds are frightened; let the Angel, the other [angels] still remaining silent, proclaim to them safety:

*Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you there is born this day in the city of David a Saviour of the world. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes and lying in a manger between two beasts.*

And suddenly let all the multitude with the Angel say:

*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men! Alleluia! Alleluia!*

Then let the shepherds, rising up, sing among themselves:

*Let us now go unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath done and hath made known unto us.*

And so let them advance up to the manger, which shall have been prepared at the doors of the monastery. Then let two women, the guardians of the manger, inquire of the shepherds, saying:

*Whom seek ye in the manger, O shepherds? Tell us.*

Let the shepherds answer:

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[1] The MS. apparently reads *nobis*.

[1] From a twelfth-century manuscript of the Abbey Saint-Benoît-sur-Loire, preserved in the library at Orléans. The play is of interest as showing the fusion of the *Pastores* and the *Magi*, and also the dramatic development of the rôle of Herod, who already gives promise of tearing a passion to tatters. I have reproduced the text from E. de Coussemaker, *Drames liturgiques du Moyen Age*, 1861, p. 143. The lines here printed in italics are set to music (the music is reproduced by Coussemaker). See St. Matthew, ii, 1–18.

*Salvatorem Christum Dominum infantem, pannis involutum secundum sermonem angelicum.*

Mulieres:

*Adest parvulus cum Maria matre ejus, de qua dudum vaticinando Isaias propheta dixerat: "Ecce virgo concipiet et pariet filium."*

Tunc Pastores procidentes, adorent infantem, dicentes:

*Salve, Rex seculorum!*

Postea surgentes, invitent populum circumstantem ad adorandum infantem, dicentes turbis vicinis:

*Venite, venite, venite, adoremus Deum, quia ipse est salvator noster.*

Interim Magi prodeuntes, quisque de angulo suo quasi de regione sua, conveniant ante altare vel ad ortum stelle, et dum appropinquant, Primus dicat:

*Stella fulgore nimio rutilat.*

Secundus:

*Quem venturum olim propheta signaverat.*

Tunc stantes collaterales, dicat dexter ad medium:

*Pax tibi, frater!*

Et ille respondeat:

*Pax quoque tibi!*

Et osculentur sese; sic medius ad sinistrum et sinister ad dextrum. Salutatio cuique. Tunc ostendant sibi mutuo et dicant:

*Ecce stella! Ecce stella! Ecce stella!*

*The Saviour, the Christ, the infant Lord, wrapped in swaddling clothes, according to the words of the angel.*

The women:

*The little one is here with Mary his mother, of whom long ago in prophecy the prophet Isaiah said: "Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son."*

Then let the shepherds, falling prostrate, worship the babe, saying:

*Hail, King of the ages!*

Afterwards, rising up, let them invite the people standing about to worship the babe, saying to the adjacent throng:

*Come! Come! Come! Let us worship the God, since he alone is our Saviour.*

Meanwhile let the Magi, each coming forward from his corner as if from his own land, meet before the altar, or at the rising-place of the star; and while they are drawing near, let the first say:

*This star blazes with an exceeding brightness!*

The second:

*Whose coming long ago the prophet foretold.*

Then, standing side by side, let the one at the right say to the one in the middle:

*Peace to you, brother!*

And let that one reply:

*Peace also to you!*

And let them greet each other with a kiss; in a similar way the one in the middle to the one at the left, and the one at the left to the one at the right — a greeting to each one. Then let them point out [the star] to each other in turn, and say:

*Behold the star! Behold the star! Behold the star!*

Procedente autem stella, sequentur et ipsi precedentem stellam, dicentes:

*Eamus ergo et inquiramus eum, offerentes ei munera: aurum, thus et myrrham. Quia scriptum didicimus: Adorabunt eum omnes reges, omnes gentes servient ei.*

Venientes ad ostium chori, interrogent adstantes:

*Dicite nobis O Jerosolimitani cives: Ubi est expectatio gentium, ubi est qui natus est rex Judeorum, quem signis celestibus agnitum venimus adorare?*

Quibus visis, Herodes mittat ad eos Armigerum, dicens:

*Que rerum novitas, aut que causa vos subegit, vos, ignotas temptare vias? Quo tenditis ergo? Quod genus? Unde domo? Pacem ne huc fertis an arma?*

Responsio Magorum:

*Chaldei sumus; pacem ferimus;*
*Regem regum querimus,*
*Quem natum esse stella indicat,*
*Que fulgore ceteris clarior rutilat.*

Armiger reversus salutat Regem; flexo genu dicat:

*Vivat Rex in eternum!*

Herodes:

*Salvet te gratia mea!*

Armiger ad Regem:

*Adsunt nobis, Domine, tres viri ignoti, ab oriente venientes, noviter natum quemdam regem queritantes.*

Tunc mittat Herodes oratores vel interpretes suos ad Magos, dicens:

Then, the star moving forward, let them follow after and the star leading them, saying:

*Let us go, then, and seek him, offering to him gifts: gold, frankincense, and myrrh. For we are familiar with that which is written: "All kings shall worship him, all nations shall serve him."*

Coming to the entrance of the choir, let them ask of those standing by:

*Tell us, O citizens of Jerusalem: Where is the one expected of the peoples? Where is he who is born king of the Jews, whom, recognized by celestial signs, we have come to worship?*

Let Herod, having seen them, send a soldier, saying:

*What strange things, or what motive has impelled ye, ye, to try unknown roads? Whither, therefore, are ye going? Of what nation are ye? Where is your home? Do ye bring peace or war?*

The answer of the Magi:

*We are Chaldeans; we bring peace;*
*We are seeking the King of Kings,*
*Whose birth is shown by the star*
*Which shines clearer than all others in brightness.*

Let the soldier, returning, salute the king; and on bended knee let him say:

*Live, O king, forever!*

Herod:

*Let my grace welcome thee!*

The soldier to the king:

*There are present among us, Lord, three unknown men, coming from the East in search of a certain newly-born king.*

Then let Herod send his envoys, or interpreters, to the Magi, saying:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Lecti quaestores,*[1] *qui sunt inquirite reges, affore quos nostris jam fama revolvit in oris.* | *Excellent quaestors, examine into who these kings are; accost those of whose presence rumor already is running on our shore.* |
| Interpres ad Magos:<br>*Principis edictu, reges, prescire venimus quo sit profectus hic vester et unde profectus.* | The interpreter to the Magi:<br>*By command of our sovereign, O kings, we come to learn for what purpose ye journey hither, and whence ye come.* |
| Magi:<br>*Regem quesitum duce stella significatum; munere proviso, properamus eum venerando.* | The Magi:<br>*Star-led, in search of the betokened king; furnished with gifts, we hasten to worship him.* |
| Oratores reversi ad Herodem:<br>*Reges sunt Arabum; cum trino munere natum querunt infantem, quem monstrant sidera regem.* | The envoys, returning to Herod:<br>*They are kings of the Arabs; with a triple gift they are seeking a babe new-born, whom the stars show to be a king.* |
| Herodes mittens Armigerum pro Magis:<br>*Ante venire jube, quo possim singula scire: qui sunt, cur veniant, quo nos rumore requirant?* | Herod, sending the soldier for the Magi:<br>*Bid them come before me that I may learn each of the following things: Who are they, Why do they come, Because of what rumor do they seek us?* |
| Armiger:<br>*Quod mandas, citius, rex inclyte, proficietur.* | The soldier [to Herod]:<br>*What thou commandest, renowned king, shall speedily be performed.* |
| Armiger ad Magos:<br>*Regia vos mandata vocant: non segniter ite!* | The Soldier to the Magi:<br>*Royal orders summon ye: come with speed!* |
| Armiger adducens Magos ad Herodem:<br>*En Magi veniunt, et regem natum stella duce requirunt.* | The soldier, leading the Magi to Herod:<br>*Behold, the Magi come, and, star-led, they seek a newly-born king.* |
| Herodes ad Magos:<br>*Que sit causa vie? Qui vos, vel unde venitis? dicite.* | Herod to the Magi:<br>*What may be the cause of your journey? Who are ye? or whence come ye? Speak.* |
| Magi:<br>*Rex est causa vie; Reges sumus ex Arabitis.* | The Magi:<br>*A king is the cause of our journey. We are kings from Arabia. Coming hither,* |

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[1] The manuscript gives *Leti inquisitores;* but on the score of both metre and sense this reading seems to be corrupt. I have therefore adopted the emendation proposed by Du Méril.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Huc venientes querimus en regem regnantibus imperitantem, quem natum mundo lactat judaica virgo.* | *we seek, lo, a king reigning over the rulers, whom, newly-born into the world, a Jewish virgin is suckling.* |
| Herodes ad Magos: | Herod to the Magi: |
| *Regem, quem queritis, natum esse quo signo didicistis?* | *By what sign did you learn that the king whom ye seek was born?* |
| Magi: | The Magi: |
| *Illum natum esse didicimus in Oriente, stella monstrante.* | *We learned in the East that he was born, by the evidence of the star.* |
| Herodes: | Herod: |
| *Illum regnare creditis, dicite nobis?* | *Do ye believe that he reigns? Tell us.* |
| Magi: | The Magi: |
| *Illum regnare fatentes, cum mysticis muneribus de terra longinqua adorare venimus, ternum Deum venerantes tribus cum muneribus.* | *Confessing that he reigns, we are come with mystic gifts from a far country to worship him, paying homage to the Triune God with three gifts.* |
| Tunc ostendant munera. Primus dicat: | Then let them show the gifts. Let the first say: |
| *Auro regem.* | *By gold a king* [*is meant*]. |
| Secundus: | The second: |
| *Thure Deum.* | *By frankincense, a God.* |
| Tertius: | The third: |
| *Myrrha mortalem.* | *By myrrh, a mortal.* |
| Tunc Herodes imperet Symistis qui cum eo sedent in habitu juvenili, ut adducant Scribas qui in diversorio parati sunt barbati: | Then let Herod order the companions who are sitting with him in the garb of young gallants to bring the scribes, who, with beards on, are ready in a room. |
| *Vos, mei Symiste, legis-peritos ascite ut dicant in Prophetis quid sentiant ex his.* | *You, my companions, order the men learned in the law to tell us what they find in the Prophets concerning these things.* |
| Symiste ad Scribas, et adducant eos cum libris Prophetarum: | The companions, to the scribes; and let them bring them with the books of the Prophets: |
| *Vos, legis-periti, ad regem vocati, cum Prophetarum libris properando venite.* | *Ye men learned in the law, summoned before the king, come in haste, with the books of the Prophets.* |

Postea Herodes interroget Scribas, dicens:

*O vos, Scribe interrogati, dicite, si quid de hoc Puero scriptum videritis in libro.*

Tunc Scribe Duo revolvant librum, et tandem, inventa quasi prophetica, dicant:

*Vidimus, domine, in Prophetarum lineis, nasci Christum in Bethleem Jude, civitate David; Propheta sic vaticinante.*

Et ostendentes cum digito, Regi incredulo tradant librum.

Chorus:

*Bethleem non es minima*, [etc.]

Tunc Herodes, visa prophetica, furore accensus, projiciat librum; at Filius ejus, audito tumultu, procedat pacificaturus patrem, et stans salutet eum:

*Salve, pater inclyte;*
*Salve, Rex egregie,*
*Qui ubique imperas,*
*Sceptra tenens regia.*

Herodes:

*Fili amantissime,*
*Digne laudis munere,*
*Laudis pompam regie*
*Tuo gerens nomine,*

*Rex est natus fortior*
*Nobis et potentior.*
*Vereor ne solio*
*Nos extrahet regio.*

Tunc Filius despective loquens de Christo, offerat se ad vindictam, dicens:

*Contra illum regulum,*
*Contra natum parvulum,*
*Jube, pater, filium*
*Hoc inire prelium.*

Then let Herod inquire of the scribes, saying:

*O ye scribes, being asked, tell me if ye see anything concerning this boy written in the book.*

Then let two scribes turn over the leaves of the book, and at last, as if having found the prophecy, let them say:

*We see, lord, in the lines of the Prophets, that the Christ is born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the city of David; the Prophet foretells thus.*

And pointing with the finger, let them hand over the book to the incredulous king.

The choir:

*Thou, Bethlehem, art not the least*, etc.[1]

Then let Herod, having seen the prophecy, kindled with rage, hurl the book to the floor; but let his son, hearing the tumult, advance to calm his father, and, standing, salute him:

*Hail, renowned father!*
*Hail, illustrious king,*
*Who rulest everywhere,*
*Holding the royal sceptre!*

Herod:

*Most beloved son,*
*Worthy of the tribute of praise,*
*Bearing in thy name*
*The pomp of regal glory,*

*A king is born stronger*
*Than we, and more powerful*
*I fear lest he shall drag us*
*From our royal throne.*

Then let the son, speaking contemptuously of Christ, offer himself as a champion, saying:

*Against that petty king,*
*Against the new-born babe,*
*Bid, O father, thy son*
*To begin this combat.*

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[1] See St. Matthew, ii, 6.

Tunc demum dimittat Herodes Magos ut inquirant de Puero, et coram eis spondeat regi nato, dicens:

*Ite, et de Puero diligenter investigate; et, invento, redeuntes michi renunciate, ut et ego veniens adorem eum.*

Magis egredientibus, precedat stella eos, que nondum in conspectu Herodis apparuit. Quam ipsi sibi mutuo ostendentes, procedant. Qua visa, Herodes et Filius minentur cum gladiis.

Magi:

*Ecce stella in Oriente previsa;*
*Iterum precedit nos lucida.*

Interim Pastores, redeuntes a presepe, veniant gaudentes et cantantes in eundo:

*O Regem celi!* [etc.]

Ad quos Magi:

*Quem vidistis?*

Pastores:

*Secundum quod dictum est nobis ab Angelo de Puero isto, invenimus infantem pannis involutum et positum in presepio, in medio duum animalium.*

Postea Pastoribus abeuntibus, Magi procedant post stellam usque ad presepe, cantantes:

*Quem non prevalent propria magnitudine*
*Celum, terra atque maria lata capere*
*De virgineo natus utero,*
*Ponitur in presepio.*
*Sermo cecinit quem vatidicus,*
*Stat simul bos et asinus.*
*Sed oritur stella lucida,*
*Prebitum Domino obsequia*
*Quem Balaam ex judaica*
*Nasciturum dixerat prosapia.*
*Hec nostrorum oculos fulguranti lumine prestinxit lucida,*

Then at last let Herod send forth the Magi that they may seek out the boy; and let him, before them, vow allegiance to the new-born king, saying:

*Go ye, and search out carefully concerning the boy; and when ye have found him, bring me word as ye return, that I also may come and worship him.*

As the Magi are departing, let the star go before them, which has not yet appeared in the sight of Herod. Let them proceed, pointing it out to each other in turn. Having seen this, let Herod and his son menace with their swords.

The Magi:

*Behold, the star already seen in the East*
*Again leads us on, shining brightly.*

Meanwhile let the shepherds, returning from the manger, come rejoicing and singing on their way:

*O king of heaven!* etc.

To whom the Magi:

*Whom have ye seen?*

The shepherds:

*According to what was told us by the Angel concerning that boy, we found the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes and lying in a manger between two beasts.*

Then, the shepherds having gone out, let the Magi proceed on their way following the star up to the manger, singing:

*He whom heaven, earth, and the wide seas*
*Could not contain in their own magnitude,*
*Born from the womb of a virgin,*
*Is lying in a manger.*
*He whom prophetic speech foretold*
*Stands together with an ox and an ass.*
*But the bright star arises*
*To offer homage to the Lord,*
*Who, Balaam said,*
*Would be born of Jewish stock.*
*This bright star has blinded our eyes with its dazzling light,*

*Et nos ipsos provide ducens ad cunabula resplendens fulgida.*

Tunc Obstetrices, videntes Magos, alloquantur:

*Qui sunt hii qui, stella duce, nos adeuntes, inaudita ferunt?*

Magi:

*Nos sumus quos cernitis, reges Tharsis et Arabum et Saba, dona ferentes Christo nato, Regi, Domino, quem, stella ducente, adorare venimus.*

Obstetrices ostendentes Puerum:

*Ecce, puer adest quem queritis. Jam properate et adorate, quia ipse est redemptio mundi.*

Magi:

*Salve, Rex seculorum!*
*Salve, Deus deorum!*
*Salve, salus mortuorum!*

Tunc procidentes Magi adorent Puerum et offerant. Primus dicat:

*Suscipe, Rex, aurum, regis signum.*

Secundus:

*Suscipe myrrham, signum sepulture.*

Tertius:

*Suscipe thus, tu vere Deus.*

Istis factis, Magi incipiant dormire ibi, ante presepe, donec Angelus desuper apparens, moneat in somnis ut redeant in regionem suam per aliam viam. Angelus dicat:

*Impleta sunt omnia que prophetice scripta sunt. Ite, viam remeantes aliam, nec delatores tanti regis puniendi eritis.*

*The gleaming brilliance prudently leading us to the cradle.*

Then let the midwives, seeing the Magi, say:

*Who are these, who, star-led, approaching us, bear strange things?*

The Magi:

*We whom ye see are the Kings of Tharsis, and of Arabia, and of Saba, bearing gifts to the new-born Christ, the king, the Lord, whom we, led by a star, are come to worship.*

The midwives, showing the boy:

*See, here is the boy whom ye seek. Now hasten and adore him, for he is the redeemer of the world.*

The Magi:

*Hail, king of the ages!*
*Hail, God of gods!*
*Hail, salvation of the dead!*

Then let the Magi, falling prostrate on th ground, worship the boy, and make thei offerings. Let the first say:

*Receive, O king, gold, the sign of a king*

The second:

*Receive myrrh, the sign of thy sepulture.*

The third:

*Receive frankincense, thou very God.*

These things having been done, let the Magi fall asleep there before the manger while an angel, appearing from above, advises them in dreams to return to thei country by another way. Let the angel say:

*All things are fulfilled which were written by the prophets. Returning, go another way, and ye will not be informers to bring punishment on so great a king.*

Magi evigilantes:

*Deo gratias! Surgamus ergo, visione moniti angelica, et, calle mutato, lateant Herodem que vidimus de Puero.*

Tunc Magi abeuntes per aliam viam, non vidente Herode, cantent:

*O admirabile commercium!*
*Creator omnium.*

Venientes choro dicentes:

*Gaudete, fratres, Christus nobis natus est: Deus homo factus est.*

Tunc Cantor incipiat:

*Te Deum.*

Sic finit.

The Magi, awakening:

*Praise be to God! Let us arise, then, warned by the vision of the angel, and, by changing our road, let us keep hidden from Herod what we have seen concerning the boy.*

Then let the Magi, departing by another way without being seen of Herod, sing:

*O wonderful meeting!*
*The creator of all things.*

Coming to the choir, let them say:

*Rejoice, brethren! Christ is born to us! God is made man!*

Then let the cantor begin:

*Te Deum.*[1]

Thus it ends.

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[1] The presence of the *Te Deum* shows that the play was acted immediately before the conclusion of the Matin service.

# PROPHETÆ [1]

[Christmas.]

ORDO PROPHETARUM:

*Ysaias*, barbatus, dalmatica indutus, stola rubea per medium verticis ante et retro dependente.[1]
*Jheremias*, similiter absque stola.

*Daniel*, adolescens, veste splendida indutus.
*Moyses*, cum dalmatica, barbatus, tabulas legis ferens.
*David*, regio habitu.
*Abacuc*, barbatus, curvus, gibosus.

*Elisabeth*, femineo habitu, pregnans.
*Johannes Baptista*, pilosa veste et longis capillis, barbatus, palmam tenens.

*Virgilius*, cum cornu et calamo, edera coronatus, scriptorium tenens.

*Nabugodonosor*, regio habitu, superbo incessu.
*Sibilla*, veste feminea, decapillata, edera coronata, insanienti simillima.

*Symeon*, barbatus, capa serica indutus, palmam tenens.
*Balaam*, super asinam, curvus, barbatus, palmam tenens, calcaribus urgens.

[Tercia cantata, paratis Prophetis juxta suum ordinem . . . processio moveat de claustro, et duo clerici de secunda sede, in cappis, processionem regant, hos versus canentes:] [2]

THE ORDER OF THE PROPHETS:

*Isaiah*, bearded, clothed in a dalmatic, with a red stole hanging halfway down before and behind.
*Jeremiah*, in like fashion, except for the stole.
*Daniel*, a young man, wearing gorgeous clothes.
*Moses*, with a dalmatic, bearded, bearing the tables of the law.
*David*, in royal habit.
*Habakkuk*, bearded, stooping, hunchbacked.
*Elizabeth*, in female attire; pregnant.
*John the Baptist*, with a shaggy cloak and with long hair, bearded, holding a palm.
*Virgil*, with an ink-horn and a candlestick, crowned with ivy, holding a quill pen.
*Nebuchadnezzar*, in royal habit, with a proud mien.
*Sibyl*, in female dress, shorn of hair, crowned with ivy, very much like one insane.
*Simeon*, bearded, wearing a silken cape, holding a palm.
*Balaam*, upon an ass, bent, bearded, holding a palm, plying his spurs.

[After Tierce, the Prophets having been arranged in their order . . .[1] let the procession advance from the door, and let two clerics of the lower row, in copes, lead the procession, singing these verses:]

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[1] MS. *dependens*.
[2] I have inserted this direction from the very similar play at Rouen, which thus introduces the same hymn, *Gloriosi et famosi*.

[1] The words omitted from this stage direction of the Rouen text are: "a furnace having been set up in the middle of the nave of the church, with linen and flax." The furnace was used in connection with a little play which grew up about Nebuchadnezzar. The play does not appear in the present text, although a parallel may be found in the case of Simeon.

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[1] Printed by U. Chevalier, *Ordinaires de l'Église Cathédrale de Laon*, 1897, p. 385, from a manuscript of the thirteenth century. A somewhat more dramatic, but longer, version may be found in the Rouen text, Gasté, *op. cit.*, p. 4; and a simpler and less dramatic version, in the Limoges text, printed by E. de Coussemaker, *Drames liturgiques du Moyen Age*, 1861, p. 11, with the music. The *Prophetæ* is of interest in connection with the development of the Old Testament plays

*Gloriosi*
*Et famosi*
*Regis festum*
*Celebrantes,*
*Gaudeamus,*
*Cujus ortum*
*Vite portum*
*Nobis datum*
*Predicantes,*
*Aveamus.*[1]
*Ecce regem*
*Novam legem*
*Dantem orbis circuitu*
*Predicamus.*

[Tunc processio in medio ecclesie stet, et sex Judei sint ibi parati, et ex altera parte sex Gentiles.][2]

Duo Cantores:

*Omnes gentes*
*Congaudentes*
*Dent cantus letitie!*
*Deus homo*
*Fit de domo*
*David, natus hodie.*

Ad Judeos:

*O Judei,*
*Verbum Dei*
*Qui negastis hominem,*
*Vestre legis*
*Testes regis*
*Audite per ordinem.*

Ad Paganos:

*Et vos, Gentes,*
*Non credentes*
*Peperisse Virginem,*
*Vestre legis*
*Documentis*
*Pellite caliginem.*

[Duo] Appellatores:

*Isaias, verum qui scis,*
*Veritatem cur non dicis?*

*Celebrating*
*The festival*
*Of the glorious*
*And renowned king,*
*Let us rejoice!*
*Proclaiming his advent,*
*As the port of life*
*Given to us*
*Let us hail him!*
*Lo the king*
*Giving to the whole world*
*A new law,*
*Let us tell forth!*

[Then let the procession stand in the middle of the church, and let six Jews be ready there, and on the other side six Gentiles.]

The two singers:

*Let all races,*
*Rejoicing together,*
*Sing songs of gladness!*
*A God-man,*
*Sprung from the house of David,*
*Is born to-day.*

To the Jews:

*O Jews,*
*Who denied the "Word" of God*
*Become man,*
*Hear in succession*
*The testimonies of your law*
*And of your king.*

To the Gentiles:

*And you, O Gentiles,*
*Not believing*
*That the Virgin had given birth,*
*Banish the darkness*
*On the evidences*
*Of your own law.*

The two summoners:

*Isaiah, thou who knowest the truth,*
*Why dost thou not declare truth?*

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[1] The manuscript as reproduced by Chevalier has *habeamus;* I have changed this to *aveamus* on the authority of another text of the hymn. The uses of the initial *h*, and of *b* for *v*, are common.

[2] Added from the Rouen text.

Isaias:

*Est necesse*
*Virgam Jesse*
*De radice provehi,*
*Flos deinde*
*Surget inde,*
*Qui est Filius Dei.*

[Duo] Appellatores:

*Iste cetus*
*Psallat letus,*
*Error vetus*
*Condempnetur.*

Omnis Chorus:

*Quod Judea*
*Perit rea*
*Hec chorea*
*Gratulatur.*

[Duo] Appellatores:

*Huc accede, Jheremias;*
*Dic de Christo prophetias.*

Hieremias:

*Sic est,*
*Hic est*
*Deus noster.*

Duo Appellatores:

*Iste cetus*, etc.

Item Chorus:

*Quod Judea*, etc.

Duo Appellatores:

*Daniel, indica*
*Voce prophetica*
*Facta dominica.*

Daniel:

*Sanctus sanctorum veniet,*
*Et unctio defitiet.*

Duo Appellatores:

*Iste cetus*, etc.

Isaiah:

*It is necessary*
*That a scion from the root of Jesse*
*Be exalted;*
*A flower, then,*
*Will spring thence,*
*Who is the Son of God.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering*
*Chant in gladness!*
*Let ancient error*
*Be condemned!*

The whole choir:

*That Judea, the guilty,*
*Is destroyed,*
*This choir*
*Is rejoiced.*

The two summoners:

*Approach, Jeremiah,*
*Speak thy prophecies of the Christ.*

Jeremiah:

*Thus it is:*
*This is*
*Our God.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering*, etc.

Next, the choir:

*That Judea*, etc.

The two summoners:

*Daniel, declare*
*With prophetic voice*
*The deeds of the Lord.*

Daniel:

*The Saint of Saints shall come,*
*And the oil of anointing will be wanting.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering*, etc.

Chorus:

*Quod Judea*, etc.

[Duo] Appellatores:

*Dic tu, Moyses legislator,*
*Quis sit Christus et Salvator.*

Moises:

*Prophetam accipietis*
*Tanquam me hunc audietis.*

Duo Appellatores:

*Iste cetus*, etc.

Chorus:

*Quod Judea*, etc.

[Duo] Appellatores:

*Dic, tu David, de nepote*

*Causas que sunt tibi note.*

David:

*Universus*
*Rex conversus*
*Adorabit Dominum,*
*Cui futurum*
*Serviturum*
*Omne genus hominum.*

Duo Appellatores:

*Iste cetus*, etc.

Chorus:

*Quod Judea*, etc.

[Duo] Appellatores:

*Abacuc, regis celestis*
*Nunc ostende quod sis testis.*

*Abacuc:*

*Opus tuum*
*Inter duum*
*Latus animalium*
*Ut cognovi,*
*Mox expavi*
*Metu mirabilium.*

The choir:

*That Judea*, etc.

The two summoners:

*Say thou, Moses, the law-giver,*
*Who this Christ and Savior is.*

Moses:

*Ye will receive a Prophet;*
*And ye will hear him just as ye hear me.*[1]

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering*, etc.

The choir:

*That Judea*, etc.

The two summoners:

*Declare thou, David, concerning thy descendant*
*The things which are known unto thee.*

David:

*Every king,*
*Converted,*
*Shall worship the Lord,*
*To whom*
*Shall be subject*
*The whole race of man.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering*, etc.

The choir:

*That Judea*, etc.

The two summoners:

*Habakkuk, now show that thou*
*Art a witness of the heavenly king.*

Habakkuk:

*When I perceived*
*Thy deed [of incarnation?]*
*Between the flanks*
*Of two beasts,*[2]
*I was straightway terrified*
*With fear of thy wondrous works.*

[1] See Deuteronomy, xviii, 15, 18, 19.

[2] See Habakkuk, iii, 2. Saint Jerome gives the reading: "*Domine, opus tuum; in medio annorum vivifica illud,*" and this is followed in the authorized version; but the Alexandrian text has: Ἐν μέζῳ δυὸ ζωῶν γνωσθήσῃ, which is obviously the source of the hymn quoted above.

Duo [Appellatores]:

*Iste cetus*, etc.

Chorus:

*Quod Judea*, etc.

[Duo] Appellatores:

*Illud, Elisabeth, in medium*
*De Domino profer eloquium.*

Elisabeth:

*Quid est rei*
*Quod me mei*
*Mater regis visitat?*
*Nam ex eo*
*Ventre meo*
*Letus infans palpitat.*

Duo [Appellatores]:

*Iste cetus*, etc.

Chorus:

*Quod Judea*, etc.

Item Duo [Appellatores]:

*Da, Baptista,*
*Ventris cista*
*Clausus,*
*Quos dedisti*
*Causa Christi*
*Plausus.*
*Cui dedisti gaudium*
*Profer et testimonium.*

Johannes:

*Venit talis*
*Sotularis*
*Cujus non sum etiam*
*Tam benignus*
*Ut sim dignus*
*Solvere corrigiam.*

Duo [Appellatores]:

*Iste cetus*, etc.

Chorus:

*Quod Judea*, etc.

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering*, etc.

The choir:

*That Judea*, etc.

The two summoners:

*Elizabeth, now recite in public*
*That declaration concerning the Lord.*

Elizabeth:

*What is the reason*
*That the mother*
*Of my king visits me?*
*For, upon that,*
*Within my womb*
*The babe leaps joyfully.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering*, etc.

The choir:

*That Judea*, etc.

Next, the two summoners:

*O Baptist*
*Shut up within the chest*
*Of that womb,*
*Repeat the eulogy*
*Which thou utteredest*
*On account of Christ.*
*To him, for whom thou once expressed joy,*
*Offer now also testimony.*

John:

*There comes one, such that,*
*Of his shoes,*
*I am not even*
*So good*
*As to be worthy*
*To unloose the latchet.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering*, etc.

The choir:

*That Judea*, etc.

Duo [Appellatores]:

*Maro, vates gentilium,*
*Da Christo testimonium.*

Maro:

*Ecce polo dimissa sola nova progenies est.*

Duo Appellatores:

*Iste cetus*, etc.

Chorus:

*Quod Judea*, etc.

Appellatores reducunt Danielem et dicunt ad regem:

*Puerum cum pueris,*
*Nabugodonosor,*
*Cum in igne videris,*
*Quid dixisti?*

Nabugodonosor:

*Tres in igne positi pueri*
*Quarto gaudent comite liberi.*

Duo [Appellatores]:

*Iste cetus*, etc.

Chorus:

*Quod Judea*, etc.

[Duo] Appellatores:

*Tu, Sibilla,*
*Vates illa,*
*Dic adventum judicis,*
*Dic signum judicii.*

Sibilla:

*Judicii signum: Tellus sudore madescet;*

*E celo rex adveniet per secla futurus,*

The two summoners:

*Virgil, seer of the gentiles,*
*Give thy testimony to Christ.*

Virgil:

*Behold, from the heavens has been sent down a single new offspring.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering*, etc.

The choir:

*That Judea*, etc.

The two summoners lead forward Daniel again, and say to the king [i.e. Nebuchadnezzar]:

*O Nebuchadnezzar, when*
*Thou sawest in the fire*
*A young man along with the young men,*
*What didst thou say?*

Nebuchadnezzar:

*The three young men who were placed in the fire*
*Rejoiced when liberated by a fourth companion.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering*, etc.

The choir:

*That Judea*, etc.

The two summoners:

*Thou, O Sibyl,*
*That prophetess,*
*Tell of the coming of the Judge,*
*Tell of the sign of the Judgment.*

The Sibyl:

*The sign of the Judgment: The earth shall become moist with sweat;*
*Down from heaven shall come the King, who is to rule through the ages,*

*Scilicet in carne presens, ut judicet orbem,*
*Unde Deum cernent incredulus atque fidelis*
*Celsum cum sanctis evi jam termino in ipso.*

Duo [Appellatores]:

*Iste cetus*, etc.

Chorus:

*Quod Judea*, etc.

[Duo] Appellatores:

*Symeon, inter prophetas*
*Pande nobis quid expectas.*

Symeon:

*Vite non spero terminum,*
*Donec videam Dominum.*

Duo [Appellatores]:

*Iste cetus*, etc.

Chorus:

*Quod Judea*, etc.

Symeon, accipiens puerum, dicit:

*Tuum sub pacis tegmine*
*Servum dimittis, Domine.*

[Duo] Appellatores:

*Dic, Balaam, ex Judaica*
*Oriturum Dominum prosapia.*

Balaam:

*Exibit de Jacob rutilans nova stella,*
*Et confringet ducum agmina*
*Regionis Moab maxima potentia.*

Hic veniat Angelus cum gladio. Balaam tangit asinam, et illa non procedente dicit iratus:

*Verily present in the flesh, that he may judge the world,*
*Whence the unbelieving and the faithful shall see*
*God aloft with his saints, now at the very end of time.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering*, etc.

The choir:

*That Judea*, etc.

The two summoners:

*Simeon, reveal to us*
*What thou waitest for among the prophets.*

Simeon:

*I hope not to see death*
*Until I see the Lord.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering*, etc.

The choir:

*That Judea*, etc.

Simeon, taking a boy in his arms, says:

*Dismiss thy servant*
*Under the shelter of peace, O Lord.*[1]

The two summoners:

*Declare, O Balaam, the descent of the Lord*
*From Jewish stock.*

Balaam:

*There shall come forth out of Jacob a new star shining,*
*And he shall break down the hosts of the leaders,*
*With greatest power in the land of Moab.*

Here let an angel come with a sword. Balaam beats the ass, and when it fails to go forward, he says in anger:

---

[1] We observe here the tendency to dramatize the episodes with which the prophecies were connected.

*Quid moraris, asina,*
*Obstinata bestia?*
*Jam scindent calcaria*
*Costas et precordia.*

Puer sub asina respondet:

*Angelus cum gladio,*
*Quem adstare video,*
*Prohibet ne transeam;*
*Timeo ne peream.*[1]

[Vocatores:

*Iste cetus*, etc.

Chorus:

*Quod Judea*, etc.

Quo finito, omnes prophete et ministri in pulpito cantent hos versus:

*Ortum predestinacio*, etc.][2]

*Why do you stand still, ass?*
*Obstinate beast!*
*Now the spurs shall tear*
*Your ribs and entrails.*

A boy underneath the ass answers:

*An angel with a sword*
*Whom I see standing in the way*
*Keeps me from going on;*
*I fear lest I be killed.*[1]

[The summoners:

*Let this gathering*, etc.

The choir:

*That Judea*, etc.

Which being ended, let all the prophets and the clerics in the pulpit sing these verses:

*The predestination of his coming*, etc.]

---

[1] In the Rouen version this little play appears as follows:

Tunc Balaam, ornatus, sedens super asinam, habens calcaria, retineat lora et calcaribus percuciat asinam; et quidam juvenis habens alas, tenens gladium, obstet asine. Quidam sub asina dicat:

*Cur me cum calcaribus miseram sic leditis!*

Hoc dicto, Angelus ei dicat:

*Desine regis Balac preceptum perficere.*

Vocacio Balaam:

*Balaam, esto vaticinans.*

Tunc Balaam respondeat:

*Exibit ex Jacob rutilans*, etc.

Vocatores:

*Iste cetus*, etc.

Chorus:

*Quod Judea*, etc.

[2] The conclusion I have added from the Rouen text. The celebration of the Mass immediately followed.

[1] In the Rouen version this little play appears as follows:

Then let Balaam, adorned, seated upon an ass, having spurs, pull on the reins and pierce the ass with the spurs; and let a certain youth having wings on, holding a sword, stand in the way of the ass. Let some one under the ass say:

*Why do you thus wound wretched me with spurs?*

This spoken, let the angel say to him:

*Cease to carry out the commands of King Balak.*

The summons to Balaam:

*Balaam, be prophetic.*

Then let Balaam answer:

*There shall come forth out of Jacob*, etc.

The summoners:

*Let this gathering*, etc.

The choir:

*That Judea*, etc.

# III

# LITURGICAL PLAYS DEALING WITH MISCELLANEOUS BIBLICAL STORIES, AND WITH THE LEGENDS OF THE SAINTS

# CONVERSIO BEATI PAULI APOSTOLI [1]

[Festival of the Convertion of St. Paul.]

Ad representandam Conversionem beati Pauli apostoli, paretur in competenti loco, quasi Jerusalem, quedam sedes, et super eam Princeps sacerdotum. Paretur et alia sedes, et super eam juvenis quidam in similitudine Sauli; habeatque secum ministros armatos. Ex alia vero parte, aliquantulum longe ab his sedibus, sint parate quasi in Damasco due sedes; in altera quarum sedeat vir quidam nomine Judas, et in altera Princeps Synagoge Damasci. Et inter has duas sedes sit paratus lectus, in quo jaceat vir quidam in similitudine Ananie.

His ita paratis, dicat Saulus ministris suis:

*Propalare vobis non valeo*
*Quam ingenti michi sunt odio*
*Christicole, qui per fallaciam*
*Totam istam seducunt patriam.*

*Ite ergo, ne tardaveritis,*
*Et quoscunque tales poteritis*
*Invenire, vi comprehendite;*
*Comprehensos vinctos adducite.*

For representing the conversion of the blessed apostle Paul, let there be prepared in a suitable place, as if it were Jerusalem, a seat,[1] and upon it the High Priest. Let there be prepared also another seat, and upon it a young man in the likeness of Saul; and let him have with him armed attendants. On the other side, somewhat removed from these seats, let there be, as it were in Damascus, two seats prepared; in one of which let there be seated a man called Judas, and in the other, the High Priest of the Synagogue of Damascus. And between these two seats let there be a bed prepared, in which let a man lie impersonating Ananias.

These things thus made ready, let Saul say to his attendants:

*I am quite unable to reveal to you*
*How monstrously odious to me are the Christians,*
*Who by means of deceit*
*Are seducing this entire nation.*

*Go, therefore, delay not,*
*And all such persons ye can find*
*Seize by force.*
*Those whom ye have seized, bring hither bound.*

---

[1] It is not easy to understand exactly what is meant here by *sedes*. The "seats" may have been on platforms, or may have been merely set in cleared spaces. Early illustrations represent some *sedes* as on platforms, others as lofty thrones.

[1] In addition to the liturgical plays dealing with the story of Christ (the plan and history of man's salvation) there grew up in the church miscellaneous plays on Biblical themes acted by the clerics between the services. Doubtless they arose in imitation of the *Sepulchrum*, the *Pastores*, and the *Magi*, for in general form and style they follow these earlier plays. Hilarius (fl. 1125) is known to be the author of a *Suscitatio Lazari* and a *Daniel*. We have an allusion in the eleventh century to a *Convivium Herodis* (dealing, probably, with John the Baptist and Herod), and to an *Elisaeus*. From Limoges comes a twelfth-century *sponsus* dealing with the wise and foolish virgins; and from Kloster Vorau in Styria a twelfth-century fragment of an *Isaac and Rebecca*. In a thirteenth-century Fleury manuscript we have a *Lazarus* and a *Daniel*, as well as the *Conversio Beati Pauli Apostoli* here printed. In England, unfortunately, we have no early Latin texts preserved; but we do have the later developments from these in such plays as *The Conversion of Saint Paul* and *Saint Mary Magdalen*. I have based the text of the *Conversio* on that of E. de Coussemaker, *Drames liturgiques du Moyen Age*, 1861, p. 210, who gives the music as well. In the present reprint, all the lines that appear in italic type were set to music in the manuscript. See The Acts of the Apostles, ix, 1–31. The play was doubtless acted on the Festival of The Conversion of St. Paul, January 25.

Hoc audientes Ministri abeant, et, cum redierint, duos sumptos ad Dominum suum conducant, dicentes:

*Christicolas multos invenimus,*
*Et ex illis retinuimus;*
*In Damascum fugerunt alii*
*Seductores hujus consortii.*

Tunc Saulus quasi iratus surgat, et ad Principem Sacerdotum eat; cumque ad eum veniat, dicat:

*Vestre michi dentur epistole*
*In Damascum, ubi Christicole*
*Blandis verbis sue fallacie*
*Gentem hujus seducunt patrie.*

Tunc Princeps Sacerdotum det ei aliquid breve sigillatum et dicat:

*Trado vobis meas epistolas*
*In Damascum contra Christicolas:*
*Evadere ne dimiseritis*
*Christicolas quos invenietis.*

(Tunc vox ex alto:)

*Saule! Saule! quid me persequeris?*
*Vidi mala que meis feceris.*
*Quem dilexi cur noces populo?*
*Recalcitres nequaquam stimulo.*

Hoc audito, Saulus, quasi semi-mortuus in terram cadat, et jam non cadens, dicat:

*Quid sic faris? Quis es tu, Domine?*
*Cur me meo privasti lumine?*
*Quando tuum afflixi populum?*
*Quis es, et quod tibi vocabulum?*

Dominus:

*Jesus vocor, quem tu persequeris,*
*Cujus sepe servos afflixeris.*

Upon hearing this, let the attendants go out; and when they have returned, let them bring to their lord two whom they have taken, saying:

*We have found many Christians,*
*And some of them we have bound.*
*To Damascus have fled other seducers*
*Belonging to this fellowship.*

Then let Saul rise up as in anger, and let him go towards the High Priest; and having come to him, let him say:

*Let letters of thine be given me*
*To Damascus, where the Christians*
*With the enticing words of their false doctrine*
*Are beguiling the people of this nation.*

Then let the High Priest give him some brief letter, and let him say:

*I deliver to thee my letters*
*To Damascus against the Christians.*
*Suffer not to escape*
*The Christians whom thou shalt find.*

(Then a voice from aloft:)

*Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?*
*I have seen the evil which thou hast done my disciples,*
*Why dost thou afflict the people which I have chosen?*
*In nowise canst thou kick against the pricks!*

Having heard this, let Saul, as if half-dead, fall to the ground; and when he has done falling,[1] let him say:

*Why speakest thou thus? Who art thou, Lord?*
*Why hast thou deprived me of my sight?*
*When have I afflicted thy people?*
*Who art thou? And what is thy name?*

The Lord:

*I am called Jesus, whom thou persecutest,*
*Whose disciples thou hast often afflicted.*

---

[1] So I have translated *et jam non cadens* (literally "and now not falling"). I assume that the actor staggered, with his arms protecting his eyes, before finally falling to the ground.

*Surgens tamen urbem ingredere*
*Et audies quid debes facere.*

Tunc resurgat Saulus, cumque homines sui viderint eum excecatum, apprehendant eum et ducant in Damascum ad domum Jude. Tunc veniat Dominus ad Ananiam, et dicat:

*Anania, surge quam propere,*
*Atque Jude domum ingredere.*
*Te expectat vir, Saulus nomine;*
*Dices ei que debet facere.*

Ananias:

*De hoc Saulo audivi plurima;*
*Fecit tuis mala quam maxima;*
*Si quem videt qui tibi serviat,*
*Semper furit ut eum destruat.*

*Hic princeps habet epistolas*
*Ut occidat omnes Christicolas:*
*His de causis hunc Saulum timeo,*
*Ad hunc Saulum ire non audeo.*

Tunc Dominus:

*Anania, surge velociter;*
*Quere Saulum fiducialiter:*
*Ecce enim orat ut venias,*
*Et ut eum videre facias.*

*Hunc elegi meo servicio;*
*Hunc elegi nostro consortio;*
*Hunc elegi ut de me predicet*
*Et nomen meum clarificet.*

Tunc surgens Ananias domum Jude introeat, et, cum viderit Saulum, dicat:

*Ad te, Saule, me misit Dominus*
*Jhesus, Patris excelsi Filius,*
*Qui in via tibi apparuit:*
*Ut venirem ad te me monuit.*

*Predicabis coram principibus*
*Nomen ejus et coram gentibus;*
*Ut sis civis celestis patrie,*
*Multa feres pro Christi nomine.*

*But arise, go into the city,*
*And it shall be told thee what thou must do.*

Then let Saul arise; and when his men have seen that he has been stricken blind, let them take him by the hand and lead him into Damascus to the house of Judas. Then let the Lord come to Ananias and say:

*Ananias, arise with all haste,*
*And go into the house of Judas.*
*There awaits thee a man called Saul.*
*Thou shalt tell him what he must do.*

Ananias:

*I have heard many things of this Saul.*
*To thy disciples he hath done the utmost harm;*
*If he sees any one that serves thee,*
*Ever he rages to destroy him;*

*This lord hath letters*
*To put to death all Christians.*
*For these reasons I fear this Saul.*
*To this Saul I dare not go.*

Then the Lord:

*Ananias, arise quickly;*
*Seek Saul without fear.*
*Lo, indeed, he prays that thou come,*
*And that thou mayest make him see.*

*Him have I chosen for my service;*
*Him have I chosen for our fellowship;*
*Him have I chosen to preach concerning me,*
*And to make my name illustrious.*

Then let Ananias arise and enter the house of Judas; and having seen Saul, let him say:

*To thee, O Saul, the Lord Jesus,*
*The Son of the Heavenly Father,*
*Who appeared to thee on the way, hath sent me.*
*He hath instructed me to come to thee.*

*Thou shalt preach his name*
*Before kings and before the gentiles.*
*That thou mayest be a citizen of the heavenly kingdom*
*Many things shalt thou suffer for the name of Christ.*

Tunc surgat Saulus et quasi jam credens, et predicans alta voce, dicat:

*Cur, Judei, non resipiscitis?*
*Veritati cur contradicitis?*
*Cur negatis Mariam virginem*
*Peperisse Deum et hominem?*

*Jhesus Christus, Marie Filius,*
*Et Deus est, et homo carneus,*
*Deitatem a Patre retinens*
*Et a matre carnem suscipiens.*

Hec audiens, Princeps Synagoge Damasci ministris suis armatis dicat:

*Custodite urbis introitus,*
*Conservate viarum exitus,*
*Et, quam cito Saulum videritis,*
*Mortem ejus ne distuleritis.*

Tunc Ministri eant et querant Saulum. Quo comperto, Saulus cum discipulis suis, in sporta ab aliquo alto loco, quasi a muro, ad terram demittatur. Cum autem venerit in Jerusalem, occurrat ei vir unus, in similitudine Barnabe, qui, cum viderit Saulum, ei dicat:

*Te elegit Marie Filius,*
*Ut sis fratrum nostrorum socius:*
*Nunc, ut laudes nobiscum Dominum,*
*Veni; vide nostrum collegium.*

Ad Apostolos:

*Gaudeamus, fratres, in Domino;*
*Colletemur de tanto socio;*
*Qui nunc erat lupus sevissimus,*
*Nunc est agnus mansuetissimus.*

Omnes Apostoli incipiant:

*Te Deum laudamus.*

Then let Saul rise up; and, as if now believing, and preaching in a loud voice, let him say:

*Why, O Jews, come ye not to your senses?*
*Why do ye oppose the truth?*
*Why do ye deny that Mary, a virgin,*
*Brought forth the God and man?*

*Jesus Christ, the son of Mary,*
*Is both God and man of flesh,*
*Retaining divinity from his Father,*
*And receiving flesh from his mother.*

Hearing this, let the High Priest of the Synagogue of Damascus say to his armed attendants:

*Guard the entrances of the city;*
*Keep watch over the ways of egress;*
*And as soon as ye shall have seen Saul,*
*Delay not his death.*

Then let the attendants go and seek Saul. Having learned of this, let Saul with his disciples, from some high place, as if from the wall, be let down in a basket to the ground. And when he shall have come into Jerusalem, let a man run up to him, impersonating Barnabas, who, when he has seen Saul, shall say to him:

*Thee hath the Son of Mary chosen*
*To be a comrade in our brotherhood.*
*Now, that thou mayest praise the Lord*
*with us,*
*Come; see our fellowship.*

To the Apostles:

*Brothers, let us rejoice in the Lord!*
*Let us rejoice together over so excellent a*
*comrade!*
*He who lately was a most ferocious wolf,*
*Is now a most gentle lamb!*

Let all the Apostles begin:

*We praise thee, O God.*[1]

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[1] The conclusion of the text with the *Te Deum laudamus* shows that the play was designed for performance at the end of the Matin service.

# LUDUS SUPER ICONIA SANCTI NICOLAI[1]

[St. Nicholas' Day.]

*Ad quem he persone sunt necessarie: persona Barbari qui conmisit ei tesaurum; persona iconie; iiii$^{or}$ vel sex latronum; Sancti Nicholai.*

*In primis Barbarus, rebus suis congregatis, ad ichoniam* [*Sancti Nicolai*] *veniet, et ei res suas commendans dicet:*

Nicholae, quidquid possideo,
Hoc in meo misi teloneo:
Te custodem rebus adibeo,
Serva que sunt ibi.
Meis, precor, adtende precibus;
Vide nullus sit locus furibus;
Preciosis aurum cum vestibus
Ego trado tibi.

Proficisci foras disposui:
Te custodem rebus imposui.
Revertenti redde quæ posui
Tua sub tutela.
Jam sum magis securus solito,
Te custode rebus inposito;
Revertenti vide ne merito
Mihi sit querela.

*Illo autem profecto, fures transeuntes cum*

*For which these actors are necessary: the impersonator of Barbarus*[1] *who entrusted to it* [*i.e. the statue*] *his treasure; the impersonator of the statue; of four or six robbers; and of Saint Nicholas.*

*First let Barbarus, having gathered together his goods, come to the statue; and committing to it the care of his effects, he shall say:*

O Nicholas, all that I possess
I have put in this my chest;
To thee I bring it as guardian of my wealth.
Protect what things are there.
Give heed, I beseech thee, to my prayers.
See to it that this be no place for thieves!
Gold and precious garments
I entrust to thee.

I have arranged to travel abroad;
I have laid upon thee the custody of my wealth;
On my return deliver back what I have placed
Under thy protection.
I feel now more secure than usual,
Having set thee as guard over my effects.
See to it that on my return I have no
Worthy cause for complaint!

*But upon his departure, let the thieves,*

---

[1] A foreigner; here used of one who is not a Christian.

[1] Of the liturgical, or semi-liturgical plays that arose in imitation of the earlier *Sepulchrum* and its immediate followers, a specially popular type dealt with the stories of the saints. The earliest examples preserved were connected with the great scholastic festival held on the Eve or on the Day of St. Nicholas, December 6; indeed, we have a large group of plays dealing with this famous patron of scholars. The two earliest texts of the St. Nicholas play, very primitive in form, are contained in an eleventh-century manuscript from Hildesheim, Germany; another text is found in a twelfth-century manuscript from Einsiedeln, Germany; a thirteenth-century manuscript from Fleury furnishes us with no fewer than four. Records show that plays dealing with the stories of the saints — their lives and martyrdom, or their miraculous deeds — were very common in England; unfortunately, however, no texts have been preserved. The text of the play here printed is based on that in J. J. Champollion-Figeac, *Hilarii Versus et Ludi*, 1838, p. 34, from Bib. Nat. Latin MS. 11331, of the twelfth century. The author, Hilarius, is generally believed to have been an Englishman by birth, though he seems to have spent much of his life in France. Most of his verses are addressed to Englishmen; and since Barbarus, a foreigner, is made to use French, the present play may have been designed for an English rather than a French audience. At the end of the two other plays by Hilarius, contained in the same manuscript, the author directs that in case the play is performed at the Matin service the *Te Deum* is immediately to follow, if however, at the Vesper service, then the *Magnificat* (see *Hilarii Versus et Ludi*, pp. 33, 60). We may assume that the St. Nicholas play was likewise intended for presentation at the Matin or at the Vesper service on the Day or the Eve of St. Nicholas.

*viderint hostium apertum et nullum custodem, omnia diripient, Barbarus vero rediens, non invento tesauro, dicet:*

Gravis sors et dura!
Hic reliqui plura,
Sed sub mala cura.
*Des! quel domage!*
*Qui pert la sue chose purque n'enrage.*

Hic res plusquam centum
Misi et argentum;
Sed non est inventum.
*Des! quel domage!*
*Qui pert la sue chose purque n'enrage.*

Hic reliqui mea;
Sed hic non sunt ea.
Est imago rea.
*Des! quel domage!*
*Qui pert la sue chose purque n'enrage.*

*Deinde accedens ad imaginem, dicet ei:*

Mea congregavi,
Tibi commendavi;
Sed in hoc erravi.
*Ha! Nicholax!*
*Si ne me rent ma chose, tu ol comparras.*

Hic res meas misi
Quas tibi commisi;
Sed eas amisi.
*Ha! Nicholax!*
*Si ne me rent ma chose, tu ol comparras.*

*Sumto flagello, dicet:*

Ego tibi multum
Inpendebam cultum;
Nun feres inultum.
*Hore t'enci,*
*Qu'are me rent ma chose que g'ei mis ci.*

Tuum testor deum,
Te, ni reddas meum,
Flagellabo reum.
*Hore t'enci,*
*Qu'are me rent ma chose que g'ei mis ci.*

*passing by, when they see the door open and no guard, plunder everything. Then let Barbarus, returning, and not finding his treasure, say:*

O heavy and cruel chance!
Here have I left many things,
But under bad guardianship.
*Des! quel domage!*
*Qui pert la sue chose, purque n'enrage?* [1]

Here I placed more than a hundred
Valuables, as well as money;
But they are not to be found.
*Des! quel domage!*
*Qui pert la sue chose, purque n'enrage?* [1]

Here I left my treasures;
But here they are not.
The image is to blame!
*Des! quel domage!*
*Qui pert la sue chose, purque n'enrage?* [1]

*Then approaching the statue, he shall say to it.*

I assembled my riches,
I entrusted them to thee;
But in this I erred.
*Ha! Nicholas!*
*Si ne me rent ma chose, tu ol comparras.*[2]

Here I placed my goods,
Which I committed to thy care;
But I have lost them.
*Ha! Nicholas!*
*Si ne me rent ma chose, tu ol comparras.*[2]

*Taking up a whip he shall say:*

I expended much
Adoration upon thee;
Thou shall not go unpunished.
*Hore ten ci,*
*Quare me rent ma chose que g'ei mis ci.*[3]

I call thy god to witness,
Unless thou return my property
I shall scourge thee, culprit!
*Hore ten ci,*
*Quare me rent ma chose que g'ei mis ci.*[3]

---

[1] "God! what a loss! He who loses his wealth, why should he not be angry?"

[2] "If you do not return to me my property, you shall pay for it."

[3] "Now I've got you here, so return to me my property which I placed here."

*Tunc Sanctus Nicholaus, veniens ad latrones, dicet eis:*

Miseri, quid facitis?
Non longua de perditis
Erunt vobis gaudia.
Custos eram positus
Vosque sum intuitus,
Cum porta[s]tis omnia.

Flagella sustinui,
Cum ea non potui,
Ut debebam, reddere:
Verba passus aspera
Cumque verbis verbera;
Ad vos veni propere.

Reportate perdita.
Erant enim omnia
Sub mea custodia,
Que portasti, posita.

Quod si non feceritis,
Suspensi cras eritis
Crucis in patibulo.
Vestra namque turpia
Vestra latrocinia
Nunciabo populo.

*Latrones timentes omnia reportabunt. Quibis inventis Barbarus dicet:*

Nisi visus fallitur,
*Jo en ai.*
Tesaurus hic cernitur.
*De si grant merveile en ai.*

Rediere perdita,
*Jo en ai.*
Nec per mea merita,
*De si grant mervegle en ai.*

Quam bona custodia
*Jo en ai*
Qua redduntur omnia'
*De si grant mervegle en ai.*

*Tunc accedens ad imaginem et suplicans, dicet:*

*Then Saint Nicholas, coming to the robbers, shall say to them:*

Wretches, what are ye doing?
Not long to you rascals
Shall be your joys!
I was placed as custodian,
And I was watching you
When ye bore all away!

I suffered a scourging
When I could not restore the things
As I should have done.
Having endured harsh words,
And, with the words, blows,
I have come swiftly to you.

Carry back the lost things;
For they were all placed
Under my guard
Which ye stole away.

If this ye fail to do,
Ye shall be hanged to-morrow
On the beam of a gibbet:
For, your base deeds
And your robberies
I shall proclaim to the people.

*The frightened robbers shall carry back all; and Barbarus, having found them, shall say:*

Unless my eyesight fails,
*Jo en ai.*[1]
Here is seen my treasure!
*De si grant merveile en ai.*[2]

The lost things have returned,
*Jo en ai,*[1]
And not by my efforts.[3]
*De si grant merveile en ai.*[2]

What an excellent guardian,
*Jo en ai,*
By whom all the things are returned!
*De si grant merveile en ai.*

*Then approaching the statue and kneeling, let him say:*

[1] "I have them."

[2] "By so great a miracle I have them." But perhaps we should read: "By some great miracle I have them."

[3] Literally "deserts."

Suplex ad te venio,
*Nicholax,*
Nam per te recipio
*Tut icei que tu gardas.*

Sum profectus peregre,
*Nicholax*
Sed recepi integre
*Tut ice[i] que tu gardas.*

Mens mea convaluit,
*Nicholax;*
Nichil enim defuit
*De tut cei que tu gardas.*

*Postea ap[p]arens ei beatus Nicholaus, dicet:*

Sup[p]licare mihi noli,
Frater; inmo Deo soli,
Ipse namque factor poli,
Factor maris atque soli,
Restauravit perditum.
Ne sis ultra quod fuisti.
Solum laudes nomen Christi;
Soli Deo credas isti
Per quem tua recepisti.
Mihi nullum meritum.

*Cui respondens Barbarus, dicet:*

Hic nulla consultacio,
Nulla erit dilacio,
Quin ab erroris vicio
Jam recedam.
In Christum Dei filium,
Factorem mirabilium,
Ritum linquens gentilium,
Ego credam.

Ipse creavit omnia,
Celum, terram, et maria;
Per quem erroris venia
Mihi detur.
Ipse potens et dominus
Meum delebit facinus,
Cujus regnum ne terminus
Consequetur.

A suppliant, I come to thee,
Nicholas;
For by thy means I receive
*Tut icei que tu gardas.*[1]

I went traveling abroad,
Nicholas,
But I have received intact
*Tut icei que tu gardas.*

My mind has become eased,
Nicholas;
For nothing is lacking
*De tut cei que tu gardas.*[2]

*Then the Blessed Nicholas, appearing to him, shall say:*

Do not pray to me,
Brother, but rather to the only God,
For he himself, the maker of the heavens,
The maker of the sea and of the earth,
Restored what was lost.
Be no longer what thou hast been.
Praise the name of Christ alone.
Only in that God believe,
By whom thou received thy goods.
No merit belongs to me.

*Answering him, Barbarus shall say:*

Here shall be no deliberation,
Nor shall there be any delay!
But from the vice of error
I shall now withdraw.
Leaving the religion of the heathen,
In Christ, the Son of God,
The performer of miracles,
I will believe.

He alone created all things,
Heaven, earth, and the seas.
Through him forgiveness of my error
Will be granted unto me!
He himself the Mighty One and the Lord
Will blot out my sin,
Whose kingdom shall have
No end!

[1] "All those things which you guarded."
[2] "Of all," etc.

# TRES CLERICI [1]

[St. Nicholas' Day.]

I. CLERICUS:

Nos quos causa discendi literas
Apud gentes transmisit exteras,
Dum sol adhuc extendit radium,
Perquiramus nobis hospicium.

II. CLERICUS:

Jam sol equos tenet in littore,
Quos ad praesens merget sub equore;
Nec est nota nobis hec patria:
Ergo quaeri debent hospicia.

III. CLERICUS:

Senem quemdam maturum moribus
Hic habemus coram luminibus;
Forsan, nostris compulsus precibus,
Erit hospes nobis hospitibus.

*Insimul Omnes ad* SENEM *dicant:*

Hospes care, querendo studia
Huc relicta venimus patria;
Nobis ergo prestes hospicium,
Dum durabit hoc noctis spacium.

SENEX:

Hospitetur vos factor omnium!
Nam non dabo vobis hospicium;
Nam nec mea in hoc utilitas,
Nec est ad hoc nunc oportunitas.

[SCENE I.]

[*Enter three scholars on their way to the university.*]

I. SCHOLAR:

Let us, whom the motive of acquiring scholarship
Has transported among foreign peoples,
Seek for ourselves a lodging
While the sun still spreads its rays.

II. SCHOLAR:

The sun now holds his horses upon the shore
Which presently he will plunge beneath the sea;
Nor is this land known to us:
Therefore lodgings should be sought.

[*They approach the house of the* OLD MAN.]

III. SCHOLAR:

A certain old man, sober in manners,
We have here before our eyes.
Perhaps, moved by our prayers,
He will be host to us as his guests.

*Let all say together to the* OLD MAN:

Dear host, in search of schools,
Having left our own land, we have come hither;
Therefore give to us lodging
While this night shall last.

THE OLD MAN:

Let the Maker of all be your host!
For I will not give you lodging;
For there is in this no benefit to me,
Nor is it now convenient.

---

[1] The text reproduces that in E. de Coussemaker, *Drames liturgiques du Moyen Age*, 1861, p. 100, from a twelfth-century manuscript of the Abbey Saint-Benoît-sur-Loire. The lines were all sung or chanted, and Coussemaker gives the music from the original manuscript.

Clerici *ad* Vetulam:

Per te, cara, sit impetrabile
Quod rogamus, etsi non utile:
Forsan, propter hoc beneficium
Vobis Deus donabit puerum.

Mulier *ad* Senem:

Nos his dare, conjux, hospicium,
Qui sic vagant querendo studium,
Sola saltem compellat karitas:
Nec est damnum, nec est utilitas.

Senex:

Acquiescam tuo consilio,
Et dignabor istos hospicio.

Senex *ad* Clericos:

Accedatis, scolares, igitur;
Quod rogastis vobis conceditur.

Senex, Clericis *dormientibus:*

Nonne vides quanta marsupia?
Est in illis argenti copia:
Hec a nobis absque infamia
Possideri posset pecunia.

Vetula:

Paupertatis onus sustulimus,
Mi marite, quamdiu viximus;
Hos si morti donare volumus,
Paupertatem vitare possumus.

Evagines ergo jam gladium;
Namque potes morte jacentium,
Esse dives quamdiu vixeris;
Atque sciet nemo quod feceris.

*The* Scholars *to the* Old Woman:

Through thee, dear woman, may what we ask
Be attainable, even though not profitable to thee.
Perchance, because of this kindness
God will give to thee a son.

*The* Woman *to the* Old Man:

Mere charity at least, husband, compels us
To give lodging to these scholars
Who thus wander seeking a school;
To us it means neither loss nor profit.

The Old Man:

I acquiesce in thy advice,
And will deem them worthy of lodging.

*The* Old Man *to the* Scholars:

Draw near, therefore, scholars;
What ye have asked for is granted to you.

[*The scholars enter the house, lie down, and go to sleep.*]

[Scene II.]

*The* Old Man, *while the scholars are sleeping:*

Seest thou not how great their purses are?
There is a large quantity of money in them.
Were it not for the infamy involved
We might take possession of this wealth.

The Old Woman:

We have borne the load of poverty,
My husband, as long as we have lived;
If we are willing to put these to death,
We shall be able to escape penury.

Therefore now unsheath thy sword;
For by the death of these lying here
Thou canst be rich as long as thou livest,
And no man will know what thou hast done.

[*The* Old Man *and* Old Woman *murder the three scholars, and conceal the bodies.*]

Nicolaus:

Peregrinus, fessus itinere,
Ultra modo non possum tendere;
Hujus ergo per noctis spacium
Michi prestes, precor, hospicium.

Senex *ad* Mulierem:

An dignabor istum hospicio,
Cara conjux, tuo consilio?

Vetula:

Hunc persona commendat nimium
Et est dignum ut des hospicium.

Senex:

Peregrine, accede propius;

Vir videris nimis egregius:
Si vis, dabo tibi comedere;
Quicquam voles temptabo querere.

Nicolaus, *ad mensam:*

Nichil ex his possum comedere;
Carnem vellem rescentem edere.

Senex:

Dabo tibi carnem quam habeo,
Namque carne rescente careo.

Nicolaus:

Nunc dixisti plane mendacium;
Carnem habes rescentem nimium,
Et hanc habes magna nequicia;
Quam mactari fecit pecunia.

Senex *et* Mulier *simul:*

Misereri nostri, te petimus;
Nam te sanctum Dei cognovimus:
Nostrum scelus abominabile,
Non est tamen incondonabile.

[Scene III.]

[*Enter* Saint Nicholas *dressed as a traveler; he salutes the* Old Man *and* Old Woman.]

Nicholas:

A traveler, weary of his journey,
I cannot proceed any farther.
Therefore, for the duration of this night,
Give to me, I beg, lodging.

*The* Old Man *to the* Woman:

Shall I deem this one worthy of lodging,
Dear wife, on thy advice?

The Old Woman:

Great rank commends this man very much,
And it is fitting that thou give him lodging.

The Old Man:

Traveler, draw near.

[Saint Nicholas *enters the house.*]

Thou seemest to be a very eminent man.
If thou wisheth, I will give thee something to eat.
Whatsoever thou desirest I will try to obtain.

Nicholas, *at the table:*

I can eat none of these things.
Fresh meat would I eat.

The Old Man:

I will give thee such meat as I have,
For with fresh meat I am unprovided.

Nicholas:

Now thou hast plainly told a lie!
Fresh meat thou hast in too great quantity,
And this thou hast by grand villainy,
Which money caused to be slaughtered.

*The* Old Man *and the* Old Woman *together:*

Have mercy on us, we pray thee!
For we know thee to be a saint of God.
Our crime, though detestable,
Is, nevertheless, not unpardonable.

Nicolaus:

Mortuorum afferte corpora,
Et contrita sint vestra pectora!
Hi resurgent per Dei gratiam;
Et vos flendo queratis veniam!

*Oratio* Sancti Nicolai:

Pie Deus, cujus sunt omnia,
Celum, tellus, aer et maria,
Ut resurgant isti precipias,
Et hos ad te clamantes audias!

*Et post Omnis Chorus dicat:*

Te Deum laudamus.

Nicholas:

Bring forth the bodies of the slain;
And penitent be your hearts!
These shall rise from the dead, through the grace of God;
And ye, through weeping, may obtain pardon.

[*The dead bodies are brought forth and placed before* Saint Nicholas.]

*The Prayer of* Saint Nicholas:

Holy God, to whom belong all things,
Heaven, earth, the air, and the seas,
Command those to rise from the dead,
And pardon these crying out to thee!

[*The* Scholars *come to life*, Saint Nicholas *disappears, and the* Old Man *and* Old Woman *are forgiven.*]

*And afterwards, let the whole choir sing:*

Te Deum laudamus.[1]

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[1] The presence of this hymn shows that the play was intended for performance in the Matin service.

# ADEODATUS [1]

[St. Nicholas' Day.]

Ad representandum quomodo Sanctus Nicolaus Getron filium de manu Marmorini, regis Agarenorum, liberavit, paretur in competenti loco cum ministris suis armatis, Rex Marmorinus in alta sede, quasi in regno suo, sedens. Paretur et in alio loco Excoranda, Getronis civitas, et in ea Getron, cum consolatoribus suis, uxor ejus Euphrosina et filius eorum Adeodatus; sitque ab orientali parte civitatis Excorande, ecclesia Sancti Nicolai in qua puer rapietur.

His itaque paratis, veniant ministri Marmorini regis coram eo et dicant Omnes vel Primus ex eis:

*Salve, princeps! salve, Rex optime!*
*Que sit tue voluntas anime*
*Servis tuis ne tardes dicere;*
*Sumus que vis parati facere.*

Rex dicet:

*Ite ergo, ne tardaveritis,*
*Et quascunque gentes poteritis*
*Imperio meo subicite:*
*Resistentes vobis occidite.*

Interim Getron et Euphrosina, cum multitudine clericorum, ad ecclesiam Sancti Nicolai, quasi ad ejus solemnitatem celebrandam, filium suum secum ducentes, eant. Cumque ministros regis armatos illuc venire viderint, filio suo pro timore oblito, ad civitatem suam confugiant. Ministri vero regis, Puerum rapientes, coram regem veniant, et dicant Omnes vel Secundus ex eis:

*Quod jussisti, Rex bone, fecimus;*

For representing how Saint Nicholas delivered the son of Getron from the hands of Marmorinus, King of the Agareni, let there be prepared in a suitable place King Marmorinus sitting upon a high seat with his armed attendants, as though in his own kingdom. And in another place let there be prepared Excoranda, the city of Getron, and in it Getron, with his comforters, his wife Euphrosina, and their son Adeodatus; and let there be in the eastern part of the city of Excoranda the church of Saint Nicholas, in which the boy is to be seized.

And so, these things being ready, let the attendants of King Marmorinus come before him, and let them all, or the First of them, say:

*Hail, sovereign! Hail, noblest king!*
*Whatever may be the desire of thy heart*
*Delay not to inform thy servants.*
*We are ready to do whatsoever thou wishest.*

Let the King say:

*Go, then, without delay,*
*And whatsoever peoples ye can,*
*Bring under my rule:*
*Those who resist thee, kill.*

In the meanwhile let Getron and Euphrosina, leading with them their son, together with a throng of clerics, go to the church of Saint Nicholas as if for the celebration of his festival. And when they see the armed attendants of the King coming thither, let them, forgetting their son in their fear, flee together to their city. Let the attendants of the King, dragging away the boy, come into the presence of the King, and let all, or the Second of them, say:

*What thou didst command, noble King, we*
*have done.*

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[1] The text is based on that in E. de Coussemaker, *Drames liturgiques du Moyen Age*, 1861, p. 123, from a twelfth-century manuscript of the Abbey Saint-Benoît-sur-Loire. The lines here printed in italic type are set to music in the original, and the music is carefully reproduced by Coussemaker. That the play was designed for performance on St. Nicholas' Day is shown by the anthem, *Copiose caritatis*, at the end.

*Gentes multas vobis subegimus,*
*Et de rebus quas adquisivimus*
*Hunc Puerum vobis adducimus.*

Omnes dicant vel Tercius:

*Puer iste, vultu laudabilis,*
*Sensu prudens, genere nobilis,*
*Bene debet, nostro judicio,*
*Subjacere vestro servicio.*

Rex:

*Apolloni qui regit omnia*
*Semper sit laus, vobisque gracia*
*Qui fecistis michi tot patrias*
*Subjugatas et tributarias!*

Rex puero:

*Puer bone, nobis edissere*
*De qua terra, de quo sis genere,*
*Cujus ritu gens tue patrie*
*Sunt gentiles, sive christicole?*

Puer:

*Excorande principans populo,*
*Pater meus, Getron vocabulo,*
*Deum colit cujus sunt maria,*
*Qui fecit nos et vos et omnia.*

Rex:

*Deus meus Apollo; Deus est*
*Qui me fecit; verax et bonus est;*
*Regit terras, regnat in ethere.*
*Illi soli debemus credere.*

Puer:

*Deus tuus mendax et malus est;*
*Stultus, cecus, surdus et mutus est;*
*Talem Deum non debes colere,*
*Qui non potest seipsum regere.*

Rex:

*Noli, Puer, talia dicere;*
*Deum meum noli despicere:*
*Nam si eum iratum feceris,*
*Evadere nequaquam poteris.*

*Many peoples we have made subject unto*
*thee;*
*And from the spoils we have acquired*
*We bring to thee this boy.*

Let all, or the Third, say:

*This boy, beautiful of face,*
*Knowing of mind, high-born of race,*
*Well deserves, in our opinion,*
*To be taken into thy service.*

The King:

*Now to Apollo, who governs all things,*
*Be praise forever! And to you, thanks,*
*Who have for me made so many lands*
*Subject and tributary.*

The King to the boy:

*Good boy, declare to us*
*Of what land, of what family thou art,*
*Of what religion the people of thy country;*
*Are they pagans, or Christians?*

The boy:

*My father, Getron by name,*
*Ruling the people of Excoranda,*
*Serves the God to whom belong the seas,*
*Who made us, and you, and all things.*

The King:

*Apollo is my god; he is the god*
*Who made me; true and good he is;*
*He rules over the lands, he reigns in th*
*firmament.*
*In him alone ought we to believe.*

The boy:

*Thy god is false and evil;*
*Foolish, blind, deaf, and mute he is!*
*Such a god thou ought not to worship,*
*Who is unable to rule himself.*

The King:

*Boy, do not say such things;*
*Do not despise my god:*
*For, if thou makest him angry,*
*In no wise canst thou escape.*

Interea Euphrosina, comperta oblivione filii, ad ecclesiam Sancti Nicolai redit; cumque filium suum quesitum non invenerit, lamentabili voce:

*Heu! Heu! Heu! michi misere!*
*Quid agam? quid queam dicere?*
*Quo peccato merui perdere*
*Natum meum, et ultra vivere?*

*Cur me pater infelix genuit?*
*Cur me mater infelix abluit?*
*Cur me nutrix lactare debuit?*
*Mortem michi quare non prebuit?*

Consolatrices exeant et dicant:

*Quid te juvat hec desolatio?*
*Noli flere pro tuo filio;*
*Summi Patris exora Filium,*
*Qui conferat ei consilium.*

Euphrosina, quasi non curans consolationem earum:

*Fili care, fili carissime,*
*Fili, mee magna pars anime,*
*Nunc es nobis causa tristitie*
*Quibus eras causa letitie!*

Consolatrices:

*Ne desperes de Dei gracia,*
*Cujus magna misericordia*
*Istum tibi donavit puerum;*
*Tibi reddet aut hunc aut alium.*

Euphrosina:

*Anxiatus est in me spiritus;*
*Cur moratur meus interitus?*
*Cum te, fili, non possum cernere*
*Mallem mori quam diu vivere.*

Consolatrices:

*Luctus, dolor et desperacio*
*Tibi nocent nec prosunt filio;*
*Sed pro eo de tuis opibus*
*Da clericis atque pauperibus.*

In the meanwhile Euphrosina, having discovered that they had forgotten their son, returns to the church of Saint Nicholas; and when, after searching for her son, she fails to find him, let her say in a lamenting voice:

*Alas! Alas! Alas! O wretched me!*
*What shall I do? What can I say?*
*For what sin have I deserved to lose*
*My son, and yet live after.*

*Why did my hapless father beget me?*
*Why did my hapless mother bear me?*
*Why should my nurse have suckled me?*
*Why did she not grant death to me?*

Let the comforters go out [to her] and say:

*In what does this grief avail thee?*
*Weep not for thy son:*
*Pray to the Son of the Heavenly Father,*
*That he bring succor to him.*

Euphrosina, as if not regarding their consolation:

*O dear son! most dear son!*
*O son, the greatest part of my soul!*
*Now thou art the cause of grief to us*
*To whom thou wert the cause of joy!*

The comforters:

*Despair not of God's grace,*
*Whose great mercy*
*Hath given to thee this boy;*
*He will restore to thee either this one or another.*

Euphrosina:

*My spirit is troubled within me.*
*Why does my death delay?*
*If, O son, I cannot see thee*
*I could prefer death to long life.*

The comforters:

*Sorrow, grief, and despair*
*Injure thee, and do not aid thy son.*
*But for him give of thy means*
*To the clerics and to the poor.*

*Nicolai roga clemenciam*
*Ut exoret misericordiam*
*Summi Patris pro tuo filio,*
*Nec falletur tua peticio.*

Euphrosina:

*Nicolae, pater sanctissime,*
*Nicolae, Deo carissime,*
*Si vis ut te colam diucius,*
*Fac ut meus redeat filius!*

*Qui salvasti multos in pelago*
*Et tres viros a mortis vinculo,*
*Preces mei precantis audias,*
*Et ex illo me certam facias!*

*Non comedam carnem diucius*
*Neque vino fruar ulterius,*
*Nullo mero letabor amplius,*
*Donec meus redibit filius.*

Getron:

*Cara soror, lugere desine;*
*Tue tibi nil prosunt lacrime;*
*Sed oretur pro nostro filio*
*Summi Patris propitiacio.*

*In crastino erit festivitas*
*Nicolai, quem christianitas*
*Tota debet devote colere,*
*Venerari et benedicere.*

*Audi ergo mea consilia:*
*Adeamus ejus solemnia;*
*Conlaudemus ejus magnalia;*
*Deprecemur ejus suffragia!*

*Dei forsan est inspiracio*
*Que me monet pro nostro filio;*
*Est oranda cum Dei gracia,*
*Nicolai magna clemencia.*

Tunc resurgant, ad ecclesiam Sancti Nicolai eant; in quam cum introierint, tendat manus suas ad celum Euphrosina, et dicat:

*Ask the mercy of Nicholas,*
*That he may, by petition, obtain the pity*
*Of the Heavenly Father for thy son;*
*And thy prayer will not fail.*

Euphrosina:

*O Nicholas, most holy father!*
*O Nicholas, most dear to God!*
*If thou dost wish that I cherish thee longer,*
*Bring it about that my son may return!*

*O thou, who hast saved many on the sea,*
*And delivered three men from the bond of death,*[1]
*Hear the prayers of me imploring,*
*And give me tidings of him.*

*I will no longer eat meat,*
*Neither will I take delight in wine further,*
*I will rejoice no more in unmixed wine,*
*Until my son shall return.*

Getron:

*Dear wife, cease to grieve;*
*Thy tears avail thee nought;*
*But let there be sought for our son*
*The propitiation of the Heavenly Father.*

*On the morrow will be the festival*
*Of Nicholas, whom all Christianity*
*Ought devotedly to worship,*
*To revere, and to praise.*

*Hear, therefore, my plan:*
*Let us go to his feast;*
*Let us together highly extol his wonderful deeds;*
*Let us beseech his assistance!*

*Perchance it is the inspiration of God*
*Which advises me on behalf of our son;*
*The great mercy of Nicholas*
*Must be sought with the grace of God.*

Then let them rise up and go to the church of St. Nicholas; when they have entered it, let Euphrosina lift her hands towards heaven, and say:

---

[1] Apparently an allusion to the miracle by which Nicholas restored the three scholars to life; see pp. 59–62.

*Summe regum Rex omnium,*
*Rex unicorum remorientium,*
*Nostrum nobis fac redi filium,*
*Vite nostre solum solacium!*

*Audi preces ad te clamantium,*
*Qui in mundum misisti Filium*
*Qui nos cives celorum faceret*
*Et inferni claustris eriperet!*

*Deus Pater, cujus potencia*
*Bona bonis ministrat omnia,*
*Peccatricem me noli spernere,*
*Sed me meum natum fac cernere!*

*Nicolae, quem Sanctum dicimus,*
*Si sunt vera que de te credimus,*
*Tua nobis et nostro filio*
*Erga Deum prosit oracio!*

His dictis, exeat ab ecclesia et eat in domum suam, et paret mensam, et super mensam panem et vinum, unde clerici et pauperes reficiantur. Quibus vocatis et comedere incipientibus, dicat Marmorinus ministris suis:

*Dico vobis, mei carissimi,*
*Quod ante hanc diem non habui*
*Famem tantam quantam nunc habeo;*
*Famem istam ferre non valeo.*

*Vos igitur quo vesci debeam*
*Preparate, ne mortem subeam.*
*Quid tardatis? Ite velocius;*
*Quod manducem parate cicius.*

Ministri euntes afferant cibos et dicant Regi:

*Ad preceptum tuum paravimus*
*Cibos tuos, et hic adtulimus;*
*Nunc, si velis poteris propere*
*Qua gravaris famem extinguere.*

*Supreme King of all kings,*
*King of the only ones who die a second death,*[1]
*Effect for us the return of our son,*
*The only solace of our lives!*

*Hear our prayers as we cry unto thee,*
*Who sent into the world thy Son*
*That he should make us citizens of heaven*
*And should snatch us from the gates of Hell.*

*O God the Father, whose power*
*Provides to good men all things good,*
*Do not spurn me, a sinner,*
*But make me to see my son.*

*O Nicholas, whom we call Saint,*
*If those things are true which we believe of thee,*
*May thy prayer to God be of benefit*
*To us and to our son.*

With these words, let her go out from the church and go to her home, and prepare a table, and on the table bread and wine, from which the clerics and the poor may refresh themselves. When they have been summoned and are beginning to eat, let King Marmorinus say to his attendants:

*I declare unto you, my most beloved,*
*That before this day I have not had*
*So great a hunger as now I have;*
*This hunger I am unable to endure!*

*Therefore prepare ye what I should eat,*
*Lest I suffer death.*
*Why are ye slow? Go more swiftly!*
*Quickly provide something that I may devour.*

Let the attendants, going, bring food, and let them say to the King:

*According to thy command we have prepared*
*Thy food, and have brought it here.*
*Now, if thou wilt, thou canst speedily*
*Banish the hunger with which thou art annoyed.*

---

[1] If the Latin is correct, the allusion may be to such persons as Lazarus who were raised from the dead by divine power. But possibly the line is a corruption of *Rex vivorum et morientium.*

His dictis, afferatur aqua, et lavet manus suas Rex, et incipiens comedere, dicat:

*Esurivi et modo sitio;*
*Vinum michi dari precipio;*
*Quod afferat michi quam cicius*
*Meus Getronis filius.*

Puer itaque, hoc audiens, suspiret graviter et secum dicat:

*Heu! Heu! Heu! michi misero!*
*Vite mee finem desidero;*
*Vivus enim quamdiu fuero,*
*Liberari nequaquam potero.*

Rex puero:

*Pro qua causa suspiras taliter?*
*Suspirare te vidi fortiter.*
*Quid est pro quo sic suspiraveris?*
*Quid te nocet, aut unde quereris?*

Puer:

*Recordatus mee miserie,*
*Mei patris et mee patrie*
*Suspirare cepi et gemere,*
*Et intra me talia dicere:*

*Annus unus expletus hodie,*
*Postquam servus factus miserie,*
*Potestati subjectus regie,*
*Fines hujus intravi patrie.*

*Heu! miselle, quid ita cogitas?*
*Quid te juvat cordis anxietas?*
*Nemo potest te michi tollere*
*Quamdiu te non velim perdere.*

Interea veniat aliquis in similitudine Nicolai; Puerum, scyphum cum recentario vino tenentem, apprehendat, apprehensumque ante fores componat, et quasi non compertus, recedat. Tunc vero unus de civibus ad Puerum dicat:

*Puer, quis es, et quo vis pergere?*

Having said this, let water be brought, and let the King wash his hands; and, as he begins to eat, let him say:

*I have hungered, and now I thirst!*
*I command that wine be given me;*
*And this let my son of Getron*
*Bring to me as quickly as possible.*

And so let the boy, hearing this, sigh deeply, and say to himself:

*Alas! Alas! Alas! O wretched me!*
*I wish for the end of my life;*
*For, however long I shall live,*
*In no wise can I gain my freedom.*

The King to the boy:

*For what cause sighest thou thus?*
*I saw thee sigh heavily.*
*What is it that has made thee sigh in this wise?*
*What harms thee? or for what reason dost thou lament?*

The boy:

*Thinking in my mind of my wretchedness,*
*Of my father, and of my native country,*
*I began to sigh and to groan,*
*And within myself to say such things:*

*To-day one year is completed*
*Since, made slave to misery,*
*A vassal to kingly power,*
*I entered the confines of this country.*

The King:

*Alas! poor boy, why dost thou ponder thus?*
*What will sadness of heart avail thee?*
*No one can take thee away from me*
*So long as I do not wish to lose thee.*

In the meanwhile let some one come in the likeness of Nicholas; let him take up the boy, holding the goblet of fresh wine; and having seized him, let him restore him to his place before the doors of his home; and, as if not recognized, let him withdraw. Then let one of the citizens say to the boy:

*Boy, who art thou? and where wouldst thou go?*

*Cujus tibi dedit largicio*
*Scyphym istum cum recentario?*

Puer:

*Huc venio, non ibo longius;*
*Sum Getronis unicus filius.*
*Nicolao sit laus et gloria,*
*Cujus hic me reduxit gracia!*

Quo audito, currat civis ille ad Getronem et dicat:

*Gaude, Getron, nec fleas amplius;*
*Extra fores stat tuus filius.*
*Nicolai laudat magnalia,*
*Cujus eum reduxit gracia.*

Cumque hujus modi nuntium audierit Euphrosina, ad filium suum currat; quem sepius deosculatum amplexetur et dicat:

*Deo nostro sit laus et gloria,*
*Cujus magna misericordia,*
*Luctus nostros vertens in gaudium,*
*Nostrum nobis reduxit filium!*

*Sintque patri nostro perpetue*
*Nicolao laudes et gracie,*
*Cujus erga Deum oracio*
*Nos adjuvit in hoc negocio.*

Chorus Omnis:

*Copiose caritatis*, etc.[1]

*Whose largess gave to thee*
*That goblet filled with fresh wine?*

The boy:

*I am come to this place; I will go no further;*
*I am the only son of Getron.*
*To Nicholas be praise and glory,*
*Whose kindness has brought me back here.*

Having heard this, let that citizen run to Getron and say:

*Rejoice, Getron! Weep no more!*
*Without the doors stands thy son!*
*He praises the wonderful deeds of Nicholas,*
*Whose kindness brought him back again.*

And when Euphrosina hears the message of this kind, let her run to her son; and, kissing him many times, let her embrace him and say:

*To our God be praise and glory,*
*Whose great compassion,*
*Turning our sorrows into joy,*
*Has restored to us our son!*

*And to our father Nicholas*
*Be praises and thanks forever,*
*Whose prayer to God*
*Helped us in this affair.*

The whole choir [sings the anthem]:

*Of abundant love*, etc.

---

[1] The anthem used at Lauds on St. Nicholas' Day.

# IV

# THE INTRODUCTION OF THE VERNACULAR

# I

# THE SEPULCHRE[1]

[Easter.]

*Hic incipit Officium Resurreccionis in die Pasche.*

[*The three Marys come in separately, each walking towards the entrance of the choir.*]

[I. MARIA.[1] *Heu!* . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . .

II. MARIA. *Heu!* . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . .]

III. MARIA. *Heu! Redemcio Israel,*
*Ut quid mortem sustinuit?*

[I. MARIA. Alas! . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . .

II. MARIA. Alas! . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . ] payne.[2]

III. MARIA. Allas! he that men wend schuld by[3]
All Israel, bothe knyght and knaue,
Why suffred he so forto dy,
Sithe[4] he may all sekenes saue?

[I. MARIA. *Heu!* . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . .

II. MARIA. *Heu!* . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . ,

III. MARIA. *Heu! cur ligno fixus clauis*
*Fuit doctor tam suauis?*
*Heu! cur fuit ille natus*
*Qui perfodit eius latus?*

[I. MARIA. Alas! . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . .

II. MARIA. Alas! . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . .] is oght.

III. MARIA. Allas, that we suche bale schuld bide[1]
That sodayn sight so forto see,
The best techer in world wide
With nayles be tacched to a tre!
Allas, that euer so schuld betyde,
Or that so bold mon born schuld be
For to assay oure Saueour side
And open hit with-oute pite!

[*They come together at the entrance to the choir,*[2] *and sing in unison:*]

*Iam, iam, ecce, iam properemus ad tumulum,*
*Vngentes Dilecti corpus sanctissimum!*[3]

Et appropriantes sepulcro cantent:

---

[1] For the probable lines spoken by the first two Marys see p. 11. It will be observed that the actors spoke first in Latin, and then paraphrased their lines in the vernacular.

[2] The cue for the actor assuming the part of the Third Mary.

[3] Thought should redeem.

[4] Since.

[1] Such grief should endure.

[2] Cf. p. 12.

[3] These lines are accompanied by musical notation.

[1] The manuscript was discovered by W. W. Skeat and published by him in *The Academy*, 1890; its real significance, however, was first pointed out by Manly. We have here not full plays, but merely the actor-parts, with cues, used by some cleric who was a speaker in three separate plays, assuming on different days the rôles of the Third Mary in the *Sepulchrum*, of one of the Wayfarers in the *Peregrini*, and of the Third Shepherd in the *Pastores*. As a dramatic curiosity the fragment is unique. Its chief importance, however, is the evidence it affords of the way in which the vernacular was gradually introduced. In the course of time the vernacular entirely displaced the Latin; here we find the transitional stage clearly illustrated. By means of bracketed insertions I have attempted to give some general indication of the plays as wholes, in order that the reader may better understand the manuscript. I have also changed the order of the plays. The text is based on that in Osborn Waterhouse's *The Non-Cycle Mystery Plays*, re-edited from the manuscripts for the Early English Text Society, 1909.

*O Deus, quis reuoluet nobis lapidem*
*Ab hostis monumenti?* [1]

[I. Maria. . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . .

II. Maria. . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . .] him leid.

III. Maria. He that thus kyndely vs has kend [2]
Vn-to the hole where he was hid,
Sum socoure sone he wil vs send,
At help to lift away this lid.

[At this point there is apparently a lacuna in the manuscript. The three Marys find the stone rolled away; the angel sings "*Quem queritis,*" etc.; and the Marys enter the sepulchre and display the sudarium and burial cloths to the audience. Leaving the sepulchre, they sing joyfully:]

[I. Maria. Alleluia! . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . .

II. Maria. Alleluia! . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . .]

III. Maria. Alleluya schal be oure song,
Sithen Crist, oure Lord, by angellus steuen,[3]
Schewus him as mon here vs among,
And is Goddis Son, heghest in heuen.

[A red line in the manuscript, probably to indicate a new scene. As the Marys reach the door of the choir they meet Peter and John.]

[Peter and John. *Dic nobis, Maria,*
*Quid uidisti in uia?*

I. Maria. *Sepulcrum Christi uiuentis,*
*Et gloriam uidi resurgentis.*
[translating:]
. . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . .

II. Maria. *Angelicos testes,*
*Sudarium et uestes.*
[translating:]
. . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . .] was gon.

III. Maria.[1] *Surrexit Christus, spes nostra,*
*Precedet vos in Galileam!*
Crist is rysen, wittenes we
By tokenes that we haue sen this morn!
Oure hope, oure help, oure hele,[2] is he,
And hase bene best, sithe we were born!
Yf we wil seke him for to se,
Lettes noght this lesson be for-lorn:
"But gose euen vnto Galilee;
There schal ye fynd him yow beforn!"

[Another red line in the manuscript indicates the conclusion of the Third Mary's part in the play. Probably after the Marys left the choir, the scene of the Race of Peter and John to the Sepulchre, and possibly the scene of Appearance of Christ to Mary Magdalene, followed.]

---

[1] These lines are accompanied by musical notation.
[2] Directed.
[3] Voice.

[1] The name is prefixed to the English verses that follow, but it is clear that the Latin lines were also spoken by the Third Mary.
[2] Health, salvation.

## II

## THE WAYFARERS

[Monday of Passion Week.]

Feria secunda in ebdomada Pasche discipuli insimul cantent:[1]

[Disciples.] *Infidelis incursum populi*
*Fugiamus, Ihesu discipuli!*
*Suspenderunt Ihesum patibulo;*
*Nulli parcent eius discipulo.*[1]

---

[1] "On the second day in Passion Week, the disciples sing in unison."

[1] These lines are set to music.

[*The disciples separate; Luke and Cleophas go together towards Emmaus.*]

[Luke.[1] . . . . . . .] fast to fle.

[Cleopas.] But if we flee, thai wil vs fang,[2]
And full felly thai wil vs flay;[3]
Agayn to Emause wil we gang,[4]
And fonde[5] to get the gaynest[6] way.
And make in mynd euer vs amang
Of oure gode Maister, as we may,
How he was put to paynes strang, —
On that he tristed con him be-tray![7]

[Here a red line in the manuscript, possibly to indicate a new scene with the entrance of Jesus.]

[Jesus. . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . .

Luke. . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . ] but agayn.

[Cleopas.] By wymmen wordis wele wit[8] may we
Christ is risen vp in gode aray;
For to oure-self the sothe[9] say[d] he,
Where we went in this world away,
That he schuld dye and doluen be,[10]
And rise fro the dethe the thrid day.
And that we myght that sight now se,
He wisse[11] vs, Lord, as he well may!

[Jesus. . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . .

Luke. . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . ] resoun right.

[Cleopas.][12] *Et quoniam tradiderunt eum summi sacerdotes et principes nostri in dampnacione[m] mortis et crucifixerunt eum.*

Right is that we reherce by raw[1]
The maters that we may on mene,[2]
How prestis and princes of oure lawe
Ful tenely[3] toke him hom[4] be-twen,
And dampned him, with-outen awe,
For to be dede with dole,[5] be-dene;[6]
Thai crucified him, wele we knaw,
At Caluary, with caris kene.

[Luke.[7] . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . .]

[Cleopas.] *Dixerunt etiam se visionem angelorum vidisse, qui dicunt eum uiuere.*

[Jesus. . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . .

Luke. . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . .] wraist.

[Cleopas.] The wymmen gret,[8] for he was gon;
But yet thai told of meruales mo:
Thai saw angellus stondyng on the ston,
And sayn[9] how he was farne hom fro.[10]
Sithen of oures went ful gode wone[11]
To se that sight, and said right so.
Herfore we murne and makis this mon;[12]
Now wot[13] thou wele of all oure wo.

[Jesus. . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . .] in pese.

[Cleopas and Luke.] *Mane nobiscum, quoniam aduesperascit et inclinata est iam dies. Alleluya!*[14]

---

[1] The manuscript fails to give the names of the actors in this play. One of them was Cleopas (see St. Luke, xxiv, 18), the other probably Luke. I have followed Skeat in assigning the actor-parts to Cleopas.
[2] Seize.
[3] And full cruelly they will us flay. (Manly queries *slay*).
[4] Go. [5] Try. [6] Nearest.
[7] One whom he trusted did him betray!
[8] Well know. [9] Truth.
[10] Buried be. [11] Direct, show.
[12] Skeat leaves these Latin lines unassigned, though he prefixes the name of Cleopas to the English translation that follows; corrected by Manly.

[1] In due order. [2] Recall. [3] Cruelly.
[4] Them.
[5] Skeat has *dele;* corrected by Manly. Deceit, craft.
[6] Indeed (often a meaningless rhyme-word).
[7] What Luke probably said may be found in St. Luke, xxiv, 21–22.
[8] Wept. [9] Say. [10] Gone from them.
[11] Afterwards full many of us went.
[12] Lamentation. [13] Knowest.
[14] Accompanied by musical notation for singing.

[*Jesus agrees to remain with them, and they walk together towards Emmaus.*]

[Jesus. . . . . . . . . . . ] wight.

[Cleopas.] Amend oure mournyng, maister dere,
And fond [1] oure freylnes for to fell! [2]
Herk, brother! help to hold him here,
Ful nobel talis wil he us tell!

[Luke. . . . . . . . ] lent.

[Cleopas.] And gode wyne schal vs wont non,
For ther-to schal I take entent.

[*Jesus seats himself at the table with them, and breaks the bread. After blessing it and giving it to them, he suddenly vanished.*]

[Luke. . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . ] he went!

[Cleopas.] Went he is, and we ne wot [3] how,
For here is noght left in his sted!
Allas! where were oure wittis now?
With wo now walk we, wil of red! [4]

[Luke. . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . .] oure bred.

[Cleopas.] Oure bred he brak and blessed hit;
On mold [5] were neuer so mased [6] men,
When that we saw him by vs sit,
That we couthe [7] noght consayue [8] him then.

[Luke. . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . ] ay.

[*Luke and Cleopas start back to Jerusalem, singing:*]

*Quid agamus vel dicamus,*
*Ignorantes quo eamus,*
*Qui Doctorem sciencie*
*Et patrem consolacionis*
*Amisimus?* [1]

[Luke. . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . ] gode state.

[Cleopas.] We schal home [2] tell, with-outen trayn, [3]
Bothe word and werk, how [that] hit was,
I se hom sitt samyn in a playn. [4]
Forthe in apert [5] dar I not pas!

[*They meet the other disciples, and narrate their experience.*]

[Luke. . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . ] and wife.

[Cleopas.] We saw him holl, hide and hewe; [6]
Therfore be still, and stint youre strife!
That hit was Crist ful wele we knewe,
He cutt oure bred with-outen knyfe.

[*Believing that Christ has arisen, they all sing in unison:*]

*Gloria tibi, Domine,*
*Qui surrexisti a mortuis,*
*Cum Patre et Sancto Spiritu,*
*In sempiterna secula; Amen!* [7]

[*Thomas enters, and refuses to believe. Christ reappears and convinces him. The disciples sing in unison:*]

*Frater Thoma, causa tristicie*
*Nobis tulit summa leticie!*

---

[1] Try. [2] Destroy. [3] Know not.
[4] Bewildered in mind. [5] Earth.
[6] Dumfounded, stupefied.
[7] Could. [8] Recognize.

[1] Accompanied by musical notation for singing.
[2] Them (the other disciples).
[3] Delay.
[4] I see them sitting together in an open place.
[5] Openly, in public view.
[6] Hue, complexion.
[7] Accompanied by musical notation.

## III

# THE SHEPHERDS

[Christmas.]

[*The three shepherds enter, singing:*]

*Pastores erant in regione eadem uigilantes et custodientes gregem suum. Et ecce angelus Domini astitit iuxta illos et timuerunt timore magno.*[1]

[I. **Pastor.** . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . .

II. **Pastor.**] We, Tib.[2]

III. **Pastor.** Telle on!

[I. **Pastor.** . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . .

II. **Pastor.** . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . .] the nyght.

[*The star appears above.*]

III. **Pastor.** Brether, what may this be,
Thus bright to man and best?

[I. **Pastor.** . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . .

II. **Pastor.** . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . ] at hand.

III. **Pastor.** Whi say ye so?

[II. **Pastor.** . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . ] warand.

III. **Pastor.** Suche sight was neuer sene
Before in oure Iewery;
Sum merueles wil hit mene
That mun be here in hy.[3]

[*The angel appears and sings.*]

[I. **Pastor.** . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . .

II. **Pastor.** . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . .] a sang.

III. **Pastor.** Ye lye, bothe, by this light,
And raues as recheles royes![1]
Hit was an angel bright
That made this nobulle noyes.[2]

[I. **Pastor.** . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . .

II. **Pastor.** . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . .] of prophecy.

III. **Pastor.** He said a barn[3] schuld be
In the burgh of Bedlem born;
And of this, mynnes me,[4]
Oure fadres fond beforn.[5]

[I. **Pastor.** . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . .

II. **Pastor.** . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . ] Iewus kyng.

III. **Pastor.** Now may we se the same
Euen in oure pase puruayed;[6]
The angel nemed his name, —
"Crist, Saueour," he saied.

[I. **Pastor.** . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . .

II. **Pastor.** . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . ] not raue.

III. **Pastor.** Yone brightnes wil vs bring
Vnto that blisful boure;[7]

---

[1] Accompanied by musical notation.
[2] Tib is the name of the First Shepherd.
[3] That must be here aloft.

[1] Reckless boasters. [2] Noise.
[3] Child. [4] I remember.
[5] Found, or discovered, long ago.
[6] In our way provided. [7] Bower.

For solace schal we syng
To seke oure Saueour.

[*Following the star, they walk towards the manger, singing:*]

*Transeamus usque Bethelem, et uideamus hoc verbum quod factum est, quod fecit Dominus et ostendit nobis.*[1]

[I. Pastor. . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . .

II. Pastor. . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . .] to knawe.

III. Pastor. For no-thing thar vs drede,[2]
But thank God of all gode;
This light euer wil vs lede
To fynde that frely fode.[3]

[*They reach the manger, and worship the babe. Each in turn presents a gift.*]

[I. Pastor. . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . .

II. Pastor. . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . ] I mene.

III. Pastor. A! loke to me, my Lord dere,
All if I put me noght in prese![1]
To suche a prince without[en] pere
Haue I no presand that may plese.
But lo! a horn-spone haue I here
That may herbar an hundrith pese:
This gift I gif the with gode chere, —
Suche dayntese wil do no disese.[2]

Fare-wele now, swete swayn,
God graunt the lifyng lang!

[I. Pastor. And go we hame agayn,
And mak mirth as we gang!][3]

[*The shepherds go out, singing joyfully.*]

---

[1] Accompanied with musical notation.
[2] Need we fear.
[3] Noble child.

[1] Although I do not value myself highly.
[2] Harm.
[3] The last two lines supplied by Skeat from the York mysteries.

# V

# THE CRAFT CYCLES

# BANNS[1]

[Advertising the Performance of the N. towne Plays.[2]]

**PRIMUS VEXILLAT[OR].** Now, gracyous God, groundyd of alle goodnesse,
As thi grete glorie nevyr be-gynnyng had,
So thou socour and saue alle tho that sytt and sese,[1]
And lystenyth to oure talkyng with sylens stylle and sad;
For we purpose us pertly[2] stylle in this prese,
The pepyl to plese with pleys ful glad. 6
Now lystenyth us, louely, bothe more and lesse,
Gentyllys and yemanry[3] of goodly lyff lad,
This tyde.
We xal you shewe, as that we kan,
How that this werd[4] ffyrst be-gan,
And how God made bothe molde[5] and man,
Iff that ye wyl a[byde]. 13

**SECUNDUS VEXILLA[TOR].** In the ffyrst pagent, we thenke to play
How God dede make, thurowe his owyn myth,[6]
Hevyn so clere upon the fyrst day,
And ther in he sett angelle ffful bryth.
Than angelle with songe — this is no nay —
Xal worchep God, as it is ryth; 19
But Lucyfer, that angelle so gay,
In suche pompe than is he pyth,[1]
And set in so grete pride,
That Goddys sete[2] he gynnyth to take,
Hese[3] lordys pere hym self to make,
But than he ffallyth a ffend[4] ful blake,
From hevyn in helle to a[byde.] 26

**TERTIUS VEXILL[ATOR].** In the secunde pagent, by Godys myth,
We thenke to shewe and pley, be-dene,[5]
In the other sex days, by opyn syth,
What thenge was wrought ther xal be sene;
How best was made and foule of flyth,[6]
And last was man made, as I wene; 32
Of mannys o ryb, as I yow plyth,
Was woman wrougth mannys make[7] to bene,
And put in paradyse.
Ther were flourys bothe blew and blake,
Of alle frutys thei myth ther take,
Saff frute of cunnyng[8] thei xulde for-sake,
And towche it no wyse. 39

[1] See. [2] Openly. [3] Yeomanry.
[4] World. [5] Earth. [6] Might.

[1] Placed. [2] Seat, throne. [3] His.
[4] Fiend.
[5] Indeed (a more or less meaningless rhyme-tag).
[6] Flight. [7] Mate. [8] Knowledge.

---

[1] Banns were public announcements of the performance of plays made usually by vexillatores (banner-bearers) in the neighboring towns and hamlets several days in advance; compare the Banns of *The Play of the Sacrament*.

[2] The manuscript (Brit. Mus. Cotton MS. Vespasian D. viii) of this cycle contains forty-two plays, and bears on folio 100 verso the date 1468. Where the plays were acted is not known. The librarian of Sir Robert Cotton, who purchased the manuscript about 1629, wrote on the fly-leaf: "*vulgo dicitur hic liber Ludus Coventriae, sive ludus Corporis Christi.*" From this brief notation it was for a time inferred that the plays were acted at Coventry; but the term "Coventry plays" was a vulgar designation for Corpus Christi plays in general; and there seems to be no good reason to connect this large cycle with the town of Coventry; it certainly was not the famous cycle performed there by the craft organizations. How to label the collection has puzzled scholars. Professor Manly calls the cycle the *Hegge Plays*, after an early owner of the manuscript; others refer to it as the *So-Called Coventry Plays*, or as the *Ludus Coventriæ*. It seems, however, undesirable to associate the plays with the name of Coventry at all; and since the Banns clearly state that they were to be performed at "N. towne," I have designated them simply as the "N. towne Plays." Linguistic authorities assign the manuscript to the northeast Midlands. "N. towne" might be an abbreviation for "Northamptowne," but we cannot prove that Northampton had a cycle of plays. Possibly the Banns were originally written to describe a processional performance on waggons; but the manuscript in its present state, as well as the revised Banns, shows the plays as arranged for continuous presentation on a group of fixed platforms about a *platea*. I have based the text on the edition by K. S. Block, *Ludus Coventriæ*, edited for the Early English Text Society, 1922, and have compared this with Halliwell's careful edition of 1841. The punctuation, and the use of capital letters I have modernized. And since the Banns are very long, I have omitted some of the description of certain "pageants"; the extent of the omissions can be observed from the line-numbering.

The serpent toke Eve an appyl to byte,
And Eve toke Adam a mursel of the same;
Whan thei had do thus a-gens the rewle of ryte,
Than was oure Lord wrothe and grevyd al with grame.[1]
Oure Lord gan appose [2] them of ther gret delyte, [3]
Bothe to askuse [4] hem of that synful blame;
And than Almyghty God, ffor that gret dyspite,
Assygned hem grevous peyn, as ye xal se in game,
In dede.
Seraphyn, an angelle gay,
With brennyng swerd — this is verray —
From paradise bete hem a-way,
In Bybyl as we rede.

**Primus Vexillator.** We purpose to shewe in the thryd pagent,
The story of Caym and of hese brother Abelle . . .

**Secundus Vexilator.** The iij.$^{de}$ pagent is now yow tolde.
The ffourte pagent of Noe xal be,
How God was wrothe with man on molde,[5]
Because fro synne man dede not fle . . .

**Tertius Vexil[lator].** Of Abraham is the fyfte pagent,
And of Ysaac his sone so fre,
How that he xulde with fere be brent,
And slayn with swerd, as ye xal se . . .

**Primus Vexil[lator].** The sexte pagent is of Moyses,
And of tweyn tabelys that God hym took,
In the whiche were wrete, with-out les, [6]
The lawes of God to lerne and lok . . .

**Secundus Vexillator.** Off the gentyl Jesse rote,
The sefnt pagent forsothe xal ben,
Out of the whiche doth sprynge oure bote,[1]
As in prophecye we redyn and sen;
Kyngys and prophetys with wordys fful sote,[2]
Schulle prophesye al of a qwene,
The whiche xal staunche oure stryff and moote,[3]
And wynnen us welthe with-outyn wene,[4]
In hevyn to abyde.
They xal prophecye of a mayde,
Alle ffendys of here xal be affrayde,
Here sone xal saue us, be not dismayde,
With hese woundys wyde.

**Tertius Vexillator.** Of the grete bushop Abyacar,
The viii.[5] pagent xal be with-out lesyng [6] . . .

**Primus Vexillator.** In the ix.[7] pagent, sothe to say,
A masangere fforthe is sent;
Dauydis kynrede with-out de-lay
They come fful sone with good entent.
Whan Joseph offeryd his yerde [8] that day,
Anon ryth fforth in present
The ded styk do floure fful gay;
And than Joseph to wedlok went,
Ryth as the angel bad . . .

**Secundus Vexillator.** In the x.[9] pagent goth Gabryelle,
And doth salute Oure Lady ffre,
Than grett with chylde, as I yow telle . . .

**Tertius Vexillator.** In the xi.[10] pagent, as I yow telle,
Joseph comyth hom fro fer countre;
Oure Ladyes wombe with chylde doth swelle,
And than Joseph ful hevy is he . . .

**Primus Vexillator.** The xii.[11] pagent, I sey yow, be-dene,

---

[1] Anger.
[2] Interrogate.
[3] The MS. is not clear; Block reads *debyte*, Halliwell *delyte*.
[4] Excuse.
[5] On the earth.
[6] Lie.

[1] Salvation.
[2] Sweet.
[3] Disputation.
[4] Doubt.
[5] MS. *tende*, a later addition over an erased word. For the significance of these changes, see Block, *Ludus Coventriæ*, pp. xix–xxv.
[6] Lying.
[7] MS. x$^{te}$, changed from an original ix$^{te}$.
[8] Rod.
[9] MS. xj.$^{de}$, changed from an original x$^{de}$.
[10] MS. xij, changed from an original *hellenthe*.
[11] MS. xiiij.$^{te}$, changed from an original xii$^{te}$.

Xal be of Joseph and mylde Mary,
How they were sclawndryd with trey and tene,[1]
And to here purgacion thei must hem hy.

SECUNDUS VEXILLATOR. In the xiii.[2] pagent shewe we xal,
How Joseph went with-oute varyauns,
For mydwyuys to helpe Oure Lady at alle,
Of childe that she had delyuerauns.

TERTIUS VEXILLATOR. In the xiv.[3] pagent Cryst xal be born.
Of that joy aungelys xul synge,
And telle the shepherdys in that morn
The blysseful byrth of that kyng.
The shepherdys xal come hym be-fforn,
With reuerens and with worchepyng . . .

PRIMUS VEXILLATOR. The xv.te pagent come kyngys iij.,
With gold, myrre, and ffrankynsens;
Kyng Herowdys styward[4] hem doth se,
And bryngyth alle to his presens . . .

SECUNDUS VEXILLATOR. In the xvi. pagent as wroth as wynde
Is kyng Herownde, the sothe to say,
And cruel knytys[5] and vn-kende
To sle male chylderyn he sendyth that day . . .

TERTIUS VEXILLATOR. In the xvii. pagent the knythtys, be-dene,
Shulle brynge dede childeryn be-for the kyng;
Whan kyng Herownde that syth[6] hath sene,
Ful glad he is of here kyllyng . . .

PRIMUS VEXILLATOR. In the xviii. pagent we must purpose,
To shewe whan Cryst was xij. yer of age,
How in the Temple he dede appose
And answerd doctoris ryth wyse and sage . . .

SECUNDUS VEXILLATOR. In the xix. pagent xal seynt Jhone
Baptyse Cryst, as I yow say,
In the watyr of flom[1] Jordone,
With which devys, as we best may,
The Holy Gost xal ouyr[2] hym on . . .

TERTIUS VEXILLATOR. In the xx.ti pagent alle the deuelys of helle,
They gadere a parlement, as ye xal se,
They have gret doute the trewth to telle,
Of Cryst Jhesu whath he xulde be.
They sende Sathan, that ffynde so ffelle,
Cryst for to tempte in fele degre . . .

PRIMUS VEXILLATOR. The xxi.ti pagent of a woman xal be,
The whiche was take in adultrye . . .

SECUNDUS VEXILLATOR. The grettest meracle that evyr Jhesus
In erthe wrouth be-forn his passyon,
In xxii.ti pagent we purpose vs
To shewe in dede the declaracion.
That pagent xal be of Lazarus . . .

TERTIUS VEXILLATOR. In the xxiij.ti pagent, Palme Sunday,
In pley we purpose ffor to shewe,
How chylderyn of Ebrew with flowrys ful gay,
The wey that Cryst went thei gun to strewe.

PRIMUS VEXILLATOR. In the xxiiij.ti pagent, as that we may,
Cryst and his apostelys, alle on rewe,[3]
The mawnde[4] of God ther xal they play,
And sone declare it with wordys ffewe.
And than
Judas, that fals traytour,
For xxx.ti platys of werdly tresour,
Xal be-tray oure Savyour
To the Jewys certan.

SECUNDUS VEXILLATOR. For grevous peyn, this is no les,[5]
In the xxv.ti pagent, Cryst xal pray
To the Fadyr of hevyn that peyn for to ses,
His shamful deth to put away.

---

[1] Slandered with trouble and injury.
[2] MS. xv, changed from an original xiii.
[3] MS. xvj, changed from an original xiv.
[4] Steward.
[5] Knights, soldiers.
[6] Sight.

[1] River.
[2] Hover.
[3] Row.
[4] Feast, the Lord's Supper.
[5] Lie.

Judas that traytour, befor gret pres,[1]
Xal kys his mouthe and hym betray. . .

Tertius Vex[illator]. Than in the xxvj.$^{ti}$ pagent,
To Cayphas Cryst xal be brouth;
Tho Jewys fful redy ther xul be bent
Cryst to acuse with worde and thouth.
Seynt Petyr doth folwe with good intent,
To se with Cryst what xuld be wrouth;
For Crystys dyscyple whan he is hent,[2]
Thryes [3] he doth swere he knew hym nowth, —
A kok xal crowe and crye;
Than doth Petyr gret sorwe make . . .

Primus Vexillator. In the xxvij. pagent, sere [4] Pylat
Is sett in sete as hy justyce . . .

Secundus Vexillator. In the xxviij.$^{ti}$ pagent xal Judas,
That was to Cryst a ffals traytour,
With wepyng sore evyr crye, alas,
That evyr he solde oure Savyour.
He xal be sory ffor his trespas,
And brynge a-gen alle his tresour,
Alle xxx. pens, to sere Cayphas,
He xal them brynge with gret dolowre,[5]
For the whiche Cryst was bowth.[6]
For gret whanhope,[7] as ye xal se,
He hangyth hym self vpon a tre;
For he noth [8] trostyth in Godys pete,[9]
To helle his sowle is browth.

Tertius Vexillator. In the xxix. pagent, to Pylatus wyff
In slepe aperyth the devyl of helle,
For to savyn Crystys lyff . . .

Primus Vexillator. In the xxx.$^{ti}$ pagent thei bete out Crystys blood,
And nayle hym al nakyd upon a rode tre,
Betwen ij. thevys; i-wys [10] they were to wood; [11]
They hyng Cryst Jhesu, gret shame it is to se . . .

Secundus Vexillator. We purpose to shewe in oure pleyn place,[1]
In the xxxj.$^{ti}$ pagent, thorwe Godys mythe,
How to Crystys herte a spere gan pace,[2]
And rent oure Lordys bryst in ruly plyth [3] . . .

Tertius Vexillator. Joseph and Nycodemus, to Cryst trew servaunt,
In the xxxij. page[nt] the body thei aske to haue.
Pylat ful redyly the body doth hem graunt;
Than thei with reverens do put it in grave . . .

Primus Vexillator. In the [x]xxiij. pagent the soule of Cryst Jhesu
Xal brynge alle his ffrendys ffrom helle to paradyse . . .

Secundus Vexillator. In the xxxiiii.$^{ti}$ pagent xal Maryes thre
Seke Cryst Jhesu in his grave so coolde;
An aungel hem tellyth that aresyn is he;
And whan that this tale to them is tolde,
To Crystys dyscyplis, with wurdys fful fre,
They telle these tydyngys with brest ful bolde.
Than Petyr and Johan, as ye xal se,
Down rennyn in hast ouer lond and wolde,
The trewth of this to haue.
Whan thei ther comyn, as I yow say,
He is gon ffrom vndyr clay;
Than thai wytnesse a-noon that day,
He lyth not in his grave.

Tertius Vexillator. Onto Mary Mawdelyn, as we haue bent,
Cryst Jhesu xal than apere,
In the xxxv.$^{ti}$ pagent,
And she wenyth [4] he be a gardenere . . .

Primus Vexillator. In the xxxvj.$^{ti}$ pagent xal Cleophas
And Sent Luke to a castel go;
Of Crystys deth as thei fforth pas
They make gret mornyng and be ful wo;
Than Cryst them ovyr-tok, as his wyl was,

---

[1] Crowd. [2] Taken. [3] Thrice. [4] Sir. [5] Grief. [6] Bought. [7] Despair. [8] Not. [9] Pity. [10] Truly. [11] Mad.

[1] Playing place ? [2] Pass. [3] Rueful plight. [4] Thinketh.

And walkyd in felachep[1] fforth with hem too.
To them he doth expowne bothe more and las
Alle that prophetys spakad of hym self also;
That nyth in fay,
Whan thei be set within the castelle,
In brekyng of bred thei know Cryst welle,
Than sodeynly, as I yow telle,
Cryste is gon his way.

**Secundus Vexillator.** In the xxxvij.$^{ti}$ pagent than purpos we,
To Thomas of Ynde Cryst xal apere;
And Thomas euyn ther, as ye xal se,
Xal put his hand in his woundys dere.

**Tertius Vexillator.** In the xxxviij.$^{ti}$ pagent up stye[2] xal he
Into hefne that is so clere . . .

**Primus Vexillator.** Than ffolwyth next, sekyrly,[3]
Of Wyttsunday that solempne ffest;
Whyche pagent xal be ix. and thretty.
To the apostelys to apere be Crystys hest,[4]
In Hierusalem were gaderyd xij. opynly,
To the Cenacle comyng ffrom West and Est;
The Holy Gost apperyd fful veruently,
With brennyng ffere thyrlyng[5] here brest,
Procedyng from hevyn trone[6]. . .

**Secundus Vexillator.** The xl.$^{ti}$ pagent xal be the last,
And Domysday that pagent xal hyth.[1]
Who se that pagent may be agast
To grevyne his Lord God eyther day or nyth.
The erthe xal qwake, bothe breke and brast,[2]
Beryelys[3] and gravys xul ope ful tyth,[4]
Ded men xul rysyn and that ther in hast,
And ffast to here ansuere thei xul hem dyth,[5]
Beffore Godys fface.
But prente wyl this in your mende:
Who so to God hath be vnkende,
Frenchep ther xal he non ffynde,
Ne ther get he no grace.

**Tertius Vexillator.** Now haue we told yow alle, be-dene,
The hool mater that we thynke to play;
Whan that ye come, ther xal ye sene
This game wel pleyd in good a-ray.
Of Holy Wrytte this game xal bene,
And of no fablys be no way.
Now God them save from trey and tene,
For us that prayth upon that day,
And qwyte[6] them wel ther mede.[7]
A Sunday next, yf that we may,
At vj. of the belle[8] we gynne oure play,
In N. towne; wherfore we pray,
That God now be youre spede.
Amen.

---

[1] Fellowship.
[2] Mount, ascend.
[3] Truly.
[4] Command.
[5] Piercing.
[6] Throne.

[1] Be called.
[2] Break and burst.
[3] Tombs.
[4] Quickly.
[5] Prepare.
[6] Requite.
[7] Reward.
[8] The bell of the clock, six o'clock

# THE FALL OF LUCIFER [1]

[Acted at N. towne.]

[*Deus upon his throne.*]

**Deus.** *Ego sum alpha et Ω, principium et finis.*
My name is knowyn, God and Kynge.
My werk for to make now wyl I wende.[1]

[*Deus rises.*]

In my self restyth my reynenge; [2]
It hath no gynnyng ne non ende;
And alle that evyr xal haue beynge,
It is closyd in my mende;
Whan it is made at my lykynge,
I may it saue, I may it shende,[3]
After my plesawns.[4]
So gret of myth is my pouste,[5]
Alle thyng xal be wrowth [6] be me.
I am oo [7] God, in personys thre,
Knyt in oo substawns.

I am the trewe Trenyte,
Here walkyng in this wone; [8]
Thre personys myself I se,
Lokyn [9] in me, God alone.
I am the Fadyr of powste,[5]
My Sone with me gynnyth gon,
My Gost is grace in mageste,
Weldyth welthe up in hevyn tron,
O [7] God thre I calle,
I a Fadyr of myth,[10]
My Sone kepyth ryth,
My Gost hath lyth,
And grace with-alle.

My-self begynnyng nevyr dyd take,
And endeles I am thorw [11] myn own myth.
Now wole I be-gynne my werke to make.
Fyrst I make hevyn with sterrys of lyth
In myrth and joy euermore to wake;
In hevyn I bylde [12] angelle ffful bryth,
My servauntys to be, and for my sake,
With merth and melody worchepe my myth;
I belde them in my blysse.
Aungelle in hevyn evyr-more xal be,
In lyth ful clere bryth as ble,[1]
With myrth and song to worchip me,
Of joye thei may not mys.

[*Deus withdraws.*]

*Hic cantent angeli in celo: "Tibi omnes angeli, tibi celi et vniuerse potestates, Tibi cherubyn et seraphyn incessabili voce proclamant — Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus! Dominus Deus Sabaoth."* [2]

**Lucifere.** To whos wurchipe synge ye this songe?
To wurchip God, or reverens me?
But [3] ye me wurchipe ye do me wronge,
For I am the wurthyest that evyr may be.

**Angeli Boni.**[4] We wurchipe God, of myth most stronge,
Whiche hath fformyd bothe vs and the;
We may nevyr wurchyp hym to longe,
For he is most worthy of mageste.
On knes to God we ffalle,
Oure Lorde God wurchyp we,
And in no wyse honowre we the.
A gretter lord may nevyr non be,
Than he that made us alle!

**Lucifere.** A wurthyer lord, forsothe, am I;
And worthyer than he euyr wyl I be!
In evydens that I am more wurthy,
I wyl go syttyn in Goddys se.[5]

---

[1] Go.
[2] Reigning, sovereignty.
[3] Destroy.
[4] Pleasure.
[5] Power.
[6] Wrought, created.
[7] One.
[8] Dwelling, place.
[9] Locked.
[10] Might.
[11] Through.
[12] Make.

[1] Bright as color; *qy.* of countenance.
[2] Here let the angels in heaven sing: "To thee all the angels, to thee the powers of heaven and of the universe, to thee the cherubim and seraphim with unceasing voice cry out: 'Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth!'"
[3] Unless.
[4] The Good Angels.
[5] Seat.

---

[1] **For a discussion of the N. towne Plays, and for the source of the text, see page 81, note 2.**

[*Seats himself in God's throne.*]

Above sunne and mone and sterrys on sky
I am now set, as ye may se.
Now wurchyp me ffor most mythy,
And for your Lord honowre now me, 61
Syttyng in my sete.

ANGELI MALI.[1] Goddys myth we for-sake,
And for more wurthy we the take;
The to wurchep honowre we make,
And ffalle downe at thi ffete. 66

[*Deus advances.*]

**DEUS.** Thu Lucyfere, ffor thi mekyl pryde,
I bydde the ffalle from hefne to helle;
And alle tho[2] that holdyn on thi syde,
In my blysse nevyr more to dwelle. 70
At my comawndement anoon down thou slyde,
With merthe and joye nevyr more to melle.[1]
In myschyf and manas[2] evyr xalt thou abyde,
In byttyr brennyng and fyer so felle, 74
In peyn evyr to be pyht.[3]

LUCYFERE. At thy byddyng thi wyl I werke,
And pas fro joy to peyne smerte.
Now I am a devyl ful derke,
That was an aungelle bryht. 79

Now to helle the wey I take,
In endeles peyn ther to be pyht.
For fere of fyre a fart I crake; 82
In helle donjoone myn dene[4] is dyth.[5]

---

[1] The Bad Angels. [2] Those.

[1] Mix. [2] Danger. [3] Fixed.
[4] Den. [5] Prepared.

# THE CREATION OF EVE, WITH THE EXPELLING OF ADAM AND EVE OUT OF PARADISE[1]

[Acted by the Grocers of Norwich.]

The Storye of the Temptacion of Man in Paradyce, being therin placyd, and the expellynge of man and woman from thence, newely renvid[1] and accordynge unto the Skripture, begon thys yere, Anno 1565, Anno 7. Eliz.

**Item.** *Yt ys to be notyd that when the Grocers Pageant is played withowte eny other goenge befor yt,[2] then doth the Prolocutor say in this wise:*

[The First Alternative Prologue.]

Lyke as yt chancyd, befor this season,
Owte of Godes Scripture revealid, in playes
Was dyvers stories sett furth, by reason
Of pageantes apparellyd in Wittson dayes;[3]
And lately be fal[l]en into decayes;
Which stories dependyd in theyr orders sett
By severall devices, much knowledge to gett;

Begynny[n]g in Genesis, that story repleate,
Of God his creacion of ech lyvynge thynge,
Of heaven, and of erth, of fysh smalle and greate,
Of fowles, herbe, and tre, and of alle bestes crepynge,
Of angell, of man, which of erth hath beynge,
And of the fall of angell[s], in the Apocalips to se;
Which stories with the Skriptures most justly agree.

Then followed this ower pageant; which sheweth to be
The Garden of Eden, which God dyd plante,
As in the seconde chapter of Genesis ye se;
Wherin of frutes pleasant no kynde therof shulde wante;
In which God dyd putt man to cherish tre and plante,
To dresse and kepe the grounde, and eate what frute hym lyste, —
Ex[c]ept the tre of knoweledge, Godes high wytt to resyste.

The story sheweth further, that, after man was blyste,
The Lord did create woman owte of a ribbe of man;
Which woman was deceyvyd with the Serpentes darkned myste;
By whose synn ower nature is so weake no good we can;
Wherfor they were dejectyd, and caste from thence than
Unto dolloure and myseri, and to traveyle and payne,

---

[1] Renewed. An earlier version of the play dating from 1533, though not complete, is found in the transcript noted above, and is reproduced by Fitch, Manly, and Waterhouse.

[2] At this date the mystery plays were falling into decay, and the grocers anticipated the possibility of there being no preceding pageants. Shortly afterwards the grocers themselves gave up their performance; in 1570 their splendid waggon was broken to pieces, having stood for six years in a "Gate howse," and later "at ye Black Fryers brydge in open street" where it had become "so weather beaten yt ye cheif parte was rotton." (See E. K. Chambers, *The Mediæval Stage*, ii, 388–89.)

[3] At an earlier date the plays were given on Corpus Christi Day. (See E. K. Chambers, *op. cit.*, ii, 386, 388.)

[1] Printed, with many inaccuracies, by Robert Fitch, from an eighteenth-century transcript of certain portions of the lost Grocers' Book of Norwich, in *Norfolk Archæology* (1856), v, 8 (also separately issued), whence it was reprinted by Manly, *Specimens of the Pre-Shaksperean Drama*, 1897, with some valuable emendations. In 1909 the play was more accurately reproduced for the Early English Text Society by O. Waterhouse. I have based the present text on Waterhouse's edition, with certain emendations from Fitch and Manly.

Untyll Godes spright renvid. And so we ende certayne.

*Note that yf ther goeth eny other pageantes before yt, the Prolocutor sayeth as ys on the other syde and leaveth owte this.*

### [The Second Alternative Prologue.]

**The Prolocutor.** As in theyr former pageantes is semblably declared
Of Godes mighty creacion in every lyvyng thynge,
As in the fyrst of Genesis to such it is prepared
As lust they have to reade to memory to brynge,
Of pride and fawle of angells that in hell hath beinge;
In the seconde of Genesis of mankynde hys creacion
Unto this Garden Eden is made full preparacion.

And here begyneth ower pageant to make the declaracion,
From the letter C in the chapter before saide,
How God putt man in Paradyse to dresse yt in best fassion,
And that no frute therof from hym shuld be denayed,
Butt of the tre of lyffe that man shuld be afraide
To eat of, least that daye he eat that he shuld dye;
And of womanes creacion appering by and bye;

And of the Deavilles temptacion deseaivinge with a lye
The woman, beinge weakest, that cawsed man to tast.
That God dyd so offende, that even contynentlye [1]
Owte of the place of joye was man and woman caste,
And into so great dolloure and misery browght at last;
Butt that by God his spright was comforted ageyne.
This is of this ower pagent the some and effect playne.

### [The Creation of Eve, with the Expelling of Adam and Eve from Paradise]

[*On the upper part of the pageant, representing Paradise.*[1]]

**God the father.** I am Alpha et Homega, my Apocalyps doth testyfye,
That made all of nothinge for man his sustentacion.
And of this pleasante garden, that I have plant most goodlye,
I wyll hym make the dresser for his good recreacion.
Therfor, Man, I gyve yt the, to have thy delectacion.
In eatyng thou shalt eate of every growenge tre,
Ex[c]epte the tre of knowledge, the which I forbydd the;

For in what daye soever thou eatest thou shallt be
Even as the childe of death. Take hede! And thus I saye:

---

[1] Instantly.

[1] The play-waggon was obviously in two divisions, the upper representing Paradise, the lower, Earth (see the stage direction following line 103). Possibly the wainscoted section below was used for Hell. The records of the Grocers' Guild at Norwich supply us with the following information about the pageant and its properties:

*Inventory of y$^{e}$ p'ticulars appartaynyng to y$^{e}$ Company of y$^{e}$ Grocers, a.d. 1565.*

A Pageant, y$^{t}$ is to saye, a Howse of Waynskott paynted and buylded on a Carte w$^{t}$ fowre whelys.
A square topp to sett over y$^{e}$ sayde Howse.
A Gryffon, gylte, w$^{t}$ a fane to sett on y$^{e}$ sayde toppe.
A bygger Iron fane to sett on y$^{e}$ ende of y$^{e}$ Pageante.
iiij$^{xx}$ iij [i.e. 83] small Fanes belongyng to y$^{e}$ same Pageante.
A Rybbe colleryd Red.
A cote & hosen w$^{t}$ a bagg & capp for Dolo$^{r}$, steyned.
2 cotes & a payre hosen for Eve, stayned.
A cote & hosen for Adam, Steyned.
A cote w$^{t}$ hosen & tayle for y$^{e}$ serpente, steyned, w$^{t}$ a w$^{t}$ heare [=white wig].
A cote of yellow buckram w$^{t}$ y$^{e}$ Grocers' arms for y$^{e}$ Pendon bearer.
An Angell's Cote & over hoses of Apis Skynns.
3 paynted clothes to hang abowte y$^{e}$ Pageant.
A face [i.e. mask] & heare [i.e. wig] for y$^{e}$ Father.
2 hearys for Adam & Eve.
4 head stallis of brode Inkle w$^{th}$ knopps & tassells.
6 Horsse Clothes, stayned, w$^{t}$ knopps & tassells.
Item, Weights, &c.

I wyll the make an helper, to comforte the allwaye.
Beholde, therfore, a slepe I bryng this daye on the,

*[Man lies down and falls asleep.]*

And owte of this thy ribbe, that here I do owte take,

*[God lifts "a rybbe colleryd red."]*

A creature for thy help behold I do the make.

*[Eve rises from below.]*

Aryse, and from thy slepe I wyll the nowe awake,

*[Man awakes and rises.]*

And take hyr unto the, that you both be as one
To comfort one thother when from you I am gone.

And, as I saide before when that thou wert alone,
In eatyng thow mayst eate of every tre here is,
Butt of the tre of knowledge of good and evyll eate non,
Lest that thou dye the deth by doenge so amysse!
I wyll departe now wher myne habytacion is.
I leave you here. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .[1]
Se that ye have my woordes in most high estymacion.

*Then Man and Woman speke bothe.*

[MAN AND WOMAN.] We thanke the, mighty God, and gyve the honoracion. *[Exit God.]*

*Man spekethe.*

[MAN.] Oh bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh eke,[2]
Thou shalte be called Woman, bycaus thow art of me.
Oh gyfte of God most goodlye, that hast us made so lyke!
Most lovynge spowse, I muche do here rejoyce of the.
WOMAN. And I lykewyse, swete lover, do much reioyce of the.
God therefore be praised, such comforte have us gyve
That ech of us with other thus pleasantly do lyve.

MAN. To walke abowt this garden my fantasye me meve;
I wyll the leave alone tyll that I turne ageyne.
Farewell, myn owne swete spouse! I leave the to remayne.
WOMAN. And farewell, my dere lover, whom my hart doth conteyn.

*[Man walks to another part of Paradise.]*

*The Serpent speketh.*

[THE SERPENT.] Nowe, nowe, of my purpos I dowght nott to atteyne;
I can yt nott abyde, in theis joyes they shulde be.
Naye, I wyll attempt them to syn unto theyr payne;
By subtyllty to catch them the waye I do well se;
Unto this, angell of lyght I shew mysylfe to be,
With hyr for to dyscemble; I fear yt nott at all,
Butt that unto my haight some waye I shall hyr call.

*[The Serpent approaches Eve.]*

Oh lady of felicite, beholde my voice so small!
Why have God sayde to you, "Eate nott of every tre
That is within this garden"? Therein now awnswere me.

WOMAN. We eate of all the frutte that in the grounde we se,
Ex[c]epte that in the myddest, wherof we may nott taste,
For God hath yt forbydd; therfor yt may not be,
Lest that we dye the deth, and from this place be caste.
THE SERPENT. Ye shall not dye the deth. He made you butt agaste.

---

[1] Lacuna in the MS.

[2] Also.

Butt God doth know full well that when you eate of yt
Your eys shall then be openyd, and you shall [be] at the last
As God; both good and evyll to knowe ye shall be fytt.

**Woman.** To be as God, indede, and in his place to sytt,
Thereto for to agre my lust conceyve somewhatt;
Besydes, the tre is pleasante to gett wysedome and wytt,
And nothyng is to be comparyd unto that.
**The Serpent.** Then take at my request, and eate, and fere yt natt.

*Here she takyth and eatyth, and Man cumyth in and sayeth unto hyr:*

**Man.** My love, for my solace I have here walkyd longe.
Howe ys yt nowe with you? I pray you do declare.
**Woman.** In-dede, lovely lover, the Heavenly Kyng most stronge
To eate of this apple his angell hath prepare.
Take therof at my hande thother frutes emonge,
For yt shall make you wyse, and even as God to fare.[1]

*Then Man taketh and eatyth and sayethe:*

[**Man.**] Alack! alacke! my spouse, now se I nakid we ar;
The presence of ower God we can yt nott abyde.
We have broke his precepte, he gave us of to care;
From God therfor in secrete in some place lett us hide.
**Woman.** With fygge leavis lett us cover us, of God we be nott spyede.

[*Adam and Eve hide themselves. Enter God.*]

**The Father.** Adam! I saye, Adam! Wher art thou nowe this tyde,
That here before my presence thou dost nott nowe apere?
**Adam.** I herde thy voyce, oh Lorde, but yett I dyd me hide;
For that which I am naked I more greatly dyd feare.

**The Father.** Why art thou then nakyd? Who so hath cawsyd the?
**Man.** This woman, Lord and God, which thou hast gyven to me.
**The Father.** Hast thou eat of the frute that I forbyd yt the?
Thow Woman, why hast thou done unto him thys trespace?
**Woman.** The Serpente diseayvyd me with that his fayer face.

**The Father.** Thow Serpente, why dydst thou this wise prevente my grace,
My creatures and servantes in this maner to begyle?
**The Serpente.** My kind[1] is so, thou knowest, and that in every case,
Clene oute of this place theis persons to exile.

**The Father.** Cursed art, for causynge my commandement to defyle,
Above all cattell and beastes. Remayne thou in the fylde;
Crepe on thy belly and eate duste for this thy subtyll wyle;
The womans sede shall overcome the; thus that have I wylde.[2]
Thou, Woman, bryngyng chyldren with payne shall be dystylde,[3]
And be subiect to thy husbonde, and thy lust shall pertayne
To hym. I hav determynyd this ever to remayne.
And to the, Man, for that my voyce thou didst disdayne,
Cursed is the erth for ever for thy sake;
Thy lyvyng shall thou gett with swett unto thy payne,
Tyll thou departe unto the erth [wherof][4] I dyd the make.
Beholde, theis letherin aprons unto yourselves now take.

---

[1] Go, to be.

[1] Nature.
[2] Decreed.
[3] Dissolved (as in tears).
[4] *Added by Manly.*

Lo! Man as one of us hathe bene,[1] good and evyll to knowe;
Therfor I wyll exempt hym from this place to aslake,[2]
Lest of the tre of lyfe he eate and ever growe.
Myne angell, now cum furth and kepe the waye and porte,
Unto the tre of lyffe that they do not resorte.

[*Enter the Angel; exit God.*]

The Aungell. Departe from hence at onys from this place of comforte,
No more to have axcesse, or elles for to apere.
From this place I exile you, that you no more resorte,
Nor even do presume ageyne for to com here.

*Then Man and Woman departyth to the nether parte of the pageant, and Man sayeth:*

[Man.] Alack! myn owne sweteharte, how am I stroke with feare,
That from God am exiled and browght to payne and woo!
Oh! what have we lost! Why dyd we no more care?
And to what kynde of place shall we resort and goo?
Woman. Indede, into the worlde now must we to and fro,
And where or how to rest I can nott say at all.
I am even as ye ar, what so ever me befall.

*Then cumeth Dolor and Myserye and taketh Man by both armys, and Dolor sayeth:*

[Dolor.] Cum furth, O Man, take hold of me!
Through envy hast lost thy heavenly lyght
By eatinge; in bondage from hence shall be.
Now must thou me, Dolor, have allways in sight.

Myserye. And also of me, Myserye. Thou must taste and byte
Of hardenes and of colde, and eke of infirmitie;
Accordinge to desarte thy portion is, of right,
To enjoye that in me that is withoute certentye.

Adam. Thus troublyd, nowe I enter into dolor and miserie.
Nowe, Woman, must we lerne ower lyvynges to gett
With labor and with travell; ther is no remedye,
Nor eny thyng therfrom we se that maye us lett.

*Then cumyth in the Holy Ghost comforting Man, and sayeth:*

[The Holy Ghost.] Be of good cheare, Man, and sorowe no more.
This dolor and miserie that thou hast taste
Is nott in respect,[1] layd up in store,
To the joyes for the that ever shall last.
Thy God doth nott this the away to cast,
But to try the as gold is tryed in the fyer;
In the end, premonyshed, shalt have thy desyre.

Take owte of the Gospell that yt the requyre,
Fayth in Chryst Ihesu, and grace shall ensewe.
I wyl be thy guyde, and pay the thy hyer
For all thy good dylygence and doenge thy dewe.
Gyve eare unto me, Man, and than yt ys trewe,
Thou shalt kyll affectes that by lust in the reygne,
And put Dolor and Mysery and Envy to payne.

Theis armors ar preparyd, yf thou wylt turne ageyne
To fyght wyth — take to the, and reach Woman the same:
The brest plate of rightousnes Saynte Paule wyll the retayne;

---

[1] Been.
[2] Slacken, abate.

[1] Nothing in respect to.

The shylde of faythe to quench, thy
fyrye dartes to tame;
The hellmett of salvacion the devyles
wrath shall lame;
And the sworde of the spright, which is the
worde of God.
All theis ar nowe the offred to ease thy
payne and rodd.[1] 143

[*Exit the Holy Ghost.*]

**Adam.** Oh! prayse to the, Most Holye,
that hast with me abode,
In mysery premonyshynge by this thy
Holy Spright.
Howe fele I such great comforte, my syns
they be unlode
And layde on Chrystes back, which is
my joye and lyght.
This dolor and this mysery I fele to me no
wight;[2]
No! Deth is overcum by forepredestinacion,
And we attayned wyth Chryst in
heavenly consolacion. 150

Therfor, myne owne swett spous, withouten
cavylacion
Together lett us synge, and lett our
hartes reioyse
And gloryfye ower God wyth mynde,
powre and voyse. 153
Amen.

*Old musick, Triplex, Tenor, Medius, Bass:*

With hart and voyce
Let us reioyce
And prayse the Lord alwaye
For this our joyfull daye,
To se of this our God his maiestie,
Who the hath given himsellfe over us to
raygne and to governe us.[3]
Lett all our harte[s] reioyce together,
And lett us all lifte up our voyce, on of us
with another. 161

---

[1] Cross, suffering.

[2] Weight.

[3] The stanza is apparently corrupt.

# THE KILLING OF ABEL[1]

[Acted by the Glovers of Wakefield.]

Mactacio Abel. Secunda Pagina. Glover Pag.

[*Enter Pikeharness, Cain's boy.*]

Garcio. All hayll! all hayll! both blithe and glad!
For here com I, a mery lad!
Be peasse [1] youre dyn, my master bad,
Or els the dwill [2] you spede.
Wote ye not I com before?
Bot who that ianglis [3] any more
He must blaw my blak hoill [4] bore,
Both behynd and before,
Till his tethe blede.
Felows, here I you forbede
To make nother nose [5] ne cry;
Who so is so hardy to do that dede,
The dwill hang hym vp to dry!

Gedlyngis,[6] I am a fulle grete wat.[7]
A good yoman my master hat,[8]
Full well ye all hym ken.
Begyn he with you for to stryfe,
Certis, then mon [9] ye neuer thryfe.
Bot I trow, bi god on life,
Som of you ar his men.
Bot let youre lippis couer youre ten,[10]
Harlottis, euerichon! [11]
For if my master com, welcom hym then.
Farewell, for I am gone.

[*Exit Garcio. Enter Cain, ploughing and shouting to his team.*]

Cayn. Io furth, Greyn-horne! and war oute, Gryme!
Drawes on! God gif you ill to tyme! [12]
Ye stand as ye were fallen in swyme.[13]
What! will ye no forther, mare?
War! Let me se how Down will draw.
Yit, shrew, yit! pull on a thraw! [1]
What! it semys for me ye stand none aw!
I say, Donnyng, go fare!
A, ha! God gif the soro and care!
Lo! now hard [2] she what I saide.
Now yit art thou the warst mare
In plogh that euer I haide.

How! Pike-harnes, how! com heder belife! [3]

[*Enter Garcio.*]

Garcio. I fend,[4] Godis forbot, that euer thou thrife!
Cayn. What, boy, shal I both hold and drife?
Heris thou not how I cry?

[*Garcio drives the team.*]

Garcio. Say, Mall and Stott, will ye not go?
Lemyng, Morell, White-horne, Io!
Now will ye not se how thay hy?

Cayn. Gog gif the sorow, boy. Want of mete it gars.[5]
Garcio. Thare prouand, [6] sir, for-thi, I lay behynd thare ars,
And tyes them fast bi the nekis,
With many stanys [7] in thare hekis.[8]
Cayn. That shall bi [9] thi fals chekis.

[*Strikes him.*]

Garcio. And haue agane as right.

[*Strikes back.*]

Cayn. I am thi master; wilt thou fight?
Garcio. Yai, with the same mesure and weght

[1] Silence.
[2] Devil.
[3] Chatters.
[4] Hole.
[5] Noise.
[6] Fellows.
[7] Man.
[8] Is called.
[9] May.
[10] Teeth.
[11] Rascals every one.
[12] Befall.
[13] Dizziness.

[1] Short while.
[2] Heard.
[3] Quickly.
[4] Forbid.
[5] Causes it.
[6] Provender.
[7] Stones.
[8] Hay-racks?
[9] Pay for.

---

[1] From *The Towneley Plays*, edited for the Early English Text Society by George England and Alfred W. Pollard, 1897. I have modernized the punctuation and the use of capitals, and have added stage directions. The manuscript, which is assigned to the latter half of the fifteenth century, was long preserved in the library of the Towneley family at Towneley Hall, Lancashire, hence the name "Towneley Plays." There is little doubt that they were performed by the crafts of Wakefield.

That I boro will I qwite.[1]
CAYN. We! [2] now, no thyng, bot call on tyte,[3]
That we had ployde this land.
GARCIO. Harrer, Morell, iofurth! hyte! [4]
And let the plogh stand.

[*Enter Abel.*]

ABELL. God, as he both may and can,
Spede the, brother, and thi man.
CAYN. Com kis ........,[5] me list not ban,[6]
As welcom standis ther oute.
Thou shuld haue bide til thou were cald;
Com nar,[7] and other drife or hald,
And kys ............
..........................
For that is the moste lefe.[8]
ABELL. Broder, ther is none here aboute
That wold the any grefe.

Bot, leif [9] brother, here my sawe [10] —
It is the custom of oure law,
All that wyrk as the wise
Shall worship God with sacrifice.
Oure fader vs bad, oure fader vs kend,[11]
That oure tend [12] shuld be brend.[13]
Com furth, brothere, and let vs gang [14]
To worship God. We dwell full lang.
Gif we hym parte of oure fee,
Corne or catall, wheder it be.

And therfor, brother, let vs weynd;[14]
And first clens vs from the feynd
Or [15] we make sacrifice;
Then blis withoutten end
Get we for oure seruyce,

Of hym that is oure saulis leche.[16]
CAYN. How! let furth youre geyse, the fox will preche!
How long wilt thou me appech [17]
With thi sermonyng?
Hold thi tong, yit I say,
Euen ther the good wife strokid the hay;
Or sit downe in the dwill way,
With thi vayn carpyng.[1]

Shuld I leife [2] my plogh and all thyng
And go with the to make offeryng?
Nay! thou fyndys me not so mad!
Go to the dwill, and say I bad!
What gifys God the to rose [3] hym so?
Me gifys he noght bot soro and wo.

ABELL. Caym, leife this vayn carpyng,
For God giffys the all thi lifyng.
CAYN. Yit boroed I neuer a farthyng
Of hym — here my hend.
ABELL. Brother, as elders haue vs kend,
First shuld we tend [4] with oure hend,
And to his lofyng [5] sithen [6] be brend.

CAYN. My farthyng is in the preest hand
Syn last tyme I offyrd.
ABELL. Leif brother, let vs be walkand;
I wold oure tend were profyrd.

CAYN. We! wherof shuld I tend, leif brothere?
For I am ich yere wars then othere, —
Here my trouth it is none othere.
My wynnyngis ar bot meyn,
No wonder if that I be leyn.
Full long till hym I may me meyn,[7]
For bi hym that me dere boght,
I traw that he will leyn [8] me noght.

ABELL. Yis, all the good thou has in wone [9]
Of Godis grace is bot a lone.
CAYN. Lenys he me, as com thrift apon the so?
For he has euer yit beyn my fo;
For had he my freynd beyn,
Other-gatis [10] it had beyn seyn.
When all mens corn was fayre in feld
Then was myne not worth a neld;[11]
When I shuld saw,[12] and wantyd seyde,
And of corn had full grete neyde,
Then gaf he me none of his;
No more will I gif hym of this.
Hardely hold me to blame
Bot if I serue hym of the same.

---

[1] Requite.
[2] An exclamation of anger.
[3] Quickly shout to the team.
[4] A word of encouragement given to horses.
[5] Here, and in several places below, the language is too offensive to be reproduced.
[6] Curse.
[7] Nearer.
[8] Dearest to thee.
[9] Dear.
[10] Speech.
[11] Taught.
[12] Tenth.
[13] Burned.
[14] Go.
[15] Ere.
[16] Physician.
[17] Cast imputations upon.

[1] Chattering.
[2] Leave.
[3] Praise.
[4] Tithe.
[5] Praise.
[6] Afterwards.
[7] Complain.
[8] Lend.
[9] Habitually.
[10] Otherwise.
[11] Needle.
[12] Sow.

Abell. Leif brother, say not so,
Bot let vs furth togeder go.
Good brother, let vs weynd[1] sone;
No longer here, I rede, we hone.[2]
Cayn. Yei, yei, thou iangyls waste![3]
The dwill me spede if I haue hast,
As long as I may lif,
To dele[4] my good or gif,
Ather to God or yit to man,
Of any good that euer I wan;
For had I giffen away my goode,
Then myght I go with a ryffen[5] hood;
And it is better hold that I haue
Then go from doore to doore and craue.[6]
Abell. Brother, com furth, in Godis name;
I am full ferd[7] that we get blame.
Hy we fast that we were thore.[8]
Cayn. We! ryn on, in the dwills nayme before!
Wemay,[9] man! I hold the mad!
Wenys[10] thou now that I list gad[11]
To gif away my warldis aght?[12]
The dwill hym spede that me so taght!
What nede had I my trauell[13] to lose,
To were my shoyn[14] and ryfe my hose?
Abell. Dere brother, hit were grete wonder
That I and thou shuld go in sonder;
Then wold oure fader haue grete ferly.[15]
Ar we not brether, thou and I?
Cayn. No, bot cry on! cry, whyls the thynk good!
Here my trowth, I hold the woode.[16]
Wheder that he be blithe or wroth,
To dele my good is me full lothe.
I haue gone oft on softer wise
Ther I trowed som prow[17] wold rise.
Bot well I se go must I nede.
Now weynd[18] before, ill myght thou spede!
Syn that we shall algatis[19] go.
Abell. Leif brother, whi sais thou so?
Bot go we furth both togeder.
Blissid be God we haue fare weder.

*[They cross to the place of sacrifice.]*

Cayn. Lay downe thi trussell[1] apon this hill.
Abell. Forsoth broder, so I will.
Gog of heuen, take it to good.
Cayn. Thou shall tend[2] first, if thou were wood.
Abell. *[Kneeling.]* God, that shope both erth and heuen,
I pray to the thou here my steven,[3]
And take in thank, if thi will be,
The tend that I offre here to the;
For I gif it in good entent
To the, my Lord, that all has sent.
I bren[4] it now, with stedfast thoght,
In worship of hym that all has wroght.

*[Abel sets fire to his tithes, which burn brightly.]*

Cayn. Ryse! Let me, now, syn thou has done.
Lord of heuen, thou here my boyne![5]
And, ouer Godis forbot,[6] be to the
Thank or thew to kun me;[7]
For, as browke I thise two shankys,
It is full sore, myne vnthankys,[8]
The teynd that I here gif to the,
Of corn, or thyng, that newys[9] me.
Bot now begyn will I then,
Syn I must nede my tend to bren.
Oone shefe, oone,[10] and this makys two, —
Bot nawder of thise may I forgo.[11]
Two, two, now this is thre, —
Yei, this also shall leif[12] with me,
For I will chose, and best haue;
This hold I thrift of all this thrafe.[13]
Wemo,[14] wemo, foure; lo, here!
Better groved[15] me no this yere.
At yere tyme I sew fayre corn,
Yit was it sich when it was shorne,
Thystyls and brerys, yei grete plente,
And all kyn wedis that myght be.
Foure shefis, foure, lo, this makis fyfe
(Deyll I fast thus long or I thrife).

---

[1] Go.
[2] I advise, we delay.
[3] You waste words.
[4] Divide.
[5] Torn.
[6] Beg.
[7] Afraid.
[8] There.
[9] An exclamation.
[10] Thinkest.
[11] Gad about.
[12] Possessions.
[13] Labor.
[14] Shoes.
[15] Wonder.
[16] Mad.
[17] Profit.
[18] Go.
[19] At all events.

[1] Bundle.
[2] Tithe.
[3] Voice.
[4] Burn.
[5] Prayer.
[6] And, God forbid.
[7] To show me gratitude or favor.
[8] Unwillingness.
[9] Renews.
[10] The repetition indicates that he selects the largest sheaves or possibly that he weighs them in his hand.
[11] Part with.
[12] Remain.
[13] Sheaf.
[14] Oh!
[15] Grew.

Fyfe and sex, now this is sevyn, —
Bot this gettis neuer God of heuen;
Nor none of thise foure, at my myght,
Shall neuer com in Godis sight.
Sevyn, sevyn, now this is aght, —
**Abell.** Cain, brother, thou art not God betaght.[1]
**Cayn.** We! therfor is it that I say,
For I will not deyle my good away:
Bot had I gyffen hym this to teynd
Then wold thou say he were my freynd;
Bot I thynk not, bi my hode,
To departe so lightly fro my goode.
We! aght, aght, and neyn, and ten is this;

*[Selecting the smallest sheaf.]*

We! this may we best mys.
Gif hym that that ligis thore?
It goyse agans myn hart full sore.

**Abell.** Cam! teynd right of all, bedeyn.[2]
**Cayn.** We! lo twelve, fyfteyn, sexteyn —

*[Hurling sheafs rapidly.]*

**Abell.** Caym, thou tendis wrang, and of the warst.
**Cayn.** We! com nar, and hide myne een![3]
In the wenyand[4] wist ye now at last,
Or els will thou that I wynk?[5]
Then shall I doy no wrong, me thynk.

Let me se now how it is.
Lo, yit I hold me paide.
I teyndyd wonder well bi ges,[6]
And so euen I laide.

**Abell.** Came, of God me thynke thou has no drede.
**Came.** Now, and he get more, the dwill me spede!
As mych as oone reepe,[7]
For that cam hym full light chepe;
Not as mekill, grete ne small,
As he myght . . . . . . with all.
For that, and this that lyys here,
Haue cost me full dere;
Or it was shorne, and broght in stak,
Had I many a wery bak;
Therfor aske me no more of this,
For I haue giffen that my will is.
**Abell.** Cam, I rede thou tend right
For drede of hym that sittis on hight.
**Cayn.** How that I tend, rek the neuer a deill,[1]
Bot tend thi skabbid[2] shepe wele;
For if thou to my teynd tent take,[3]
It bese the wars for thi sake.
Thou wold I gaf hym this shefe? or this sheyfe?
Na, nawder of thise two wil I leife;
Bot take this; now has he two,
And for my saull now mot it go.
Bot it gos sore agans my will,
And shal he like full ill.
**Abell.** Cam, I reyde thou so teynd
That God of heuen be thi freynd.
**Cayn.** My freynd? na, not bot if he will!
I did hym neuer yit bot skill.[4]
If he be neuer so my fo,
I am avisid gif hym no mo.
Bot chaunge thi conscience, as I do myn.
Yit teynd thou not thi mesel[5] swyne?
**Abell.** If thou teynd right thou mon it fynde.
**Cayn.** Yei, . . . . . . . . behynde!
The dwill hang the bi the nek!
How that I teynd, neuer thou rek.
Will thou not yit hold thi peasse?
Of this ianglyng I reyde[6] thou seasse.
And teynd I well, or tend I ill,
Bere the euen and speke bot skill.
Bot now syn thou has teyndid thyne,
Now will I set fyr on myne.

*[He sets fire to his offering, which refuses to burn.]*

We! out! haro! Help to blaw!
It will not bren for me, I traw.
Puf! this smoke dos me mych shame —
Now bren in the dwillys name!
A! what dwill of hell is it?
Almost had myne breth beyn dit.[7]
Had I blawen oone blast more
I had beyn choked right thore;[8]
It stank like the dwill in hell,
That longer ther myght I not dwell.
**Abell.** Cam, this is not worth oone leke;[9]
Thy tend shuld bren withoutten smeke.

---

[1] Devoted to. [2] Right through. [3] Eyes.
[4] In the waning of the moon (an unlucky time).
[5] Shut my eyes. [6] Guess. [7] Sheaf.

[1] Bit. [2] Scabbed. [3] Give attention.
[4] That which is reasonable.
[5] Leprous, diseased.
[6] Advise. [7] Stopped. [8] There. [9] Leek.

Caym. Com kys the dwill . . . . . .,
For the it brens bot the wars;
I wold that it were in thi throte,
Fyr, and shefe, and ich a[1] sprote.

*[God speaks above.]*

Deus. Cam, whi art thou so rebell
Agans thi brother Abell?
Thar thou nowther flyte[2] ne chyde.
If thou tend right thou gettis thi mede;
And be thou sekir,[3] if thou teynd fals,
Thou bese alowed ther after als.

Caym. Whi, who is that hob-ouer-the-wall?
We! who was that that piped so small?
Com go we hens, for perels all.
God is out of hys wit!
Com furth, Abell, and let vs weynd;
Me thynk that God is not my freynd;
On land then will I flyt.[4]

Abell. A, Caym, brother, that is ill done.
Cayn. No, bot go we hens sone;
And if I may, I shall be
Ther as God shall not me see.
Abell. Dere brother, I will fayre[5]
On feld ther oure bestis ar,
To looke if thay be holgh[6] or full.
Caym. Na, na, abide; we haue a craw[7] to pull.
Hark, speke with me or thou go.
What! wenys[8] thou to skape so?
We! na! I aght[9] the a fowll dispyte,
And now is tyme that I hit qwite.[10]
Abel. Brother, whi art thou so to me in ire?
Caym. We! theyf, whi brend thi tend so shyre,[11]
Ther myne did bot smoked
Right as it wold vs both haue choked?
Abel. Godis will I trow it were
That myn brened so clere;
If thyne smoked am I to wite?[12]
Caym. We! yei! That shal thou sore abite.
With cheke bon,[13] or that I blyn,
Shal I the and thi life twyn.[14]

*[Cain strikes Abel with a jawbone.]*

So, lig down ther and take thi rest;
Thus shall shrewes be chastysed best.
Abell. Veniance, veniance, Lord, I cry!
For I am slayn, and not gilty. *[Dies.]*
Cayn. Yei, ly ther, old shrew! ly ther, ly!

*[To the audience.]*

And if any of you thynk I did amys
I shal it amend wars then it is,
That all men may it se:
Well wars then it is
Right so shall it be.

Bot now, syn he is broght on slepe,
Into som hole fayn wold I crepe.
For ferd I qwake, and can no rede,[1]
For be I taken, I be bot dede.
Here will I lig[2] thise fourty dayes,
And I shrew[3] hym that me fyrst rayse!

*[God speaks above.]*

Deus. Caym, Caym!
Caym. Who is that that callis me?
I am yonder, may thou not se?
Deus. Caym, where is thi brother Abell?
Caym. What askis thou me? I trow at hell.
At hell I trow he be —
Who so were ther then myght he se —
Or somwhere fallen on slepyng.
When was he in my kepyng?
Deus. Caym, Caym, thou was wode.[4]
The voyce of thi brotheris blode,
That thou has slayn on fals wise,
From erth to heuen venyance cryse.
And, for thou has broght thi brother downe,
Here I gif the my malison.[5]
Caym. Yei, dele aboute the! for I will none;
Or take it the, when I am gone!
Syn I haue done so mekill syn,
That I may not thi mercy wyn,
And thou thus dos me from thi grace,
I shall hyde me fro thi face;
And where so any man may fynd me,
Let hym slo me hardely;[6]
And where so any man may me meyte,

---

[1] Every.
[2] You need neither quarrel.
[3] Sure.
[4] Depart.
[5] Go.
[6] Hollow.
[7] Crow.
[8] Thinkest.
[9] Owe.
[10] Requite.
[11] Clear.
[12] Blame.
[13] Jaw-bone.
[14] Divide.

[1] Know no plan.
[2] Lie.
[3] Curse.
[4] Mad.
[5] Curse.
[6] Slay me boldly.

Ayther bi sty,[1] or yit bi strete;
And hardely, when I am dede,
Bery me in Gudeboure at the Quarell Hede;[2]
For, may I pas this place in quarte,[3]
Bi all men set I not a fart.
Deus. Nay, Caym, it bese not so;
I will that no man other slo.
For he that sloys yong or old
It shall be punyshid sevenfold.
Caym. No force,[4] I wote, wheder I shall;
In hell, I wote, mon[5] be my stall.
It is no boyte[6] mercy to craue,
For if I do I mon none haue.
Bot this cors[7] I wold were hid,
 For som man myght com at vngayn:[8]
"Fle, fals shrew," wold he bid,
 And weyn[9] I had my brother slayn.
Bot were Pike-harnes, my knafe, here,
We shuld bery hym both in fere.[10]
How, Pyke-harnes! scape-thryft! how, Pike-harnes! how!

[*Enter Garcio.*]

Garcio. Master, master!
Cayn. Harstow,[11] boy? Ther is a podyng in the pot.
Take the that, boy! tak the that!

[*Strikes him.*]

Garcio. I shrew thi ball vnder thi hode,
If thou were my syre of flesh and blode!
All the day to ryn and trott,
 And euer amang[12] thou strykeand;
Thus am I comen bofettis[13] to fott.
Cayn. Peas, man; I did it bot to vse[14] my hand.

Bot harke, boy, I haue a counsell to the to say —
I slogh my brother this same day.
I pray the, good boy, and thou may,
To ryn away with the bayn.[15]
Garcio. We! out apon the, thefe!
Has thou thi brother slayn?
Caym. Peasse, man, for Godis payn!
I saide it for a skaunce.[1]
Garcio. Yey, bot for ferde[2] of grevance
Here I the forsake.
 We mon haue a mekill myschaunce
And the bayles[3] vs take.

Caym. A, sir, I cry you mercy; seasse!
And I shall make you a releasse.
Garcio. What, wilt thou cry my peasse[4]
Thrughout this land?
Cayn. Yey, that I gif God a vow, belife.
Garcio. How will thou do, long or thou thrife?
Caym. Stand vp, my good boy, belife,
And thaym[5] peasse[6] both man and [w]ife;
And who so will do after me
Full slape[7] of thrift then shal he be.
Bot thou must be my good boy,
And cry "Oyes, oyes, oy!"
Garcio. Browes,[8] browes, to thi boy.

[*Garcio gets up to cry the proclamation, and wilfully miscries each line.*]

Caym. I commaund you in the kyngis nayme,
Garcio. And in my masteres, fals Cayme,
Caym. That no man at thame[9] fynd fawt ne blame,
Garcio. Yey, cold rost is at my masteres hame.
Caym. Nowther with hym nor with his knafe,
Garcio. What, I hope my master rafe.[10]
Caym. For thay ar trew, full many fold.
Garcio. My master suppys no coyle[11] bot cold.
Caym. The kyng wrytis you vntill.[12]
Garcio. Yit ete I neuer half my fill.
Caym. The kyng will that thay be safe.
Garcio. Yey, a draght of drynke fayne wold I hayfe.
Caym. At thare awne will let tham wafe.[13]
Garcio. My stomak is redy to receyfe.
Caym. Loke no man say to theym, on nor other.
Garcio. This same is he that slo his brother.

---

[1] Lane.
[2] At the quarry head.
[3] Safety.
[4] No matter.
[5] Must.
[6] Boot, use.
[7] Corpse.
[8] Inconveniently.
[9] Think.
[10] Together.
[11] Hearest thou.
[12] Constantly.
[13] Buffets.
[14] Practise.
[15] Quickly.

[1] Joke.
[2] Fear.
[3] Bailiffs.
[4] Peace.
[5] Them.
[6] Silence.
[7] Crafty.
[8] Broth.
[9] Them.
[10] Raves.
[11] Pottage.
[12] Unto.
[13] Wander

Caym. Byd euery man thaym luf and lowt,[1]
Garcio. Yey, ill spon weft [2] ay comes foule out.
Caym. ......................[3]
Garcio. Long or thou get thi hoyse and [4] thou go thus aboute.

Caym. Byd euery man theym pleasse to pay.
Garcio. Yey, gif Don, thyne hors, a wisp of hay.
Caym. We! com downe in twenty dwill way!
The dwill I the betake;
For bot it were Abell, my brothere,
Yit knew I neuer thi make.

*[Garcio continues to address the audience.]*

Garcio. Now, old and yong, or that ye weynd,[5]
The same blissyng, withoutten end,
All sam then shall ye haue,
That God of heuen my master has giffen.
Browke [6] it well, whils that ye liffen;
He vowche it full well safe.

Caym. Com downe yit, in the dwillis way!
And angre me no more.

*[Garcio comes down.]*

Atnd take yond plogh, I say,
And weynd the furth fast before;
And I shall, if I may,
Tech the another lore.[1]
I warn the, lad, for ay,
Fro now furth, euermore,
That thou greue me noght;
For, bi Godis sydis, if thou do,
I shall hang the apon this plo,[2]
With this rope, lo, lad, lo!
By hym that me dere boght.

*[Exit Garcio. Cain addresses the audience.]*

Now fayre well, felows all,
For I must nedis weynd,
And to the dwill be thrall,
Warld withoutten end.
Ordand ther is my stall,
With Sathanas the feynd.
Euer ill myght hym befall
That theder me commend,
This tyde.
Fare well les, and fare well more!
For now, and euer more,
I will go me to hyde. *[Exit Cain.]*

*Explicit Mactacio Abell.*
*Sequitur Noe.*

---

[1] Honor.
[2] Woof (an old proverb).
[3] A line missing in MS.
[4] Hose if.
[5] Go.
[6] Use.

[1] Lesson.
[2] Plow.

# NOAH [1]

[Acted at Wakefield.]

Processus Noe cum Filiis. Wakefeld.

[*God on the upper stage, Noah and his family below.*]

**Noe.** Myghtfull God veray, / maker of all that is,
Thre persons withoutten nay, / oone God in endles blis,
Thou maide both nyght and day, / beest, fowle, and fysh;
All creatures that lif may / wroght thou at thi wish,
As thou wel myght.
The son, the moyne, verament,[1]
Thou maide; the firmament;
The sternes also full feruent
To shyne thou maide ful bright.

Angels thou maide ful euen, / all orders that is,
To haue the blis in heuen./ This did thou, more and les.
Full mervelus to neuen,[2] / yit was ther vnkyndnes,
More bi foldis seuen [3] / then I can well expres;
For whi
Of all angels in brightnes
God gaf Lucifer most lightnes,
Yit prowdly he flyt his des,[4]
And set hym euen hym by.

He thoght hymself as worthi / as hym that hym made.
In brightnes, in bewty, / therfor he hym degrade;
Put hym in a low degre / soyn after, in a brade,[5]
Hym and all his menye,[6] / wher he may be vnglad
For euer.
Shall thay neuer wyn [1] away
Hence vnto domysday,
Bot burne in bayle for ay;
Shall thay neuer dysseuer.[2]

Soyne after, that gracyous Lord / to his liknes maide man,
That place to be restord / euen as he began,
Of the Trinite bi accord, / Adam, and Eue that woman.
To multiplie without discord / in paradise put he thaym;
And sithen [3] to both
Gaf in commaundement
On the tre of life to lay no hend.
Bot yit the fals feynd
Made hym with man wroth,

Entysyd man to glotony, / styrd him to syn in pride.
Bot in paradise, securly, / myght no syn abide;
And therfor man full hastely / was put out, in that tyde,
In wo and wandreth [4] for to be; / paynes [5] full vnrid [6]
To knawe,
Fyrst in erth, sythen [7] in hell,
With feyndis for to dwell.
Bot he his mercy mell [8]
To those that will hym trawe.[9]

Oyle of mercy he hus hight,[10] / as I haue hard red,
To euery lifyng wight / that wold luf hym and dred.
Bot now before his sight / euery liffyng leyde [11]

---

[1] Truly.
[2] Relate.
[3] By seven-fold.
[4] Left his daïs.
[5] Jiffy.
[6] Followers.

[1] Go.
[2] Depart.
[3] Afterwards.
[4] Misfortune.
[5] MS. In paynes, *corr. by Manly.*
[6] Cruel.
[7] Afterwards. MS. in sythen in.
[8] Speaks of.
[9] Believe.
[10] Us promised.
[11] Man.

---

[1] For the source of the text see page 94, note 1. I have availed myself of certain textual emendations rom Manly's reprint, as the footnotes will indicate.

Most party day and nyght / syn in word and dede
Full bold, —
Som in pride, ire, and enuy,
Som in couetyse [1] and glotyny,
Som in sloth and lechery,
And other wise many-fold.

Therfor I drede lest God / on vs will take veniance,
For syn is now alod [2] / without any repentance.
Sex hundreth yeris and od / haue I, without distance,[3]
In erth, as any sod, / liffyd with grete grevance
All-way;
And now I wax old,
Seke, sory, and cold;
As muk apon mold
I widder away.

Bot yit will I cry / for mercy, and call.

[*Kneels in prayer.*]

Noe, thi seruant, am I, / Lord ouer-all!
Therfor me and my fry [4] / shal with me fall.
Saue from velany / and bryng to thi hall
In heuen;
And kepe me from syn
This warld within.
Comly Kyng of mankyn,
I pray the here my stevyn! [5]

[*God speaks above.*]

**Deus.** Syn I haue maide all thyng / that is liffand,
Duke, emperour, and kyng / with myne awne hand,
For to haue thare likyng / bi see and bi sand,
Euery man to my bydyng / shuld be bowand [6]
Full feruent,
That maide man sich a creatoure,
Farest of favoure.
Man must luf me paramoure
By reson, and repent.

Me thoght I shewed man luf / when I made hym to be
All angels abuf, / like to the Trynyte;
And now in grete reprufe / full low ligis [1] he,
In erth hymself to stuf / with syn that displeasse me
Most of all.
Veniance will I take
In erth for syn sake.
My grame [2] thus will I wake
Both of grete and small.

I repente full sore / that euer maide I man.
Bi me he settis no store, / and I am his soferan.
I will distroy therfor / both beest, man, and woman;
All shall perish, les and more. / That bargan may thay ban [3]
That ill has done.
In erth I se right noght
Bot syn that is vnsoght; [4]
Of those that well has wroght
Fynd I bot a fone.[5]

Therfor shall I fordo [6] / all this medill-erd
With floodis that shall flo / and ryn with hidous rerd.[7]
I haue good cause therto; / ffor me no man is ferd.[8]
As I say shal I do, / of veniance draw my swerd,
And make end
Of all that beris life —
Sayf Noe and his wife,
For thay wold neuer stryfe
With me ne [9] me offend.

Hym to mekill wyn [10] / hastly will I go,
To Noe my seruand, or I blyn,[11] / to warn hym of his wo.
In erth I se bot syn, / reynand to and fro,
Emang both more and myn;[12] / ichon [13] other fo
With all thare entent.
All shall I fordo
With floodis that shall floo;

---

[1] MS. Couetous.
[2] Allowed.
[3] Dispute.
[4] Children.
[5] Voice.
[6] Obedient.

[1] Lies.
[2] Anger.
[3] Curse.
[4] Unatoned for.
[5] Few.
[6] Destroy.
[7] Sound.
[8] Afraid.
[9] MS. then.
[10] Joy.
[11] Stop.
[12] Less.
[13] Each one.

Wirk shall I thaym wo,
That will not repent.

[*God descends and addresses Noah.*]

Noe, my freend, I thee commaund, / from cares the to keyle,[1]
A ship that thou ordand / of nayle and bord ful wele.
Thou was alway well wirkand, / to me trew as stele,
To my bydyng obediand; / frendship shal thou fele
To mede.[2]
Of lennthe thi ship be
Thre hundreth cubettis, warn I the;
Of heght euen thirte;[3]
Of fyfty als in brede.

Anoynt thi ship with pik and tar / without and als within,
The water out to spar.[4] / This is a noble gyn.[5]
Look no man the mar.[6] / Thre chese[7] chambres begyn;
Thou must spend many a spar[8] / this wark or thou wyn
To end fully.
Make in thi ship also
Parloures oone or two,
And houses of offyce mo
For beestis that ther must be.

Oone cubite on hight / a wyndo shal thou make;
On the syde a doore with slyght[9] / beneyth shal thou take.
With the shal no man fyght / nor do the no kyn wrake.[10]
When all is doyne thus right, / thi wife, that is thi make,
Take in to the;
Thi sonnes of good fame,
Sem, Iaphet, and Came,
Take in also [t]hame,
Thare wifis also thre.

For all shal be fordone / that lif in land bot ye,
With floodis that from abone / shal fall, and that plente.
It shall begyn full sone / to rayn vncessantle,
After dayes seuen be done, / and induyr dayes fourty,
Withoutten fayll.
Take to thi ship also
Of ich kynd beestis two,
Mayll and femayll, bot no mo,
Or thou pull vp thi sayll,

For thay may the avayll / when al this thyng is wroght.
Stuf thi ship with vitayll, / ffor hungre that ye perish noght;
Of beestis, foull, and catayll, / ffor thaym haue thou in thoght;
For thaym is my counsayll / that som socour be soght
In hast;
Thay must haue corn and hay,
And oder mete[1] alway.
Do now as I the say,
In the name of the Holy Gast.

Noe. A! benedicite! / what art thou that thus
Tellys afore that shall be? / Thou art full mervelus!
Tell me, for charite, / thi name so gracius.
Deus. My name is of dignyte, / and also full glorius
To knawe:
I am God most myghty,
Oone God in Trynyty,
Made the and ich man to be.
To luf me well thou awe.[2]

Noe. I thank the, Lord so dere, / that wold vowch-sayf
Thus low to appere / to a symple knafe.
Blis vs, Lord, here; / for charite I hit crafe;
The better may we stere / the ship that we shall hafe,
Certayn.
Deus. Noe, to the, and to thi fry,
My blyssyng graunt I.
Ye shall wax and multiply,
And fill the erth agane,

---

[1] Cool.
[2] Reward.
[3] MS. thrirte.
[4] Keep.
[5] Contrivance.
[6] Hinder.
[7] Tiers; one above the other.
[8] Beam.
[9] Skill.
[10] Injury.

[1] Food.
[2] Owest.

When all thise floodis ar past / and fully gone away.

[*God ascends.*]

Noe. Lord! homward will I hast / as fast as that I may;
My [wife] will I frast[1] / what she will say.
And I am agast / that we get som fray
Betwixt vs both,
For she is full tethee,[2]
For litill oft angre;
If any-thyng wrang be,
Soyne is she wroth.

*Then he shall cross over to his wife.*[3]

God spede, dere wife! / How fayre ye?
Vxor. Now, as euer myght I thryfe, / the wars I thee see!
Do tell me belife, / where has thou thus long be?
To dede may we dryfe, / or lif, for the,
For want.
When we swete or swynk,[4]
Thou dos what thou thynk;
Yit of mete and of drynk
Haue we veray skant.

Noe. Wife, we ar hard sted / with tythyngis new—
Vxor. Bot thou were worthi be cled / in Stafford blew![5]
For thou art alway adred, / be it fals or trew.
Bot, God knowes, I am led; / and that may I rew
Full ill;
For I dar be thi borow,[6]
From euen vnto morow
Thou spekis euer of sorow.
God send the onys thi fill!

[*Addressing the audience.*]

We women may wary / all ill husbandis.
I have oone, bi Mary / that lowsyd me of my bandis!
If he teyn,[7] I must tary, / how-so-euer it standis,
With seymland[8] full sory, / wryngand both my handis
For drede.
Bot yit other while,
What with gam and with gyle,
I shall smyte and smyle,
And qwite hym his mede.

Noe. We! hold thi tong, ram-skyt, / or I shall the still!
Vxor. By my thryft, if thou smyte, / I shal turne the vntill.
Noe. We shall assay as tyte.[1] / Haue at the, Gill!
Apon the bone shal it byte. / [*Strikes her.*]
Vxor. A, so! Mary! thou smytis ill!
Bot I suppose
I shal not in thi det
Flyt of this flett![2]
Take the ther a langett[3]
To tye vp thi hose! [*Strikes him.*]

Noe. A! wilt thou so? / Mary, that is myne. [*Strikes her.*]
Vxor. Thou shal [have] thre for two, / I swere bi Godis pyne.[4] [*Striking back.*]
Noe. And I shall qwyte the tho, / in fayth, or syne.[5] [*Strikes her down.*]
Vxor. Out apon the, ho! /
Noe. Thou can both byte and whyne
With a rerd![6]

[*To the audience.*]

For all if she stryke,
Yit fast will she skryke.[7]
In fayth, I hold none slyke[8]
In all medill-erd!

Bot I will kepe charyte, / ffor I haue at do.[9]
Vxor. Here shal no man tary the; / I pray the go to!
Full well may we mys the, / as euer haue I ro.[10]
To spyn will I dres me. /

[*Seats herself at her spinning.*]

Noe. We! fare well, lo.
Bot, wife,
Pray for me besele
To eft[11] I com vnto the.

---

[1] Ask. [2] Testy. [3] MS. *Tunc perget ad vxorem.*
[4] Toil. [5] To be beaten blue with a staff?
[6] Pledge. [7] Be vexed.
[8] Semblance, countenance.

[1] At once. [2] Leave this floor.
[3] Thong. [4] Christ's passion.
[5] Afterwards. [6] Noise. [7] Screech.
[8] Such. [9] Business in hand.
[10] Quiet. [11] Until again.

**Vxor.** Euen as thou prays for me,
As euer myght I thrife!
**Noe.** I tary full lang / fro my warke, I traw;[1]
Now my gere[2] will I fang[3] / and thederward draw.

[*Crossing to the other end of the pageant.*]

I may full ill gang, / the soth for to knaw.
Bot if God help amang, / I may sit downe daw[4]
To ken.
Now assay will I
How I can of wrightry.[5]
*In nomine Patris, et Filii,*
*Et Spiritus Sancti, Amen.*[6]

To begyn of this tree / my bonys will I bend;
I traw from the Trynyte / socoure will be send.
It fayres full fayre, thynk me, / this wark to my hend;
Now blissid be he / that this can amend.

[*Takes his measuring rod.*]

Lo, here the lenght,
Thre hundreth cubettis euenly;
Of breed, lo! is it fyfty;
The heght is euen thyrty
Cubettis full strenght.

[*Takes off his gown.*]

Now my gowne will I cast, / and wyrk in my cote.
Make will I the mast, / or I flyt oone foote.
A! my bak, I traw, will brast! / This is a sory note!
Hit is wonder that I last, / sich an old dote,[7]
All dold,[8]
To begyn sich a wark.
My bonys ar so stark,[9]
No wonder if thay wark,[10]
For I am full old.

The top and the sayll / both will I make;
The helm and the castell / also will I take;
To drife ich a nayll / will I not forsake;
This gere[1] may neuer fayll, / that dar I vndertake
Onone.[2]
This is a nobull gyn.[3]
Thise nayles so thay ryn
Thoro more and myn,
Thise bordis ichon.

[*He views the completed Ark.*]

Wyndow and doore, / euen as he saide;
Thre ches-chambre, / thay ar well maide;
Pyk and tar full sure / ther-apon laide;
This will euer endure, / therof am I paide;
For why
It is better wroght
Then I coude haif thoght.
Hym that maide all of noght
I thank oonly.

Now will I hy me, / and no-thyng be leder,[4]
My wife and my meneye[5] / to bryng euen heder.

[*Approaches his wife.*]

Tent hedir tydely,[6] / wife, and consider;
Hens must vs fle / all sam togeder
In hast.
**Vxor.** Whi, syr, what alis you?
Who is that asalis you?
To fle it avalis you
And ye be agast.

**Noe.** Ther is garn[7] on the reyll / other, my dame.
**Vxor.** Tell me that ich a deyll,[8] / els get ye blame.
**Noe.** He that cares may keill,[9] — / blissid be his name! —
He has [spokyn][10] for oure seyll,[11] / to sheld vs fro shame,
And sayd,
All this warld aboute
With floodis so stoute,
That shall ryn on a route,[12]
Shall be ouerlaide.

---

[1] Trow.
[2] Tools.
[3] Take.
[4] Melancholy?
[5] Carpentry.
[6] In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, amen.
[7] Dotard.
[8] Dulled (with age).
[9] Stiff.
[10] Ache.

[1] Affair.
[2] At once.
[3] Contrivance.
[4] Lazy, slow.
[5] Household.
[6] Quickly.
[7] Yarn.
[8] Every bit.
[9] Cool.
[10] *Supplied by Manly.*
[11] Happiness.
[12] Roaring noise.

He saide all shall be slayn / bot oonely we,
Oure barnes,[1] that ar bayn,[2] / and thare wifis thre;
A ship he bad me ordayn / to safe vs and oure fee.[3]
Therfor with all oure mayn / thank we that fre,[4]
Beytter of bayll.[5]
Hy vs fast, go we thedir!
Vxor. I wote neuer whedir.
I dase and I dedir[6]
For ferd of that tayll.

Noe. Be not aferd. Haue done. / Trus[7] sam oure gere,
That we be ther or none,[8] / without more dere.[9]
I. Filius. It shall be done full sone. / Brether, help to bere.
II. Filius. Full long shall I not hoyne[10] / to do my devere,
Brether Sam.
III. Filius. Without any yelp,
At my myght shall I help.
Vxor. Yit for drede of a skelp[11]
Help well thi dam!

[*They cross over with their stuff to the Ark.*]

Noe. Now ar we there / as we shuld be.
Do get in oure gere, / oure catall and fe,
In-to this vessell here, / my chylder fre.

[*They enter the Ark.*]

Vxor. I was neuer bard ere,[12] / as euer myght I the,[13]
In sich an oostre[14] as this!
In fa[i]th, I can not fynd,
Which is before, which is behynd!
Bot shall we here be pynd,
Noe, as haue thou blis?

[*Exit from the Ark.*]

Noe. Dame, as it is skill,[15] / here must vs abide grace;
Therfor, wife, with good will / com into this place.
Vxor. Sir, for Iak nor for Gill / will I turne my face,
Till I haue on this hill / spon a space
On my rok.[1]
Well were[2] he, myght get me!
Now will I downe set me.
Yit reede I no man let me,
For drede of a knok.

[*Seats herself to spin. Noah appeals to her.*]

Noe. Behold to the heuen; / the cateractes all,
That are open full euen, / grete and small,
And the planettis seuen / left has thare stall;[3]
Thise thoners and levyn[4] / downe gar fall[5]
Full stout
Both halles and bowers,
Castels and towres;
Full sharp ar thise showers
That renys aboute;

Therfor, wife, haue done; / com into ship fast.
Vxor. Yei, Noe, go cloute thi shone![6] / The better will thai last.
I. Mulier. Good moder, com in sone, / ffor all is ouer-cast,
Both the son and the mone. /
II. Mulier. And many wynd blast
Full sharp;
Thise floodis so thay ryn;
Therfor, moder, come in.
Vxor. In fayth, yit will I spyn.
All in vayn ye carp.[7]

III. Mulier. If ye like ye may spyn, / moder, in the ship.
Noe. Now is this twyys: com in, / dame, on my frenship.
Vxor. Wheder I lose or I wyn, / in fayth, thi felowship,
Set I not at a pyn. / This spyndill will I slip
Apon this hill
Or I styr oone fote.
Noe. Peter! I traw we dote!

---

[1] Children.
[2] Ready.
[3] Possessions.
[4] Generous one (God).
[5] Healer of sorrow.
[6] I am dazed and I tremble.
[7] Pack up.
[8] Noon.
[9] Harm.
[10] Delay.
[11] Blow.
[12] Shut up before.
[13] Thrive.
[14] Lodging.
[15] Reason.

[1] Distaff.
[2] Guard himself.
[3] Station.
[4] Lightning.
[5] Make fall down.
[6] Mend thy shoes.
[7] Talk.

Without any more note,
Come in if ye will.

Vxor. Yei, water nyghys so nere / that I sit not dry;
Into ship with a byr,[1] / therfor, will I hy
For drede that I drone here./

[*Rushes into the ship.*] [2]

Noe. Dame, securly,
It bees boght full dere / ye abode so long by
Out of ship.
Vxor. I will not, for thi bydyng,
Go from doore to mydyng.[3]
Noe. In fayth, and for youre long taryyng,
Ye shall lik on [4] the whyp.

Vxor. Spare me not, I pray the; / bot euen as thou thynk,
Thise grete wordis shall not flay me. /
Noe. Abide, dame, and drynk,
For betyn shall thou be / with this staf to thou stynk.
Ar strokis good? say me. / [*Striking her.*]
Vxor. What say ye, Wat Wynk? [*Striking back.*]
Noe. Speke!
Cry me mercy, I say!
Vxor. Therto say I nay.
Noe. Bot thou do, bi this day,
Thi hede shall I breke!

[*Wife, addressing the audience.*]

Vxor. Lord, I were at ese, / and hertely full hoylle,
Might I onys haue a measse [5] / of wedows coyll; [6]
For thi saull, without lese,[7] / shuld I dele penny doyll.[8]
So wold mo, no frese,[9] / that I se on this sole [10]
Of wifis that ar here,
For the life that thay leyd,
Wold thare husbandis were dede;
For, as euer ete I brede,
So wold I oure syre were!

---

[1] Rush.
[2] *Supplied by Manly.*
[3] Dunghill.
[4] Have a taste of.
[5] Mess.
[6] Pottage.
[7] Lie.
[8] Dole.
[9] Fear.
[10] Hall, place.

[*Noah, addressing the audience.*]

Noe. Yee men that has wifis, / whyls they ar yong,
If ye luf youre lifis, / chastice thare tong.
Me thynk my hert ryfis,[1] / both levyr and long,
To se sich stryfis / wedmen emong.
Bot I,
As haue I blys,
Shall chastyse this!
Vxor. Yit may ye mys,
Nicholl Nedy!

Noe. I shall make the still as stone, / begynnar of blunder!
I shall bete the, bak and bone, / and breke all in sonder.

[*Fighting* ad lib., *with Noah finally victorious.*]

Vxor. Out, alas, I am gone! / Oute apon the, mans wonder!
Noe. Se how she can grone / and I lig [2] vnder!
Bot, wife,
In this hast [3] let vs ho,[4]
For my bak is nere in two.
Vxor. And I am bet so blo
That I may not thryfe.

I. Filius. A! whi fare ye thus, / ffader and moder both?
II. Filius. Ye shuld not be so spitus, / standyng in sich a woth.[5]
III. Filius. Thise [strifis] [6] ar so hidus, / with many a cold coth.[7]
Noe. We will do as ye bid vs; / we will no more be wroth,
Dere barnes!
Now to the helme will I hent,[8]
And to my ship tent.[9]
Vxor. I se on the firmament,
Me thynk, the seven starnes.

Noe. This is a grete flood; / wife, take hede.
Vxor. So me thoght, as I stode; / we ar in grete drede;

---

[1] Splits.
[2] Lie.
[3] Haste, rashness.
[4] Stop.
[5] Peril.
[6] *Supplied by Manly.*
[7] Disease.
[8] Seize.
[9] Attend.

Thise wawghes[1] ar so wode.[2] /
Noe. Help, God, in this nede!
As thou art stere-man good, / and best, as I rede,
Of all,
Thou rewle vs in this rase,[3]
As thou me behete[4] hase.
Vxor. This is a perlous case.
Help, God, when we call!

Noe. Wife, tent the stere-tre,[5] / and I shall asay
The depnes of the see / that we bere, if I may.
Vxor. That shall I do ful wysely; / now go thi way,
For apon this flood haue we / flett many day
With pyne.
Noe. Now the water will I sownd.

[*He lowers a plummet.*]

A! it is far to the grownd.
This trauell,[6] I expownd,
Had I to tyne.[7]

Aboue all hillys bedeyn[8] / the water is rysen late
Cubettis fyfteyn. / Bot in a higher[9] state
It may not be, I weyn; / for this well I wate,
This forty dayes has rayn beyn, / it will therfor abate
Full lele.[10]
This water in hast
Eft will I tast.[11]

[*He lowers the plummet again.*]

Now am I agast,
It is wanyd a grete dele.

Now are the weders cest / and cateractes knyt,
Both the most and the leest. /
Vxor. Me thynk, bi my wit,
The son shynes in the eest. / Lo, is not yond it?
We shuld haue a good feest, / were thise floodis flyt,
So spytus.
Noe. We haue been here, all we,
Thre hundreth dayes and fyfty.
Vxor. Yei, now wanys the see.
Lord, well is vs!

Noe. The thryd tyme will I prufe / what depnes we bere.

[*He again lowers the plummet.*]

Vxor. How[1] long shall thou hufe?[2]/ Lay in thy lyne there.
Noe. I may towch with my lufe[3] the grownd evyn here.
Vxor. Then begynnys to grufe[4] / to vs mery chere.
Bot, husband,
What grownd may this be?
Noe. The hyllys of Armonye.[5]
Vxor. Now blissid be he
That thus for vs can ordand!

Noe. I see the toppys of hyllys he,[6] / many at a syght;
No thyng to let me, / the wedir is so bright.
Vxor. Thise ar of mercy / tokyns full right.
Noe. Dame, thou[7] counsell me: / what fowll best myght
And cowth[8]
With flight of wyng
Bryng, without taryying,
Of mercy som tokynyng,
Ayther bi north or southe?

For this is the fyrst day / of the tent moyne.
Vxor. The ravyn, durst I lay, / will come agane sone.
As fast as thou may, / cast hym furth; haue done.

[*He sends out a raven.*]

He may happyn to-day / com agane or none
With grath.[9]

---

[1] Waves. [2] Mad, wild. [3] Voyage.
[4] Promised. [5] Tiller. [6] Labor.
[7] Lose. [8] Completely.
[9] MS. highter, *corr. by Manly.*
[10] Loyal. [11] Try.

[1] MS. Now, *corr. by Child.* [2] Heave.
[3] Hand. [4] Grow.
[5] Armenia. [6] High.
[7] MS. thi, *corr. by Kittredge.* [8] Could.
[9] Readiness? Growth (i.e. branch)?

Noe. I will cast out also
Dowfys oone or two.
Go youre way, go; [*He sends out the doves.*]
God send you som wathe![1]

Now ar thise fowles flone / into seyr[2] countre.
Pray we fast ichon, / kneland on our kne,
To hym that is alone / worthiest of degre,
That he wold send anone / oure fowles som fee
To glad vs.
Vxor. Thai may not fayll of land,
The water is so wanand.
Noe. Thank we God all-weldand,[3]
That Lord that made vs.

It is a wonder thyng, / me thynk sothle,[4]
Thai ar so long taryyng, / the fowles that we
Cast out in the mornyng. /
Vxor. Syr, it may be
Thai tary to[5] thay bryng. /
Noe. The ravyn is a-hungrye
All-way;
He is without any reson;
And he fynd any caryon,
As peraventure may befon,[6]
He will not away.

The dowfe is more gentill, — / her trust I vntew, —
Like vnto the turtill, / for she is ay trew.
Vxor. Hence bot a litill / she commys. Lew, lew!
She bryngys in her bill / som novels[7] new.
Behald!
It is of an olif tre
A branch, thynkys me.
Noe. It is soth, perde;
Right so is it cald.

Doufe, byrd full blist, / ffayre myght the befall!
Thou art trew for to trist / as ston in the wall;
Full well I it wist, / thou wold com to thi hall.
Vxor. A trew tokyn ist, / we shall be sauyd all;
For whi[1]
The water, syn she com,
Of depnes plom
Is fallen a fathom
And more, hardely.

I. Filius. Thise floodis ar gone, / fader, behold.
II. Filius. Ther is left right none, / and that be ye bold.
III. Filius. As still as a stone / oure ship is stold.[2]
Noe. Apon land here anone / that we were, fayn I wold.
My childer dere,
Sem, Japhet and Cam,
With gle and with gam
Com go we all sam;
We will no longer abide here.

Vxor. Here haue we beyn, / Noy, long enogh,
With tray and with teyn / and dreed mekill wogh.

[*They leave the Ark.*]

Noe. Behald, on this greyn / nowder[3] cart ne plogh
Is left, as I weyn, / nowder tre then bogh,
Ne other thyng,
Bot all is away;
Many castels, I say,
Grete townes of aray,
Flitt has this flowyng.

Vxor. Thise floodis not afright / all this warld so wide
Has mevid with myght / on se and bi side.
Noe. To dede ar thai dyght,[4] / prowdist of pryde,
Euer ich a wyght / that euer was spyde
With syn;
All ar thai slayn,
And put vnto payn.
Vxor. From thens agayn
May thai neuer wyn?

[1] Hunting. [2] Various. [3] All-ruling. [4] Truly. [5] Until. [6] Befall. [7] News.

[1] For that reason. [2] Fixed. [3] Neither. [4] Done.

Noe. Wyn? No, i-wis, / bot[1] he that myght hase
Wold myn[2] of thare mys / and admytte thaym to grace.
As he in bayll is blis, / I pray hym in this space,
In heven hye with his / to purvaye vs a place,
That we,
With his santis[1] in sight
And his angels bright,
May com to his light.
Amen, for charite.

*Explicit processus Noe, sequitur Abraham.*

---

[1] Unless. [2] Take thought.

[1] Saints.

# THE DELUGE [1]

[Acted by the Waterleaders and Drawers in Dye of Chester.]

Pagina Tertia de Deluvio Noe [1]

The waterleaders and drawers in dye.

*And first in some high place, or in the cloudes yf it may be, God speaketh vnto Noe standing with-out the Arke with all his familye.*[2]

Deus. I, God, that all the world have wrought,
Heaven and earth, and all of nought,
I see my people, in deede and thought,
Are sett fowle in sinne.

My ghost shall not lenge [3] in man,
That through fleshlie liking is my fone,
But till six skore yeares be gone,
To loke if they will blynne.[4]

Manne that I made I will destroy,
Beast, worme, and fowle to flie;
For on earthe they doe me nye,[5]
The folke that are theron.

Hit harmes me so hartfullie,[6]
The malyce now that can [7] multeply,
That sore it greueth me inwardlie
That ever I made manne.

Therfore, Noe, my servant free,
That righteous man art, as I see,
A shipp sone thou shalt make the
Of trees drye and lighte.

Little chambers therein thou make;
And bynding slich [8] also thou take,
With-in and -out thou ne slake [9]
To anoynte it through all thy mighte.

300 Cubytes it shall be long,
And 50 of breadeth, to mak it stronge,
Of heighte 50. The mete [1] thou fonge,[2]
Thus measure it about.

One wyndow worch through thy wytte,
One cubyte of length and breadeth make it.
Vpon the side a dore shall sit
For to come in and out.

Eating places thou make also;
Three-roofed chambers, one or two;
For with water I thinke to flow [3]
Man that I can make.

Destroyed all the world shalbe,
Save thou; thy wife, thy sonnes three,
And all there wives also with thee
Shall saved be, for thy sake.

Noe. Ah! Lord, I thanke the lowd and still,
That to me art in such will,
And spares me and my house to spill,[4]
As now I sothlie fynde.

Thy bydding, Lord, I shall fulfill,
And never more the greeve ne grill,[5]
That suche grace hast sent me till
Among all mankinde.

[*Noah calls to his family.*]

Haue done, yow men and women all!
Helpe, for ought that may befall,
To worke this shipp, chamber and hall,
As God hath bydden vs doe.

Sem. Father, I am already bowne.[6]
Anne axe I haue, by my crowne,
As sharpe as any in all this towne,
For to goe there-to.

Ham. I haue a hatchet wonder-kene

---

[1] The third pageant of Noah's Flood.

[2] MS. *Et primo in aliquo supremo loco sive in nubibus, si fieri poterit, loquatur Deus ad Noe extra Archam existentem cum tota familia sua.* I have inserted the English form of this stage-direction as found in two other MSS.

[3] Linger.
[4] Cease.
[5] Annoy.
[6] Grievously.
[7] Does.
[8] Slime, pitch.
[9] Slack.

[1] Measure.
[2] Take.
[3] Deluge.
[4] Destroy.
[5] Vex.
[6] Ready, prepared.

[1] The text here reproduced is that of British Museum Harleian MS. 2124, as printed in *The Chester Plays*, Part I, edited for the Early English Text Society by H. Deimling, 1892. I have modernized the punctuation, and have added, in brackets, some stage-directions.

To byte well, as may be seene;
A better growndën,[1] as I weene,
Is not in all this towne.

Iaphet. And I can well make a pyn,
And with this hammer knock yt in;
Goe and worche without more dynne,
And I am ready bowne.

Uxor Noe. And we shall bring tymber to,
For wee mon nothing els doe;
Women be weake to vnderfoe [2]
Any great travayle.[3]

Vxor Sem. Here is a good hackstock;[4]
On this yow maye hew and knock;
Shall non be idle in this flock,
Ne now may no man fayle.

Vxor Ham. And I will goe to gather sliche,[5]
The ship for to caulke [6] and piche;
Anoynted yt must be every stich,
Board, tree, and pyn.

Vxor Iaphet. And I will gather chippes here
To make a fire for yow in feere,[7]
And for to dight your dynner,
Against yow come in.

*Then they make signs as if laboring with divers tools.*[8]

Noe. Now in the name of God I will begin
To make the shippe that we shall in,
That we be ready for to swym
At the cominge of the flood.

These bordes I ioyne here together,
To kepe vs safe from the wedder,
That we may row both hither and thider,
And safe be from this floode.

Of this tree will I make the mast
Tyde with gables that will last,
With a sayle-yarde for each blast,
And each thinge in ther kinde.
With topcastle and bewsprytt,
With coardes and ropes I haue all meete,
To sayle forth at the next weete.[1]
This shipp is at an ende.

*Then Noah with all his family again make signs of laboring with divers tools.*[2]

Wife, in this castle we shall be keped,[3]
My childer and thou, I wold, in leaped.
Vxor Noe. In faith, Noe, I had as lief thou sleppit.[4]
For all thy frankish fare [5]

I will not doe after thy red.[6]
Noe. Good wife, doe now as I the bydd.
Vxor Noe. By Christ! not or I see more neede,
Though thou stand all the day and stare.

No[e]. Lord, that women be crabbed aye,
And never are meke, that dare I saye.
This is well sene by me to daye,
In witnes of yow each one.

Good wife, let be all this beere [7]
That thou makes in this place here;
For all they wene [8] thou art master, —
And so thou art, by St. John!

[*God speaks above.*]

Deus. Noe, take thou thy meanye,[9]
And in the shippe hye that yow be;
For none so righteous man to me
Is now on earth lyvinge.

Of cleane beastes with thee thou take
Seaven and seaven, or thou slake,[10]
Hee and shee, make to make,[11]
Be-lyve in that thou bringe;

Of beastes vncleane two and two,
Male and female, without moe;
Of cleane fowles seaven alsoe,
The hee and shee together;

Of fowles vncleane two and no more,
As I of beastes said before;
That shalbe saved throughe my lore,
Against I send the wedder.

---

[1] Sharpened. [2] Undertake. [3] Labor.
[4] Chopping-block. [5] Slime, pitch.
[6] MS. clean; *I take* caulke *from two other MSS. A fourth MS. reads* clam.
[7] Likewise.
[8] MS. *Tunc faciunt signa quasi laborarent cum diversis instrumentis.*

[1] Flood.
[2] MS. *Tunc Noe iterum cum tota familia faciunt signa laborandi cum diversis instrumentis.*
[3] Preserved. [4] Slept. [5] Frantic behavior.
[6] Advice. [7] Tumult. [8] Think.
[9] Household. [10] Slacken, stop. [11] Mate.

Of all meates [1] that must be eaten
Into the ship loke there be getten;
For that no way may be foryeten,
And doe all this bydeene,

To sustayne man and beast therein,
Aye till the water cease and blyn.
This world is filled full of synne,
And that is now well sene.

Seaven dayes be yet coming,
You shall haue space them in to bringe;
After that is my lyking
Mankinde for to n[o]ye.[2]

40 dayes and 40 nightes
Rayne shall fall for ther vnrightes;
And that I haue made through my mightes
Now think I to destroye.

**Noe.** Lord, at your byddinge I am bayne.[3]
Sith non other grace will gayne,
Hit will I fulfill fayne,
For gratious I thee fynde.

A 100 wynters and 20
This shipp making taried haue I,
If through amendment any mercye
Wolde fall vnto mankinde.

[*Noah calls to his family.*]

Haue done, you men and women all!
Hye you lest this water fall,
That each beast were in his stall,
And into the ship broughte.

Of cleane beastes seaven shalbe,
Of vncleane two; this God bade me.
This floode is nye, well may we see,
Therfore tary you noughte.

*Then Noye shall goe into the Arke with all his family, his wief except, and the Arke must be borded rounde about, and one the bordes all the beastes and fowles receaved must be painted that thes wordes may agree with the pictures.*[4]

**Sem.** Syr, here are lyons, libardes [1] in;
Horses, mares, oxen, and swyne,
Geates, calves, sheepe and kine
Here sitten thou may see.

**Ham.** Camels, asses men may finde,
Bucke, doe, harte, and hynde,
And beastes of all manner kinde
Here bene, as thinkes mee.

**Iaphet.** Take here cattes and doggs to,
Otter, fox, fulmart [2] also;
Hares hopping gaylie can goe
Have cowle [3] here for to eate.

**Vxor Noe.** And here are beares, wolfes sett,
Apes, owles, marmoset,
Weesells, squirrels, and firret;
Here they eaten their meate.

**Vxor Sem.** Yet more beastes are in this howse:
Here cattis maken it full crowse,
Here a rotten,[4] here a mowse,
They stand nye together.

**Vxor Ham.** And here are fowles, les and more:
Hearnes, cranes and byttour,
Swans, peacockes; and them before
Meate for this wedder.

**Vxor Iaphet.** Here are cockes, kites, crowes,
Rookes, ravens, many rowes,
Duckes, curlewes. Who euer knowes
Eache one in his kinde?

And here are doves, diggs, drakes,
Redshankes runninge through the lakes;
And each fowle that ledden [5] makes
In this shipp men may finde.

[*Noah approaches his wife, who has joined her gossips at the other end of the pageant.*]

**Noe.** Wife, come in! Why standes thou here?
Thou art ever froward, that dare I sweare.
Come in, on Gods half! Tyme yt were,
For feare lest that we drowne.

---

[1] Food. [2] Annoy. [3] Ready.

[4] MS. *Tunc Noe introibit Archam, et familia sua dabit, et recitabit omnia animalia depicta in cartis, et postquam vnusquisque suam locutus est partem, ibit in archam, vxore Noe excepta, et animalia depicta cum verbis concordare debent, et sic incipiet primus filius.* I have inserted the English form of this stage-direction as found in other MSS.

[1] Leopards. [2] Polecat.

[3] A genus of cruciferous plants, as the turnip.

[4] Rat.

[5] Song.

Vxor Noe. Yea, sir, set vp your sayle
And rowe forth with evill heale![1]
For, without any fayle,
I will not out of this towne.

But[2] I haue my gossips everichon,
One foote further I will not gone;
They shall not drowne, by St. John,
And[3] I may save their lyfe!

They loved me full well, by Christ;
But[2] thou wilt let them in thy chist,
Els rowe forth, Noe, whether thou list,
And get thee a new wife!

[*Noah returns to the Ark.*]

Noe. Sem, sonne, loe, thy mother is wraw.[4]
For sooth such another I do not know.
Sem. Father, I shall fett her in, I trow,
Without any fayle.

[*He crosses over to his mother.*]

Mother, my father after thee send,
And bydds the into yonder ship wend.
Loke vp and se the wynde,
For we be readye to sayle.

Vxor Noe. Sonne, goe again to him and say:
I will not come therein to daye.

[*Noah and his sons go to her.*]

Noe. Come in, wife, in 20 devills waye!
Or els stand there without.
Ham. Shall wee all fet her in?
Noe. Yea, sonnes, in Christs blessinge and myne:
I would yow hyde yow betyme,
For of this flood I am in doubte.

[*Noah returns to the Ark. The Wife's "Good Gossips" enter with a pottle of malmsey.*]

The Good Gossopes. The flood comes in, full fleetinge fast,
On every side it spredeth full fare.
For feare of drowning I am agast;
Good gossip, let us draw neare.

And let vs drinke or we depart,
For often tymes we have done soe;
For at a draught thou drinkes a quarte,
And so will I doe, or I goe.

[*They sing.*]

[*Here is a pottell of malmesy, good and stronge,*
*It will reioyce both hart and tong;*
*Though Noy thinke vs neuer so long*
*Yet wee will drinke alyke.*][1]

Iaphet. Mother, we praye you altogether—
For we are here your owne childer—
Come into the ship for feare of the wedder,
For His love that you boughte.

Vxor Noe. That will I not for all your call,
But I haue my gossopes all.
Sem. In feith, mother, yet you shall,
Whether you will or not.

[*They drag her towards the Ark.*]

*Then she shall go.*[2]

Noe. Welcome, wife, into this boate.
Vxor Noe. And haue thou that for thy mote!

*And she gives him a lively blow.*[3]

Noe. A! ha! mary! this is hote!
It is good to be still.

A! children, me thinkes my boate remeves;
Our tarying here hugelie me greves.
Over the lande the water spredes.
God doe as he will.

Ah! great God that art so good!
That worchis not thie will is wood.[4]
Now all this world is on a flood,
As I see well in sighte.

This window I will shut anon,
And into my chamber will I gone
Till this water, so greate one,
Be slaked throughe thy mighte.

---

[1] Success. [2] Unless. [3] If. [4] Angry.

[1] I have inserted the song from other MSS.
[2] MS. *Tunc ibit.*
[3] MS. *Et dat alapam vita.*
[4] Mad.

*Then Noah shall close the window of the Ark, and for a short while within let them sing the Psalm "Save me, O God"; and opening the window and looking around, Noah says:* [1]

Now 40 dayes are fullie gone.
Send a raven I will anone
If ought-where earth, tree, or stone
Be drye in any place.

And if this foule come not againe,
It is a signe, soth to sayne,
That drye it is on hill or playne,
And God hath done some grace.

*Then he shall send out the raven; and taking a dove in his hand let him say:* [2]

Ah! Lord, wherever this raven be,
Somewhere is drye, well I see.
But yet a dove, by my lewtye,[3]
After I will sende.

Thou wilt turne againe to me

. . . . . . . . . . . . . .

For of all fowles that may flye,
Thou art most meke and hend.[4]

*Then he shall send out the dove; and there shalt be in the ship another dove bearing an olive branch in its mouth, which Noah shall let down from the mast by a string in his hand; and afterwards let Noah say:* [5]

Ah! Lord, blessed be thou aye,
That me hast comfort thus to-day;
By this sight I may well saye
This flood beginnes to cease.

My sweete dove to me brought hase
A branch of olyve from some place;
This betokeneth God has done vs some grace,
And is a signe of peace.

Ah! Lord, honoured most thou be!
All earthe dryes now, I see,
But yet, tyll thou comaunde me,
Hence will I not hye.

All this water is awaye,
Therfore as sone as I maye
Sacryfice I shall doe in faye
To thee devoutlye.

[*God speaks above.*]

DEUS. Noe, take thy wife anone,
And thy children every one;
Out of the shippe thou shalt gone,
And they all with thee.

Beastes and all that can flie
Out anone they shall hye,
On earth to grow and multeplye.
I will that yt be soe.

NOE. Lord, I thanke the through thy mighte;
Thy bidding shall be done in height.[1]
And as fast as I may dighte [2]
I will doe the honoure,

And to thee offer sacrifice;
Therfore comes in all wise,
For of these beastes that bene hise,[3]
Offer I will this stower.[4]

*Then going out of the Ark with all his family he shall take his animals and birds, and shall offer them and make sacrifice.*[5]

Lord, God in maiestye,
That such grace hast graunted me,
Where all was lorne,[6] save to be,
Therfore now I am bowne,

My wife, my Childer, my meanye [7]
With sacrifice to honoure thee
With beastes, fowles, as thou may see,
I offer here right sone.

[*God speaks above.*]

DEUS. Noe, to me thou arte full able,
And thy sacrifice acceptable.
For I have fownd thee trew and stable,

---

[1] MS. *Tunc Noe claudet fenestram Archæ, et per modicum spatium infra tectum cantent psalmum "Save mee, O God"; et aperiens fenestram, et respiciens.* Another MS. has the stage-direction: "Then Noye shall shut the windowe of the Arke, and for a little space within bord he shalbe silent, and afterwardes opening the windowe and lookinge round about, saying."

[2] MS. *Tunc dimittet corvum; et capiens columbam in manibus dicat.*

[3] Loyalty.

[4] Obedient.

[5] MS. *Tunc emittet columbam, et erit in nave alia columba ferens olivam in ore, quam dimittet ex malo per funem in manus Noe, et postea dicat Noe.*

[1] With speed.

[2] Get ready.

[3] His.

[4] Store.

[5] MS. *Tunc egrediens archam cum tota familia sua, accipiet animalia sua et volucres, et offeret ea, et mactabit.*

[6] Lost.

[7] Family.

On the now must I myn:[1]

Warry[2] Earth will I no more
For mans synne that greves me sore;
For of youth man full yore
Has byn enclyned to syne.

You shall now grow and multeply,
And earth againe you edefie;
Each beast and fowle that may flie,
Shall be afrayd of you.

And fishe in sea that may flytte
Shall susteyne yow, I yow behite;[3]
To eate of them yow ne lett,
That cleane bene you may knowe.

Thereas you have eaten before
Grasse and rootes, sith you were bore,[4]
Of cleane beastes now, les and more,
I geve you leave to eate;

Safe bloode and flesh bothe in feare
Of wrong-dead carren that is here,
Eates not of that in no manere;
For that aye you shall let.

Manslaughter also you shall flee;
For that is not pleasant to me.
That shedes bloode, he or shee,
Ought-where amongst mankinde,

That blood foule sheede shalbe,
And vengence have, that men shall se;
Therfore beware now, all yee,
You fall not in that synne.

A forwarde[1] now with thie I make,
And all thy seede for thy sake,
Of suche vengeance for to slake,
For now I haue my will.

Here I behet the a heaste,[2]
That man, woman, fowle ne beaste,
With water, while the world shall last,
I will no more spill.

My bowe betwene you and me
In the firmament shall bee,
By verey token that you may see
That such vengeance shall cease,

That man ne woman shall never more
Be wasted by water as is before;
But for syn that greveth me sore,
Therfore this vengeance was.

Where cloudes in the welkin bene,
That ilke bowe shall be sene
In tokeninge that my wrath and tene[3]
Shall never this wroken be.

The stringe is turned toward you,
And toward me is bent the bowe,
That such wedder shall never showe;
And this behett I thee.

My blessing now I geue the here,
To thee, Noe, my servant dere,
For vengeance shall no more appeare.
And now, fare well, my darling deere.

*Finis paginæ Tertiæ.*

---

[1] Remember, be mindful of.
[2] Curse, destroy.
[3] Promise.
[4] Born.

[1] Covenant.
[2] Promise.
[3] Vexation.

# THE SACRIFICE OF ISAAC[1]

[*On the upper stage God with his angels; on the lower stage Abraham and his young son Isaac. Abraham kneels in prayer.*]

**Abraham.** Fader of heuyn omnipotent,
With all my hart to the I call.
Thow hast goffe me both lond and rent;
And my lyvelod thow hast me sent.
I thanke the heyly euer-more of all.

Fyrst off the erth thou madyst Adam,
And Eue also to be hys wyffe;
All other creatures of them too cam.
And now thow hast grant to me, Abraham,
Her in thys lond to lede my lyffe.

In my age thou hast grantyd me thys,
That thys yowng chyld with me shall wone.[1]
I love no-thyng so myche, i-wysse,
Except thin owyne selffe, der Fader of blysse,
As Ysaac her, my owyne swete sone.

I haue dyuerse chyldryn moo,
The wych I loue not halffe so wyll;
Thys fayer swet chyld he schereys[2] me soo
In euery place wer that I goo,
That noo dessece[3] her may I fell.

And therfor, Fadyr of heuyn, I the prey
For hys helth and also for hys grace;
Now, Lord, kepe hym both nyght and day,
That neuer dessese nor noo fray[4]
Cume to my chyld in noo place.

[*Rises.*]

Now cum on, Ysaac, my owyne swete chyld;
Goo we hom and take owr rest.
**Isaac.** Abraham, myne owyne fader so myld,
To folowe yow I am full prest,[1]
Bothe erly and late.
**Abraham.** Cume on, swete chyld. I love the best
Of all the chyldryn that ever I begat.

[*They cross to another place. God speaks above.*]

**Deus.** Myn angell, fast hey the thy wey,
And on-to medyll-erth anon thou goo;
Abrams hart now wyll I asay,[2]
Wether that he be stedfast or noo.

Sey I commaw[n]dyd hym for to take
Ysaac, hys yowng sonne, that he love so wyll,
And with hys blood sacryfyce he make,
Yffe ony off my freynchepe he wyll ffell.

Schow hym the wey on-to the hylle
Wer that hys sacryffyce schall be.
I schall asay, now, hys good wyll,
Whether he lovyth better hys chyld or me.
All men schall take exampyll be hym
My commawmentes how they schall kepe.

[1] Dwell.
[2] Cheers.
[3] Discomfort, trouble.
[4] Harm, terror.

[1] Ready. MS. glad, *corr. by Manly.*
[2] Try, test.

---

[1] This play, as Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith observes, is superior to the five other extant plays on the same theme. It has often been printed, for it is justly regarded as the best example of pathos in the early religious drama. I have based the text on *The Non-Cycle Mystery Plays*, re-edited from the manuscripts for the Early English Text Society by O. Waterhouse, 1909, but have adopted some emendations made by other editors. The manuscript is preserved at Brome Manor, Suffolk, in a commonplace-book of 1470–80; the original, however, of which this is a transcript must be dated as early as the fourteenth century. Waterhouse suggests that the play was not a part of a cycle, but was designed for representation by itself. We cannot be certain. In form and language it is closely akin to the *Abraham and Isaac* of the Chester Cycle, and it differs in no essential way from the ordinary craft play. And, even if acted separately, "it is to be supposed," says Waterhouse, "that the stage was the usual pageant, and the mode of performance practically identical with" that of the regular cycle plays.

[*The angel descends. Abraham, returning, kneels in prayer.*]

Abraham. Now, Fader of heuyn, that formyd all thyng,
My preyeres I make to the a-geyn,
For thys day my tender-offryng [1]
Here mvst I geve to the, certeyn.
A! Lord God, allmyty Kyng,
Wat maner best woll make the most fayn? [2]
Yff I had ther-of very knoyng,
Yt schuld be don with all my mayne,
Full sone anone.
To don thy plesyng on an hyll,
Verely yt ys my wyll,
Dere Fader, God in Trinyte.

The Angell. Abraham! Abraham! wyll thou rest!
Owre Lord comandyth the for to take
Ysaac, thy yowng sone that thow lovyst best,
And with hys blod sacryfyce that thow make.

In-to the Lond of V[i]syon thow goo,
And offer thy chyld on-to thy Lord;
I schall the lede and schow all-soo.
Vnto Goddes hest,[3] Abraham, a-cord,

And folow me vp-on thys grene.
Abraham. Wolle-com to me be my Lordes sond,[4]
And hys hest I wyll not with-stond.
Yit Ysaac, my yowng sonne in lond,
A full dere chyld to me haue byn.

I had lever,[5] yf God had be plesyd,
For to a for-bore all the good [6] that I haue,
Than Ysaac my sone schuld a be desessyd,[7]
So God in heuyn my sowll mot saue!

I lovyd neuer thyng soo mych in erde,[8]
And now I mvst the chyld goo kyll.
A! Lord God, my conseons ys stronly steryd!
And yit, my dere Lord, I am sore a-ferd
To groche ony thyng a-gens yowre wyll.

I love my chyld as my lyffe;
But yit I love my God myche more.
For thow my hart woold make ony stryffe,
Yit wyll I not spare for chyld nor wyffe,
But don after my Lordes lore.[1]

Thow I love my sonne neuer so wyll,
Yit smythe [2] of hys hed sone I schall.
A! Fader of heuyn, to the I knell;
An hard dethe my son schall fell
For to honor the, Lord, with-all.

The Angell. Abraham! Abraham! thys ys wyll seyd!
And all thys comamentes loke that thou kepe.
But in thy hart be no-thyng dysmayd.
Abraham. Nay, nay, for-soth, I hold me wyll a-payd [3]
To plesse my God to the best that I haue.[4]

For thow my hart be heuely sett
To see the blood of my owyn dere sone,
Yit for all thys I wyll not lett,
But Ysaac, my son, I wyll goo fett,
And cum asse fast as euer we can.

[*Abraham crosses to the end of the pageant, where Isaac is kneeling in prayer.*]

Now, Ysaac, my owyne son dere,
Wer art thow, chyld? Speke to me.
Ysaac. My fader, swet fader, I am here,
And make my preyrys to the Trenyte.

Abraham. Rysse vp, my chyld, and fast cum heder,
My gentyll barn [5] that art so wysse,
For we to, chyld, must goo to-geder
And on-to my Lord make sacryffyce.

Ysaac. I am full redy, my fader, loo!
Yevyn at yowr handes I stand rygth here;

---

[1] Burnt-offering.
[2] Pleased.
[3] Decree.
[4] Messenger.
[5] Rather.
[6] Goods, possessions.
[7] Injured.
[8] MS. erthe, *corr. by Manly.*

[1] Precept.
[2] Smite.
[3] MS. plesyd: *Manly suggests* a-payd.
[4] *Manly suggests* may.
[5] Child.

And wat-so-euer ye byd me doo,
Yt schall be don with glad cher,
Full wyll and fyne.
**Abraham.** A! Ysaac, my owyn son soo dere,
Godes blyssyng I gyffe the, and myn.

Hold thys fagot vpon thi bake,
And her myselffe fyer schall bryng.
**Ysaac.** Fader, all thys her wyll I packe;
I am full fayn to do yowr bedyng.
**Abraham.** [*Aside.*] A! Lord of heuyn, my handes I wryng,
Thys chyldes wordes all to-wond my harte.

Now, Ysaac [s]on,[1] goo we owr wey
On-to yon mownte, with all owr mayn.
**Ysaac.** Gowe we, my dere fader, as fast I as may;
To folow yow I am full fayn,
Allthow I be slendyr.
**Abraham.** [*Aside.*] A! Lord, my hart brekyth on tweyn,
Thys chyldes wordes, they be so tender.

[*They arrive at the Mount.*]

A! Ysaac, son, anon ley yt down;
No lenger vpon thi backe yt hold,[2]
For I mvst make redy bon [3]
To honowr my Lord God as I schuld.

**Ysaac.** Loo, my dere fader, wer yt ys!

[*Lays down the fagot.*]

To cher yow all-wey I draw me nere.
But, fader, I mervell sore of thys,
Wy that ye make thys heuy chere.

And also, fader, euer-more dred I:
Wer ys yowr qweke [4] best that ye schuld kyll?
Both fyer and wood we haue redy,
But queke best haue we non on this hyll.

A qwyke best, I wot wyll,[5] must be ded [6]
Yowr sacryfyce for to make.
**Abraham.** Dred the nowgth, my chyld, I the red,[1]
Owr Lord wyll send me on-to thys sted [2]
Summ maner a best for to take,
Throw hys swet sond.[3]
**Ysaac.** Ya, fader, but my hart begynnyth to quake
To se that scharpe sword in yowr hond.

Wy bere ye yowr sword drawyn soo?
Off yowre conwnauns [4] I haue mych wonder.
**Abraham.** [*Aside.*] A! Fader of heuyn, so I am woo!
Thys chyld her brekys my harte onsonder.[5]

**Ysaac.** Tell me, my dere fader, or that ye ses,[6]
Ber ye yowr sword draw[yn] [7] for me?
**Abraham.** A! Ysaac, swet son, pes! pes!
For, i-wys, thow breke my harte on thre.

**Ysaac.** Now trewly, sum-what, fader, ye thynke,
That ye morne thus more and more.
**Abraham.** [*Aside.*] A! Lord of heuyn, thy grace let synke,
For my hart was neuer halffe so sore.

**Ysaac.** I preye yow, fader, that ye wyll let me that wyt,[8]
Wyther schall I haue ony harme or noo.
**Abraham.** I-wys, swet son, I may not tell the yit,
My hart ys now soo full of woo.

**Ysaac.** Dere fader, I prey yow, hyd yt [9] not fro me,
But sum of yowr thowt that ye tell me.
**Abraham.** A! Ysaac, Ysaac, I must kyll the!
**Ysaac.** Kyll me, fader? Alasse! wat haue I done?

---

[1] MS. on; *I have adopted Manly's emendation.*
[2] MS. bere, *corr. by Kittredge.*
[3] Quickly ready.
[4] Live.
[5] Well.
[6] Killed.

[1] Advise.
[2] Place.
[3] Messenger.
[4] Countenance.
[5] MS. on-too, *corr. by Holthausen.*
[6] Cease.
[7] *Added by Holthausen.*
[6] Know.
[9] *Manly's reading for* MS. hydygth

Yff I haue trespassyd a-gens yow owt,
With a yard[1] ye may make me full myld;
And with yowr scharp sword kyll me nogth,
For, i-wys, fader, I am but a chyld.

ABRAHAM. I am full sory, son, thy blood for to spyll,
But truly, my chyld, I may not chese.
YSAAC. Now I wold to God my moder were her on this hyll!
Sche woold knele for me on both hyr kneys
To save my lyffe.
And sythyn[2] that my moder ys not here,
I prey yow, fader, schonge[3] yowr chere,
And kyll me not with yowyr knyffe.

ABRAHAM. For-sothe, son, but yf[4] I the kyll,
I schuld greve God rygth sore, I drede.
Yt ys hys commawment, and also hys wyll,
That I schuld do thys same dede.

He commawdyd me, son, for serteyn,
To make my sacryfyce with thy blood.
YSAAC. And ys yt Goddes wyll that I schuld be slayn?
ABRAHAM. Ya, truly, Ysaac, my son soo good;
And ther-for my handes I wryng.

YSAAC. Now, fader, agens my Lordes wyll
I wyll neuer groche, lowd nor styll.
He mygth a sent me a better desteny
Yf yt had a be hys plecer.[5]

ABRAHAM. For-sothe, son, but yf I ded this dede,
Grevosly dysplessyd owr Lord wyll be.
YSAAC. Nay, nay, fader, God for-bede
That euer ye schuld greve hym for me.

Ye haue other chyldryn, on or too,
The wyche ye schuld love wyll be kynd.[6]
I prey yow, fader, make ye no woo;
For, be I onys ded, and fro yow goo,
I schall be sone owt of yowre mynd.

Ther-for doo owre Lordes byddyng,
And wan I am ded, than prey for me.
But, good fader, tell ye my moder nothyng;
Sey that I am in a-nother cuntre dwellyng.
ABRAHAM. A! Ysaac, Ysaac, blyssyd mot thow be!

My hart be-gynnyth[1] stronly to rysse,
To see the blood off thy blyssyd body.
YSAAC. Fader, syn yt may be noo other wysse,
Let yt passe ouer as wyll as I.

But, fader, or I goo on-to my deth,
I prey yow blysse me with yowr hand.

[*Isaac kneels.*]

ABRAHAM. Now, Ysaac, with all my breth
My blyssyng I geve the upon thys lond,
And Godes also ther-to, i-wys.
Ysaac, Ysaac, sone, up thow stond,
Thy fayer swete mowthe that I may kys.

YSAAC. Now for-wyll, my owyne fader so fyn;
And grete wyll my moder in erde.[2]
But I prey yow, fader, to hyd my eyne,
That I se not the stroke of yowr scharpe swerd,[2]
That my fleysse schall defyle.
ABRAHAM. Sone, thy wordes make me to weep full sore;
Now, my dere son Ysaac, speke no more.
YSAAC. A! my owyne dere fader, werefore?
We schall speke to-gedyr her but a wylle.

And sythyn that I must nedysse be ded,
Yit, my dere fader, to yow I prey,
Smythe but fewe[3] strokes at my hed,
And make an end as sone as ye may,
And tery not to longe.
ABRAHAM. Thy meke wordes, child, make me afray;
So, "welawey!" may be my songe,

---

[1] Rod.
[2] Since.
[3] Change.
[4] Unless.
[5] Pleasure.
[6] Well by nature.

[1] MS. begynnyd, *corr. by Manly. Miss Smith and Waterhouse prefer* begynnys.
[2] *Here, and elsewhere, MS. has* erthe *and* sword, *which Manly alters for the sake of the rhyme.*
[3] MS. feve, *spelling altered by Manly.*

Excepe alonly Godes wyll.
A! Ysaac, my owyn swete chyld,
Yit kysse me a-gen vp-on thys hyll!
In all thys war[l]d ys non soo myld.

Ysaac. Now truly, fader, all thys tery[y]ng
Yt doth my hart but harme;
I prey yow, fader, make an enddyng.
Abraham. Cume vp, swet son, on-to my arme.

*[Starts to bind him.]*

I must bynd thy hand[e]s too,
All-thow thow be neuer soo myld.
Ysaac. A! mercy, fader! wy schuld ye do soo?
Abraham. That thow schuldyst not let[1] [me], my chyld.

Ysaac. Nay, i-wysse, fader, I wyll not let yow.
Do on, for me, yowre wyll;
And on the purpos that ye haue set yow,
For Godes love kepe yt for the styll.

I am full sory thys day to dey,
But yit I kepe[2] not my God to greve.
Do on yowre lyst for me hardly;
My fayer swete fader, I geffe yow leve.

But, fader, I prey yow euermore,
Tell ye my moder no dell;[3]
Yffe sche wost[4] yt, sche wold wepe full sore,
For i-wysse, fader, sche lovyt me full wyll.
Goddes blyssyng mot sche haue!

Now for-wyll, my moder so swete!
We too be leke[5] no mor to mete.
Abraham. A! Ysaac, Ysaac! son, thou makyst me to gret,
And with thy wordes thow dystempurst me.

Ysaac. I-wysse, swete fader, I am sory to greve yow.
I cry yow mercy of that I haue donne,
And of all trespasse that euer I ded meve yow;
Now, dere fader, for-gyffe me that I haue donne.
God of heuyn be with me!

Abraham. A! dere chyld, lefe of thy monys;
In all thy lyffe thow grevyd me neuer onys.
Now blyssyd be thow, body and bonys,
That euer thow were bred and born!
Thow hast be to me chyld full good.
But i-wysse, child, thow I morne neuer so fast,
Yit must I nedes here at the last
In thys place sched all thy blood.

Ther-for, my dere son, here schall thou lye.

*[Places him on the altar.]*

On-to my warke I must me stede.[1]
I-wysse I had as leve my-selffe to dey,
Yff God wyll [be] plecyd wyth my dede,
And myn owyn body for to offer.
Ysaac. A! mercy, fader, morne ye no more!
Yowr wepyng maketh[2] my hart sore,
As my owyn deth that I schall suffer.

Yowr kerche, fader, a-bowt my eyn ye wynd.
Abraham. So I schall, my swettest chyld in erde.
Ysaac. Now yit, good fader, haue thys in mynd,
And smyth me not oftyn with yowr scharp swerd,
But hastely that yt be sped.

*Here Abraham leyd a cloth on Ysaaces face, thus seyyng:*

Abraham. Now fore-wyll, my chyld, so full of grace.
Ysaac. A! fader, fader, torne downgward my face,
For of yowre scharpe sword I am euer a-dred.

Abraham. [*Aside.*] To don thys dede I am full sory,

---

[1] Hinder.
[2] Desire.
[3] Bit.
[4] Knew.
[5] Like.

[1] Set myself.
[2] MS. makes; *corr. by Holthausen.*

But, Lord, thyn hest[1] I wyll not withstond.
Ysaac. A! Fader of heuyn, to the I crye;
Lord, reseyve me into thy hand.

Abraham. [*Aside.*] Loo! now ys the tyme cum, certeyn,
That my sword in hys necke schall bite.[2]
A! Lord, my hart reysyth the[r]-ageyn;
I may not fynd yt[3] in my harte to smygth;
My hart wyll not now ther-too.
Yit fayn I woold warke my Lordes wyll.
But thys yowng innosent lygth so styll,
I may not fynd yt[3] in my hart hym to kyll.
O! Fader of heuyn, what schall I do?

Ysaac. A! mercy, fader, wy tery ye so,
And let me ley thus longe on this heth?
Now I wold to God the stroke were doo!
Fader, I prey yow hartely, schorte me of my woo,
And let me not loke [thus] after my degth.

Abraham. Now, hart, wy wolddyst not thow breke on thre?
Yit schall thou not make me to my God onmyld.
I wyll no lenger let for the,
For that my God a-grevyd wold be.
Now hoold[4] tha stroke, my owyn dere chyld.

*Her Abraham drew hys stroke and the angel toke the sword in hys hond soddenly.*

The Angell. I am an angell, thow mayist se blythe,
That fro heuyn to the ys senth.
Owr Lord thanke the an C[5] sythe[6]
For the kepyng of hys commawment.

He knowyt thi wyll, and also thy harte,
That thow dredyst[7] hym above all thyng;
And sum of thy hevynes for to departe
A fayr ram yinder I gan brynge;
He standyth teyed, loo! a-mong the breres.[1]
Now, Abraham, amend thy mood,
For Ysaac, thy yowng son that her ys,
Thys day schall not sched hys blood.

Goo, make thy sacryfece with yon rame.
Now forwyll, blyssyd Abraham,
For onto heuyn I goo now hom;
The way ys full gayn.[2]
Take vp thy son soo free.
[*Exit.*]

Abraham. A! Lord, I thanke the of thy gret grace,
Now am I yeyed[3] on dyuers wysse.
Arysse vp, Ysaac, my dere sunne, arysse;
Arysse vp, swete chyld, and cum to me.

Ysaac. A! mercy, fader, wy smygth ye nowt?[4]
A! smygth on, fader, onys with yowr knyffe.
Abraham. Pesse, my swet son,[5] and take no thowt,
For owr Lord of heuyn hath grant thi lyffe
Be hys angell now,

That thou schalt not dey this day, sunne, truly.
Ysaac. A! fader, full glad than wer I, —
I-wys, — fader, — I sey, — i-wys, —
Yf thys tale wer trew.
Abraham. An hundyrd tymys, my son fayer of hew,
For joy thi mowt[h] now wyll I kys.

Ysaac. A! my dere fader, Abraham,
Wyll not God be wroth that we do thus?
Abraham. Noo, noo! har[de]ly, my swyt son,
For yin same rame he hath vs sent
Hether down to vs.

Yin best schall dey here in thi sted,
In the worthschup of owr Lord alon.

---

[1] Command.
[2] MS. synke; *corr. by Holthausen.*
[3] *Manly's reading for* MS. fyndygth.
[4] Receive.
[5] Hundred.
[6] Times.
[7] Reverest.

[1] Briars.
[2] Direct.
[3] Eased.
[4] MS. not yit; *corr. by Holthausen.*
[5] MS. sir; *Manly changes to* son.

Goo, fet hym hethyr, my chyld, in-ded.
**Ysaac.** Fader, I wyll goo hent[1] hym be the hed,
And bryng yon best with me anon.

*[Isaac, untying the ram.]*

A! scheppe, scheppe, blyssyd mot thou be,
That euer thow were sent down heder!
Thow schall thys day dey for me
In the worchup of the Holy Trynyte.
Now cum fast and goo we to-geder
To my Fader of heuyn.
Thow thou be neuer so jentyll and good,
Yit had I leuer thow schedyst thi blood,
Iwysse, scheppe, than I.

*[He leads the ram to his father.]*

Loo! fader, I haue browt here full smerte
Thys jentyll scheppe, and hym to yow I gyffe.
But, Lord God, I thanke the with all my hart,
For I am glad that I schall leve,[2]
And kys onys my dere moder.
**Abraham.** Now be rygth myry, my swete chylld,
For thys qwyke best, that ys so myld,
Here I schall present before all other.

**Ysaac.** And I wyll fast begynne to blowe;
Thys fyere schall brene a full good spyd.
But, fader, wyll I stowppe downe lowe,
Ye wyll not kyll me with yowr sword, I trowe?
**Abraham.** Noo, har[de]ly, swet son; haue no dred;
My mornyng ys past.
**Ysaac.** Ya! but I woold that sword wer in a gled,[3]
For, iwys, fader, yt make me full yll agast.

*Here Abraham mad hys offryng, knelyng and seyyng thus:*

**Abraham.** Now, Lord God of heuen in Trynyte,
Allmyty God omnipotent,
My offeryng I make in the worchope of the,
And with thys qweke best I the present.
Lord, reseyve thow myn intent,
As [thow] art God and grownd of owr grace.

*[God speaks above.]*

**Deus.** Abraham, Abraham, wyll mot thow sped,
And Ysaac, thi yowng son the by!
Trvly, Abraham, for thys dede
I schall mvltyplye yowres botheres[1] sede
As thyke as sterres be in the skye,
Bothe more and lesse;
And as thyke as gravell in the see,
So thyke mvltyplyed yowre sede schall be.
Thys grant I yow for yowre goodnesse.

Off yow schall cume frowte gret [won],[2]
And euer be in blysse withowt yend,
For ye drede me as God a-lon
And kepe my commawmentes eueryschon;
My blyssyng I geffe, wersoeuer ye wend.[3]

**Abraham.** Loo! Ysaac, my son, how thynke ye
Be thys warke that we haue wrogth?
Full glad and blythe we may be,
Agens the wyll of God that we grocched nott,
Vpon thys fayer hetth.
**Ysaac.** A! fader, I thanke owr Lord euery dell,[4]
That my wyt servyd me so wyll
For to drede God more than my detth.

**Abraham.** Why! derewordy son, wer thow adred?
Hardely,[5] chyld, tell me thy lore.[6]
**Ysaac.** Ya! be my feyth, fader, now haue[7] I red,
I wos neuer soo afrayd before
As I haue byn at yin hyll.
But, be my feth, fader, I swere
I wyll neuermore cume there
But yt be a-gens my wyll.

---

[1] Seize. [2] Live. [3] Fire.

[1] Both your.
[2] Number. *Added by Manly.*
[3] MS. goo; *corr by Holthausen.*
[4] Part.
[5] Boldly.
[6] Thinking.
[7] MS. hath; *corr. by Manly.*

Abraham. Ya! cum on with me, my owyn swet sonn,
And hom-ward fast now let vs goon.
Ysaac. Be my feyth, fader, therto I grant;
I had neuer so good wyll to gon hom,
And to speke with my dere moder.
Abraham. A! Lord of heuyn, I thanke the,
For now may I led hom with me
Ysaac, my yownge sonn soo fre,
The gentyllest chyld a-bove all other,
Thys may I wyll a-voee.

Now goo we forthe, my blyssyd sonn.
Ysaac. I grant, fader, and let vs gon;
For, be my trowthe, wer I at home,
I wold neuer gon owt vnder that forme.[1]
I pray God geffe vs grace euermo,
And all thow [2] that we be holdyng to.[3] [*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter Doctor.*]

Doctor. Lo! sovereyns and sorys,[4] now haue we schowyd
Thys solom story to grete and smale.
It ys good lernyng to lernd and lewyd,[5]
And the wysest of vs all,
Wythowtyn ony berryng.[6]
For thys story schoyt[7] yowe [her][8]
How we schuld kepe, to owr po[we]re,[8]
Goddes commawmentes withowt grochyng.

Trowe ye, sores, and God sent an angell
And commawndyd yow yowr chyld to slayn,[1]
Be yowr trowthe, ys ther ony of yow
That eyther wold groche or stryve ther-ageyn?
How thyngke ye now, sorys, ther-by?

I trow ther be iij or iiij or moo.
And thys women, that wepe so sorowfully
Whan that hyr chyldryn dey them froo,[2]
As nater woll and kynd,
Yt ys but folly, I may well awooe, [3]
To groche a-gens God or to greve yow,
For ye schall neuer se hym myschevyd, wyll I knowe,
Be lond nor watyr, haue thys in mynd;

And groche not a-gens owr Lord God
In welth or woo, wether that he yow send,
Thow ye be neuer so hard bestad;
For when he wyll, he may yt a-mend,
Hys commawmentes treuly yf ye kepe with goo[d] hart,
As thys story hath now schowyd you be-for[n]e,
And feytheffully serve hym qwyll ye be qvart, [4]
That ye may plece God bothe euyn and morne.
Now Jesu, that weryt the crown of thorne,
Bryng vs all to heuyn blysse!

Finis.

---

[1] Condition?
[2] Those.
[3] Beholden to.
[4] Sirs.
[5] Ignorant.
[6] Barring.
[7] Showeth.
[8] *Added by Manly.*

[1] MS. to smygth of your chyldes hed; *emended by Holthausen*
[2] From.
[3] Avow.
[4] Safe and sound.

# PHARAOH [1]

[Acted by the Litsters [2] of Wakefield.]

Incipit Pharao. Litsters pagonn.

Pharao. Peas, of payn that no man pas;
Bot kepe the course that I commaunde;
And take good hede of hym that has
Youre helth all holy [1] in hys hande!
For Kyng Pharro my fader was,
And led [2] thys lordshyp of thys land;
I am hys hayre, as age wyll has,
Euer in stede [3] to styr or stand.

All Egypt is myne awne
To leede aftyr my law.
I wold my myght were knawne [4]
And honoryd, as hyt awe.[5]
Full low he shall be thrawne
That harkyns not my sawe,
Hanged hy and drawne, —
Therfor no boste ye blaw! [6]

Bot as for kyng I commaund peasse,
To all the people of thys empyre.
Looke no man put hym self in preaase,[7]
Bot that wyll do as I desyre;
And of youre wordis look that ye seasse!
Take tent [8] to me, youre soferand syre,
That may youre comfort most increasse,
And to my lyst [9] bowe lyfe and lyre.[10]

I. Miles. My lord, if any here were
That wold not wyrk youre wyll,
If we myght com thaym nere,
Full soyn we shuld theym spyll.[11]

Pharao. Thrugh out my kyngdom wold I ken,
And kun [12] hym thank that wold me tell,
If any were so waryd [13] men
That wold my fors downe fell. [14]
II. Miles. My lord, ye haue a maner of men
That make great mastres vs emell,[1]
The Iues, that won in Gersen; [2]
Thay ar callyd Chyldyr of Israel.

Thay multyplye full fast,
And sothly we suppose
That shall euer last,
Oure lordshyp for to lose.[3]

Pharao. Why, how haue thay sych gawdis [4] begun?
Ar thay of myght to make sych frayes?
I. Miles. Yei, lord, full fell [5] folk ther was fun [6]
In Kyng Pharao, youre fader dayes.
Thay cam of Ioseph, was Iacob son —
He was a prince worthy to prayse —
In sythen [7] in ryst [8] haue thay ay ron;
Thus ar thay lyke to lose youre layse, [9]

Thay wyll confound you cleyn,
Bot if thay soner sesse.
Pharao. What deuyll is that thay meyn
That thay so fast incresse?

II. Miles. How thay incres full well we ken,
As oure faders dyd vnderstand.
Thay were bot sexty and ten
When thay fyrst cam in to thys land;
Sythen haue soierned in Gersen
Fower hundreth [10] wynter, I dar warand;[11]
Now ar thay nowmbred of myghty men
Moo then thre hundreth [12] thousand,

Wyth outen wyfe and chyld,
Or hyrdis [13] that kepe thare fee.
Pharao. How thus myght, we be begyld?
Bot shall it not be;

---

[1] Wholly. [2] Ruled. [3] Place.
[4] MS. Knowne. [5] Ought. [6] Blow.
[7] Throng. [8] Give attention.
[9] Pleasure. [10] Submit life and flesh.
[11] Destroy. [12] Give. [13] Cursed. [14] Throw.

[1] Superiority among us. [2] Dwell in Goshen.
[3] Destroy. [4] Tricks. [5] Many.
[6] Found. [7] Afterwards.
[8] Insurrection. [9] Destroy your laws.
[10] MS. iiijc. [11] Warrant.
[12] MS. ccc. [13] Shepherds.

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[1] From the Towneley Plays; see page 94, note 1. [2] Dyers.

For wyth quantyse[1] we shall thaym quell,
So that thay shall not far sprede.
I. Miles. My lord, we haue hard oure faders tell,
And clerkis that well couth rede,
Ther shuld a man walk vs amell[2]
That shuld fordo[3] vs and oure dede.[4]
Pharao. Fy on hym, to the deuyll of hell!
Sych destyny wyll we not drede;

We shal make mydwyfis to spyll them
Where any Ebrew is borne,
And all menkynde[5] to kyll them;
So shall thay soyn be lorne.[6]

And as for elder[7] haue I none awe,
Sych bondage shall I to thaym beyde,[8]
To dyke[9] and delf, bere and draw,
And to do all vnhonest deyde;

So shall these laddis be halden law,[10]
In thraldom euer thare lyfe to leyde.
II. Miles. Now, certis, thys was a sotell saw!
Thus shall these folk no farthere sprede.

Pharao. Now help to hald theym downe;
Look I no fayntnes fynde.
I. Miles. All redy, lord, we shall be bowne,[11]
In bondage thaym to bynde.

*Then Moses enters with a rod in his hand.*[12]

Moyses. Gret God, that all thys warld began,
And growndyd it in good degre,
Thou mayde me, Moyses, vnto man;
And sythen[13] thou sauyd me from the se;
Kyng Pharao had commawndyd than
Ther shuld no man-chyld sauyd be;
Agans hys wyll away I wan.[14]
Thus has God shewed hys myght for me.

Now am I sett to kepe,
Vnder thys montayn syde,
Byshope Iettyr shepe,
To[1] better may be-tyde.

A, Lord, grete is thy myght!

[*He spies the burning bush.*]

What man may of yond meruell meyn?
Yonder I se a selcowth[2] syght;
Sych on in warld was neuer seyn;
A bush I se burnand full bryght,
And euer elyke[3] the leyfes are greyn.
If it be wark of warldly wyght,[4]
I wyll go wyt wythoutyn weyn.[5]

[*God from above calls him.*]

Deus. Moyses, Moyses!

*Here he hurries to the bush, and God says to him:*[6]

[Deus.] Moyses, com not to nere,
Bot styll in that stede[7] thou dwell,
And harkyn vnto me here;
Take tent what I the tell.
Do of thy shoyes in-fere,[8]
Wyth mowth[9] as I the mell.
The place thou standis in there
Forsothe, is halowd well.

I am thy Lord, wythouten lak,
To lengthe thi lyfe euen as I lyst;
I am God that som tyme spake
To thyn elders, as thay wyst.
To Abraam, and Isaac,
And Iacob, I sayde shuld be blyst,
And multytude of them to make,
So that thare seyde[10] shuld not be myst.

Bot now thys Kyng Pharao,
He hurtys my folk so fast,
If that I suffre hym so,
Thare seyde shuld soyne be past.
Bot I wyll not so do,
In me if thay wyll trast,
Bondage to bryng thaym fro.
Therfor thou go in hast,

To do my message haue in mynde,

---

[1] Skill. [2] Among. [3] Destroy. [4] Deeds. [5] Males. [6] Lost, destroyed. [7] The grown-ups. [8] Order, command. [9] Dig, ditch. [10] Low. [11] Prepared. [12] MS. *Tunc intrat Moyses cum virga in manu, etc.* [13] Afterwards. [14] Won.

[1] Until. [2] Strange. [3] Every single one. [4] Human being. [5] Know without doubt. [6] MS. *Hic properat ad rubum, et dicit ei Deus, etc.* [7] Place. [8] Put off thy shoes likewise. [9] Mouth. [10] Seed, offspring.

To hym that me sych harme mase.[1]
Thou speke to hym wyth wordis heynde,[2]
So that he let my people pas,
To wyldernes that thay may weynde,
To worshyp me as I wyll asse.[3]
Agans my wyll if that thay leynd,[4]
Ful soyn hys song shall be "Alas!"

Moyses. A, Lord! pardon me, wyth thy leyf.
That lynage [5] luffis me noght.
Gladly thay wold me greyf,
If I sych bodworde [6] broght.

Good Lord, lett som othere frast,[7]
That has more fors the folke to fere.
Deus. Moyses, be thou nott abast.
My bydyng shall thou boldly bere;
If thay with wrong away wold wrast,[8]
Outt of the way I shall the were.[9]
Moyses. Good Lord, thay wyll not me trast
For all the othes that I can swere.

To neuen sych noytis [10] newe
To folk of wykyd wyll,
Wyth-outen tokyn trew,
Thay wyll not tent ther tyll.[11]

Deus. If that he wyll not vnderstand
Thys tokyn trew that I shall sent,
Afore the Kyng cast downe thy wand,
And it shall turne to a serpent;
Then take the tayll agane in hand —
Boldly vp look thou it hent [12] —
And in the state that thou it fand,
Then shal it turne by myne intent.[13]

Sythen [14] hald thy hand soyn in thy barme,[15]
And as a lepre it shal be lyke,
And hole agane with outen harme.
Lo, my tokyns shal be slyke.[16]

And if he wyll not suffre then
My people for to pas in peasse,
I shall send venyance neyn [17] or ten,
Shall sowe [18] full sore, or I seasse.

Bot the Ebrewes, won [1] in Iessen,[2]
Shall not be merkyd with that measse;[3]
As long as thay my lawes wyll ken
Thare comforth shall euer increasse.

Moyses. A, Lord, to luf the aght [4] vs well,
That makis thy folk thus free.
I shall vnto thaym tell
As thou has told to me.

Bot to the Kyng, Lord, when I com,
If he aske what is thy [5] name,
And I stand styll, both deyf and dom,
How shuld I skape [6] withoutten blame?
Deus. I say the thus: "*Ego sum qui sum,*"
I am he that is the same;
If thou can nother muf [7] nor mom,[8]
I shall sheld the from shame.

Moyses. I vnderstand full well thys thyng.
I go, Lord, with all the myght in me.
Deus. Be bold in my blyssyng;
Thi socoure shall I be. [*Deus retires.*]

Moyses. A, Lord of luf, leyn me thy lare,[9]
That I may truly talys tell.
To my freyndis now wyll I fare,
The chosyn Childre of Israell,
To tell theym comforth of thare care,
In dawngere ther as thay dwell.

[*Moses accosts the Children of Israel.*]

God manteyn you euermare,
And mekyll myrth be you emell![10]

i. Puer. A, master Moyses, dere!
Oure myrth is all mowrnyng;
Full hard halden ar we here,
As carls [11] vnder the kyng.

ii. Puer. We may mowrn, both more and myn;[12]
Ther is no man that oure myrth mase.[13]
Bot syn we ar all of a kyn,
God send vs comforth in thys case.

---

[1] Does.
[2] Gracious.
[3] Ask.
[4] Linger.
[5] Lineage.
[6] Message.
[7] Try.
[8] Wrest.
[9] Defend.
[10] Name such things.
[11] Attend thereto.
[12] Seize.
[13] Purpose, design.
[14] Afterwards.
[15] Bosom.
[16] Such.
[17] MS. ix.
[18] Pain.

[1] That dwell.
[2] Goshen.
[3] Shall not be stricken.
[4] Ought.
[5] MS. my.
[6] MS. shake.
[7] Speak indistinctly.
[8] Mutter.
[9] Lend me thy learning, instruct me.
[10] Among.
[11] Serfs.
[12] Less.
[13] Makes.

Moyses. Brethere, of youre mowrnyng blyn.[1]
God wyll delyuer you thrugh his grace;
Out of this wo he wyll you wyn,
And put you to youre pleassyng place;

For I shall carp [2] vnto the Kyng,
And fownd [3] full soyn to make you free.
i. Puer. God graunt you good weyndyng,
And euermore with you be!

[*Moses crosses over to Pharaoh.*]

Moyses. Kyng Pharao, to me take tent.[4]
Pharao. Why, boy, what tythyngis can thou tell?
Moyses. From God hym-self hydder am I sent
To foche the Chyldre of Israell;
To wyldernes he wold thay went.
Pharao. Yei, weynd the to the devyll of hell!
I gyf no force what he has ment!
In my dangere, herst [5] thou, shall thay dwell.

And, fature,[6] for thy sake,
Thay shalbe put to pyne.
Moyses. Then wyll God venyance take
Of the, and of all thyn.

Pharao. On me? Fy on the, lad! out of my land!
Wenys thou thus to loyse oure lay?[7]

[*To the soldiers.*]

Say, whence is yond warlow[8] with his wand
That thus wold wyle [9] oure folk away?
i. Miles. Yond is Moyses, I dar warand,
Agans all Egypt has beyn ay.
Greatt defawte [10] with hym youre fader fand;
Now wyll he mar you, if he may.

Pharao. Fy on hym! Nay, nay, that dawnce [11] is done.
Lurdan,[12] thou leryd [13] to late!
Moyses. God bydis the graunt my bone,[1]
And let me go my gate.[2]

Pharao. Bydis God me? Fals losell,[3] thou lyse!
What tokyn told he? Take thou tent.
Moyses. He sayd thou shuld dyspyse
Both me, and hys commaundement.
Forthy, apon thys wyse,
My wand he bad, in thi present,
I shuld lay downe, and the avyse
How it shuld turne to oone serpent.

And, in hys holy name,
Here I lay it downe.
Lo, syr, here may thou se the same!
Pharao. A, ha, dog! the devyll the drowne!

Moyses. He bad me take it by the tayll,
For to prefe [4] hys powere playn;
Then, he sayde, wythouten fayll
Hyt shuld turne to a wand agayn.
Lo, sir, behold!
Pharao. Wyth ylahayll![5]
Certis this is a sotell swayn!
Bot thyse boyes shall abyde in bayll;
All thi gawdis shall thaym not gayn;

Bot wars, both morn and none,
Shall thay fare, for thi sake.
Moyses. I pray God send us venyange sone,
And on thi warkis take wrake.

[*Moses departs.*]

[*After an interval the soldiers go to Pharaoh.*]

i. Miles. Alas, alas! this land is lorn![6]
On lyfe we may [no] longer leynd;[7]
Sych myschefe is fallen syn morn,
Ther may no medsyn [8] it amend!
Pharao. Why cry ye so, laddis? lyst ye skorn?
ii. Miles. Syr Kyng, sych care was neuer kend,[9]
In no mans tyme that euer was borne!
Pharao. Tell on, belyfe,[10] and make an end.

---

[1] Cease. [2] Talk. [3] Seek.
[4] Pay attention. [5] Hearest.
[6] Traitor. [7] Destroy our law. [8] Sorcerer.
[9] Lure. [10] Fault. [11] Dance.
[12] Lowt. [13] Learned.

[1] Boon, request. [2] Way. [3] Rascal.
[4] Prove. [5] Bad luck to you!
[6] Lost. [7] Remain. [8] Medicine.
[9] Known. [10] With speed.

I. Miles. Syr, the waters that were ordand
For men and bestis foyde,[1]
Thrugh outt all Egypt land,
Ar turnyd into reede bloyde;

Full vgly and full yll is hytt,
That both fresh and fayre was before.
Pharao. O, ho! this is a wonderfull thyng to wytt,
Of all the warkis that euer wore!
II. Miles. Nay, lord, ther is anothere yit,
That sodanly sowys[2] vs full sore;
For todis and froskis[3] may no man flyt,[4]
Thay venom vs so, both les and more.

I. Miles. Greatte mystis,[5] sir, ther is both morn and noyn,
Byte vs full bytterly.
We trow that it be doyn
Thrugh Moyses, oure greatte enmy.

II. Miles. My lord, bot if this menye[6] may remefe,
Mon neuer myrth be vs amang.
Pharao. Go, say to hym we wyll not grefe. —
Bot thay shall neuer the tytter[7] gang.

*[The First Soldier goes to Moses.]*

I. Miles. Moyses, my lord gyffys leyfe[8]
To leyd thi folk to lykyng lang,
So that we mend of oure myschefe.
Moyses. Full well I wote, thyse wordis ar wrang;

But hardely all that I heytt[9]
Full sodanly it shall be seyn;
Vncowth[10] meruels shalbe mevt[11]
And he of malyce meyn.[12]

*[After an interval the soldiers go to Pharaoh.]*

II. Miles. A, lord, alas! for doyll[13] we dy!
We dar look oute at no dowre!
Pharao. What, the ragyd[14] dwyll of hell, alys you so to cry?
I. Miles. For we fare wars then euer we fowre![15]
Grete loppys[1] ouer all this land thay fly,
And where thay byte thay make grete blowre;[2]
And in euery place oure bestis dede ly.

II. Miles. Hors, ox, and asse,
Thay fall downe dede, syr, sodanly.
Phorao. We! lo, ther is no man that has
Half as mych harme as I!

I. Miles. Yis, sir, poore folk haue mekyll wo,
To se thare catall thus out cast.
The Iues in Gessen[3] fayre not so;
Thay haue lykyng for to last.
Pharao. Then shall we gyf theym leyf to go,
To tyme this perell be on past; —
Bot, or thay flytt oght far vs fro,
We shall them bond twyse as fast.

*[The Second Soldier goes to Moses.]*

II. Miles. Moyses, my lord gyffis leyf
Thi meneye[4] to remeue.
Moyses. Ye mon hafe more myschefe
Bot if[5] thyse talys be trew.

*[After an interval the soldiers go to Pharaoh.]*

I. Miles. A, lord, we may not leyde thyse lyfys!
Pharao. What, dwyll! is grevance grofen[6] agayn?
II. Miles. Ye, sir, sich powder apon vs dryfys,
Where it abidys it makys a blayn;[7]
Mesell[8] makys it man and wyfe.
Thus ar we hurt with hayll and rayn,
Syr, v[y]nys[9] in montanse may not thryfe,
So has frost and thoner thaym slayn.

Pharao. Yei, bot how do thay in Gessen,
The Iues, can ye me say?
I. Miles. Of all thyse cares no thyng thay ken;
Thay feyll noght of our afray.

Pharao. No? the ragyd! the dwyll! sytt thay in peasse?

---

[1] Food. [2] Pains. [3] Frogs. [4] Go. [5] Gnats. [6] Crowd (the Jews). [7] Quicker. [8] Permission. [9] Promised. [10] Wonderful. [11] Met. [12] Complain. [13] Grief. [14] MS. ragyd the; *cf. l. 414.* [15] Fared.

[1] Insects. [2] Blisters. [3] Goshen. [4] Crowd. [5] Unless. [6] Grown. [7] Swelling, boil. [8] Leprous. [9] Vines.

And we euery day in doute and drede?
ii. Miles. My lord, this care wyll euer encrese,
To [1] Moyses haue his folk to leyd;
  Els be we lorn, it is no lesse.
Yit were it better that thai yede.[2]

Pharao. Thes folk shall flyt no far,
If he go welland wode! [3]
i. Miles. Then will it sone be war.[4]
It were better thay yode.

ii. Miles. My lord, new harme is comyn in hand.
Pharao. Yei, dwill, will it no better be?
i. Miles. Wyld wormes [5] ar layd ouer all this land;
Thai leyf no floure, nor leyf on tre.
ii. Miles. Agans that storme may no man stand;
And mekyll more meruell, thynk me,
  That thise thre dayes has bene durand
Sich myst, that no man may other se.
i. Miles. A, my lord!
Pharao. Hagh!

ii. Miles. Grete pestilence is comyn;
It is like ful long to last.
Pharao. Pestilence! [6] in the dwilys name!
Then is oure pride ouer past.

i. Miles. My lord, this care lastis lang,
And will, to [1] Moyses haue his bone.[7]
  Let hym go, els wyrk we wrang;
It may not help to houer ne hone.[8]
Pharao. Then will we gif theym leyf to gang,
Syn it must nedis be doyn;
  Perchauns we sall thaym fang [9]
And mar them or to morn at none.

[*The Second Soldier goes to Moses.*]

ii. Miles. Moyses, my lord he says
Thou shall haue passage playn.

[*Moses addresses the Children of Israel.*]

Moyses. Now haue we lefe to pas,
My freyndis, now be ye fayn.
  Com furth; now sall ye weynd
To land of lykyng you to pay.
i. Puer. Bot Kyng Pharao, that fals feynd,
He will vs eft [1] betray;
  Full soyn he will shape vs to sheynd,[2]
And after vs send his garray.[3]
Moyses. Be not abast; God is oure freynd,
And all oure foes will slay.

  Therfor com on with me;
Haue done and drede you noght.
ii. Puer. That Lord blyst might he be,
That vs from bayll has broght.

[*They arrive at the Red Sea.*] [4]

i. Puer. Sich frenship neuer we fand.
Bot yit I drede for perels all;
  The Reede See is here at hand,
Ther shal we byde to [5] we be thrall.
Moyses. I shall make way ther with my wand,
As God has sayde, to sayf vs all;
  On ayther syde the see mon stand,
To we be gone, right as a wall.

[*Moses parts the Red Sea.*]

Com on wyth me; leyf none behynde.
Lo fownd ye now youre God to pleasse.

*Here they pass through the Sea.*[6]

ii. Puer. O, Lord! this way is heynd.[7]
Now weynd we all at easse.

[*The soldiers go to Pharaoh.*]

i. Miles. Kyng Pharao! thyse folk ar gone.
Pharao. Say, ar ther any noyes [8] new?
ii. Miles. Thise Ebrews ar gone, lord, euer-ichon.[9]
Pharao. How says thou that?
i. Miles. Lord, that tayll is trew.
Pharao. We! out tyte,[10] that they were tayn;
That ryett radly [11] shall thay rew!

---

[1] Until.
[2] Went.
[3] Boiling mad.
[4] Worse.
[5] I.e., locusts.
[6] MS. pentilence.
[7] Request.
[8] Tarry nor delay.
[9] Seize.

[1] Again.
[2] Destroy.
[3] Armed force.
[4] Some notion of how this was represented may be gained from the following entry in the guild accounts of Coventry: "Item, paid for halfe a yard of Rede Sea"; Sharp, *A Dissertation*, p. 64.
[5] Until.
[6] MS. *Hic pertransient mare.*
[7] Gracious.
[8] Annoyances.
[9] Every one.
[10] Quick.
[11] Speedily.

  We shall not seasse to thay be slayn,
For to the see we shall thaym sew.[1] 403

  So charge youre chariottis swythe,[2]
And fersly [3] look ye folow me.
II. **Miles.** All redy, lord, we ar full blyth [4]
At youre byddyng to be. 407

I. **Miles.** Lord, at youre byddyng ar we bowne [5]
Oure bodys boldly for to beyd;
  We shall not seasse, bot dyng all downe,
To all be dede withouten drede.
**Pharao.** Heyf vp youre hertis vnto Mahowne;[6]
He will be nere vs in oure nede.

[*They attempt to pass through the Red Sea.*]

  Help! the raggyd dwyll! we drowne!
Now mon we dy for all oure dede. 415

*Then the Sea shall overwhelm them.*[1]

**Moyses.** Now ar we won from all oure wo,
And sauyd out of the see!
  Louyng gyf we God vnto.
Go we to land now merely. 419

I. **Puer.** Lofe we may that Lord on hyght,
And euer tell on this meruell;
  Drownyd he has Kyng Pharao myght.
Louyd be that Lord Emanuell!
**Moyses.** Heuen, thou attend, I say, in syght,
And erth my wordys; here what I tell:
  As rayn or dew on erth doys lyght
And waters herbys and trees full well, 427

Gyf louyng to Goddys mageste;
  Hys dedys ar done, hys ways ar trew.
Honowred be he in Trynyte;
  To hym be honowre and vertew! 431
    Amen.

*Explicit pharao.*

---

[1] Pursue.
[2] Quickly.
[3] Fiercely, valiantly.
[4] Glad.
[5] Ready.
[6] Mahomet.

[1] MS. *Tunc merget eos mare.*

# THE PROPHETS[1]

[Acted by the Cappers of Chester.]

Pagina Quinta de Mose et Rege Balaak et Balaam Propheta. The Cappers.

Deus. Moyses, my servaunte life[1] and dere,
And all the people that be here,
You wott in Egipte when you were,
Out of thralldome I you broughte.
I wyll, you honour no God saue me;
Ne mawmentrye[2] none make yee;
My name in vayne nam[3] not yee,
For that me lykes naughte.

I will, you hold your holy daye;
And worshipp also, by all waye,
Father and mother all that you maye;
And slaye no man no-where.
Fornication you shall flee;
No mens goods steale yee;
Ne in no place abyde ne bee
Falce wytnes for to beare.

Your neighboures wyves covettes noughte,
Servant ne good that he hath boughte,
Oxe ne asse, in deede ne thoughte,
Nor any-thinge that is his,
Ne wrongefullie to haue his thinge
Agayne his will and his lykinge.
In all these doe my byddinge,
That you doe not amisse.

*Then let the High Priest stand up, and as if for the people let him speak to God and Moses.*[4]

Princeps Sinagogæ. Ah! good Lord, much of mighte,
Thou comes with so great lighte,
We bene so afraide of this sighte,
No man dare speake ne see![1]
God is so grym with us to deale,
But Moyses, master, with us thou mele;[2]
Els we dyen, many and feele,[3]
So afrayde bene all wee.

*Then let Moses, standing on the mount, speak to the people.*[4]

Moyses. Gods folke, drede you noughte.
To prove you with, God hath this wrought,
To make you afrayd in deede and thoughte,
Aye for to avoyde synne.
By this sight you may now see
That he is pereles of postye;[5]
Therfore his teachinge look done yee,
Thereof that you not blyn.[6]

Princeps Sinagogæ. Ah! highe Lord, God almighte,
That Moyses shynes wondrous bright!
I may no way for great lighte
Now looke upon hym.
And horned he semes in our sighte![7]
Sith he came to the hyll, dight[8]
Our lawe he hase, I hope, aright,
For was he never so grym.

Moyses. You, Gods folke of Israell,
Harkens to me that loven heale;[9]
God bade you sholde doe, everye deale,
As that I shall saye.
Six dayes boldelye worches[10] all,
The seaventh Sabaoth you shall call;
That daye for ought that may befall
Hallowed shalbe aye.

---

[1] Beloved. [2] Idols. [3] Take.
[4] MS. *Tunc princeps Sinagogæ statuet eum in loco, et quasi pro populo, loquatur ad Dominum et Moysen.*

[1] MS. looke; *corr. by Deimling.* [2] Speak. [3] Many.
[4] MS. *Tunc Moyses stans super montem loquatur ad populum.*
[5] Power. [6] Cease.
[7] Through a misconception of the text Moses was formerly supposed to have appeared with horns on his head.
[8] Prepared. [9] Health, salvation. [10] Work.

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[1] The Chester *Prophets* can hardly be omitted from any book of selected plays designed to illustrate the origin and growth of the drama, for it shows in a primitive form the dramatization of the *Sermo contra Iudaeos, Paganos et Arianos de Symbolo* which ultimately led to the group of Old Testament Plays (see E. K. Chambers, *The Mediæval Stage*, pp. 52 *seq.*). In the York Cycle this residual play is entirely lacking; in the Wakefield Cycle it exists only as a fragment; and in the N. towne Cycle the episode of Moses and the Two Tables has been developed into a separate play. I have reproduced the text from *The Chester Plays*, Part I, edited by H. Deimling for the Early English Text Society; see page 111, note 1.

That doth not this deede deade shall be.
In houses fire shall no man see.
First fruytes to God offer yee, —
For so hym-selfe bade.
Gould and silver offers also,
Purple, bisse,[1] and other moe,
To hym that shall save you from woe
And helpe you in your neede.

*[The Expositor advances.]*

**Expositor.** Lordinges, this comaundment
Was of the Old Testamente,
And yet is used with good entent
With all that good bene.
This storye all if we shold fong,[2]
To playe this moneth it were to longe;
Wherfore most frutefull there amonge
We taken, as shall be sene.

Also we read in this storie,
God in the Mownt of Synai
Toke[3] Moises these comaundmentis, verelye,
Wrytten with his owne hande
In tables of ston, as reade I;
But when men honoured mawmentry,[4]
He brake them in anger hastelye,
For that he wold not wonde.[5]

But afterward sone — leeve[6] ye me —
Other tables of stone made he,
In which God bade wrytten shold be
His wordes that were before;
The which tables shryned were
After as God can Moyses leare;[7]
And that shryne to them was deare
Thereafter evermore.
*[The Expositor retires.]*

*Then Moses shall descend from the mount, and from another part of the mount King Balaack shall speak, riding.*[8]

**Balaack Rex.** I, Balaack, King of Moab land,
All Israell, had I it in my hand,
I am so wroth I wold not wond[9]
To slaye them, ech wighte;
For their God helpes them stiflye
Of other landes to haue mastrye,
That it is bootles, witterlie,[1]
Against them for to fighte.

What nation soever dose them noye,[2]
Moyses prayes anone in hye,
Therefore haue they sone the victorie
And other men they haue the worse.
Therfore how will I wroken[3] be?
I am bethought, as mot I the!
Balaam I will shall come to me
That people for to curse;

For sworde ne knife may not avayle
These ilke shroes[4] for to assaile;
That fowndes[5] to fight he shall faile,
For sicker[6] is hym no boote.
All nations they doe any,[7]
And my-selfe they can destroie,
As ox that gnawes biselie
The grasse right to the roote.

Who-so Balaam blesses, i-wis,
Blessed, sickerlie, that man is;
Who-so he curses, fareth amisse:
Such loos[8] over all hase he.
Therfore goe fetch hym, bach[e]ler,[9]
That he may curse the people here;
For, sicker, on them in no manner
Mon we not wroken[10] be.

**Miles.** Syr, on your errand I will gone;
Yt shall be well done, and that anone,
For he shall wreak[11] you on your fone,[12]
The people of Israell.
**Balaack.** Yea, looke thou het[13] hym gold gret wone,[14]
And riches for to lyve upon,
To destroy them if he can,
The freakes[15] that be so fell.

*Then he shall go to Balaam.*[16]

**Miles.** Balaam, my lorde greetes well thee,

---

[1] Precious stuff. [2] Take. [3] Delivered.
[4] Idols. [5] Refrain. [6] Believe.
[7] Gave Moses instruction.
[8] MS. *Tunc Moyses descendet de monte, et ex altera parte montis dicet rex Balaac, equitando.*
[9] Hesitate.

[1] Truly. [2] Annoy. [3] Avenged.
[4] Shrews. [5] Endeavors.
[6] Surely, truly. [7] Annoy.
[8] Power. [9] Knight, soldier.
[10] Avenged. [11] Avenge. [12] Foes.
[13] Promise. [14] Quantity.
[15] Warriors, men.
[16] MS. *Tunc ibit ad Balaam.*

And prayes the right sone at hym to be,
To curse the people of Iudy,
That do hym great anoye.
Balaam. Forsooth, I tell the, bacheler,
That I may haue no power
But if Gods will were.
That shall I witt in hye.[1]

[*Balaam prayeth to God one his knees.*][2]

Deus (*in supremo loco*).[3] Balaam, I comaund the
King Balaak his bydding that thou flee;
That people that is blessed of me
Curse thou not by no waye.
Balaam. Lord, I must doe thy byddinge,
Thoughe it be to me unlykeing;
For truly much wynninge
I might haue had to-daye.

Deus. Thoughe the folke be my foe,
Thou shalt haue leaue thydder to goe;
But looke that thou doe right soe
As I haue thee taughte!
Balaam. Lord, it shall be done in height.
This asse shall beare me aright.
Goe we together anone, sir knight,
For now leave I haue coughte.

*Then they shall ride towards the King, and going let Balaam say:*[4]

Now, by the law I leve upon,
Sith I haue leaue for to gone,
They shalbe cursed every one,
And[5] I ought wyn maye.
If Balaak hold that he has heighte[6]
Gods hest[7] I set at light.
Warryed[8] they shalbe this night
Or that I wend awaye!

*Then the angel shall stand before Balaam with a sword drawn in hand, and the ass shall halt.*[9]

Goe forth, Burnell! Goe forth, goe!
What the dyvell! my asse will not goe!
Served me she never soe.
What sorrow so her dose nye?[1]
Rise up, Burnell! make thee bowne,[2]
And helpe to beare me out the towne;
Or, as brok I my crowne,
Thou shalt full sore abye![3]

*Then he shall beat the ass, and some one in the ass shall speak.*[4]

Asina. Maister, thou dost evell, witterly,
So good an ass as me to nye!
Now hast thou beaten me thry,[5]
That beare the thus aboute.
Balaam. Burnell, whye begiles thou me,
When I haue most nede to the?
Asina. That sight that I before me see
Makes me downe to lowte.[6]

Am I not, master, thyne owne ass,
That ever before ready was
To beare the whether thou woldest pas?
To smyte me now yt is shame.
Thou wottest[7] well, master, pardy,[8]
Thou haddest never ass like to me,
Ne never yet thus served I thee.
Now, I am not to blame.

*Then let Balaam, seeing the angel with the drawn sword, say, falling upon his knees:*[9]

Balaam. Ah! Lord, to thee I make a vowe,
I had no sight of thee erre now.
Lyttle wist I it was thou
That feared my asse soe.
Angelus. Why hast thou beaten thy ass thry?
Now I am comen thee to nye,
That changes thy purpose falcelye,
And woldest be my foe.

And the ass had not downe gone,
I wold haue slayne the here anone.
Balaam. Lord, haue pittye me upon,
For sinned I haue sore!
Is it thy will that I forth goe?
Angelus. Yea; but looke thou doe this folk no woe

---

[1] Know at once.
[2] Added by Manly from the other MSS., with the preceding Latin sentence: "Tunc ibit Balaam ad consulendum Dominum in oratione, et scedens dicat Deus."
[3] "In the uppermost place."
[4] MS. *Tunc equitabunt versus regem, et eundo dicat Balaam.*
[5] If. [6] Promised. [7] Command. [8] Cursed.
[9] MS. *Tunc angelus obuiabit Balaam cum gladio extracto in manu, et stabit asina.* Possibly the ass stopped so suddenly as to throw Balaam off; see line 167.

[1] Annoy. [2] Ready. [3] Pay for it.
[4] MS. *Tunc percutiet asinam, et loquetur aliquis in asina.*
[5] Thrice. [6] Fall, stoop.
[7] Knowest. [8] Par Dieu.
[9] MS. *Tunc Balaam videns angelum evaginatum gladium habentem, adorans dicat.*

Otherwise then God bade thee tho [1]
And saide to thee before.

*Then Balaam and the soldier shall proceed, and Balaack meets them.*[2]

Balaack. Ah! welcome, Balaam, my frend!
For all myne anguish thou shalt end,
If that thy will be to wend,
And wreake [3] me of my foe.
Balaam. Nought may I speake, so haue I win,
But as God puttes me in,
To forby [4] all and my kin; —
Therfore, sure, me is woe!

Balaack. Come forth, Balaam, come with me!
For on this hill, so mot I thee,
The folke of Israell thou shalt see.
And curse them, I thee praye!
Thou shalt haue riches, golde and fee,
And I shall aduance thy dignytye,
To curse men, — cursed they may be! —
That thou shalt see to-day.

*Then leading Balaam with him upon the mount, and looking towards the south, let him speak as follows:* [5]

[Balaack.[6] Lo! Balaam, now thou seest here
Godis people all in feare,[7]
Cittie, castell, and riuer.
Looke now how likes thie.
Curse them now at my prayer,
As thou wilte be to me full dere,
And in my realme most of power
And greatest under me.]

Balaam. How may I curse them in this place,
The people that God blessed hase?
In them is both might and grace,
And that is alwayes seene.
Wytnes I may none beare
Against God that this can were[8]
His people that no man may deare [1]
Ne troble with no teene.[2]

I saye these folkes shall haue their will;
That no nation shall them gryll; [3]
The goodnes that they shall fulfill
Nombred may not be;
Their God shall them kepe and save.
No other repreve may I not [4] have,
But such death as they shall haue
I praye God send me.

Balaack. What the devilles eyles the, poplart? [5]
Thy speach is not worth a fart!
Doted [6] I wot well thou art,
For woodlie [7] thou has wrougt.
I bade thee curse them, every one,
And thou blest them, blood and bone!
To this north syde thou shalt anon,
For here thy deed is nought.

*Then he shall lead him to the north side.*[8]

Balaam. Herken, Balaack, what I say:
God may not gibb [9] by no waye;
That he saith, is veray,
For he may not lye.
To bless his folk he me sent;
Therfore I saie, as I am kent: [10]
That in this land, verament,
Is used no mawmentry;

To Iacobs blood and Israell
God shall send ioy and heale;
And as a lyon in his weale [11]
Christ shalbe haunsed [12] hye,
And rise also in noble araye
As a prynce to wyn great paye,
Overcome his enemyes, as I say,
And them bowndly bye.[13]

Balaack. What the devill is this! Thou cursest them naught,
Nor blessest them nether, as me thought.
Balaam. Syr kinge, this I thee beheight [14]

---

[1] Then.
[2] MS. *Tunc Balaam et miles ibunt, Balaack venit in obuiam.*
[3] Avenge.
[4] Purchase, save.
[5] MS. *Tunc adducens secum Balaam in montem, et ad australem partem respiciens, dicat ut sequitur.*
[6] Lacuna in MS. I have supplied the missing stanza from the other MSS.
[7] Together.
[8] Defend.

[1] Injure.
[2] Vexation.
[3] Vex.
[4] *Manly prefers the reading of the other MSS.*: shall they none.
[5] A term of abuse.
[6] Crazy, a dotard.
[7] Madly, in a crazy way.
[8] MS. *Tunc adducet eum ad borealem partem.*
[9] Turn, waver.
[10] Instructed.
[11] Weald, woodland.
[12] Exalted.
[13] Graciously save.
[14] Promised, foretold.

Or that I come here.
Balaack. Yet shalt thou to an-other place,
Ther Gods power for to embrace.[1]
The dyvell geve the hard grace,
But thou doe my prayer!

*To the west part.*[2]

Balaam. Ah! Lord, that here is fayre wonning![3]
Halls, chambers of great lyking,
Valleyes, woodes, grass springing,
Fayre yordes,[4] and eke river!
I wot well God made all this
His folke to lyue in ioye and blisse.
That warryeth[5] them, warried is;
That blessest them, to God is deare.

Balaack. Popelard! thou preachest as a pie![6]
The deuill of hell thee destroy!
I bade thee curse myne enemye;
Therfore[7] thou came me to.
Now hast thou blessed them here, thry,[8]
For thou meanes me to nye.
Balaam. So tould I the before twye,
I might none other doe.

Balaack. Out! alas! what dyvell ayles thee?
I haue het thee gold and fee
To speake but wordes two or three,
And thou makes much distance.[9]
Yet once I will assay thee,
If any boote of bale[10] will be;
And if thou falcely now faile me,
Mahound[11] geue thee mischance!

*Then Balaam looking at the sky, in prophecy.*[12]

Balaam. *Orietur Stella ex Iacob, et exurget Homo de Israell, et confringet omnes duces alie[ni]ginarum, et erit omnis terra possessio eius.*

Now one thinge I will tell you all,
Hereafter what shall befall:
A starre of Iacob springe shall,
A man of Israell;
He shall overcome and haue in band
All kinges, dukes of strang land,
And all the world haue in his hand,
As lord to dight and deale.

*[The Expositor advances with the other prophets.]*

Esayas. I saye a mayden meeke and mylde
Shall conceave and beare a childe,
Cleane, without workes wilde,
To wyn mankinde to wayle;[1]
Butter and hony shall be his meate,
That he may all evill forgeat,
Our soules out of hell to get,
And called Emanuell.

Expositor. Lordinges, these wordes are so veray
That exposition, in good faye,
None needes. But you know may
This word Emanuell:
Emanuell is as much to saye
As "God with us night and day";
Therfore that name for ever and aye
To his Sonne cordes wondrous well.

Ezechiell. *Vidi portam in domo Domini clausam, et dixit angelus ad me, "Porta hæc non aperietur sed clausa erit" et ct. Ezechiel capitulo 2.*

I, Ezechiell, sothlie see
A gate in Gods house on hye.
Closed it was; no man came nye.
Then told an angell me:
"This gate shall no man open, i-wis,
For God will come and goe by this;
For him-self it reserved is,
None shall come there but hee."

Expositor. By this gate, lords, verament,
I understand in my intent
That way the Holy Ghost in went
When God tooke flesh and bloode
In that sweet mayden Mary.
She was that gate, witterly,
For in her he light[2] grac   ouslie
Mankind to doe good.

---

[1] Undertake.
[2] MS. *Ad occidentalem partem.*
[3] Dwelling, living.
[4] Fields.
[5] Curseth.
[6] Magpie.
[7] To that end.
[8] Thrice.
[9] Dispute.
[10] Redress of injury.
[11] Mahomet.
[12] MS. *Tunc Balaam ad cœlum respiciens prophetando.*

[1] Weal, happiness.
[2] Alighted.

**Iheremia.** *Deducunt oculi mei lacrimas per diem et noctem, et non taceant; contritione magna contrita est virgo filia populi mei et plaga, et ct.*

My eyes must run and sorrow aye
Without ceasing, night and daye,
For my daughter, soth to saye,
  Shall suffer great anye;
And my folke shall doe, in faye,
Thinges that they ne know may
To that mayden, by many waye,
  And her sonne, sickerlie.[1]

**Expositor.** Lordinges, this prophesie, i-wis,
Touches the Passion nothing amisse,
For the prophet see well this
  What shall come, as I reade:
That a childe borne of a maye[2]
Shall suffer death, sooth to saye;
And they that mayden shall afray,
  Haue vengeance for that deede.

**Ionas.** *Clamaui de tribulacione mea ad Dominum et exaudiuit; de ventre inferi clamavi et exaudisti vocem meam et proiecisti me.*

I, Ionas, in full great any
To God I prayed inwardlie,
And he me hard through his mercy,
  And on me did his grace.
In myddes the sea cast was I,
For I wrought inobedyentlie;
But in a whalles bellye
  Three dayes saved I was.

**Expositor.** Lordinges, what this may signifie
Christ expoundes apertelie,[3]
As we reade in the Evangely
  That Christ him-self can saie:
Right as Ionas was dayes three
In wombe of whall, so shall he be
In earth lyinge, as was he,
  And rise the third daye.

**Dauid.** *De summo cœlo egressio eius, et occursus eius ad sum[m]um eius. Psal.*

I, Davyd, saie that God almighte
From the highest heaven to earth will light,
And thidder againe with full might,
  Both God and man in feare;[1]
And after come to deeme[2] the righte.
May no man shape them[3] of his sight,
Ne deeme that to mankind is dighte,
  But all then must apeare.

**Expositor.** Lordes, this speach is so veray
That to expound it to your pay[4]
It needes nothing in good faye,
  This speach is so expresse.
Each man by it knowe may
That of the Ascention, soth to saie,
David prophesied in his daye,
  As yt rehearsed was.

**Ioell.** *Effundam de spiritu meo super omnem carnem, et prophetabunt filij vestri.*

I, Ioell, saie this sickerlye:
That my Ghost send will I
Upon mankinde merciably
  From heaven, sitting in see;[5]
Then shold [y]our childre prophesie,
Ould men meet swevens,[6] wytterly,
Yong se sightes that therby
  Many wise shall be.

**Expositor.** Lordinges, this prophet speakes here
In Gods person, as it were,
And prophesies that he will apeare
  Ghostlie to mankinde.
This signes non other, in good faye,
But of his deede on Whitson-day,
Sending his Ghost, that we ever may
  On hym haue sadlie mynd.

**Micheas.** *Tu, Bethlem, terra Iuda, nequaquam minima es in principibus Iuda; ex te enim exiet Dux qui reget populum meum Israell.*

I, Micheal, through my mynde
Will saye that man shall sothlie[7] finde
That a childe of kinges kinde
  In Bethlem shall be borne,

---

[1] Truly. [2] Maid. [3] Clearly.

[1] Together, combined. [2] Judge.
[3] *Kittredge:* scape then.
[4] Satisfaction. [5] Throne.
[6] Dreams. MS. sweens; *corr. by Deimling.*
[7] Truly.

That shall be duke to dight and deale,
And rule the folke of Israell,
Also wyn againe mankindes heale [1]
That through Adam was lorne.

**Expositor.** Lordinges, two thinges apertlie
You may see in this prophesie:
The place certifies thee sothlie
Where Christ borne will be;
And after his ending, sickerlie,
Of his deedes of great mercy,
That he shold sit soveraynly
In heauen, thereas is he.

Moe prophetis, lordinges, we might play,
But yt wold tary much the daye;
Therfore six, sothe to say,
Are played in this place.
Twoo speakes of his Incarnation;
An-other of Christe[s] Passion;
The fourth of the Resurrection.

The fifte speakes expreslie
How he from the highest heavenlye
Light into earth us to forby,[3]
And after thydder steigh [4]
With oure kinde to heaven-blisse.
More loue might he not shew, i-wis,
But right there-as hym-selfe is
He haunshed [5] our kinde on high.

The sixt shewes, you may see,
His Goste to man send will he,
More stidfast that they shalbe
To loue God evermore.
Thus that beleve [1] that leven we
Of Gods deedes that had pittye
One man, when that he made them free,
Is prophesied here before.

**Balaack.** Goe we forth! It is no boote
Longer with this man to moote; [2]
For God of Iewes is crop and roote,
And lord of heaven and hell.
Now see I well no man on lyue
Gaynes with him for to stryve;
Therefore here, as mot I thryue,
I will no longer dwell.

[*Exeunt the Prophets, led by Balaack.*]

**Expositor.** Lordinges, much more matter
Is in this story then you see here;
But the substance, without were,[3]
Is played you beforne.
And by these prophesies, leav [4] you me,
Three kinges, as you shall played see,
Presented at his Nativitye
Christ, when he was borne.

*Finis paginæ quintæ.*

---

[1] Salvation, happiness.
[2] Line missing in all MSS.
[3] Redeem.
[4] Ascended.
[5] Exalted.

[1] Belief. MS. beleven; *corr. by Manly.*
[2] Argue.
[3] Doubt.
[4] Believe.

# THE SALUTATION AND CONCEPTION [1]

[Acted at N. towne.]

[*On the upper stage God, his Son, the Holy Spirit, Gabriel, and others; on the lower stage Mary.*]

**Pater.** From vs, God, aungel Gabryel, thou xalt be sende
In to the countre of Galyle
(The name of the cyte Nazareth is kende) [1]
To a mayd. W[e]ddyd to a man is she,
Of whom the name is Joseph, se,
Of the hous of Davyd bore;
The name of the mayd ffre
Is Mary, that xal al restore.

**Filius.** Say that she is with-owte wo, and ful of grace;
And that I, the Son of the Godhed, of here xal be bore.[2]
Hyghe the thou were there a pace,
Ellys we xal be there the be-ffore,
I haue so grett hast to be man thore
In that mekest and purest virgyne.
Sey here, she xal restore
Of yow aungellys the grett ruyne.

**Spiritus Sanctus.** And if she aske the how it myth be,
Telle here, I, the Holy Gost, xal werke al this;
Sche xal be savyd thorwe oure vnyte.
In tokyn, here bareyn cosyn Elyzabeth is
Qwyk with childe in here grett age, i-wys.
Sey here, to vs is no thynge impossyble.
Here body xal be so ful-fylt with blys
That she xal sone thynke this sonde [3] credyble.

**Gabriel.** In thyn hey inbassett,[4] Lord, I xal go;
It xal be do with a thought.
Be-holde now, Lord, I go here to,
I take my fflyth, and byde nowth.

[*Gabriel descends, and approaches Mary.*]

*Ave, Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum!*
Heyl, fful of grace! God is with the!
Amonge alle women blyssyd art thu.
Here this name "Eva" is turnyd "Aue";
That is to say, with-owte sorwe ar ye now.

Thow sorwe in yow hath no place,
Yett of joy, lady, ye nede more;
Therfore I adde and sey "fful of grace,"
For so ful of grace was nevyr non bore.
Yett who hath grace, he nedyth kepyng sore;
Therfore I sey "God is with the,"
Whiche xal kepe yow endlesly thore.
So amonge alle women blyssyd are ye!

**Maria.** A! mercy, God! this is a mervelyous herynge!
In the aungelys wordys I am trobelyd her;
I thynk, "How may be this gretynge?"
Aungelys dayly to me doth aper,
But not in the lyknes of man; that is my fer.
And also thus hyghly to comendyd be,
I [1] am most vn-wuthry. I can-not answere.
Grett shamfastnes and grett dred is in me.

**Gabyrel.** Mary, in this take ye no drede,
For at God grace ffownde haue ye.
Ye xal conceyve in your wombe, in dede,
A childe, the sone of the Trynyte.
His name of yow Jhesu clepyd [2] xal be;

[1] Known.
[2] Born.
[3] Message. (MS. sownde.)
[4] Embassy.

[1] MS. &.
[2] Called.

---

[1] For an account of the N. towne Plays see page 81, note 2. I have based the present text on the editions by Block and Halliwell, compared with the edition by Manly (whose stanzaic form I have adopted). I have omitted the long prologue of 188 lines, entitled by Block "The Parliament of Heaven," in which Contemplation, the Virtues, Veritas, Misericordia, Justicia, Pax, Pater, Filius, and Spiritus Sanctus discuss the salvation of man. The prologue is of some interest as showing the influence of allegory on the Corpus Christi plays; but this influence has already been illustrated in the Norwich *Creation* printed on page 88.

He xal be grett, the son of the hyest clepyd of kende;[1]
And of his ffadyr, Davyd, the Lord xal geve hym the se,[2]
Reynyng in the hous of Jacob, of whiche regne xal be no ende.

MARIA. Aungel, I sey to yow,
In what manere of wyse xal this be?
For knowyng of man I haue non now;
I haue evyr more kept, and xal, my virginyte.
I dowte not the wordys ye han seyd to me,
But I aske how it xal be do.
GABRYEL. The Holy Gost xal come fro a-bove to the,
And the vertu of hym Hyest xal schadu the so;
Ther fore that Holy Gost of the xal be bore;
He xal be clepyd the Son of God sage.
And se, Elyzabeth, your cosyn thore,
She hath conseyvid a son in hyre age;
This is the sexte monyth of here passage,
Of here that clepyd was bareyn.
No thynge is impossyble to Goddys vsage.
They thynkyth longe to here what ye wyl seyn.

*Here the aungel makyth a lytyl restynge, and Mary be-holdyth hym; and the aungel seythe:*

Mary, com of, and haste the,
And take hede in thyn entent
How[3] the Holy Gost, — blyssyd he be! —
A-bydyth thin answere and thin assent.
Thorwe wyse werke of dyvinyte
The Secunde Persone, verament,
Is mad man by fraternyte
With-inne thi self, in place present.

Ferther more, take hede this space
How[3] alle the blyssyd spyrytys of vertu
That are in hefne by-ffore Goddys face,
And alle the gode levers and trew
That are here in this erthely place,
Thyn owyn kynrede, the sothe ho[4] knew,
And the chosyn sowlys this tyme of grace
That are in helle and byde [ther] rescu, —
As Adam, Abraham and Davyd, in fere,[1]
And many othere of good reputacion, —
That thin answere desyre to here
And thin assent to the Incarnacion,
In whiche thou standyst as preserver,[2]
Of alle man-kende savacion.
Gyff me myn answere now, lady dere,
To alle these creaturys comfortacion.

MARIA. With alle mekenes I clyne[3] to this a-corde,
Bowynge downe my face with alle benyngnyte.
Se here the hand-mayden of oure Lorde.
Aftyr thi worde be it don to me.
GABRYEL. Gramercy, my lady ffre;
Gramercy of your answere on hyght;
Gramercy of your grett humylyte;
Gramercy, ye lanterne off lyght!

*Here the Holy Gost discendit with iij bemys to Our Lady; the Sone of the Godhed next[4] with iij bemys to the Holy Gost; the Fadyr Godly with iij bemys to the Sone: and so entre alle thre to here bosom; and Mary seyth:*

MARIA. A! now I ffele in my body be
Parfyte God and parfyte man,
Havyng al schappe of chyldly carnalyte.
Evyn al at onys, thus God be-gan;

Nott takynge ffyrst o[5] membyr and sythe[6] a-nother,
But parfyte childhod ye haue a-non.
Of your hand-mayden now ye haue mad your modyr,
With-owte peyne, in fflesche and bon.
Thus conceyved nevyr woman non
That evyr was beynge in this lyff.
O, myn hyest Fadyr, in your trone,
It is worthy your Son — now my son — haue a prerogatyff!

I can not telle what joy, what blysse,
Now I fele in my body!
Aungel Gabryel, I thank yow for thys.
Most mekely recomende me to my Faderys mercy.

---

[1] Kind.
[2] Throne.
[3] MS. whow.
[4] Who.

[1] Likewise.
[2] MS. persevere, *corr. by Manly.*
[3] Incline.
[4] MS. nest, *corr. by Manly.*
[5] One.
[6] Then.

To haue be the modyr of God ffül lytyl wend[1] I.
Now myn cosyn Elyzabeth ffayn wold I se,
How sche hath conseyvid as ye dede specyfy.
Now blyssyd be the hygh Trynyte!

Gabryel. Fare weyl, turtyl, Goddys dowtere dere!
Fare wel, Goddys modyr! I the honowre!
Fare wel, Goddys sustyr and his pleynge fere![2]
Fare wel, Goddys chawmere[3] and his bowre!

Maria. Fare wel, Gabryel, specyalye!
Fare wel, Goddys masangere expresse!
I thank yow for your traveyl hye;
Gramercy of your grett goodnes,

And namely of your comfortabyl massage.
For I vndyrstande, by inspyracion,
That ye knowe by syngulere preuylage[4]
Most of my sonys Incarnacion.
I pray yow take it in to vsage,
Be a custom ocupacion,
To vesyte me ofte be mene passage;
Your presence is my comfortacion.

Gabriel. At your wyl, lady, so xal it be.
Ye gentyllest of blood and hyest of kynrede
That reynyth in earth in ony degre,
Be pryncypal incheson[1] of the Godhede,

I comende me on to yow, thou trone of the Trinyte.
O mekest mayde, now the modyr of Jhesu!
Qwen of Hefne, Lady of Erth, and Empres of Helle be ye;
Socour to alle synful that wole to yow sew;[2]
Thour your body beryth the babe oure blysse xal renew.
To yow, modyr of mercy, most mekely I recomende.
And, as I began, I ende, with an "Ave!" new,
Enjonyd hefne and erth. With that I ascende. [*Exit.*]

*Angels singing this hymn:*[3]

*Ave, Maria, gratia plena!*
*Dominus tecum, uirgo serena!*

---

[1] Thought.
[2] Companion.
[3] Chamber.
[4] Privilege.

[1] Cause.
[2] Sue, petition.
[3] MS. *Angeli cantando istam sequenciam.*

# THE BIRTH OF JESUS [1]

[Acted by the Tile Thatchers of York.]

[*Joseph and Mary, in a cattle-shed at Bethlehem.*]

Joseph. All-weldand [1] God in Trinite,
I praye the, Lord, for thy grete myght,
Vnto thy symple seruand see,
Here in this place where we are pight,[2]
Oure self allone.
Lord, graunte vs gode herberow [3] this nyght
Within this wone.[4]

For we haue sought both vppe and doune,
Thurgh diuerse stretis in this cite,
So mekill pepull is comen to towne
That we can nowhare herbered be,
Ther is slike [5] prees.
For-suthe I can no socoure see
But belde [6] vs with there bestes.

And yf we here all nyght abide,
We shall be stormed [7] in this steede: [8]
The walles are doune on ilke a side,
The ruffe is rayned [9] aboven oure hede,
Als haue I roo. [10]
Say, Marie doughtir, what is thy rede? [11]
How sall we doo?

For in grete nede nowe are we stedde,
As thou thy selffe the soth may see;
For here is nowthir cloth ne bedde,
And we are weyke and all werie,
And fayne wolde rest.
Now, gracious God, for thy mercie
Wisse [12] vs the best.

Mary. God will vs wisse, full wele witt ye;
Ther-fore, Joseph, be of gud chere,
For in this place borne will he be
That sall vs saue fro sorowes sere,[1]
Bothe even and morne.
Sir, witt ye wele the tyme is nere
Hee will be borne.

Joseph. Than behoves vs bide here stille
Here in this same place all this nyght.
Mary. Ya, sir, forsuth, it is Goddis will.
Joseph. Than wolde I fayne we had sum light,
What so befall.
It waxis right myrke [2] vnto my sight,
And colde withall.

I will go gete vs light for-thy,
And fewell [3] fande with me to bryng.
Mary. All-weldand God yow gouerne and gy [4]
As he is sufferayne of all thyng
Fo[r] his grete myght,
And lende me grace to his louyng
That I me dight.[5]

[*Exit Joseph.*]

Now in my sawle grete ioie haue I!
I am all cladde in comforte clere!
Now will be borne of my body
Both God and man to-gedir in feere.[6]
Blist mott he be!
Jesu, my son that is so dere,
Nowe borne is he.

[*Mary worships the babe.*]

Hayle, my Lord God! Hayle, prince of pees!
Hayle, my fadir! and hayle, my sone!
Hayle, souereyne sege [7] all synnes to sesse! [8]
Hayle, God and man in erth to wonne! [9]

---

[1] All-ruling.
[2] Pitched, set.
[3] Harborage, lodging.
[4] Dwelling, house.
[5] Such.
[6] Shelter.
[7] Subject to the storms.
[8] Place.
[9] Rain-soaked? Ruined?
[10] As have I peace (a mild oath).
[11] Advice.
[12] Direct, guide.

[1] Many.
[2] Dark.
[3] Fuel.
[4] Guide.
[5] Make ready.
[6] In company, united.
[7] Warrior (against Satan).
[8] Put an end to.
[9] Dwell.

---

[1] Printed from *York Plays*, edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith, 1885. I have expanded abbreviations, altered the punctuation, and added stage directions.

Hayle! thurgh whos myht
All this worlde was first be-gonne,
Merknes and light.
Sone, as I am sympill sugett[1] of thyne,
Vowchesaffe, swete sone, I pray the,
That I myght the take in the[r] armys of myne,
And in this poure wede[2] to arraie the.
Graunte me thi blisse!
As I am thy modir chosen to be
In sothfastness.

[*Joseph speaks without.*]

Joseph. A! Lorde, what the wedir is colde!
The fellest freese that euere I felyd!
I pray God helpe tham that is alde,
And namely tham that is vnwelde,[3]
So may I saie.
Now, gud God, thou be my belde
As thou best may.

[*The star blazes above.*]

A! Lord God! what light is this
That comes shynyng thus sodenly?
I can not saie, als haue I blisse.
When I come home vn-to Marie
Than sall I spirre.[4]
A! here be God, for now come I.

[*Enters the shed.*]

Mary. Ye ar welcum, sirre.
Joseph. Say, Marie doghtir, what chere with the?
Marie. Right goode, Joseph, as has been ay.
Joseph. O Marie! what swete thyng is that on thy kne?
Mary. It is my sone, the soth to saye,
That is so gud.
Joseph. Wele is me I bade this day
To se this foode![5]

Me merueles mekill of this light
That thus-gates shynes in this place.
For-suth it is a selcouth[6] sight!
Mary. This has he ordand of his grace,
My sone so ying,
A starne to be schynyng a space
At his bering.[7]
For Balam told ful longe be-forne
How that a sterne shuld rise full hye;
And of a maiden shulde be borne
A sonne that sall oure saffyng[1] be
Fro caris kene.
For-suth it is my sone so free
Be whame Balam gon meene.

Joseph. Now welcome, floure fairest of hewe!
I shall the menske[2] with mayne and myght.
Hayle, my maker! Hayle, Crist Jesu!
Hayle, riall kyng, roote of all right!
Hayle, saueour!
Hayle, my Lord, lemer[3] of light!
Hayle, blessid floure!

Mary. Now, Lord, that all this worlde schall wynne
(To the, my sone, is that I saye),
Here is no bedde to laye the inne;
Therfore, my dere sone, I the praye,
Sen it is soo,
Here in this cribbe I myght the lay
Betwene ther bestis two.

And I sall happe[4] the, myn owne dere childe,
With such clothes as we haue here.
Joseph. O Marie, beholde thes beestis mylde!
They make louyng in ther manere
As thei wer men.
For-sothe it semes wele be ther chere
Thare Lord thei ken.

Mary. Ther Lorde thai kenne, that wote I wele;
They worshippe hym with myght and mayne.
The wedir is colde, as ye may feele;
To halde hym warme thei are full fayne
With thare warme breth,
And oondis[5] on hym, is noght to layne,[6]
To warm hym with.

O, nowe slepis my sone! Blist mot he be!

---

[1] Subject. [2] Garment. [3] Infirm. [4] Inquire.
[5] Creature, child. [6] Wonderful. [7] Birth.

[1] Saving, salvation. MS. saffyne.
[2] Honor, worship.
[3] Beamer (shedder of light).
[4] Wrap up. [5] Breathe.
[6] Is nought to conceal, obviously (see N.E.D., Lain, *v. trans.*).

And lyes full warme ther bestis by-twene.
JOSEPH. O, now is fulfilled, for-suth I see,
That Abacuc in mynde gon mene 137
And preched by prophicie:
He saide oure sauyoure shall be sene
Betwene bestis lye. 140

And nowe I see the same in sight.
MARY. Ya, sir, for-suth, the same is he.
JOSEPH. Honnoure and worshippe both day and nyght,
Ay-lastand Lorde, be done to the 144
All way, as is worthy.
And, Lord, to thy seruice I oblissh [1] me
With all myn herte holy.
MARY. Thou mercyfull maker, most myghty, 148
My God, my Lord, my sone so free,
Thy hande-mayden, for-soth, am I,
And to thi seruice I oblissh me
With all myn herte entere. 152
Thy blissing, beseke I thee,
Thou graunte vs all in feere!

---

[1] Oblige, bind.

# THE SHEPHERDS [1]

[Acted at Wakefield.]

[*At one end of the pageant, the open fields where the three Shepherds tend their sheep; at the other end, the home of Mak and his wife Gill. Enter the First Shepherd, half frozen with the cold.*]

I. Pastor. Lord, what these weders ar cold! / And I am yll happyd.[1]
I am nere-hande dold,[2] / so long haue I nappyd.
My legys thay fold, / my fyngers ar chappyd;
It is not as I wold, / for I am al lappyd
In sorow.
In stormes and tempest,
Now in the eest, now in the west,
Wo is hym has neuer rest
Myd-day nor morow!

Bot we sely [3] shepardes / that walkys on the moore,
In fayth, we are nere-handys / outt of the doore!
No wonder, as it standys, / if we be poore,
For the tylthe of oure landys / lyys falow as the floore,
As ye ken.
We ar so hamyd,[4]
For-taxed, and ramyd,[5]
We ar mayde hand-tamyd
With thyse gentlery men.

Thus thay refe [6] vs oure reste / — Oure Lady theym wary![7]
These men that ar lord-fest [8] / thay cause the ploghe tary.
That, men say, is for the best; / we fynde it contrary.
Thus ar husbandys opprest / in po[i]nte to myscary
On lyfe.
Thus hold thay vs hunder;
Thus thay bryng vs in blonder!
It were greatte wonder
And euer shuld we thryfe.

Ther shall com a swane [1] / as prowde as a po,[2]
He must borow my wane,[3] / my ploghe also;
Then I am full fane / to graunt or he go.
Thus lyf we in payne, / anger, and wo,
By nyght and day.
He must haue if he langyd,
If I shuld forgang [4] it.
I were better be hangyd
Then oones say hym nay.[5]

For may he gett a paynt slefe,[6] / or a broche, now on dayes,
Wo is hym that hym grefe / or onys agane says!
Dar noman hym reprefe / what mastry he mays.
And yit may noman lefe [7] / oone word that he says,
No letter.
He can make purveance,
With boste and bragance;
And all is thrugh mantenance
Of men that are gretter.

It dos me good, as I walk / thus by myn oone,[8]
Of this warld for to talk / in maner of mone.

---

[1] Clothed. [2] Nearly numb.
[3] Poor, miserable. [4] Crippled.
[5] Over-taxed and crushed. [6] Rob.
[7] Curse. [8] Lord-fast, bound to a lord.

[1] Swain, gallant. [2] Peacock.
[3] Wagon. [4] Have to do without it.
[5] This and the following stanza are transposed in the MS.
[6] Sleeve. [7] Believe. [8] Self.

[1] For an account of the Towneley Plays, and the source of the present text, see page 94, note 1. This play, which Mr. Pollard describes as "perfect as a work of art," is generally regarded as the finest example of comedy in the early religious drama. In the Towneley manuscript there are two plays dealing with the visit of the Shepherds to the manger, labeled respectively *Incipit Pagina Pastorum* and *Incipit Alia Eorundum.* Mr. Pollard suggests that in the *Prima Pastorum* the author was "only feeling his way," and that in the *Secunda Pastorum* he has achieved his masterpiece. As the footnotes will indicate, I am frequently indebted to Manly for textual emendations.

To my shepe wyll I stalk / and herkyn anone;
Ther abyde on a balk,[1] / or sytt on a stone,
Full soyne.
For I trowe, perde,
Trew men if thay be,
We gett more compane
Or it be noyne.[2]

[*Enter the Second Shepherd. He does not see the First Shepherd.*]

II. Pastor. Benste and Dominus! / What may this bemeyne?
Why fares this warld thus? / Oft haue we not sene!
Lord, thyse weders are spytus, / and the winds[3] full kene;
And the frostys so hydus / thay water myn eeyne;
No ly.
Now in dry, now in wete,
Now in snaw, now in slete,
When my shone freys to my fete,
It is not all esy.

Bot, as far as I ken, / or yit as I go,
We sely wedmen / dre mekyll wo;
We haue sorow then and then,[4] / it fallys oft so.
Sely Capyle, oure hen, / both to and fro
She kakyls;
Bot begyn she to crok,
To groyne or [to clo]k,
Wo is hym[5] oure cok,
For he is in the shekyls.[6]

These men that ar wed / haue not all thare wyll.
When they ar full hard sted,[7] / thay sygh full styll.
God wayte[8] thay ar led / full hard and full yll;
In bower nor in bed / thay say noght thertll.[9]
This tyde,
My parte haue I fun —
I know my lesson! —
Wo is hym that is bun,[1]
For he must abyde.

Bot now late in oure lyfys — / a meruell to me,
That I thynk my hart ryfys / sich wonders to see,
What that destany dryfys, / it shuld so be! —
Som men wyll have two wyfys, / and som men thre
In store.
Som ar wo that has any!
Bot so far can I, —
Wo is hym that has many,
For he felys sore.

[*Addressing the audience.*]

Bot, yong men, of wowyng, / for God that you boght,
Be well war of wedyng, / and thynk in youre thoght,
"Had I wyst" is a thyng / it seruys of noght.
Mekyll[2] styll mowrnyng / has wedyng home broght,
And grefys,
With many a sharp showre;
For thou may cach in an owre
That shall [savour] fulle sowre
As long as thou lyffys.

For, as euer red I pystyll,[3] / I haue oone to my fere,[4]
As sharp as a thystyll, / as rugh as a brere;
She is browyd lyke a brystyll, / with a sowre-loten chere;
Had she oones wett hyr whystyll, / she couth syng full clere
Hyr Pater Noster.
She is as greatt as a whall;
She has a galon of gall;
By hym that dyed for vs all,
I wald I had ryn to I had lost hir!

[*The First Shepherd interrupts him.*]

I. Pastor. God! looke ouer the raw![5] / Full defly ye stand.

---

[1] Ridge.
[2] Noon.
[3] MS. weders; *suggested by Manly.*
[4] Continually.
[5] MS. hym is of; *corr. by Manly.*
[6] Shackles.
[7] Situated.
[8] Knows.
[9] Thereto.

[1] Bound.
[2] Much.
[3] Epistle, i.e. in the New Testament.
[4] Companion.
[5] Row.

II. PASTOR. Yee, the dewill in thi maw, / so tariand!
Sagh thou awro[1] of Daw? /
I. PASTOR. Yee, on a ley-land
Hard I hym blaw. / He commys here at hand
Not far.
Stand styll.
II. PASTOR. Qwhy?
I. PASTOR. For he commys, hope I.
II. PASTOR. He wyll make vs both a ly
Bot if we be war.[2]

[*Enter the Third Shepherd, a boy.*]

III. PASTOR. Crystys crosse me spede, / and Sant Nycholas!
Ther-of had I nede; / it is wars then it was.
Whoso couthe take hede / and lett the warld pas,
It is euer in drede / and brekyll as glas,
And slythys.[3]
This warld fowre[4] neuer so,
With meruels mo and mo,
Now in weyll, now in wo,
And all thyng wrythys.[5]

Was neuer syn Noe floode / sich floodys seyn,
Wyndys and ranys so rude, / and stormes so keyn!
Som stamerd, som stod / in dowte, as I weyn.
Now God turne all to good! / I say as I mene,
For ponder.
These floodys so thay drowne,
Both in feyldys and in towne,
And berys all downe;
And that is a wonder.

We that walk on the nyghtys / oure catell to kepe,
We se sodan syghtys / when othere men slepe. [*Spying the others.*]
Yit me-thynk my hart lyghtys;[6] / I se shrewys pepe.
Ye ar two [t]all[7] wyghtys! / I wyll gyf my shepe
A turne.
Bot full yll haue I ment;
As I walk on this bent,
I may lyghtly repent,
My toes if I spurne.

[*The other two advance.*]

A, sir, God you saue! / and master myne!
A drynk fayn wold I haue, / and somwhat to dyne.
I. PASTOR. Crystys curs, my knaue, / thou art a ledyr hyne![1]
II. PASTOR. What! the boy lyst rave! / Abyde vnto syne[2]
We haue mayde it.
Yll thryft on thy pate!
Though the shrew cam late,
Yit is he in state
To dyne — if he had it.

III. PASTOR. Sich seruandys as I, / that swettys and swynkys,[3]
Etys oure brede full dry; / and that me forthynkys.[4]
We ar oft weytt and wery / when master-men wynkys;[5]
Yit commys full lately / both dyners and drynkys.
Bot nately
Both oure dame and oure syre,
When we haue ryn in the myre,
Thay can nyp at oure hyre,
And pay vs full lately.

Bot here my trouth, master: / for the fayr that ye make,[6]
I shall do therafter, — / wyrk as I take;[7]
I shall do a lytyll, sir, / and emang euer lake;[8]
For yit lay my soper / neuer on my stomake
In feyldys.
Wherto shuld I threpe?[9]
With my staf can I lepe;
And men say "Lyght chepe[10]
Letherly[11] for-yeldys."

---

[1] Anywhere.
[2] Wary.
[3] Slides.
[4] Fared, went.
[5] Writhes.
[6] Lightens.
[7] Fine. MS. all; *em. by Kittredge.*

[1] Worthless hind.
[2] Until after.
[3] Toil.
[4] Displeases.
[5] Sleep.
[6] Food that you supply.
[7] Receive.
[8] Play, sport.
[9] Argue.
[10] Cheap bargain.
[11] Badly.

I. Pastor. Thou were an yll lad / to ryde on wowyng
With a man that had / bot lytyll of spendyng.
II. Pastor. Peasse, boy, I bad! / No more iangling,
Or I shall make the full rad,[1] / by the heuens kyng,
With thy gawdys.[2]
Wher ar oure shepe, boy? We skorne.
III. Pastor. Sir, this same day at morne
I thaym left in the corne,
When thay rang lawdys.[3]

They haue pasture good, / thay can not go wrong.
I. Pastor. That is right. By the roode, / thyse nyghtys ar long!
Yit I wold, or we yode,[4] / oone gaf vs a song.
II. Pastor. So I thoght as I stode, / to myrth vs emong.
III. Pastor. I grauntt.
I. Pastor. Lett me syng the tenory.
II. Pastor. And I the tryble so hye.
III. Pastor. Then the meyne fallys to me.
Lett se how ye chauntt. [*They sing.*]

*Then Mak enters with a cloak drawn over his tunic.*[5]

Mak. Now, Lord, for thy naymes sevyn, / that made both moyn and starnes
Well mo then I can neuen,[6] / thi will, Lorde, of me tharnys.[7]
I am all vneuen; / that moves oft my harnes.[8]
Now wold God I were in heuen, / for the[re] wepe no barnes[9]
So styll.[10]
I. Pastor. Who is that pypys so poore?
Mak. Wold God ye wyst how I foore!
Lo, a man that walkys on the moore,
And has not all his wyll!

II. Pastor. Mak, where has thou gon? / tell vs tythyng.
III. Pastor. Is he commen? Then ylkon[1] / take hede to his thyng.

*He takes the cloak from him.*[2]

Mak. What! ich[3] be a yoman, / I[ch] tell you, of the king;
The self and the same, / sond from a greatt lordyng,
And sich.
Fy on you! Goyth hence!
Out of my presence!
I[ch] must haue reuerence.
Why, who be ich?

I. Pastor. Why make ye it so qwaynt?[4] Mak, ye do wrang.
II. Pastor. Bot, Mak, lyst ye saynt?[5] / I trow that ye lang.[6]
III. Pastor. I trow the shrew can paynt![7] / The dewyll myght hym hang!
Mak. Ich shall make complaynt, / and make you all to thwang[8]
At a worde;
And tell euyn how ye doth.
I. Pastor. Bot, Mak, is that sothe?
Now take outt that sothren tothe,
And sett in a torde!

II. Pastor. Mak, the dewill in youre ee! / A stroke wold I leyne[9] you. [*Strikes him.*]
III. Pastor. Mak, know ye not me? / By God, I couthe teyn[10] you. [*Drawing back to strike him.*]
Mak. God, looke you all thre! / Me thoght I had sene you.
Ye ar a fare compane. /
I. Pastor. Can ye now mene[11] you?
II. Pastor. Shrew[d] iape![12]
Thus late as thou goys,
What wyll men suppos?
And thou has an yll noys[13]
Of stelyng of shepe.

Mak. And I am trew as steyll; / all men waytt![14]

---

[1] Afraid. [2] Tricks.
[3] Lauds, the first of the day hours of the Church.
[4] Went.
[5] MS. *Tunc intrat Mak in clamide se super togam vestitus.*
[6] Name. [7] Lacks. [8] Brains.
[9] Children, babes. [10] Continuously.

[1] Every one. [2] MS. *Et accipit clamidem ab ipso.*
[3] I. Mak, in his attempt to deceive the shepherds, adopts the Southern pronunciation (cf. l. 215).
[4] Strange. [5] *Qy.*: faynt, feint, deceive.
[6] Long to do so. [7] Act, deceive.
[8] Be flogged. [9] Lend.
[10] Injure. [11] Remember yourself (*qy.*: demean).
[12] Shrewd jest. [13] Reputation. [14] Know.

Bot a sekenes I feyll / that haldys me full haytt;[1]
My belly farys not weyll, / it is out of astate.
III. Pastor. Seldom lyys the dewyll / dede by the gate![2]
Mak. Therfor
Full sore am I and yll;
If I stande stone styll,
I ete not an nedyll
Thys moneth and more.

I. Pastor. How farys thi wyff? by my hoode, / how farys sho?
Mak. Lyys walteryng,[3] by the roode, / by the fyere, lo!
And a howse full of brude.[4] / She drynkys well, to;
Yll spede othere good / that she wyll do
Bot so!
Etys as fast as she can;
And ilk[5] yere that commys to man
She bryngys furth a lakan,[6] —
And som yeres two.

Bot were I not more gracyus / and rychere be far,
I were eten outt of howse / and of harbar.
Yit is she a fowll dowse[7] / if ye com nar;
Ther is none that trowse / nor knowys a war[8]
Then ken I.
Now wyll ye se what I profer?
To gyf all in my cofer
To-morne at next[9] to offer
Hyr hed-mas penny.[10]

II. Pastor. I wote so forwakyd[11] / is none in this shyre.
I wold slepe, if I takyd / les to my hyere.
III. Pastor. I am cold and nakyd, / and wold haue a fyere.
I. Pastor. I am wery, for-rakyd,[11] / and run in the myre.[12]
Wake thou!
II. Pastor. Nay, I wyll lyg downe by,
For I must slepe, truly.
III. Pastor. As good a mans son was I
As any of you.

Bot, Mak, com heder! Betwene / shall thou lyg downe.
Mak. Then myght I lett[1] you, bedene,[2] / of that ye wold rowne,[3]
. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .[4]

[*They lie down.*]

[Mak.] No dred.
Fro my top to my too,
*Manus tuas commendo,*
*Poncio Pilato,*
Cryst crosse me spede!

*Then he rises up, the shepherds being asleep, and says:*[5]

Now were tyme for a man / that lakkys what he wold
To stalk preuely than / vnto a fold,
And neemly[6] to wyrk than, / and be not to bold,
For he might aby the bargan, / if it were told,
At the endyng.
Now were tyme for to reyll;[7]
Bot he nedys good counsell
That fayn wold fare weyll,
And has bot lytyll spendyng.

[*Pretends to be a magician.*]

Bot abowte you a serkyll[8] / as rownde as a moyn,[9]
To I haue done that I wyll, / tyll that it be noyn,[10]
That ye lyg stone styll / to that I haue doyne.
And I shall say thertyll / of good wordys a foyne[11]
On hight.
Ouer youre heydys my hand I lyft:
Outt go youre een! Fordo your syght! —
Bot yit I must make better shyft
And it be right.

---

[1] Hot.
[2] Road.
[3] Lolling.
[4] Children.
[5] Every.
[6] Baby.
[7] Slut.
[8] Worse.
[9] The following morning.
[10] For her funeral.
[11] Worn out, tired.
[12] Tired.

[1] Hinder.
[2] Indeed.
[3] Whisper.
[4] A lacuna in the MS.
[5] MS. *Tunc surgit, pastoribus dormientibus, et dicit.*
[6] Nimbly.
[7] Set about it.
[8] Circle.
[9] Moon.
[10] Noon.
[11] Few.

*[The shepherds begin to snore.]*

Lord, what! thay slepe hard! / that may ye all here.
Was I neuer a shepard, / bot now wyll I lere.[1]
If the flok be skard, / yit shall I nyp nere.

*[He approaches the sheep.]*

How! Drawes hederward! / Now mendys oure chere
From sorow.
A fatt shepe I dar say!
A good flese dar I lay!
Eft-whyte [2] when I may,
Bot this will I borow.

*[Takes the sheep, and crosses to his home.]*

How, Gyll, art thou in? / Gett vs som lyght.
Vxor eius. Who makys sich dyn / this tyme of the nyght?
I am sett for to spyn; / I hope not I myght
Ryse a penny to wyn. / I shrew them on hight
So farys!
A huswyff that has bene
To be rasyd [3] thus betwene!
Here may no note [4] be sene
For sich small charys.[5]

Mak. Good wyff, open the hek! [6] / Seys thou not what I bryng?
Vxor. I may thole [7] the dray the snek.[8] / A, com in, my swetyng!
Mak. Yee, thou thar not rek [9] / of my long standyng.
Vxor. By the nakyd nek / art thou lyke for to hyng.
Mak. Do way!
I am worthy my mete;
For in a strate can I gett
More then thay that swynke and swette
All the long day.

Thus it fell to my lott, / Gyll! I had sich grace.

*[He shows her the sheep.]*

Vxor. It were a fowll blott / to be hanged for the case.
Mak. I haue skapyd, Ielott, / oft as hard a glase.[1]
Vxor. Bot so long goys the pott / to the water, men says,
At last
Comys it home broken.
Mak. Well knowe I the token;
Bot let it neuer be spoken,
Bot com and help fast.

I wold he were slayn; / I lyst well ete.
This twelmo[n]the was I not so fayn / of oone shepe mete.
Vxor. Com thay or he be slayn / and here the shepe blete —
Mak. Then myght I be tane! / That were a cold swette!

*[He begins to tremble.]*

Go spar [2]
The gaytt doore.[3]
Vxor. Yis, Mak,
For and thay com at thy bak —
Mak. Then myght I by for all the pak!
The dewill of the war!

Vxor. A good bowrde [4] haue I spied, / — syn thou can none.
Here shall we hym hyde / to thay be gone, —
In my credyll abyde, — / lett me alone,
And I shall lyg besyde / in chylbed, and grone.
Mak. Thou red!
And I shall say thou was lyght [5]
Of a knaue [6] childe this nyght.
Vxor. Now well is me day bright,
That euer was I bred!

This is a good gyse [7] / and a far cast!
Yit a woman avyse / helpys at the last!
I wote neuer who spyse. / Agane go thou fast.
Mak. Bot I com or thay ryse, / els blawes a cold blast!
I wyll go slepe.

---

[1] Learn.
[2] Repay.
[3] Has to be aroused.
[4] Work.
[5] Chores.
[6] Door.
[7] Suffer.
[8] Draw the latch.
[9] Took no thought.

[1] Blow.
[2] Fasten.
[3] Front door.
[4] Trick, jest.
[5] Delivered.
[6] Male.
[7] Guise, disguise.

[*Mak returns to the shepherds, and resumes his place.*]

Yit slepys all this meneye;
And I shall go stalk preuely,
As it had neuer bene I
That caryed thare shepe.

[*The First and Second Shepherds awake.*]

I. Pastor. *Resurrex a mortruis!* / Haue hald my hand.
*Iudas carnas dominus!* / I may not well stand:
My foytt slepys, by Ihesus; / and I water fastand.[1]
I thoght that we layd vs / full nere Yngland.
II. Pastor. A ye!
Lord, what I haue slept weyll.
As fresh as an eyll,
As lyght I me feyll
As leyfe on a tre.

[*The Third Shepherd awakes.*]

III. Pastor. Benste be here-in! / so my [body] [2] qwakys,
My hart is outt of skyn, / what-so it makys.
Who makys all this dyn? / So my browes blakys.[3]
To the dowore [4] wyll I wyn. / Harke, felows, wakys!
We were fowre:
Se ye awre of Mak now?
I. Pastor. We were vp or thou.
II. Pastor. Man, I gyf God a-vowe,
Yit yede he nawre.[5]

III. Pastor. Me thoght he was lapt / in a wolfe skyn.
I. Pastor. So are many hapt / now — namely, within.
III. Pastor. When we had long napt, / me thoght with a gyn [6]
A fatt shepe he trapt; / bot he mayde no dyn.
II. Pastor. Be styll!
Thi dreme makys the woode; [1]
It is bot fantom, by the roode.
I. Pastor. Now God turne all to good,
If it be his wyll!

[*They awaken Mak.*]

II. Pastor. Ryse, Mak! For shame! / thou lygys right lang.
Mak. Now Crystys holy name / be vs emang!
What is this, for Sant Iame? / I may not well gang! [2]
I trow I be the same. / A! my nek has lygen wrang
Enoghe.

[*They help him to his feet.*]

Mekill thank! Syn yister euen,
Now, by Sant Strevyn,
I was flayd with a swevyn,[3]
My hart out of-sloghe.[4]

I thoght Gyll began to crok / and trauell full sad,
Welner at the fyrst cok, / of a yong lad
For to mend oure flok. / Then be I neuer glad;
I haue tow on my rok [5] / more then euer I had.
A, my heede!
A house full of yong tharnes! [6]
The dewill knok outt thare harnes! [7]
Wo is hym has many barnes,
And therto lytyll brede!

I must go home, by youre lefe, / to Gyll, as I thoght.
I pray you looke my slefe / that I steyll noght;
I am loth you to grefe / or from you take oght.

[*Mak leaves them.*]

III. Pastor. Go furth; yll myght thou chefe! / Now wold I we soght,
This morne,
That we had all oure store.

---

[1] Fasting; thirsting for water?
[2] *Supplied by Kittredge.*
[3] Grows black.
[4] Door.
[5] Went he nowhere.
[6] Quaint device. In the MS. this speech is attributed to the Second Shepherd, and the following speech to the Third Shepherd; corrected by Manly.

[1] Mad.
[2] Go, walk.
[3] Dream, nightmare.
[4] That slew my heart.
[5] Distaff.
[6] Bellies, i.e., children. (MS. tharmes; *corr. by Manly.*)
[7] Brains.

I. Pastor. Bot I will go before;
Let vs mete.
II. Pastor. Whore?
III. Pastor. At the crokyd thorne.
[*Exeunt.*]

[*Mak arrives at his home.*]

Mak. Vndo this doore! Who is here? / How long shall I stand?
Vxor eius. Who makys sich a bere?[1] / Now walk in the wenyand![2]
Mak. A, Gyll, what chere? / It is I, Mak, youre husbande.
Vxor. Then may we se[3] here / the dewill in a bande,
Syr Gyle.
Lo, he commys with a lote[4]
As he were holden in the throte.
I may not syt at my note[5]
A hand-lang while.

Mak. Wyll ye here what fare she makys / to gett hir a glose?[6]
And dos noght bot lakys,[7] / and clowse hir toose.[8]
Vxor. Why, who wanders? who wakys? / who commys? who gose?
Who brewys? who bakys? / who[9] makys me thus hose?
And than,
It is rewthe to beholde,
Now in hote, now in colde,
Full wofull is the householde
That wantys a woman.

Bot what ende has thou mayde / with the hyrdys,[10] Mak?
Mak. The last worde that thay sayde, / when I turnyd my bak,
Thay wold looke that thay hade / thare shepe all the pak.
I hope thay wyll nott be well payde / when thay thare shepe lak,
Perde.
Bot how-so the gam gose,
To me thay wyll suppose,
And make a fowll noyse,
And cry outt apon me.

Bot thou must do as thou hyght.[1] /
Vxor. I accorde me thertyll;
I shall swedyll[2] hym right / in my credyll.
If it were a gretter slyght, / yit couthe I help tyll.
I wyll lyg downe stright. / Com hap[3] me.
Mak. I wyll.

[*He tucks her in bed.*]

Vxor. Behynde!
Com Coll and his maroo,[4]
Thay will nyp vs full naroo.
Mak. Bot I may cry "Out haroo!"
The shepe if thay fynde.

Vxor. Harken ay when thay call; / thay will com onone.
Com and make redy all; / and syng by thyn oone;
Syng lullay thou shall, / for I must grone
And cry outt by the wall / on Mary and Iohn,
For sore.
Syng lullay on fast
When thou heris at the last;
And bot I play a fals cast,
Trust me no more!

[*The Shepherds return, and speak at the other end of the pageant.*]

III. Pastor. A, Coll, good morne! / Why slepys thou nott?
I. Pastor. Alas, that euer was I borne! / we haue a fowll blott.
A fat wedir[5] haue we lorne. /
III. Pastor. Mary, Godys forbott!
II. Pastor. Who shuld do vs that skorne? / That were a fowll spott.
I. Pastor. Som shrewe.
I haue soght with my dogys
All Horbery Shrogys,[6]
And of fefteyn hogys
Fond I bot oone ewe.

III. Pastor. Now trow[7] me, if ye will; / by Sant Thomas of Kent,

---

[1] Noise.
[2] In the waning of the moon (an unlucky time).
[3] MS. be; *corr. by Kittredge.*
[4] Noise (the allusion is to hanging).
[5] Work.
[6] Pretext, excuse.
[7] Plays.
[8] Scratches her toes.
[9] MS. What.
[10] Herdsmen.

[1] Promised.
[2] Swaddle.
[3] Cover me up.
[4] Mate.
[5] Sheep.
[6] Horbury thickets, four miles from Wakefield.
[7] Believe.

Ayther Mak or Gyll / was at that assent.
I. PASTOR. Peasse, man! Be still! / I sagh when he went.
Thou sklanders hym yll. / Thou aght to repent
Goode spede.
II. PASTOR. Now as euer myght I the,[1]
If I shuld euyn here de,
I wold say it were he
That dyd that same dede.

III. PASTOR. Go we theder, I rede, / and ryn on oure feete.
Shall I neuer ete brede / the sothe to I wytt.[2]
I. PASTOR. Nor drynk in my heede / with hym tyll I mete.
II. PASTOR. I wyll rest in no stede / tyll that I hym grete,
My brothere.
Oone I will hight:[3]
Tyll I se hym in sight
Shall I neuer slepe one nyght
Ther I do anothere.

[*As the shepherds approach, Mak's wife begins to groan, and Mak, sitting by the cradle, to sing a lullaby.*]

III. PASTOR. Will ye here how thay hak?[4] / Oure syre lyst croyne.[5]
I. PASTOR. Hard I neuer none crak[6] / so clere out of toyne!
Call on hym.
II. PASTOR. Mak! / vndo youre doore soyne.
MAK. Who is that spak / as it were noyne
On loft?
Who is that, I say?
III. PASTOR. Goode felowse, were it day.
MAK. [*Opening the door.*] As far as ye may,
Good, spekys soft,

Ouer a seke womans heede / that is at mayll-easse;
I had leuer be dede / or she had any dys-easse.[7]
VXOR. Go to an othere stede! / I may not well qweasse.[8]
Ich fote that ye trede / goys thorow my nese[1]
So hee!
I. PASTOR. Tell vs, Mak, if ye may,
How fare ye, I say?
MAK. Bot ar ye in this towne to-day?
Now how fare ye?

Ye haue ryn in the myre, / and ar weytt yit.
I shall make you a fyre / if ye will syt.
A nores[2] wold I hyre, / thynk ye on yit.
Well qwytt is my hyre; / my dreme — this is itt, [*Points to the cradle.*]
A seson.
I haue barnes, if ye knew,
Well mo then enewe.
Bot we must drynk as we brew,
And that is bot reson.

I wold ye dynyd or ye yode. / Me thynk that ye swette.
II. PASTOR. Nay, nawther mendys oure mode / drynke nor mette.
MAK. Why, sir, alys you oght bot goode?
III. PASTOR. Yee, oure shepe that we gett
Ar stollyn as thay yode. / Oure los is grette.
MAK. Syrs, drynkys!
Had I bene thore,
Som shuld haue boght it full sore.
I. PASTOR. Mary, som men trowes that ye wore;
And that vs forthynkys.[3]

II. PASTOR. Mak, som men trowys / that it shuld be ye.
III. PASTOR. Ayther ye or youre spouse, / so say we.
MAK. Now, if ye haue suspowse / to Gill, or to me,
Com and rype oure howse, / and then may ye se
Who had hir.
If I any shepe fott,[4]
Aythor cow or stott,[5]
And Gyll, my wyfe, rose nott
Here syn she lade hir,

As I am true and lele, / to God here I pray

---

[1] Thrive.
[2] Until I know the truth.
[3] One thing will I swear.
[4] Sing.
[5] Croon.
[6] Bawl.
[7] Annoyance.
[8] Breathe.

[1] Nose.
[2] Nurse.
[3] Troubles.
[4] Fetched.
[5] Bullock.

That this be the fyrst mele / that I shall ete this day. [*Points to the cradle.*]
I. PASTOR. Mak, as haue I ceyll,[1] / avyse the, I say;
He lernyd tymely to steyll / that couth not say nay.

[*The shepherds begin the search.*]

VXOR. I swelt![2]
Outt, thefys, fro my wonys![3]
Ye com to rob vs, for the nonys.
MAK. Here ye not how she gronys?
Youre hartys shuld melt.

VXOR. Outt, thefys, fro my barne! / Negh hym not thor!
MAK. Wyst ye how she had farne,[4] / youre hartys wold be sore.
Ye do wrang, I you warne, / that thus commys before
To a woman that has farne. / Bot I say no more!
VXOR. A, my medyll!
I pray to God so mylde,
If euer I you begyld,
That I ete this chylde
That lygys in this credyll.

MAK. Peasse, woman, for Godys payn! / and cry not so!
Thou spyllys thy brane, / and makys me full wo.
II. PASTOR. I trow oure shepe be slayn. / What finde ye two?
III. PASTOR. All wyrk we in vayn; / as well may we go.
Bot, hatters,[5]
I can fynde no flesh,
Hard nor nesh,
Salt nor fresh,
Bot two tome[6] platers.

Whik[7] catell bot this, / tame nor wylde,
None, as haue I blys, / as lowde as he smylde.[8]
VXOR. No, so God me blys, / and gyf me ioy of my chylde!
I. PASTOR. We haue merkyd amys; / I hold vs begyld.
II. PASTOR. Syr, don.

[*Addressing Mak at the cradle.*]

Syr, Oure Lady hym saue!
Is youre chyld a knaue?[1]
MAK. Any lord myght hym haue,
This chyld to his son.

When he wakyns he kyppys[2] / that ioy is to se.
III. PASTOR. In good tyme to hys hyppys[3] / and in cele![4]
Bot who was his gossyppys[5] / so sone rede?
MAK. So fare fall thare lyppys! /
I. PASTOR. [*Aside.*] Hark now, a le!
MAK. So God thaym thank,
Parkyn, and Gybon Waller, I say,
And gentill Iohn Horne, in good fay,
He made all the garray,[6]
With the greatt shank.

II. PASTOR. Mak, freyndys will we be, / ffor we ar all oone.
MAK. We! now I hald for me, / for mendys gett I none.
Fare-well all thre! / All glad were ye gone!

[*Exeunt the shepherds.*]

III. PASTOR. Fare wordys may ther be, / bot luf is ther none
This yere.
I. PASTOR. Gaf ye the chyld any-thyng?
II. PASTOR. I trow, not oone farthyng!
III. PASTOR. Fast agane will I flyng;
Abyde ye me there.

[*The Third Shepherd returns.*]

Mak, take it to no grefe, / if I com to thi barne.
MAK. Nay, thou dos me greatt reprefe, / and fowll has thou farne.
III. PASTOR. The child will it not grefe, / that lytyll day-starne.[7]
Mak, with youre leyfe, / let me gyf youre barne
Bot sex pence.
MAK. Nay, do way! He slepys.
III. PASTOR. Me thynk he pepys.

---

[1] Bliss. [2] Become faint. [3] Dwelling.
[4] Laboured (with child-birth).
[5] Plague take it. [6] Empty.
[7] Living. [8] Smelled?

---

[1] Boy. [2] Snatches. [3] Hips.
[4] Happiness. [5] Sponsors at baptism.
[6] Commotion. [7] Day-star.

MAK. When he wakyns he wepys!
I pray you go hence!

III. PASTOR. Gyf me lefe hym to kys, / and lyft vp the clowtt.[1]

[*Lifts the cloth, thinks the baby deformed.*]

What the dewill is this? / he has a long snowte!

[*The other shepherds, pressing forward, look at the baby.*]

I. PASTOR. He is merkyd amys.[2] / We wate ill abowte.
II. PASTOR. Ill spon weft,[3] iwys, / ay commys foull owte.

[*Suddenly, realizing that it is a sheep.*]

Ay, so!
He is lyke to oure shepe!
III. PASTOR. How, Gyb! may I pepe?
I. PASTOR. I trow, kynde[4] will crepe
Where it may not go!

[*They lift the sheep out of the cradle.*]

II. PASTOR. This was a qwantt gawde,[5] / and a far cast!
It was a hee frawde! /
III. PASTOR. Yee, syrs, wast.[6]
Lett bren[7] this bawde, / and bynd hir fast.
A! fals skawde, / hang at the last!
So shall thou.
Wyll ye se how thay swedyll
His foure feytt in the medyll?
Sagh I neuer in a credyll
A hornyd lad or now!

MAK. Peasse byd I! What! / Lett be youre fare!
I am he that hym gatt, / and yond woman hym bare.
I. PASTOR. What dewill shall he hatt?[8] / "Mak?" Lo, God, Makys ayre!
II. PASTOR. Lett be all that. / Now God gyf hym care,
I sagh.
VXOR. A pratty childe is he
As syttys on a womans kne;
A dyllydowne, perde,
To gar a man laghe.

III. PASTOR. I know hym by the eere-marke; / that is a good tokyn!
MAK. I tell you, syrs, hark! / hys noyse[1] was brokyn;
Sythen[2] told me a clerk / that he was forspokyn.[3]
I. PASTOR. This is a fals wark; / I wold fayn be wrokyn.[4]
Gett wepyn!
VXOR. He was takyn with an elfe,
I saw it myself;
When the clok stroke twelf
Was he forshapyn.[5]

II. PASTOR. Ye two ar well feft[6] / sam in a stede.
III. PASTOR. Syn thay manteyn thare theft, / let do thaym to dede.
MAK. If I trespas eft, / gyrd of my heede!
With you will I be left. /
I. PASTOR. Syrs, do my reede:
For this trespas
We will nawther ban ne flyte,[7]
Fyght nor chyte,[8]
Bot haue done as tyte,[9]
And cast hym in canvas.

[*They toss Mak in a sheet, and then return to the fields.*]

[I. PASTOR.] Lord, what! I am sore / in poynt for to bryst.
In fayth, I may no more; / therfor wyll I ryst.
II. PASTOR. As a shepe of sevyn skore / he weyd in my fyst.
For to slepe ay-whore[10] / me thynk that I lyst.
III. PASTOR. Now I pray you,
Lyg downe on this grene.
I. PASTOR. On these thefys yit I mene.
III. PASTOR. Wherto shuld ye tene?[11]
Do[12] as I say you!

---

[1] Cloth.
[2] Deformed.
[3] An old proverb: "From an ill-spun woof ever comes foul out."
[4] An old proverb: "Nature will walk where it may not go."
[5] Device.
[6] Was it.
[7] Burn.
[8] Be named.

[1] Nose.
[2] Afterwards.
[3] Bewitched.
[4] Avenged.
[5] Deformed.
[6] Endowed.
[7] Curse nor quarrel.
[8] Chide.
[9] Quickly.
[10] Anywhere.
[11] Trouble.
[12] MS. so; *corr. by Manly*

*[They lie down and fall asleep.]*

*An angel sings "Gloria in exelsis"; then let him say:*[1]

ANGELUS. Ryse, hyrd-men heynd! / for now is he borne
That shall take fro the feynd / that Adam had lorne:
That warloo[2] to sheynd[3] / this nyght is he borne;
God is made youre freynd / now at this morne.
He behestys
At Bedlem go se,
Ther lygys that fre
In a cryb full poorely
Betwyx two bestys.

*[The angel withdraws.]*

I. PASTOR. This was a qwant stevyn[4] / that euer yit I hard.
It is a meruell to neuyn, / thus to be skard.
II. PASTOR. Of Godys son of heuyn / he spak vpward.
All the wod on a leuyn[5] / me thoght that he gard[6]
Appere.
III. PASTOR. He spake of a barne
In Bedlem, I you warne.
I. PASTOR. That betokyns yond starne;[7]
Let vs seke hym there.

II. PASTOR. Say, what was his song? / Hard ye not how he crakyd it,
Thre brefes to a long? /
III. PASTOR. Yee, mary, he hakt[8] it;
Was no crochett wrong, / nor no-thyng that lakt it.
I. PASTOR. For to syng vs emong, / right as he knakt it,
I can.
II. PASTOR. Let se how ye croyne.
Can ye bark at the mone?
III. PASTOR. Hold youre tonges! Haue done!
I. PASTOR. Hark after, than!

II. PASTOR. To Bedlem he bad / that we shuld gang;
I am full fard[1] / that we tary to lang.
III. PASTOR. Be mery and not sad; / of myrth is oure sang;
Euer-lastyng glad / to mede[2] may we fang,
Withoutt noyse.
I. PASTOR. Hy we theder for-thy,[3]
If we be wete and wery,
To that chyld and that lady!
We haue it not to lose.

II. PASTOR. We fynde by the prophecy — / let be youre dyn! —
Of Dauid and Isay / and mo then I myn,[4]
Thay prophecyed by clergy / that in a vyrgyn
Shuld he lyght and ly, / to slokyn[5] oure syn
And slake it,
Oure kynde from wo.
For Isay sayd so:
*Ecce virgo*
*Concipiet* a chylde that is nakyd.

III. PASTOR. Full glad may we be, / and abyde that day
That lufly to se, / that all myghtys may.
Lord, well were me, / for ones and for ay,
Myght I knele on my kne / som word for to say
To that chylde.
Bot the angell sayd,
In a cryb wos he layde;
He was poorly arayd,
Both meke[6] and mylde.

I. PASTOR. Patryarkes that has bene, / and prophetys beforne,
Thay desyryd to haue sene / this chylde that is borne.
Thay ar gone full clene; / that haue thay lorne.[7]
We shall se hym, I weyn, / or it be morne,
To tokyn.
When I se hym and fele,
Then wote I full weyll
It is true as steyll
That prophetys haue spokyn:

---

[1] MS. *Angelus cantat Gloria in exelsis, postea dicat.*
[2] Warlock (the devil).
[3] Destroy.
[4] Voice.
[5] Lightning.
[6] Made.
[7] Star.
[8] Sang.

[1] Afraid.
[2] Reward.
[3] Therefore.
[4] Remember.
[5] Quench.
[6] MS. mener; *corr. by Kölbing.*
[7] Lost.

To so poore as we ar / that he wold appere,
Fyrst fynd, and declare / by his messyngere.
II. Pastor. Go we now, let vs fare; / the place is vs nere.
III. Pastor. I am redy and yare; / go we in-fere[1]
  To that bright.
Lord, if thi wyll it[2] be —
We ar lewde[3] all thre —
Thou grauntt vs somkyns gle[4]
  To comforth thi wight.

[*They enter the stable. The First Shepherd kneels before the babe.*]

I. Pastor. Hayll, comly and clene! / hayll, yong child!
Hayll, Maker, as I meyne! / of a madyn so mylde!
Thou has waryd,[5] I weyne, / the warlo[6] so wylde;
The fals gyler of teyn,[7] / now goys he begylde.
  Lo, he merys!
Lo, he laghys, my swetyng!
A welfare metyng!
I haue holden my hetyng.[8]
  Haue a bob of cherys!

[*The Second Shepherd kneels.*]

II. Pastor. Hayll, sufferan Sauyoure, / ffor thou has vs soght!
Hayll, frely foyde[9] and floure, / that all thyng has wroght!
Hayll, full of fauoure, / that made all of noght!
Hayll! I kneyll and I cowre. / A byrd haue I broght
  To my barne.
Hayll, lytyll tyne mop![10]
Of oure crede thou art crop.
I wold drynk on thy cop,[11]
  Lytyll day-starne!

[*The Third Shepherd kneels.*]

III. Pastor. Hayll, derlyng dere, / full of godhede!
I pray the be nere / when that I haue nede.
Hayll! swete is thy chere! / My hart wold blede
To se the sytt here / in so poore wede,[1]
  With no pennys.
Hayll! put furth thy dall![2]
I bryng the bot a ball:
Haue and play the with-all,
  And go to the tenys.

Maria. The Fader of heuen, / God omnypotent,
That sett all on seuen,[3] / his Son has he sent.
My name couth he neuen[4] / and lyght[5] or he went.
I conceyuyd hym full euen, / thrugh myght as he ment;
  And now he is borne.
He kepe you fro wo!
I shall pray hym so.
Tell, furth as ye go,
  And myn on this morne.

I. Pastor. Farewell, lady, / so fare to beholde,
With thy childe on thi kne! /
II. Pastor.                 Bot he lygys full cold.
Lord, well is me! / Now we go, thou behold.
III. Pastor. For sothe, all redy / it semys to be told
  Full oft.
I. Pastor. What grace we haue fun!
II. Pastor. Com furth; now ar we won![6]
III. Pastor. To syng ar we bun:
  Let take on loft!

[*They go out singing.*]

*Explicit pagina Pastorum.*

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[1] Together.
[2] MS. wylles: *corr. by Manly.*
[3] Unlettered.
[4] Joy of some kind.
[5] Cursed.
[6] The Devil.
[7] Injury.
[8] Promise.
[9] Noble offspring, child.
[10] Baby.
[11] Cup, of the Sacrament.

[1] Garment.
[2] Fist.
[3] Usually "to venture everything"; here, possibly, "That made all things."
[4] Name.
[5] Alighted (an allusion to the incarnation).
[6] Saved.

# THE MAGI, HEROD, AND THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS[1]

[Acted by the Shearmen and Taylors of Coventry.]

*There the profettis gothe furthe and Erod cumyth in, and the messenger.*

Nonceose.[1] Faytes pais, dñyis, baronys de grande reynowme!
Payis, seneoris, schevaleris de nooble posance!
Pays, gentis homos, companeonys petis egrance!
Je vos command dugard treytus sylance.
Payis, tanque vottur nooble Roie syre ese presance!
Que nollis persone ese non fawis perwynt dedfferance,
Nese harde de frappas; mayis gardus to to paceance, —
Mayis gardus voter seneor to cor reyuerance;
Care lat vottur Roie to to puysance.
Anoñ de leo, pase tos! je vose cummande,
E lay Roie erott la grandeaboly vos vmport.

Erode. *Qui statis in Jude et Rex Iseraell,*[1]
And the myghttyst conquerowre that eyuer walkid on grownd!
For I am evyn he thatt made bothe hevin and hell;
And of my myghte powar holdith vp this world rownd.
Magog and Madroke, bothe the[m] did I confownde,
And with this bryght bronde[2] there bonis I brak on-sunder,
Thatt all the wyde worlde on those rappis did wonder.

I am the cawse of this grett lyght[3] and thunder;
Ytt ys throgh my fure that the[y] soche noyse dothe make.
My feyrefull contenance the clowdis so doth incumbur
That oftymis for drede ther-of the verre yerth doth quake.
Loke! when I with males[4] this bryght brond[2] doth schake,
All the whole world, from the north to the sowthe,
I ma them dystroie with won worde of my mowthe!

To reycownt vnto you myn innevmerabull substance,
Thatt were to moche for any tong to tell!

---

[1] With the help of the suggestions by Manly (some, he states, were secured from Sheldon and Kittredge), I have ventured to reconstruct the French verses which have been so sadly corrupted through oral tradition:

Faites paix, domnes [i.e. lords], barons de grand renom!
Paix, seigneurs, chevaliers de noble puissance!
Paix, gentilshommes, compagnons petits et grands!
Je vous commande de garder trestous silence.
Paix, tant que votre noble Roi sera ici présent!
Que nulle personne ici ne fasse point différends
Ni se hasarde de frapper; mais gardez toute patience —
Mais gardez votre seigneur toute révérence:
Car il est votre Roi tout puissant.
Au nom de lui, paix tous! je vous commande
Est le Roi Hérode le grand.
Le Diable vous emporte!

[1] Possibly this is to be read as "And King of the Israelites who dwell in Judea."
[2] Sword. [3] Lightning. [4] Malice.

[1] Reprinted from Thomas Sharp's *A Dissertation on the Pageants or Dramatic Mysteries Anciently Performed at Coventry by the Trading Companies of that City*, 1825. The manuscript, formerly in the possession of Sharp, was burned with the Shakespeare Memorial Library at Birmingham in 1879. The Shearmen and Taylors' Play, and the Weavers' Play (also burnt) are the sole remnants of the famous cycle acted at Coventry — a cycle which, it is almost certain, Shakespeare witnessed as a boy. Allusions in his works to Herod and to the slaughter of the innocents are probably recollections of the play here printed. I have omitted the first 474 lines, which include a prologue by Isaiah, the Annunciation to Mary, the Doubt of Joseph, the Journey to Bethlehem, the Nativity, the Visit of the Shepherds, and a long Dialogue between two prophets. In preparing the text I have taken advantage of the reprints by Manly, *Specimens*, 1897, and by Hardin Craig, *Two Corpus Christi Plays*, edited for the Early English Text Society, 1902, both of which necessarily reproduce Sharp's text of 1825.

For all the whole Orent ys vnder myn obbeydeance,
And Prynce am I of Purgatorre, and Cheff Capten of Hell!
And those tyraneos trayturs be force ma I compell
Myne enmyis to vanquese, and evyn to dust them dryve,
And with a twynke of myn iee[1] not won to be lafte alyve.

Behold my contenance, and my colur,
Bryghtur then the sun in the meddis of the dey!
Where can you haue a more grettur succur
Then to behold my person that ys soo gaye,
My fawcun[2] and my fassion, with my gorgis araye?
He thatt had the grace all-wey ther-on to thynke,
Lyve he[3] myght all-wey with-owt othur meyte or drynke.

And thys my tryomfande fame most hylist dothe a-bownde
Throgh-owt this world in all reygeons abrod,
Reysemelyng the fauer of thatt most myght Mahownd;[4]
From Jubytor be desent, and cosyn to the grett God,
And namyd the most reydowndid[5] Kyng Eyrodde,
Wyche thatt all pryncis hath under subjeccion,
And all there whole powar vndur my proteccion.

And therefore, my hareode[6] here, callid Calcas,
Warne thow eyuer[e] porte thatt noo schyppis a-ryve,
Nor also aleond[7] stranger throg my realme pas,
But the[y] for there truage[8] do pay markis[9] fyve.
Now spede the forth hastele;
For the[y] thatt wyll the contrare
Apon a galowse hangid schalbe;
And, be Mahownde, of me the[y] gett noo grace!

Noncios. Now, Lord and mastur, in all the hast,
Thy worethe[1] wyll ytt schall be wroght,
And thy ryall cuntreyis schalbe past
In asse schort tyme ase can be thoght.
[*Exit.*]

Erode. Now schall owre regeons throghowt be soght
In eyuer[e] place, bothe est and west.
Yff any katyffis to me be broght,
Yt schalbe nothyng for there best.
And the whyle thatt I do resst,
Trompettis, viallis, and othur armone[2]
Schall bles the wakyng of my maieste.

*Here Erod goth awey, and the iij Kyngis speykyth in the strete.*

[*Enter the First King.*]

i. Rex. Now blessid be God of his swet sonde![3]
For yondur a feyre, bryght star I do see!
Now ys he comon vs a-monge,
Asse the profet[4] seyd thatt yt schuld be.

A[5] seyd there schuld a babe be borne,
Comyng of the rote of Jesse,
To sawe[6] mankynd that wasse for-lorne.[7]
And truly comen now ys he.

Reyuerence and worschip to hym woll I do
Asse God and man, thatt all made of noght.
All the profettis acordid and seyd evyn soo,
That with hys presseos[8] blod mankynd schuld be boght.[9]

He grant me grace,
Be yonder star that I see,
And in-to thatt place
Bryng me

---

[1] Eye.
[2] Falchion (or falcon).
[3] MS. the; *corr. by Manly.*
[4] Mahomet.
[5] Redoubtable.
[6] Herald.
[7] Alien.
[8] Toll.
[9] 13*s.* 4*d.* was the value of a mark.

[1] Worthy.
[2] Harmony, music.
[3] Messenger (or dispensation?).
[4] MS. profettis; *corr. by Manly.*
[5] He. MS. aseyd; *corr. by Manly.*
[6] Save.
[7] Lost.
[8] Precious.
[9] Redeemed.

Thatt I ma hym worschipe with umellete[1]
And se hys gloreose face.

[*Enter the Second King.*]

II. Rex. Owt off my wey I deme[2] thatt I am,
For toocuns[3] of thys cuntrey can I non see.
Now, God, thatt on yorth[4] madist man,
Send me sum knoleyge where thatt I be!

Yondur, me thynke, a feyre, bryght star I see;
The wyche be-tocunyth the byrth of a chyld
Thatt hedur ys cum to make man fre,
He borne of a mayde, and sche nothyng defyld.

To worschip thatt chyld ys myn in-tent.
Forth now wyll I take my wey.
I trust sum cumpany God hathe me sent,
For yonder I se a kyng labur on the wey.

To-warde hym now woll I ryde.

[*Approaches the First King.*]

Harke, cumly kyng! I you pray,
In-to whatt co[a]st wyll ye thys tyde,
Or weddur[5] lyis youre jurney?

I. Rex. To seke a chylde ys myne in-tent,
Of whom the profetis hathe ment.
The tyme ys cum, now ys he sent,
Be yondur star here ma [you] see.
II. Rex. Sir, I prey you, with your lysence,
To ryde with you vnto his presence.
To hym wyll I offur frank-in-sence,
For the hed of all Whole[6] Churche schall he be.

[*Enter the Third King.*]

III. Rex. I ryde wanderyng in veyis[7] wyde,
Ouer montens and dalis; I wot not where I am.
Now, Kyng off all kyngis, send me soche gyde
Thatt I myght haue knoleyge of thys cuntreys name.

A! yondur I se a syght, be-semyng[1] all afar,
The wyche be-tocuns sum nevis,[2] ase I troo;
Asse me thynke, a chyld peryng[3] in a stare.
I trust he be cum that schall defend vs from woo.

T[w]o kyngis yondur I see,
And to them woll I ryde
Forto haue there cumpane;
I trust the[y] wyll me abyde.

[*He approaches the two kings.*]

Hayle, cumly kyngis and gent![4]
Good surs, I pray you, whedder ar ye ment?

I. Rex. To seke a chylde ys owre in-tent,
Wyche be-tocuns yonder star, asse ye ma see.
II. Rex. To hym I purpose thys present.
III. Rex. Surs, I pray you, and thatt ryght vmblee,
With you thatt I ma ryde in cumpane.

[*The Kings join, and say in unison:*]

[All.] To all-myghte God now prey we
Thatt hys pressiose persone we ma se.

[*They retire, riding.*]

*Here Erode cumyth in ageyne, and the messengere seyth:*

Nuncios. Hayle, lorde most off myght!
Thy commandement ys right;
In-to thy land ys comyn this nyght
iij kyngis, and with them a grett cumpany.
Erod. Whatt make those kyngis in this cuntrey?
Noncios. To seke a kyng and a chyld, the[y] sey.
Erode. Of whatt age schuld he bee?

---

[1] Humility. In this stanza, and elsewhere, I have followed Manly's line division.
[2] Judge. [3] Tokens. [4] Earth.
[5] Whither. [6] Holy. [7] Ways.

[1] Seemingly. [2] News. [3] Appearing.
[4] "Hail, kings, comely and noble." MS. augent. I have adopted Manly's suggested emendation.

NONCIOS. Skant twellve deyis old fulle.

EROD. And wasse he soo late borne?
NONCIOS. E, syr, soo the[y] schode me thys same dey in the morne.
EROD. Now, in payne of deyth, bryng them me beforne![1]
And there-fore, harrode,[2] now hy the in hast,
In all spede thatt thow were dyght[3]
Or thatt those kyngis the cuntrey be past;
Loke thow bryng them all iij before my syght.

And in Jerusalem inquere more of that chyld.
But I warne the that thy wordis be mylde,
For there must thow hede[4] and crafte wey[lde][5]
How to for-do[6] his powere; and those iij kyngis shalbe begild.

NONCIOS. Lorde, I am redde att youre byddyng
To sarve the ase my lord and kyng.
For joye there-of, loo, how I spryng
With lyght hart and fresche gamboldyng
Alofte here on this molde!
ERODE. Then sped the forthe hastely,
And loke that thow beyre the eyvinly;[7]
And also I pray the hartely
Thatt thow doo comand[8] me
Bothe to yong and olde.

[*The three Kings, returning, are saluted by the messenger.*]

NUNCIOS. Hayle, syr kyngis, in youre degre!
Erood, kyng of these cuntreyis wyde,
Desyrith to speyke with you all thre,
And for youre comyng he dothe abyde.

I. REX. Syr, att his wyll we be ryght bayne.[9]
Hy us, brethur, vnto thatt lordis place;
To speyke with hym we wold be fayne.
Thatt chyld thatt we seke, he grant us of his grace!

[*The messenger leads them to Herod.*]

NUNCIOS. Hayle, lorde with-owt pere!
These iij kyngis here have we broght.
ERODE. Now welcum, syr kyngis, all in-fere;[1]
But of my bryght ble,[2] surs, bassche[3] ye noght!

Sir kyngis, ase I vndurstand,
A star hathe gydid you into my land,
Where-in grett harting[4] ye haue fonde
Be reysun of hir beymis bryght.
Wherefore I pray you hartely
The vere truthe thatt ye wold sertefy,
How long yt ys, surely,
Syn of that star you had furst syght.

I. REX. Sir kynge, the vere truthe to sey,
And forto schoo you ase hit ys best,
This same ys evin the xij^th^ dey
Syth yt aperid to vs be[5] west.

ERODE. Brethur, then ys there no more to sey
But with hart and wyll kepe ye your jurney,
And cum whom[6] by me this same wey,
Of your nevis[7] thatt I myght knoo.

You schall tryomfe in this cuntre
And with grett conquorde[8] bankett with me;
And thatt chyld myself then woll I see,
And honor hym also.

II. REX. Sir, youre commandement we woll fullfyll,
And humbly abaye[9] owreself there-tyll.
He thatt weldith[10] all thyng at wyll
The redde[11] way hus teyche,
Sir kyng, thatt we ma passe your land in pes!
ERODE. Yes, and walke softely eyvin at your one e[a]s;

---

[1] Before.
[2] Herald.
[3] Set about it.
[4] Heed, care.
[5] *Supplied by Manly.*
[6] Destroy.
[7] Evenly, craftily.
[8] Commend.
[9] Ready.

[1] Together.
[2] Color.
[3] Quail, be dismayed.
[4] Cheer, encouragement; MS. harie; *corr. by Manly.*
[5] By.
[6] Home.
[7] News.
[8] Concord.
[9] Bow, subject.
[10] Ruleth.
[11] Direct.

Youre pase-porte for a C[1] deyis
Here schall you haue of clere cummand;
Owre reme[2] to labur[3] any weyis
Here schall you haue be spesschall grante.

III. Rex. Now fare-well, kyng of hy degre;
Humbly of you owre leyve we take.
Erode. Then adev, sir kyngis all thre!
And whyle I lyve, be bold of me.
There ys nothyng in this cuntre
But for youre one[4] ye schall yt take.

[*Exeunt the three kings.*]

Now these iij kyngis ar gon on ther wey;
On-wysely and on-wyttely[5] haue the[y] all wroghte.
When the[y] cum ageyne, the[y] schall dy that same dey,
And thus these vyle wreychis to deyth the[y] schalbe broght, —
Soche ys my lykyng.
He that agenst my lawis wyll hold,
Be he kyng or keysar neyuer soo bold,
I schall them cast in-to caris[6] cold,
And to deyth I schall them bryng.

*There Erode goth his weyis, and the iij kyngis cum in ageyne.*

I. Rex. O blessid God, moche ys thy myght!
Where ys this star thatt gawe[7] vs lyght?
II. Rex. Now knele we downe here in this presence,
Be-sekyng that Lord of hy maugnefecens
That we ma see his hy exsellence
Yff thatt his swet wyl[l] be.

III. Rex. Yondur, brothur, I see the star,
Where-by I kno he ys nott far;
Therefore, lordis, goo we nar
Into this pore place.

*There the iij kyngis gois in to the jesen,[8] to Mare and hir child.*

I. Rex. Hayle, Lorde thatt all this world, hath wroght!
Hale, God and man to-gedur in-fere![1]
For thow hast made all thyng of noght,
Albe-yt thatt thow lyist porely here.
A cupe-full golde here I haue the broght
In toconyng thow art with-owt pere.

II. Rex. Hayle be thow, Lorde of hy maugnyffecens!
In toconyng of preste[h]od and dyngnete of offece,
To the I offur a cupe full off in-sence,
For yt be-hovith the to haue soche sacrefyce.

III. Rex. Hayle be thow, Lorde, longe lokid fore!
I haue broght the myre[2] for mortalete
In to-cunyng thow schalt mankynd restore
To lyff be thy deyth apon a tre.

Mare. God haue marce, kyngis, of yowre goodnes!
Be[3] the gydyng of the Godhed hidder ar ye sent.
The provyssion off my swete sun your weyis whom[4] reydres,
And gostely reywarde you for youre present.

[*The kings withdraw from the stable.*]

I. Rex. Syr kyngis, aftur owre promes,
Whome be Erode I mvst nedis goo.
II. Rex. Now truly, brethur,[5] we can noo las.
But I am soo far-wachid[6] I wott not wat to do.
III. Rex. Ryght soo am I; where-fore I you pray,
Lett all vs rest vs awhyle upon this grownd.
I. Rex. Brethur, youer seying ys right well vnto my pay.[7]
The grace of thatt swet chylde saue vs all sownde!

[*They lie down and fall asleep. Enter an angel.*]

Angellus. Kyng of Tawrus, Sir Jespar!
Kyng of Arraby, Sir Balthasar!

---

[1] Hundred.
[2] Realm.
[3] Travel.
[4] Own.
[5] Foolishly.
[6] Cares.
[7] Gave.
[8] Childbed.

[1] United, in company.
[2] Myrrh.
[3] By.
[4] Home.
[5] MS. berthur; *corr. by Manly.*
[6] Tired.
[7] Liking.

Melchor, Kyng of Aginare!
To you now am I sent.
For drede of Eyrode, goo you west whom.[1]
In-to those parties [2] when ye cum downe
Ye schalbe byrrid with gret reynowne.
The Wholle Gost thus knoleyge hath sent. [*Exit Angelus.*]

I. REX. Awake, sir kyngis, I you praye!
For the voise of an angell I hard in my dreyme.
II. REX. Thatt ys full tru thatt ye do sey,
For he reyherssid owre names playne.

III. REX. He bad thatt we schuld goo downe be west
For drede of Eyrodis fawls be-traye.
I. REX. Soo forto do yt ys the best.
The child that we haue soght, gyde vs the wey!

Now fare-well, the feyrist of schapp soo swete!
And thankid be Jhesu of his sonde,[3]
Thatt we iij to-geder soo suddenly schuld mete,
Thatt dwell soo wyde and in straunge lond,

And here make owre presentacion
Vnto this Kyngis Son clensid soo cleyne
And to his moder for ovre saluacion.
Of moche myrth now ma we meyne,[4]
Thatt we soo well hath done this oblacion.[5]

II. REX [*bowing*]. Now farewell, Sir Jaspar, brothur, to yoeu,
Kyng of Tawrus the most worthe!
Sir Balthasar, also to you I bow.
And I thanke you bothe of youre good cumpany
Thatt we togeddur haue had.
He thatt made vs to mete on hyll,
I thanke hym now, and eyuer I wyll;
For now may we goo with-owt yll,
And off owre offerynge be full glad.[6]

III. REX. Now syth [1] thatt we mvst nedly goo
For drede of Erode thatt ys soo wrothe,
Now fare-well brothur, and brothur also;
I take my leve here at you bothe
This dey on fete.[2]
Now he thatt made vs to mete on playne
And offur [3] to Mare in hir jeseyne,[4]
He geve vs grace in heyvin a-gayne
All to-geyder to mete!

[*Exeunt the three kings severally. Enter the messenger running to Herod.*]

NUNCIOS. Hayle, kynge, most worthist in wede!
Hayle, manteinar of curtese throgh all this world wyde!
Hayle, the most myghtyst that eyuer bestrod a stede!
Ha[y]ll, most monfullist mon in armor man to abyde!
Hayle, in thyne hoonowre!
Thesse iij kyngis that forthe were sent,
And schuld haue cum ageyne before the here present,
Anothur wey, lorde, whom the[y] went,
Contrare to thyn honowre.

ERODE. A-nothur wey? owt! owt! owtt!
Hath those fawls traytvrs done me this ded?
I stampe! I stare! I loke all abowtt!
Myght I them take, I schuld them bren at a glede![5]
I rent![6] I rawe![7] and now run I wode![8]
A! thatt these velen [9] traytvrs hath mard this my mode!
The[y] schalbe hangid, yf I ma cum them to!

*Here Erode ragis in the pagond and in the strete also.*

E! and thatt kerne [10] of Bedlem, he schalbe ded,[11]
And thus schall I for-do his profece.[12]

---

[1] Home.
[2] Parts.
[3] Dispensation.
[4] Have in mind.
[5] Act of devotion.
[6] MS. fayne; *corr. by Manly.*

[1] Since.
[2] MS. fote; *corr. by Manly.*
[3] MS. offurde; *corr. by Manly.*
[4] Childbed.
[5] Fire.
[6] Tear (the hair, etc.).
[7] Run.
[8] Mad.
[9] Villain.
[10] Rascal.
[11] Killed.
[12] Prophecy.

How sey you, sir knyghtis, ys not this the best red?
Thatt all yong chyldur for this schuld be dede,
Wyth sworde to be slayne?
Then schall I, Erod, lyve in lede,[1]
And all folke me dowt and drede,
And offur to me bothe gold, rychesse and mede;
Thereto wyll the[y] be full fayne.

**I. Myles.** My lorde, Kyng Erode be name,
Thy wordis agenst my wyll schalbe.
To see soo many yong chylder dy ys schame;
Therefore consell ther-to gettis thou non of me!

**II. Myles.** Well seyd, fello, my trawth I plyght!
Sir kyng, perseyve[2] right well you may
Soo grett a morder to see of yong frute
Wyll make a rysyng in thi noone cuntrey.

**Erode.** A rysyng? Owt! owt! owt!

*There Erode ragis ageyne, and then seyth thus:*

Owt! velen wrychis,[3] har[4] apon you I cry!
My wyll vtturly loke that yt be wroght,—
Or apon a gallowse bothe you schall dy,
Be Mahownde most myghtyste, that me dere hath boght!

**I. Myles.** Now, cruell Erode, syth we schall do this dede —
Your wyll nedefully in this realme mvste be wroght —
All the chylder of that age dy the[y] mvst nede.
Now with all my myght the[y] schall be vpsoght.[5]

**II. Myles.** And I woll sweyre here apon your bryght swerde,[6]
All the chylder thatt I fynd, sclayne the[y] schalbe;
Thatt make many a moder to wepe and be full sore aferde
In owre armor bryght when the[y] hus see.

[*Herod makes them swear upon his sword.*]

**Erode.** Now you have sworne, forth that ye goo,
And my wyll thatt ye wyrke bothe be dey and nyght;
And then wyll I for fayne[1] trypp lyke a doo.[2]
But whan the[y] be ded, I warne you bryng [t]ham be-fore my syght.

[*Exeunt. An angel appears and speaks to Mary and Joseph.*]

**Angellus.** Mare and Josoff, to you I sey,
Swete word from the Fathur I bryng you full ryght:
Owt of Bedlem in-to Eygype forth goo ye the wey,
And with you take the Kyng, full of myght,
For drede of Eroddis rede![3]

[*Exit Angelus.*]

**Josoff.** A-ryse up, Mare, hastely and sone!
Owre Lordis wyll nedys mvst be done,
Lyke ase the angell vs bad.

**Mare.** Mekely, Josoff, my none[4] spowse,
Towarde that cuntrey let vs reypeyre;
Att Eygyp to sum cun[5] off howse,
God grant hus grace saff to cum there!

*Here the wemen cum in wythe there chyldur, syngyng them; and Mare and Josoff goth awey cleyne.*

[*The song.*[6]

*Lully, lulla, thow littell tine child;*
*By by, lully, lullay, thow littell tyne child;*
*By by, lully, lullay!*

O sisters too,
How may we do

---

[1] Leadership. [2] Perceive. [3] Wretches.
[4] Plague? [5] Sought out.
[6] MS. sworde; *corr. by Manly.*

[1] Joy. [2] Doe. [3] Design. [4] Mine own.
[5] Kind; MS. sum tocun; *em. by Kittredge.*
[6] In the MS. the song is put at the end; I have inserted it here, though without numbering the lines. The music may be found in Sharp, pp. 116–17.

For to preserve this day
This pore yongling
For whom we do singe
By by, lully, lullay?

Herod, the king,
In his raging,
Chargid he hath this day
His men of might
In his owne sight
All yonge children to slay, —

That wo is me,
Pore child, for thee,
And ever morne and may [1]
For thi parting
Nether say nor singe,
By by, lully, lullay.]

I. Womon. I lolle [2] my chylde wondursly swete,
And in my narmis [3] I do hyt kepe,
Be-cawse thatt yt schuld not crye.
II. Woman. Thatt babe thatt ys borne in Bedlem, so meke,
He saue my chyld and me from velany!

III. Woman. Be styll, be styll, my lyttull chylde!
That Lorde of lordis saue bothe the and me!
For Erode hath sworne with wordis wyld
Thatt all yong chyldur sclayne the[y] schalbe.

[*Enter the soldiers.*]

I. Myles. Sey, ye wyddurde wyvis,[4] whydder ar ye a-wey?
What beyre you in youre armis nedis mvst we se.
Yff the[y] be man-chyldur, dy the[y] mvst this dey,
For at Eroddis wyll all thyng mvst be.

II. Myles. And [5] I in handis wonys [6] them hent,[7]
Them forto sley noght woll I spare!
We mvst full-fyll Erodis commandement,
Elis be we asse traytvrs, and cast all in care.

I. Woman. Sir knyghtis, of youre curtessee,
Thys dey schame not youre chevaldre,[1]
But on my child haue pytte
For my sake in this styde.[2]
For a sympull sclaghtur yt were to sloo [3]
Or to wyrke soche a chyld woo,
That can noder speyke nor goo,
Nor neuer harme did.

II. Womon. He thatt sleyis my chyld in syght,
Yff thatt my strokis on hym ma lyght,
Be he skwyar [4] or knyght,
I hold hym but lost.
Se, thow fawls losyngere,[5]
A stroke schalt thow beyre me here
And spare for no cost!
[*Striking him.*]

III. Woman. Sytt he neyuer soo hy in saddull,
But I schall make his braynis addull,
And here with my pott-ladull
With hym woll I fyght.

[*Brandishing her pot-ladle.*]

I schall ley on hym a[s] thog[h] [6] I wode [7] were,
With thys same womanly geyre;
There schall noo man steyre,[8]
Wheddur thatt he be kyng or knyght.

[*The soldiers overcome the women and slay the children. Exeunt the women lamenting.*]

I. Myles. Who hard eyuer soche a cry
Of wemen thatt there chyldur haue lost?
And grettly reybukyng chewaldry [9]
Throgh-owt this reme in eyuere co[a]st;
Wyche many a mans lyff ys lyke to cost.
For thys grett wreyche [10] that here ys done
I feyre moche wengance ther-off woll cum.

---

[1] MS. say; *em. by Kittredge.*
[2] Lull.
[3] Mine arms.
[4] Married women.
[5] If.
[6] Once.
[7] Seize.

[1] Chivalry.
[2] Place.
[3] Slay.
[4] Squire.
[5] Rascal.
[6] Though. MS. athog; *corr. by Manly.*
[7] Mad.
[8] Stir.
[9] Chivalry.
[10] Pain, suffering.

II. Myles. E! brothur, soche talis may we not tell;
Where-fore to the kyng lett vs goo,
For he ys lyke to beyre the perell,
Wyche wasse the cawser that we did soo.
Yett must the[y] all be broght hym to
With waynis [1] and waggyns fully fryght.[2]
I tro there wolbe a carefull syght.

[*They take the dead children to Herod.*]

I. Myles. Loo! Eyrode, kyng, here mast thow see
How many M' [3] thatt we haue slayne!
II. Myles. And nedis thy wyll full-fyllid must be;
There ma no mon sey there-ageyne.

[*Enter Nuntius running.*]

Nuncios. Eyrode, kyng, I schall the tell,
All thy dedis ys cum to noght;
This chyld ys gone in-to Eygipte to dwell.
Loo! sir, in thy none [4] land what wondurs byn wroght!

Erod. Into Eygipte? Alas, for woo!
Lengur in lande here I canot abyde.
Saddull my palfrey, for in hast wyll I goo;
Aftur yondur trayturs now wyll I ryde,
Them for to sloo!
Now all men hy fast
In-to Eygipte in hast!
All thatt cuntrey woll I tast,[1]
Tyll I ma cum them to.

*Fynes lude de taylars and scharmen.*

T[h]ys matter
nevly correcte be Robart Croo
the xiiij dey of Marche,
fenysschid in the yere of our Lorde God
MCCCCC and xxxiiij$^{te}$.
then beyng mayre mastur Palmar,
also mastris of the seyd fellyschipp Hev Corbett,
Randull Pynkard, and
John Baggeley.[2]

---

[1] Carts. [2] Frightful (or perhaps "freighted").
[3] Thousands. [4] Thine own.

[1] Search out.

[2] Attached are three songs, sung by the shepherds and by the women, with the following heading: "Theise Songes belonge to the Taylors and Shearemens Pagant. The first and the laste the shepheardes singe, and the second, or middlemost, the women singe. Thomas Mawdycke die decimo tertio Maij, anno Domini millessimo quingentesimo nonagesimo primo. Prætor fuit ciuitatis Couentriae D. Mathaeus Richardson, tunc Consules Johanes Whitehead et Thomas Grauener."

# CHRIST'S MINISTRY[1]

[Acted by the Glovers of Chester.]

Pagina Decima Tertia de Chelidonio Ceco et de Resurrectione Lazari.[1]

The Glovers.

[Scene I.]

[*Enter Jesus and his disciples.*]

Iesus. *Ego sum lux mundi; qui sequitur me, non ambulat in tenebris, sed habebit lumen vitæ.*
Brethren, I am Filius Dei, the light of this world;
He that followeth me, walketh not in darknes;
But hath the light of lyfe — the scriptures so record —
As patriarchs and prophetts of me bereth witnes,
Both Abraham, Isaac, and Iacob in their sondry testimonies,
Vnto whom I was promised before the world began,
To pay ther ransome and to become man.

*Ego et Pater vnum sumus:* my Father and I are all one,
Wiche hath me sent from his throne sempiternall,
To preach and declare his will unto man,
Because he loveth him aboue his creatures all,
As his treasure and darling most principall,
Man, I say agayne, which is his owne elect
Aboue all creaturs, peculiarly select.

Wherfore, dere brethren, it is my mynd and will
To goe to Bethany, that standeth hereby,
My Fathers hestes and commandementis to fulfill;
For I am the good sheapheard, that putteth his lyfe in ioperdy
To save his flocke which I loue so tenderly,
As it is written of me — the scriptures beareth witnes:
*Bonus pastor ponit animam suam pro ovibus suis.*

Go we therfore, brethren, while the day is light,
To doe my Fathers workes, as I am fully minded,
To heale the sick and restore the blynd to sight,
That the prophesy of me may be fulfilled;
For other sheep I haue, which are to me committed;
They be not of this flocke, yet will I them regarde,
That ther may be one flocke and one shepheard.

But, or we goe hence, print thes sayinges in your mynd and hart;
Record them, and oft keep them in memory;
Continue in my word, from it doe not depart;
Therby shall all men know most perfectly
That you are my disciples and of my familye.
Goe not before me, but let my word be your guyde;
Then in your doinges you shall allway well speede.
*Si vos manseritis in sermone meo, veri discipuli mei eritis et cognoscetis veritatem; et veritas liberabit vos.*

[*Enter a boy leading Chelidonius, the blind man.*[1]]

Puer. If pitty may moue your gentell hart,
Remember, good people, the pore and the blynd,
With your charitable almes this poore man to comfort,

---

[1] Pageant thirteen, of the blind Chelidonius, and of the Raising of Lazarus from the Dead.

[1] MS. *Puer ducens cacum.*

[1] I have reproduced the text from *The Chester Plays*, Part II, re-edited from the MSS. by Dr. Matthews, for the Early English Text Society, 1916; but I have altered the punctuation, modernized the use of capitals, changed the stanzaic division, and added, in brackets, scene divisions and stage-directions.

That is your owne neighbour and of your owne kynde.

CHELIDONIUS. Your almes, good people, for charity!
To me that am blynd and never did see,
Your neighbour, borne in this citty.
Helpe me, or I goe hence!
PETRUS. Mayster, instruct us in this case,
Why this man blynd borne was.
Is it for his owne trespas,
Or ells for his parentes?

IOHN. Was sinne the cause originall, —
Wherin we be conceived all, —
That this blynd man was brought in thrall,
Or his forfathers offence?

IESUS. Hit was neither for his offence,
Neither the sinnes of his parentes,
Nor other fault or neglgence,
That he was blind borne.
But for this cause specially,
To set forth Gods great glory,
His power to shew manifestly,
This mans sight to reforme.

While the day is fayre and bright,
My Fathers workes I must worke right,
Untill the cominge of the night
That light be gone away.
In this world, when I am here,
I am the light that shyneth clear;
My light to them shall well apear
Which cleave to me alway.

*Then Jesus spits upon the ground and makes a clay and rubs the eyes of the blind man with his hands: and then let him say:* [1]

IESUS. Do, man, as I say to thee:
Goe to the water of Siloe
And washe thyne eyes, and thou shalt see;
And geue to God the prayse.

*Then the blind man seeks the water, and Jesus went away:* [2]

CHELIDONIUS. Lead me, good child, right hastely
Unto the water of Siloe.

*Then he washes, and afterwards let him say:* [1]

Praysed be God omnipotent,
Which now to me my sight hath sent!
I see all things now here present.
Blessed be God alwayes!

When I had done, as Christ me badd,
My perfect sight forth-with I hadd;
Wherfore my hart is now full gladd,
That I dowt wher I am.

[SCENE II.]

[*Chelidonius meeting the neighbors.*]

I. PROXIMUS. Neighbour, if I the truth should say,
This is the blind man which yesterday
Asked our almes, as we came this way.
It is the very same!

II. VICINUS. No, no, neighbour, it is not hee;
But is the likest to him that ever I see!
One man to another lyke may bee,
And so is he to him.
CHELIDONIUS. Good men, truly I am he,
That was blynd, and now I se.
I am no other, verely;
Enquier of all my kynne.

I. VICINUS. Then tell the truth, we thee pray,
And how this is happened, to us say,
Thou, that even yesterday
Couldst se no earthly thinge,
And now seeth so perfectly.
No want of sight in thee we see;
Declare to us therfore truly
Without more reasoninge.

CHELIDONIUS. The man, which we call Iesus,
That worketh miracles dayly with us,
And whom we fynde so gracious,
Anoynted my eyes with clay,
And to the water of Siloei
He badd me goe immediatly,
And wash myne eyes, and I should see.
And thidder I tooke the way.

---

[1] MS. *Tunc Iesus super terram spuit et lutum faciet et oculos ceci manibus fricabit, postea dicat.*
[2] MS. *Tunc cacus querit aquam, et abiit Iesus.*

[1] MS. *Tunc lavat, et postea dicat.*

When the water on myne eyes light,
Immediately I had my sight!
Was ther neuer earthly wight
So joyfull in his thought. 113

II. VICINUS. Wher is he now, we thee pray?
CHELIDONIUS. I know not wher he is by this day.

II. VICINUS. Thou shalt with us come on this way,
And to the pharisies these wordes say;
But if thou wouldst these thinges denay,
It shall helpe thee right nought. 119

[*They approach the Pharisees.*]

Looke up, lordings and iudges of right,
We have brought you a man that had no sight,
And on the Sabaoth Day, throughe one mans might,
Was healed and restored, for-sooth.
I. VICINUS. Declare to them, thou wicked wight,
Who did restore thee to thy sight,
That we may know anon right
Of this matter the truthe. 127

CHELIDONIUS. Iesus anoynted myne eyes with clay,
And badd me wash in Siloe;
And before I came away
My perfect sight I hadd.
I. PHARISEUS. This man, the truth if I should say,
Is not of God — my head I lay —
Which doth violate the Sabaoth Day;
I iudge him to be madd. 135

II. PHARISEUS. It can not enter into my thought,
That he which hathe this marvayle wrought
Should be a sinner. I leeue it nought;
It is not in my creed. 139

Say, what is he that did thee heale?
CHELIDONIUS. A prophet he is, withe-out fayle.

I. PHARISEUS. Surely, thou art a knave of kynd,
And faynest thy selfe for to be blynd;
Wherfor now this is my mynd,
The truth to trye, in deed: 145

His father and mother, both in feere,[1]
Shall come declare the matter here,
And then the truth shall soone apeare,
And we putt out of dowbt.
Goe forth, messenger, anon in hye,[2]
And fetch his parentis by and by.
This knave can nought but prate and lye;
I would his eyes were out! 153

NUNTIUS. Your biddinge, maisters, I shall fulfill
And do my duty, as is good skyll;
From this day hither, I know, they will,
And I shall spy them out.

*Then he looks about, and says*[3] [*to the Father and Mother of the blind man*]:

Sir and dame, booth in feer,
You must afore the pharisies apeare;
What ther will is, ther shall you here.
Have done, and come your way! 161

MATER. Alas! man, what doe we here?
Must we afore the pharisies appeare?
A vengeance on them, far and neere!
The[y] neuer did poore man good.
PATER. Dame, ther is no other way,
But ther commandement we must obay;
Or ells they would without delay
Cursse us and take our good. 169

[*The messenger leads them to the Pharisees.*]

NUNTIUS. Here I haue brought, as you badd me,
These two persons, that aged be;
They be the parentis of him, truly,
Which sayd that he was blynde.
I. PHARISEUS. Come near to us, bothe two,
And tell us truly, or that you goe,
Whether this be your sonne or no.
Looke, no deceit we fynd! 177

PATER. Maisters, we know certaynly
Our sonne he is; we can not denye;

---

[1] Together.
[2] Hastily.
[3] MS. *Tunc circumspectat, et loquitur.*

And blynd was borne, undoubtedly.
And that we will depose.

But who restored him to his sight,
We be uncertayne, by God almight!
Wherfore of him, as it is right,
The truth you must enquier.
Mater. For he hath age, his tale to tell,
And his mother tonge to utter it well,
Althoughe he could never buy nor sell.
Let him speak, we desyre.

i. Phariseus. Geue prayse to God, thou crafty knave!
And looke, hereafter, thou doe not rave
And say that Iesus did thee save,
And restored thee to thy sight.
ii. Phariseus. He is a sinner, and that we know,
Deceiving the people, too and froe.
This is most true that we thee show;
Beleev us, as is right.

Chelidonius. If he be sinnfull, I doe not know;
But this is truth that I doe show:
When I was blynd, and in great wo,
He cured me, as you see.

i. Phariseus. What did he, thow lither swayne?
Chelidonius.[1] I towld you once; will you here it agayne?
Or his desciples will you become,
Of all your sinnes to have remission?

ii. Phariseus. O cursed caytafe! ill mott thou thee!
Would thou haue us his disciples to be?
No, no! Moyses disciples been all we,
For God with him dyd speak.

But whence this is, we never knew.
Chelidonius. I marvayle of that, as I am true,

That you know not whenc he should bee,
That hath me cured that never did see,
Knowing this most certainly:
God will not sinners heare;
But he that honoureth God truly,
Him will he heare by and by,
And graunt his askinge graciously,
For that man to him is deare.

And to this I darr be bould:
Ther is no man that ever could
Restore a creature unto his sight
That was blynd borne and never saw light,
If he of God were not, iwis;
He could never worke such things as this!

i. Phariseus. What, sinfull knave, wilt thou teach us,
Which all the scriptures can discusse,
And of our lyving be so vertuous?
We cursse thee out of this place!

## [Scene III.]

[*Chelidonius, Jesus and the Jews.*]

Iesus. Beleuest thou in Gods Sonne truly?
Chelidonius. Yea, gracious Lord; who is hee?

Iesus. Thou hast him seene with thine eye:
He is the same that talketh with thee.
Chelidonius. Then hear I honour him with hart free,
And ever shall serve him, untill I dye.

i. Iudeus. Say, man, that makes such maystery,
Or thou our soules do any anye,
Tell us here apertly,
Christ if that thou bee.
Iesus. That I speak unto you openly,
And workes that I doe verely
In my Fathers name almighty,
Beareth witnes of me.

But you beleve not as you seene,
For of my shepe you ne beene;
But my flock, withouten weene,[1]
Hear my voyce alway.
And I know them well echon,
For with me alway the[y] gone,
And for them I ordayned in my one [2]
Everylasting lyfe for aye.

---

[1] MS. Cæcus.

[1] Doubt.

[2] Habitation.

No man shall reave my shepe from me;
For my Father in maiesty
Is gretter then bene all yee,
Or any that ever was.
II. Iew. Thou shalt abye, by my bone, or thou heathen[1] passe!

Help, fellow, and gather stones,
And beat him well, for Cockes bones!
He scorns us quintly, for the nones,
And dothe us great anye.

*Then they collect stones.*[2]

Yea, stones anow here I haue
For this ribauld that thus can rave.
One strock, as God me save,
He shall haue sone in hye!

Iesus. Wretches, many a good deed
I haue done you in great need;
Now quite you foule my meed
To stone me on this maneer!
I. Iew. For thy good deed that thou hast wrought,
At this tyme stone we thee nought,
But for thy leasings, falsely wrought,
Thou shewest apeartly here.

Thou that art man, as well as I,
Makes thy self God here openly.
Ther thou lyest foule and falcely,
Bothe in word and thought!
Iesus. But I do well and truly,
My Fathers biddinge by and by;
Ells you may hope well I lye,
And then leeves you me nought.

But sithen you will not leeven me,
Nor my deeds which you now see,
To them belevinge takes yee,
For nothing may be sother.[3]
So you may know well and veray:
In my Father that I am aye,
And he in me, [the] sothe to say,
And eyther of us in other.

*Then they shall collect stones, and straightway Jesus shall disappear.*[4]

II. Iew. Out, out, alas! wher is our fone?
Quintly that he is heathen gone!
I would haue taken him, and that anone,
And foull him all-to-frapped.[1]
Yea, make we never so much mone,
Now ther is no other wone;[2]
For he and his men everichon
Are from us clearly scaped.

I. Iudeus. Now, by the deathe I shall on dye,
May I see him with my eye,
To sir Cayphas I shall him wry,[3]
And tell that shall him dere.[4]
Se I never none, by my fay,
When I had stones, so sone away!
But yet no force; an other day
His tabret[5] we shall fere.[6]

[Scene IV.]

*[Enter Mary and Martha.]*

Maria. A Lord Iesu, that me is woo
To wit[7] my Brother sickly so.
In feble tyme Christ yode[8] me fro.
Well were we, and[9] he were heer.
Martha. Yea, suster, about I will goe
And seeke Iesu, to and fro.
To help him he would be thro,
And he wist how it were.

*Then Jesus comes [with his disciples].*[10]

A my Lord, swet Iesu, mercy!
Lazar, that thou lovest tenderly,
Lyeth sick a little hereby
And suffereth much teene.
Iesus. Yea, woman, I tell thee witterly,
That sicknes is not deadly,
But Gods Sonne to glorify,
By him as may be seene.

*[Jesus and his disciples depart.]*

*Then Martha shall go to Mary.*[11]

Maria. A! Martha, suster, alas! alas!
My brother is dead since thou here was.
Had Iesu, my Lord, been in this place,
This case had not befalne.
Martha. Yea, suster, neer is God[e]s grace.

---

[1] Hence.
[2] MS. *Tunc lapides colligunt.*
[3] Truer.
[4] MS. *Tunc colligent lapides, et statim evanescet Iesus.*

[1] Rained blows upon.
[2] One?
[3] Betray.
[4] Injure.
[5] Tabor.
[6] Accompany? Frighten?
[7] Know.
[8] Went.
[9] If.
[10] MS. *Tunc venit Iesus.*
[11] MS. *Tunc ibit Martha ad Mariam.*

Many a man he holpen hase;
Yet may he doe for us in this case,
And him to lyfe call[en].

Maria. Here will I sitt and mourninge make,
Tyll that Iesu my sorrow slake.
My teene to hart, Lord, [that] thou take,
And leech [1] me of my woe.
Martha. In sorrow and wo here will I wake,
And lament for Lazar my brothers sake;
Though I for could [2] and penance quake,
Heathen [3] will I not goe.

*Then they shall seat themselves near the sepulchre of Lazarus, lamenting.*[4]

### [Scene V.]

[*Jesus and his disciples.*] *And Jesus says:*

Iesus. Brethren, goe we to Iudy!
Petrus. Maister, right now thou might well see,
The Iewes would haue stoned thee,
And yet thou wilt agayne?
Iesus. Wot you not well, this is veray,
That xij hours are in the day,
And who so walketh that tyme his way,
Trespasseth not, the sooth to say[n].

He offendeth not that goeth in light;
But who so walketh about in night,
He trespasseth all against the right,
And light in him is none.
Why I say this, as I haue tight,[5]
I shall tell you sone in height;[6]
Haue mynd on it through your might,
And thinkes well therupon.

To the day my self may likned be,
And to the twelue howers all ye,
That lightned bene through following me
That am most lyking light.
For world[e]s light I am veray,
And who so followeth me, sooth to say,
He may goe no chester [7] way,
For light in him is dight.

*Oportet me operari opera eius, qui misit me, donec dies est; venit nox, quando nemo est operari; quam diu sum in mundo, lux sum mundi. Iohannis Cap. 10 de Lazaro resuscitato.*

Brethren, I tell you tydinge:
Lazar my frend is slepinge.
Thider must we be goinge,
Upon him for to call.
Iohannes Evan. Lord, if he sleep, safe he may be;
For in his sleep no peryll is he.
Therfore it is not good for thee
To goe thider for so small.

Iesus. I tell you, brethren, certaynly:
Lazar is dead, and thyder will I.
Fayne I am you wott that I
Was not ther, as you may see.
Thomas. Follow him, brethren, to his anoy,
And dye with him devoutly;
For other it will not be.
Goe we thider in hye!

*Then Jesus shall go to the place where Mary and Martha are sitting.*[1] [*He comes first to Martha.*]

Martha. A! Lord Iesu, hadst thou bene here leade,[2]
Lazar, my brother, had not bene dead.
But well I wott thou wilt us read,[3]
Now thou art with us here.
And this I leeue and hope aright:
What thing thou askest of God almight,
He will graunt it thee in height,
And graunt thee thy prayer.

Iesus. Martha, thy brother shall ryse, I say.
Martha. That leeve I, Lord, in good fay,
That he shall ryse the last day.
Then hope I him to see.
Iesus. Martha, I tell thee, without nay,
I am rysinge and lyfe veray;
Which lyfe, I say, shall last for aye,
And never shall ended bee.

---

[1] Heal. [2] Cold. [3] Hence.
[4] MS. *Tunc pariter iuxta sepulcrum Lazari, sedebunt plorantes, et ait Iesus.*
[5] Good breeding (a rhyme-tag).
[6] At once. [7] Chaster?

[1] MS. *Tunc versus locum ibit Iesus, ubi Maria et Martha sedent.*
[2] Led here. [3] Advise.

Whosoever leeveth stidfastly
In me, I tell the truly,
Though he dead be, and down lye,
Shall lyve and fare well.
Leevest thou, woman, that this may bee?

**Martha.** Lord, I leeue, and leeue mon,[1]
That thou art Christ, Gods Sonne,
And commen into this world to woon,[2]
Mans boot for to bee.
Thus haue I leued stidfastly;
Therfore on me thou haue mercy,
And on my suster eeke, Mary!
I will fetch her to thee.

*Then Martha shall go and call Mary, saying:* [3]

A! Mary, suster, leefe and deer,
Hye thee quickly and come neare!
My swet Lord Iesu, he is here,
And calleth thee him too.
**Maria.** A! well were we, and it so were!
But had my louely Lord of leere [4]
Seene my brother lye on bere,[5]
Some boot might haue bene do.[6]

But now he stinketh, sooth to say;
For now this is the fourth[e] day,
Since he was buryed in the clay,
That was to me so leefe.
But yet, my Lord I will assay,
And with all my hart him will I pray,
To comfort us, if that he may,
And mend all our mischefe.

*Then let Mary, seeing Jesus, fall at his feet, saying:* [7]

A! Lord Iesu, hadst thou bene here,
Lazar, my brother, thy owne dere,
Had not bene dead in this maner.
Much sorrow is me upon.
**Iesus.** Wher haue you layd him? tell[e]s me.
**Maria.** Lord, come thither and thou may see;
For buryed in this place is he
Four days now agon.

*Then come the Jews, of whom let the first say:* [1]

**i. Iew.** Se, fellow, for Cock[e]s sowle!
This freak beginneth to reem and youle,[2]
And make great dole for a gole,[3]
That he loved well befor[n]e.
**ii. Iew.** If he had cunninge, me think he might
From death haue saved Lazar by right,
As well as send that man his sight,
That which so blynd was borne.

**Iesus.** Haue done, and putt away the stonne!
**Martha.** A, Lord! iiij dayes be now gone
Sith he was buryed, blood and bone.
He stinkes, Lord, in good fay.
**Iesus.** Martha, sayd I not to thee,
If that thou leeved fullye in me,
Gods grace soone shouldst thou see?
Therfore doe as I thee say.

*Then they shall remove the stone from the sepulchre; and Jesus, turning his back, with hands lifted up, says:* [4]

Father of heaven, I thank it thee,
That so sone hast hard me!
Well I wist, and soothly see,
Thou hearest my entent.
But for this people that stand hereby,
Speak I the more openly,
That they may leeue stidfastly
From thee that I was sent.

Lazar, come forth, I bydd thee!

[*Lazarus comes out of the sepulchre bound in burial cloths.*]

**Lazarus.** A! Lord, blessed most thou be!
From death to lyfe hast raysed me
Through thy mickle might.
Lord, when I hard the voyce of thee,
All hell fayled of ther posty,[5]
So fast from them my soule can flee,
All devills were afright.[6]

**Iesus.** Loose him now, and let him goe!

---

[1] Must. [2] Dwell.
[3] MS. *Tunc Martha ibit et vocabit Mariam, dicens.*
[4] Face. [5] Bier. [6] MS. done.
[7] MS. *Tunc Maria, videns Iesum, prosternat se ad pedes, dicens:*

[1] MS. *Tunc veniunt Iudei, quorum dicat primus.*
[2] This fellow begins to weep and howl.
[3] Fellow?
[4] MS. *Tunc deponent lapidem de sepulcro; et Iesus, tergum vertens, manibus levatis dicit.*
[5] Power. [6] MS. a frayd.

[*Martha and Mary kneel before Jesus.*]

MARTHA. A! Lord, honored be thou oo,[1]
That us hath saved from muche woe,
As thou hast ofte beforne;
For well I wit, it should be so,
When you were full far me froe.
The, Lord, I honour, and no moe,
Kneling upon my knee. 469

MARY. A! Lord Iesu, much is thy might!
For now my hart is gladd and light,
To se my brother ryse in my sight,
Here before all thes meny.[2]
Well I hoped, that soone in height,
When thou came, it should fare aright.
Thee, Lord, I honour with all my might,
Knelinge upon my knee. 477

MARTHA. A! Lord Iesu, I thank thee,
That on my brother hast pitty.
By very signes now men may see
That thou art God[e]s Sonne.
Withe thee, Lord, ever will I bee,
And serue thee with hart free,
That this day hast gladded me,
And alway with thee wonne.[1] 485

IESUS. Haue good day, my deghter deer!
Wherever you goe, farr or neer,
My blessinge I geue you here.
To Ierusalem I take the way. 489

*Finis decimæ tertiæ paginæ.*

---

[1] Always.
[2] People, throng.

[1] Dwell.

# THE BETRAYING OF CHRIST[1]

[Acted at N. towne.]

[*Jesus addresses his disciples.*]

[Jesus.] Now, my dere frendys and bretheryn echone,[1]
Remembyr the wordys that I xal sey:
The tyme is come that I must gon
For to fulfylle the prophesey
That is seyd of me that I xal dey,
The fendys power fro yow to flem;[2]
Weche deth I wole not deney,
Mannys sowle, my spovse, for to redem.

The oyle of mercy is grawntyd playn
Be this jorne that I xal take.
Be my Fadyr I am sent, sertayn,
Be-twyx God and man an ende to make.
Man for my brother may I not for-sake,
Nor shewe hym vn-kendenesse be no wey;
In peynys for hym my body schal schake,
And for love of man, man xal dey.

*Here Jhesus and his discipulys go toward the mount of Olyvet; and whan he comyth a lytyl ther be-syde, in a place lyche[3] to a park, he byddyt his dyscipulys a-byde hym ther, and seyth to Petyr or he goth:*

Petyr, with thi felawys here xalt thou a-byde,
And weche[4] tyl I come a-geyn.
I must make my prayere here you be-syde;
My flesch qwakyth sore for fere and peyn.
Petrus. Lord, thi request doth me constreyn;
In this place I xal abyde stylle,
Not remeve tyl that thou comyst ageyn,
In confermyng, Lord, of thi wylle.

*Here Jhesu goth to Olyvet and settyth hym downe one his knes, and prayth to his Fadyr, thus seyng:*

O, Fadyr! Fadyr! for my sake
This gret passyone thou take fro me,
Weche arn[1] ordeyned that I xal take
Yf mannys sowle savyd may be.
And yf it be-hove, Fadyr, for me
To save mannys sowle that xuld spylle,[2]
I am redy in eche degre,
The vyl[3] of the for to fulfylle.

*Here Jhesus goth to his dyscipulis and fyndyth hem sclepyng, Jhesus thus seyng to Petyr:*

Petyr! Petyr! thou slepyst fast!
A-wake thi felawys, and sclepe no more.
Of my deth ye are not agast;
Ye take your rest, and I peyn sore.

*Here Cryst goth ageyn the second tyme to Olyvet, and seyth knelyng:*

Fadyr in hevyn, I be-seche the
Remeve my peynes be thi gret grace,
And lete me fro this deth fle,
As I dede nevyr no trespace!
The watyr and blood owth of my face
Dystyllyth for peynes that I xal take;
My flesche qwakyth in ferful case,
As thow the joyntys a-sondre xuld schake.

*Here Jhesus goth a-gen to his discipulis and fyndyth hem asclepe; Jhesus thus seyng, latyng hem lyne:*[4]

Fadyr, the thrydde tyme I come a-geyn,
Fulleche myn erdon[5] for to spede.
Delyuere me, Fadyr, fro this peyn,
Weche is reducyd with ful gret drede.
On-to thi sone, Fadyr, take hede!
Thou wotyst I dede nevyr dede but good!
It is not for me this peyn I lede,
But for man I swete bothe watyr and blode.

---

[1] Each one.
[2] Drive, banish.
[3] Like.
[4] Watch.

[1] Is (are).
[2] Be lost.
[3] Will.
[4] Lie.
[5] Errand.

[1] For the source of the text and a discussion of the N. towne Plays see page 81, note 2.

*Here an aungel descendyth to Jhesus, and bryngyth to hym a chalys, with an host [1] there-in.*

Angelus. Heyl, bothe God and man in-dede!
The Fadyr hath sent the this present.
He bad that thou xuldyst not drede,
But fulfylle his intent,
As the parlement of hefne hath ment
That mannys sowle xal now redemyd be.
From hefne to herd,[2] Lord, thou wore sent;
That dede appendyth [3] on-to the.

This chalys ys thi blood, this bred is thi body,
For mannys synne evyr offeryd xal be;
To the Fadyr of heffne, that is al-mythty,
Thi dyscipulis and alle presthood xal offere fore the.

*Here the aungel ascendyth a-gen sodeynly.*

Jhesu. Fadyr, thi wyl ffulfyllyd xal be;
It is nowth to say a-gens the case;
I xal fulfylle the prophesye,
And sofre deth ffor mannys trespace.

*Here goth Cryst a-geyn to his dyscipulys, and fyndyth hem sclepyng stylle.*

A-wake, Petyr! thi rest is ful long;
Of sclep thou wylt make no delay.
Judas is redy, with pepyl strong,
And doth his part me to be-tray.
Ryse up, serys, I you pray!
On-close your eyne for my sake.
We xal walke in-to the way,
And sen [4] hem come that xul me take.

Petyr, whan thou seyst I am for-sake
Amonge myn frendys, and stond alone,
Alle the cher that thou kanst make
Geve to thi bretheryn every-chone.

*Here Jhesus with his dyscipulis goth in-to the place, and ther xal come in a x. personys weyl be-seen [5] in white arneys,[6] and breganderys,[7] and some dysgysed in odyr garmentys, with swerdys, gleyvys,[1] and other straunge wepone, as cressettys with feyr, and lanternys and torchis lyth;[2] and Judas formest of al conveying hem to Jhesu be contenawns.[3] Jhesus thus s[eyng]:*

Serys, in your wey ye haue gret hast
To seke hym that wyl not fle.
Of yow I am ryth nowth a-gast.
Telle me, serys, whom seke ye?

Leyone. Whom we seke here I telle the now, —
A tretour, is worthy to suffer deth.
We knowe he is here a-mong yow;
His name is Jhesus of Nazareth.

Jhesu. Serys, I am here that wyl not fle,
Do to me all that ye kan.
For-sothe I telle yow I am he,
Jhesus of Nazareth, that same man.

*Here alle the Jewys falle sodeynly to the erde whan thei here Cryst speke, and qwan [he] byddyth hem rysyn thei rysyn agen, Cryst thus seyng:*

A-ryse, serys! Whom seke ye? Fast haue ye gone.
Is howth [4] your comyng hedyr for me?
I stond be-forn yow here echone,
That ye may me bothe knowe and se.

Rufyne. Jhesus of Nazareth we seke,
And we myth hym here a-spye.
Jhesu. I told yow now with wordys meke,
Be-forn yow alle, that it was I.

Judas. Welcome, Jhesu, my mayster dere!
I haue the sowth [5] in many a place!
I am ful glad I fynd the here,
For I wyst nevyr wher thow wace.[6]

*Here Judas kyssyth Jhesus, and a-noon alle the Jewys come a-bowth hym, and ley handys on hym, and pullyn hym as thei*

---

[1] The bread consecrated in the Eucharist.
[2] From heaven to earth.
[3] Belongs.
[4] See.
[5] Arrayed.
[6] Armor.
[7] Armor worn by foot-soldiers.

[1] Spears.
[2] Lighted.
[3] Countenance.
[4] Aught.
[5] Sought.
[6] Wast.

*were wode,*[1] *and makyn on hym a gret cry all at-onys; and aftyr this Petyr seyth;*

**Petrus.** I drawe my swerd now this sel; [2]
Xal I smyte, mayster? fayn wolde I wete! [3]

*And forth-with he smytyth of Malcheus here,*[4] *and he cryeth "Help myn here! myn here!" and Cryst blyssyth it, and tys hol.*

**Jhesus.** Put thy swerd in the shede [5] fayr and wel,
For he that smyth with swerd, with swerd xal be smete.

A, Judas! this treson cowntyrfetyd [6] hast thou!
And that thou xalt ful sore repent!
Thou haddyst be bettyr a ben vn-born now;
Thi body and sowle thou hast shent! [7]

**Gamalyel.** Lo, Jhesus, thou mayst not the cace refuse;
Bothe treson and eresye [8] in the is fownde;
Stody now fast on thin excuse,
Whylys that thou gost in cordys bownde.
Thou kallyst the [9] kyng of this werd [10] rownde,
Now lete me se thi gret powere!
And save thi-self here, hool and sownde,
And brynge the out of this dawngere!

**Leyone.** Bryng forth this tretoure! Spare hym nowth!
On-to Cayphas thi jewge [11] we xal the ledde.
In many a place we haue the sowth;
And to thi werkys take good hede!

**Rufyne.** Com on, Jhesus, and folwe me;
I am ful glad that I the haue;
Thou xalt ben hangyn up-on a tre, —
A melyon [12] of gold xal the not save!

**Leyone.** Lete me leyn hand on hym in heye,
On-to his deth I xal hym bryng.
Shewe forth thi wyche-crafte and nygramansye! [1]
What helpyth ye now al thi fals werkyng?

**Jhesu.** Frendys, take hede! Ye don vn-ryth
So vn-kendely with cordys to bynd me here,
And thus to falle on me be nyth, [2]
As thow I were a thevys fere. [3]
Many tyme be-forn yow I dede a-pere;
With-inne the Temple sen [4] me ye have,
The lawys of God to teche and lere, [5]
To hem that wele here sowlys sawe. [6]

Wy dede ye not me dysprave, [7]
And herd me preche, both lowd and lowe?
But now as wood [8] men ye gynne to rave,
And do thyng that ye notwth knove. [9]

**Gamaly[el].** Serys, I charge yow not o [10] word more this nyth,
But on-to Cayphas in hast loke ye hym lede.
Have hym forth with gret dyspyte,
And to his wordys take ye non hede.

*Here the Jewys lede Cryst outh of the place with gret cry and noyse, some drawyng Cryst forward and some bakwarde, and so ledyng forth, with here weponys a-lofte and lytys brennyng. And in the mene tyme Marye Magdalene xal rennyn to oure Lady, and telle here of oure Lordys takyng, thus seyng:*

**Maria Magdelene.** O, in-maculate modyr, of alle women most meke!
O devowtest, in holy medytacion evyr a-bydyng!
The cawse, Lady, that I to your person seke,
Is to wetyn [11] yf ye heryn ony tydyng

Of your swete sone, and my reverent lord, Jhesu,

---

[1] Mad. [2] Occasion. [3] Know. [4] Ear. [5] Sheath. [6] Counterfeited. [7] Destroyed. [8] Heresy. [9] Callest thyself. [10] World. [11] Judge. [12] Million.

[1] Necromancy. [2] Night. [3] Companion. [4] Seen. [5] Expound. [6] Save. [7] Disprove. [8] Mad. [9] Know not what. [10] One. [11] Know.

That was your dayly solas, your gostly consolacyone!
Marya. I wold ye xuld telle me, Mawdelyn, and [1] ye knew,
For to here of hym it is alle myn affeccyone.

Maria Magd[alen]. I wold fayn telle, Lady, and [1] I myth for wepying.
For sothe, Lady, to the Jewys he is solde;
With cordys thei haue hym bownde and haue hym in kepying;
Thei hym bety spetously, and haue hym fast in holde.
Maria Virgo. A! A! A! how myn hert is colde!
A! hert, hard as ston, how mayst thou lest?
Whan these sorweful tydyngys are the told,
So wold to God, hert, that thou mytyst brest.

A! Jhesu! Jhesu! Jhesu! Jhesu!
Why xuld ye sofere this trybulacyon and advercyte?
How may thei fynd in here [2] hertys yow to pursewe,
That nevyr trespacyd in no maner degre?
For nevyr thyng but that was good thowth ye.
Where-fore than xuld ye sofer this gret peyne?
I suppoce veryly it is for the tresspace of me,
And I wyst that myn hert xuld cleve on tweyne.

For these langowrys [3] may I [not] susteyne,
The swerd of sorwe hath so thyrlyd [4] my meende.
Alas! what may I do? alas! what may I seyne?
These prongys myn herte a-sondyr thei do rende.

O Fadyr of hefne! wher ben al thi behestys [1]
That thou promysyst me, whan a modyr thou me made?
Thi blyssyd Sone I bare be-twyx tweyn bestys,
And now the bryth [2] colour of his face doth fade.

A, good Fadyr! why woldyst that thin owyn dere Sone xal sofre al this?
And dede he nevyr agens thi precept, but evyr was obedyent,
And to every creature most petyful, most jentyl, and benyng, i-wys;
And now for alle these kendnessys is now most shameful schent.[3]

Why wolt thou, gracyous Fadyr, that it xal be so?
May man not ellys be savyd be non other kende? [4]
Yet, Lord Fadyr, than that xal comforte myn wo,
Whan man is savyd be my chylde, and browth to a good ende.

Now, dere sone, syn thou hast evyr be so ful of mercy,
That wylt not spare thi-self for the love thou hast to man,
On alle man-kend now haue thou pety, —
And also thynk on thi modyr, that hevy woman.

---

[1] If. [2] Their. [3] Sorrows. [4] Pierced.

[1] Promises. [2] Bright. [3] Injured. [4] Way.

# THE TRIAL OF CHRIST[1]

[Acted at N. towne.]

*Here xal a massanger com in-to the place rennyng and criyng, "Tydyngys! tydynges!" and so rownd abowth the place, "Jhesus of Nazareth is take! Jhesus of Nazareth is take!" and forth-with heylyng the prynces, thus seyng:*

**Massanger.** Alle heyle, my lordys, princys of prestys![1]
Sere Cayphas and sere Annas, lordys of the lawe!
Tydyngys I brynge you! Reseyve them in your brestys:
Jhesus of Nazareth is take! Ther-of ye may be fawe![2]

He xal be browth[3] hedyr to you a-non,
I telle you trewly, with a gret rowth.[4]
Whan he was take I was hem among,
And ther was I ner to kachyd a clowte.[5]

Malcus bar a lanterne, and put hym in pres;[6]
A-noon he had a towche[7] — and of went his ere![8]
Jhesus bad his dyscyple put up his swerd and ces,
And sett Malcus ere ageyn as hool as it was ere!

So mot Y the,[9] methowut it was a strawnge syth!
Whan we cam fyrst to hym he cam vs a-geyne,[10]
And haskyd whom we sowth that tyme of nyth.
We seyd, "Jhesus of Nazareth; we wolde haue hym fayn."
And he seyd, "It is I, that am here in your syth."
With that word we ovyr-throwyn bakward every-chone;[1]
And some on [t]her bakkys lyeng up-ryth,
But standying up-on fote manly[2] ther was not one.

Cryst stode on his fete as meke as a lom,[3]
And we loyn[4] stylle lyche ded men, tyl he bad us ryse.
Whan we were up, fast handys we leyd hym up-on;
But yet me-thought I was not plesyd with the newe gyse.[5]

Ther-fore takyth now your cowncel, and a-vyse you ryth[6] weyl,
And beth ryth ware that he make you not a-mat;[7]
For, be my thryfte, I dare sweryn at this seyl,[8]
Ye xal fynde hym a strawnge watt![9]

*Here bryng thei Jhesus be-forn Annas and C[ayphas], and on xal seyn thus:*

Lo! lo! lordys, here is the man
That ye sent us fore.
**Annas.** Therfore we cone[10] you thanke than,
And reward ye xal haue the more.

Jhesus, thou art welcome hedyr to oure presens;
Ful oftyn-tymes we han the besyly do sowth.[11]
We payd to thi dyscyple for the thretty pens,

---

[1] Priests.
[2] Glad.
[3] Brought.
[4] Crowd.
[5] Near to have caught a blow.
[6] Throng.
[7] Touch, blow.
[8] Ear.
[9] Prosper.
[10] Into our presence, face to face with us.

[1] Every one.
[2] Boldly.
[3] Lamb.
[4] Lay.
[5] Guise, fashion.
[6] Right.
[7] Dismayed.
[8] Time.
[9] Fellow.
[10] Give.
[11] Had thee sought for.

---

[1] For the source of the text, and a discussion of the N. towne Plays see page 81, note 2. I have followed Halliwell's division of the play, which seems to me more logical than that indicated by the numbering in the manuscript.

And as an ox or an hors we trewly the bowth;

Ther-fore now art oure [1] as thou standyst us be-fore.
Sey, why thou [h]ast trobelyd us, and subuertyd oure lawe?
Thou hast ofte concludyd [2] us, and so thou hast do more;
Wher-fore it were ful nedful to bryng the a dawe. [3]

Cayphas. What arn thi dysciplys that folwyn the a-boute?
And what is thi doctryne that thou dost preche?
Telle me now some-whath, and bryng us out of doute,
That we may to othere men thi prechyng forth teche.

Jhesus. Al tymes that I haue prechyd, opyn it was done
In the synagog or in the Temple, where that alle Jewys come:
Aske hem what I haue seyd, and also what I have done;
Thei con telle the my wordys; aske hem everychone.

i. Judeus. What, thou fela! to whom spekyst thou?
Xalt thou so speke to a buschop?
Thou xalt haue on the cheke, I make a vow,
And yet ther-to a knok.

*Here he xal smyte Jhesus on the cheke.*

Jhesus. Yf I haue seyd amys,
Ther-of wytnesse thou mayst bere;
And yf I haue seyd but weyl in this,
Thou dost amys me to dere! [4]

Annas. Serys, takyth hed now to this man,
That he dystroye not oure lawe;
And brynge ye wyttnesse a-gens hym that ye can,
So that he may be browt of dawe. [5]

i. Doctor. Sere, this I herd hym with his owyn mowth seyn:
"Brekyth down this Temple with-out delay,
And I xal settynt up ageyn
As hool as it was, by the thrydde day."

ii. Doctor. Ya, ser, and I herd hym seyn also
That he was the Sone of God;
And yet many a fole wenyth [1] so,
I durst leyn ther-on myn hod.

iii. Doctor. Ya! Ya! and I herd hym preche meche [2] thing,
And a-gens oure lawe every del; [3]
Of wheche it were longe to make rekenyng,
To tellyn alle at this seel. [4]

Cayphas. What seyst now, Jhesus? Whi answeryst not?
Heryst not what is seyd a-gens the?
Spek, man! Spek! Spek, thou fop!
Hast thou scorn to speke to me?

Heryst not in how many thyngys thei the acuse?
Now I charge the and conjure, be the sonne and the mone,
That thou telle us and [5] thou be Goddys Sone.

Jhesus. Goddys Sone I am; I sey not nay to the!
And that ye alle xal se at Domys-day,
Whan the Sone xal come in gret powere and majeste,
And deme [6] the qweke [7] and dede, as I the say.

Cayphas. A! Out! Out! Allas! What is this!
Heryth ye not how he blasfemyth God?
What nedyth us to haue more wytness?
Here ye han herd alle his owyn word!

Thynk ye not he is worthy to dey?

---

[1] Ours.
[2] Confuted.
[3] Kill thee.
[4] Injure.
[5] Slain.

[1] Thinketh.
[2] Many.
[3] Every bit.
[4] Time.
[5] If.
[6] Judge.
[7] Living.

*And all shall cry out:*[1]

Yis! yis! yis! Alle we seye he is worthy to dey, ya! ya! ya!

Annas. Takyth hym to yow and betyth hym some del,[2]
For hese blasfemyng at this sel.[3]

*Here thei xal bete Jhesus a-bout the hed and the body, and spyttyn in his face, and pullyn hym down, and settyn hym on a stol, and castyn a cloth ouyr his face; and the fyrst xal seyn:*

I. Judeus. A! felawys, beware what ye do to this man,
For he prophecye weyl kan.

II. Judeus. That xal be a-sayd[4] be this batte.[5]
What thou, Jhesus! ho gaff the that?

*And he shall strike him on the head.*[6]

III. Judeus. Whar? whar? now wole I
Wetyn[7] how he can prophecy.
Ho was that? [*Strikes him.*]

IV. Judeus. A! and now wole I a newe game begynne,
That we mon pley at, alle that arn here-inne;[8]
Whele and pylle![9] whele and pylle!
Comyth to halle ho so wylle. [*Strikes him.*]
Ho was that?

*Here xal the woman come to [the] Jewys and seyn:*

I. Ancilla. What, serys, how take ye on with this man?
Se ye not on of hese dysciplys how he beheldyth you than?

*Here xal the tother woman seyn to Peter.*

II. Ancille. A! good man, me semyth be the
That thou on of hese dysciplys xulde be.

Petrus. A! woman, I sey nevyr er this man
Syn that this werd[1] fyrst be-gan.

*And the cock shall crow.*[2]

I. Ancilla. What? thou mayst not sey nay! Thou art on of hese men!
Be thi face wel we may the ken.

Petrus. Woman, thou seyst a-mys of me;
I knowe hym not, so mote I the.

I. Judeus. A! fela myn, wel met,
For my cosynys ere thou of smet,
Whan we thi mayster in the yerd toke;
Than alle thi ffelawys hym for-soke,
And now thou mayst not hym for-sake,
For thou art of Galyle, I vndyr-take.

Petrus. Sere, I knowe hym not, be hym that made me!
And ye wole me be-leve ffor an oth,
I take record of alle this companye,
That I sey to yow is soth.

*And the cock shall crow.*[2] *And than Jhesus xal lokyn on Petyr, and Petyr xal wepyn, and than he xal gon out and seyn:*

A! weel-a-way! weel-a-way! Fals hert, why whylt thou not brest,[3]
Syn thi maystyr so cowardly thou hast forsake?
Alas! qwher xal I now on erthe rest,
Tyl he of his mercy to grace wole me take?

I haue for-sake my mayster and my lord, Jhesu,
Thre tymes, as he tolde me that I xulde do the same;
Wherfore I may not haue sorwe a-now,
I, synful creature, am so meche to blame.

Whan I herd the cok crowyn, he kest[4] on me a loke,
As who seyth, "Be-thynke the what I seyd be-fore!"
Alas, the tyme that I evyr hym for-soke!

---

[1] MS. *Et clamabunt omnes.*
[2] Somewhat.
[3] Time.
[4] Tested.
[5] Blow.
[6] MS. *Et percuciet super caput.*
[7] Know.
[8] Here.
[9] Wheel and pillage (the name of an old game?).

[1] World.
[2] MS. *Et cantabit gallus.*
[3] Burst.
[4] Cast.

And so wyl I thynkyn from hens evyrmore.

Cayphas. Massangere! Massangere!
Massangere. Here, lord, here!

Cayphas. Massanger, to Pylat in hast thou xalt gon,
And sey hym we comawnde[1] us in word and in dede;
And prey hym that he be at the mot-halle a-noon,
For we han a gret matere that he must nedys spede.
In hast now go thi way,
And loke thou tery nowth.
Massanger. It xal be do, lord, be this day;
I am as whyt[2] as thought.

*Here Pylat syttyth in his skaffald, and the massanger knelyth to hym, thus seyng:*

Al heyl! sere Pylat, that semly[3] is to se!
Prynce of al this Jure, and kepere of the lawe!
My lord, busshop Cayphas, comawndyd hym to the,
And prayd the to be at the mot-halle by the day dawe.[4]

Pylat. Go thi way, praty masanger, and comawnde me also.
I xal be there in hast, and so thou mayst say:
Be the oure of prime I xal comyn hem to;
I tery no longer, no make no delay.

*Here the massanger comith agen and bryngith an ansuere, thus seyng:*

Massanger. Al heyl! myn lordys, and buschoppys, and princys of the lawe!
Ser Pylat comawndyth hym to you, and bad me to you say,
He wole be at the mot-halle in hast sone after the day dawe,
He wold ye xuld be ther be prime withouth lenger de-lay.

Cayphas. Now weyl mote thou fare,[5] my good page;
Take thou this for thi massage.

*Here enteryth Judas on-to the Juwys, thus seyng:*

Judas. I, Judas, haue synyd, and treson haue don,
For I haue be-trayd this rythful[1] blood;
Here is your mony a-gen, alle and some.
For sorwe and thowth[2] I am wax wood.[3]

Annas. What is that to us? A-vyse the now,
Thou dedyst with us counawnt make,
Thou soldyst hym us as hors or kow;
Therfore thin owyn dedys thou must take!

*Than Judas castyth down the mony, and goth and hangyth hym-self.*

Cayphas. Now, serys, the nyth is passyd, the day is come;
It were tyme this man had his jewgement;
And Pylat abydyth in the mot-halle alone,
Tyl we xuld this man present;

And ther-fore go we now forth with hym in hast.
I. Judeus. It xal be don, and that in short spas.
II. Judeus. Ya! but loke yf he be bownd ryth wel and fast.
III. Judeus. He is saff a-now! Go we ryth[4] a good pas!

*Here thei ledyn Jhesu a-bowt the place tyl thei come to the halle.*

Cayphas. Sere Pylat, takyht hede to this thyng!
Jhesus we han be-forn the browth,
Wheche owre lawe doth down bryng,
And mekyl schame he hath us wrowth.

Annas. From this cetye in-to the lond of Galyle,
He hath browth oure lawys neyr[5] in-to confusyon;
With hese craftys wrowth be nygramancye,[6]

---

[1] Commend.
[2] Swift.
[3] Lovely.
[4] Dawn.
[5] Prosper.

[1] Righteous.
[2] Thought, grief.
[3] Mad.
[4] Right.
[5] Near.
[6] Necromancy

Shewyth to the pepyl be fals symulacyon.

I. DOCTOR. Ya! Yet, ser, a-nother, and werst of alle!
Agens Sesare, oure Emperour that is so fre,
Kyng of Jewys he doth hym[1] calle,
So oure Emperourys power nowth[2] xuld be!

II. DOCTOR. Sere Pylat, we kan not telle half the blame
That Jhesus in oure countre hath wrowth;
Therfore we charge the, in the Emperorys name,
That he to the deth in hast be browth!

PYLAT. What seyst to these compleyntys, Jhesu?
These pepyl hath the sore acusyd,
Be-cause thou bryngyst up lawys newe,
That in oure days were not vsyd.

JHESUS. Of here a-cusyng, me rowth nowth,[3]
So that thei hurt not here soulys, ne non mo.
I haue nowth yet founde that I haue sowth,[4]
For my Faderys wyl fforth must I go.

PYLAT. Jhesus, be this, than, I trowe thou art a kyng,
And the Sone of God thou art also, —
Lord of erth and of alle thing, —
Telle me the trowth, if it be so.

JHESUS. In hefne is knowyn my Faderys intent,
And in this werlde I was born;
Be my Fadyr I was hedyr sent,
For to seke that was for-lorn.

Alle that me heryn,[5] and in me belevyn,
And kepyn here feyth stedfastly,
Thow thei weryn dede[6] I xal them recuryn,
And xal them bryng to blysse endlesly.

PILATE. Lo! serys, now ye an erde[1] this man, how thynk ye?
Thynke ye not alle, be youre reson,
But as he seyth it may wel be,
And that xulde be be this incheson?[2]

I fynde in hym non obecyon[3]
Of errour, nor treson, ne of no maner gylt;
The lawe wele, in no conclusyon,
With-owte defawth[4] he xuld be spylt[5]

I. DOCTOR. Sere Pylat, the lawe restyth in the,
And we knowe veryly his gret trespas.
To the Emperour this mater told xal be,
Yf thou lete Jhesus thus from the pas!

PYLAT. Serys, than telle me o thyng:
What xal be his a-cusyng?

ANNAS. Sere, we telle the, alto-gedyr,
For his evyl werkys we browth hym hedyr;
And yf he had not an evyl doere be,
We xuld not a browth hym to the.

PYLAT. Takyth hym, than, after your sawe,[6]
And demyth hym aftyr your lawe.

CAYPHAS. It is not lefful[7] to vs, ye seyn,
No maner man for to slen;
The cawse why we bryng hym to the,
That he xuld not oure kyng be.
Weyl thou knowyst kyng we haue non,
But oure Emperour alon.

PYLAT. Jhesu, thou art kyng of Jure?
JHESUS. So thou seyst now to me.
PYLAT. Tel me than, where is thi kyngham?

JHESUS. My kyngham is not in this werld,
I telle the at o word.
Yf my kyngham here had be,
I xuld not a be delyverd to the.

---

[1] Himself. [2] Nought. [3] I rue me not.
[4] Sought. [5] Hear, obey. [6] Dead.

[1] Have heard. [2] Reason, occasion.
[3] Obstacle. [4] Fault. [5] Killed.
[6] Saying, speech. [7] Lawful.

Pylat. Seres, a-vyse yow as ye kan.
I can fynde no defawth in this man.
Annas. Sere, here is a gret record; take hed ther-to!
And knowyng gret myschef in this man, —
And not only in o[1] day or to,
It is many yerys syn he began, —
We kan telle the tyme where and whan,
That many a thowsand turnyd hath he;
As alle this pepylle record weyl kan,
From hens in-to the lond of Galyle.

*And they shall cry out*[2] *"Ya! Ya! Ya!"*

Pilat. Serys, of o thyng than gyf me relacyone,
If Jhesus were out-born in the lond of Galelye;
For we han no poer,[3] ne no jurediccyone,
Of no man of that contre.
Ther-fore the trewth ye telle me,
And a-nother wey I xal provyde.
If Jhesus were born in that countre,
The jugement of Herowdys he must a-byde.

Cayphas. Sere, as I am to the lawe trewly sworn,
To telle the trewth I have no fer;
In Galelye I know that he was born;
I can telle in what place and where.
Agens this no man may answere,
For he was born in Bedlem Jude;
And this ye knowe, now alle I haue don here,
That it stant in the lond of Galelye.

Pylat. Weyl, serys, syn that I knowe that it is so,
The trewth of this I must nedys se;
I vndyrstand ryth now what is to do.
The jugement of Jhesu lyth not to me;
Herowde is kyng of that countre,
To jewge that regyon in lenth and in brede;
The jurysdyccyon of Jhesu now han must he.
Ther-fore Jhesu in hast to hym ye lede.
In halle[1] the hast that ye may spede,
Lede hym to the Herownde a-non present,
And sey I comawnde me, with worde and dede,
And Jhesu to hym that I haue sent.

i. Doctor. This erand in hast sped xal be,
In alle the hast that we can do;
We xal not tary in no degre,
Tyl the Herowdys presens we come to.

*Here thei take Jhesu and lede hym in gret hast to the Herowde; and the Herowdys scafald xal vn-close, shewyng Herowdes in astat, alle the Jewys knelyng, except Annas and Cayphas, thei xal stondyn, etcetera.*

i. Doctor. Heyl, Herowde, most excyllent kyng!
We arn comawndyd to thin presens;
Pylat sendyth the be us gretyng,
And chargyth us, be oure obedyens, —
ii. Doctor. That we xuld do oure dylygens
To bryng Jhesus of Nazareth on-to the,
And chargyth us to make no resystens,
Be-cawse he was born in this countre.

Annas. We knowe he hath wrowth gret fole[2]
A-geyns the lawe shewyd present;
Ther-fore Pylat sent hym on-to the,
That thou xuldyst gyf hym jugement.

Herowde Rex. Now, be Mahound, my god of grace!
Of Pylat this is a dede ful kende!
I for-gyf hym now his gret trespace,
And schal be his frend with-owtyn ende.
Jhesus to me that he wole sende,
I desyred ful sore hym for to se;
Gret ese in this Pylat xal fynde.
And, Jhesus, thou art welcome to me!

i. Judeus. My sovereyn lord, this is the case:
The gret falsnesse of Jhesu is opynly knawe;

---

[1] One. MS. [2] *Et clamabunt.* [3] Power.

[1] All. [2] Mischief.

Ther was nevyr man dede so gret trespas,
For he hath al-most destroyd oure lawe.

**II. Judeus.** Ya! be fals crafte of soserye,[1]
Wrowth opynly to the pepylle alle,
And be sotyl poyntys of nygramancye,
Many thowsandys fro oure lawe be falle.

**Cayphas.** Most excellent kyng, ye must take hede!
He wol dystroye alle this countre, bothe elde and ying,
Yf he ten monthis more procede.
Be his meraclys and fals prechyng,
He bryngyth the pepyl in gret fonnyng,[2]
And seyth dayly a-mong hem alle,
That he is Lord, and of the Jewys kyng;
And the Sone of God he doth hym calle

**Rex Herowde.** Serys, alle these materys I haue herd sayd,
And meche more than ye me telle;
Alle to-gedyr thei xal be layde,
And I wyl take there-on cowncelle.

[*Turning to Jesus.*]

Jhesus, thou art wel-come to me!
I kan[3] Pylat gret thank for his sendyng;
I have desyryd ful longe the to se,
And of thi meracles to haue knowyng.
It is told me thou dost many a wondyr thyng, —
Crokyd to gon, and blynd men to sen,
And thei that ben dede gevyst hem levyng,
And makyst lepers fayre and hool to ben.

These arn wondyr werkys wrougth of the,
Be what wey I wolde knowe the trew sentens.
Now, Jhesu, I pray the, lete me se
O meracle wrougth in my presens.
In hast, now, do thi dylygens,
And per-aventure I wyl shew favour to the;
For, now thou art in my presens,
Thyn lyf and deth here lyth in me.

*And here Jhesus xal not speke no word to the Herowde.*

Jhesus, why spekyst not to thi kyng?
What is the cawse thou standyst so stylle?
Thou nowyst I may deme[1] alle thyng.
Thyn lyf and deth lyth at my wylle!

What! Spek Jhesus, and telle me why
This pepyl do the so here acuse?
Spare not, but telle me now, on hey,[2]
How thou canst thi-self excuse.

**Cayphas.** Loo! serys, this is of hym a false sotylte;
He wyl not speke but whan he lyst.
Thus he dysceyvyth the pepyl in eche degre;
He is ful fals, ye veryly tryst.[3]

**Rex Herowde.** What, thou on-hangyd harlot! why wylt thou not speke?
Hast thou skorne to speke on-to thi kyng?
Be-cawse thou dost oure lawys breke,
I trowe thou art a-ferd of oure talkyng.

**Annas.** Nay, he is not aferde, but of a fals wyle,[4]
Be-cawse we xuld not hym a-cuse;
If that he answerd yow on-tylle,
He knowyth he can not hym-self excuse.

**Rex Herowde.** What! Spek I say, thou foulyng! Evyl mot thou fare!
Loke up! The devyl mote the cheke!
Serys, bete his body with scorgys bare,
And a-say to make hym for to speke!

**I. Judeus.** It xal be do with-outyn teryeng.
Come on, thou tretour, evyl mot thou the!
Whylt thou not speke on-to oure kyng?
A new lesson we xal lere the!

*Here thei pulle of Jhesus clothis, and betyn hym with whyppys.*

**II. Judeus.** Jhesus, thi bonys we xal not breke,

---

[1] Sorcery.
[2] Foolishness.
[3] Give.

[1] Judge.
[2] At once.
[3] Trust, believe.
[4] Stratagem.

But we xal make the to skyppe!
Thou hast lost thi tonge? Thou mayst not speke?
Thou xalt a-say now of this whippe. 374

III. Judeus. Serys, take these whyppys in your hande,
And spare not whyl thei last;
And bete this tretoure that here doth stonde.
I trowe that he wyl speke in hast! 378

*And qwan thei han betyn hym tyl he is alle blody, than the Herownde seyth:*

[Herowde.] Sees,[1] seres, I comawnde you be name of the devyl of helle!
Jhesus, thynkyst this good game?
Thou art strong, to suffyr schame;
Thou haddyst levyr[2] be betyn lame,
Than thi defawtys for to telle. 383

But I wyl not thi body alle spyl,
Nor put it here in-to more peyne.
Serys, takyth Jhesus at your owyn wyl,
And lede hym to Pylat hom ageyne. 387
Grete hym weyl, and telle hym, serteyne,
Alle my good frenchep xal he haue.
I gyf hym powere of Jhesus, thus ye hym seyn, 390
Whether he wole hym dampne[3] or save.

I. Doctor. Sere, at your request it xal be do;
We xal lede Jhesus at your demaw[n]de,
And delyver hym Pylat on-to,
And telle hym alle, as ye comawnde. 395

*Here enteryth Satan in-to the place in the most orryble wyse; and qwyl that he pleyth, thei xal don on[4] Jhesus clothis and ouerest[5] a whyte clothe, and ledyn hym ab-owth the place, and than to Pylat be the tyme that hese wyf hath pleyd.*[6]

---

[1] Cease.
[2] Rather.
[3] Condemn.
[4] Put on.
[5] Uppermost.
[6] The play that immediately follows is *Pilate's Wife's Dream.*

# THE HARROWING OF HELL [1]

[Acted by the Cooks and Innkeepers of Chester.]

Pagina Decima Septima de Descensu Christi ad Inferos.

The Cookes and Inkepers.

[*The interior of Hell. A "great light" begins to shine. Adam advances.*]

Adamus. A! Lord and severayne Saviour,
Our comfort and our counseler,
Of this light thou art author,
As I se well in sight.
This is a signe thou would succour
Thy folke that bene in great langour,
And of the Devill be conquerour,
As thou hast yore behight.[1]

Me thou madest, Lord, of clay,
And gaue me Paradice in to play;
But after my sinne, sooth to say,
Deprived I was therfro,
And from that weale [2] putt away;
And here haue lenged [3] sithen aye,
In thesternes,[4] both night and day;
And all my kynd also.

Now, by this light that I now se,
Ioy is commen, Lord, through thee;
And of thy people thou hast pitty,
To putt them out of payne.
Sicker [5] it may none other be,
But now thou hast mercy on me;
And my kynd, through thy posty,[6]
Thou wilt restore agayne.

[*Isaiah advances.*]

Esay. Yea, sickerly, this ilke [7] light
Comes from Gods Sonne almight;
For so I prophesyed aright,
Whyle that I was lyvinge.
Then I to all men beheight,
As I ghostly [8] sawe in sight,
This word that I through Gods might
Shall rehearce without tariinge:

*Populus qui ambulabat in tenebris vidit lucem magnam. Isa. lx, 3.*

The people, that tyme I sayd expresse,
That went about in thesternes,
Se a full great lightnes,
As we done now, echone.
Now is fulfilled my prophesy,
That I, the Prophet Esay,
Wrott in my books that will not lye,
Who so will looke theron.

[*Simeon the Just advances.*]

Simeon Iustus. And I, Symeon, sooth to say,
Will honor God, all that I may;
For when Christ a child was, in good fay,
In Temple I him tooke.
And as the Holy Ghost that day
Taught me, or I went away,
These wordes I sayd to God[ë]s pay,
As men may fynd in booke:

*Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace. St. Luke ii, 29.*

Ther I prayd, with-out[ë] lesse,
That God would lett me dye in peace,
For he is Christ that commen was, —
I had both feld and seene, —
That he had ordayned for mans heale,
Ioy to the people of Israell.
Nowe is it wonnen, that ilk weale,[1]
To vs, withouten weene.[2]

[*John the Baptist advances.*]

Iohannes Baptista. Yea, Lord, I am that ilk Iohn,
That followed thee in flood Iordan,
And that in world about can gone [3]

---

[1] Promised of yore.
[2] Happiness.
[3] Tarried.
[4] Darkness.
[5] In truth.
[6] Power.
[7] Same.
[8] Spiritually.

[1] Now is it won, that very happiness.
[2] Doubt.
[3] Did go.

[1] For the source of the text, see page 167, note 1.

To warne of thy comminge.
And with my finger I shewed expresse
A meke lamb in thy lyknes,
In token that thou common was
Mankynd of bale to bringe.
*Ecce agnus Dei, ecce qui tollit peccata mundi.*

[*Seth advances.*]

SETH. And I, Sethe, Adams sonne, am here,
That lyvinge went, without[en] were,[1]
To aske at paradyce a prayer
At God, as I shall say.
That he would graunt an angell in hye,
To geue oyle of his mercy,
To anoynt my father in his nye,[2]
In sicknes when he lay.

Then to me appered Michaell,
And bade me travell [3] never a deale,
And sayd wepinge nor prayers fell [4]
Avayled me nothing to seeke.
Nay of that oyle might I haue none,
Made I neuer so much mone,
Vntill fyve thousand years were gone,
And fyve hundreth eeke.

*All bending the knee* [5] [*as King David advances*].

DAVID. A! high God and king of blisse,
Worshiped be thy name, iwis!
I hope that tyme now come[n] is
To deliuer vs of danger.
Come, Lord! come to Hell anone,
And take out thy folk, everychon,
For those years are fully gone
Sith mankynd first came heare.

*Then let Satan sitting on his throne say to the devils:* [6]

SATHAN. Hell hownds, all that be here,
Make you bowne [7] with bost and bere; [8]
For to this fellowship in feere [9]
Ther hyes a fearly freak.[10]
A noble morsell you haue mon: [11]
Iesu, that is Gods Sonne,
Comes hither with vs to wonne.[1]
On him now ye you wreake! [2]

A man he is fullye, in faye,
For greatly death he dredd to day,
And these wordes I hard him say:
"My soule is thirste vnto death:"
*Tristis est anima mea vsque ad mortem.*
Such as I made halt and blynd,
He hath healed into ther kynd;
Therfor that boyster [3] looke that you bynde
In bale of hell breath!

II. DEMON. Sir Sathanas, what man is he
That should thee pryve of thy posty?
How dare he doe agaynst thee,
And dread his death to day?
Gretter then thou he semes to bee;
For degraded of thy degree
Thou must be soone, well I see,
And pryvëd of thy pray.[4]

III. DEMON. Who is this, so stiff and stronge,
That maisterly comes vs amonge,
Our felowship that he would fonge?
But therof he shall fayle.
Wete [5] he vs with any wrong,
He shall singe a sory song.
But on the, Sathanas, it is long,
And [6] his will ought avayle.

SATHAN. Against this shrew, that comes here,
I tempted the folke in fowle manere;
Ayesell [7] and gall to his dinner
I made them for to dight,
And hange him on a rood tree.
Now is he dead right so throw me;
And to Hell, as you shall se,
He comes anone in height.

II. DEMON. Sathan, is not this that syre
That raysed Lazar out of the fyre?
SATHAN. Yea, this is he that wil conspyre
Anone to reave [8] vs all.
III. DEMON. Out! Out! Alas! Alas!
Hear I coniure the, Sathanas,

---

[1] Doubt.
[2] Annoyance, suffering.
[3] Worry, suffer.
[4] Many.
[5] MS. *Omnes genu flectantes.*
[6] MS. *Tunc Sathan sedens in cathedra dicat demonibus.*
[7] Ready.
[8] Clamor.
[9] Together.
[10] Terrible fellow.
[11] Must.

[1] Dwell.
[2] Avenge yourselves.
[3] Boaster.
[4] Prey.
[5] Blame, censure.
[6] If.
[7] Vinegar.
[8] Rob.

Thou suffer him not to come to this place,
For ought that may befall.

II. Demon. Yea, sickerly, and he come here,
Passed is cleane our power;
For all this fellowship in feere
He may take away when he would,
For all be at his commandment.
Lazar, that was with vs lent,
Mawger [1] our teeth away he went,
And him might we not howld.

*Then shall come Jesus, and a clamor shall be made, or a loud sound of things striking together, and let Jesus say: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in."* [2]

Ihesus. Open Hell gates anone!
You princes of payn, every chon!
That Gods Sonne may in gone,
And the Kinge of Blisse!
II. Demon. Goe hence, poplard, [3] from this place!
Or thou shalt haue a sory grace!
For all thy boste and thy manase [4]
These men thou shalt[ë] misse.

Sathan. Out! Alas! What is this?
See I never so much blisse
Toward Hell come, iwisse,
Sith I was prince here.
My maisterdome now fares amisse,
For yonder a stubborn fellow is,
Right as wholly Hell were his
To reve me of my power.

III. Demon. Yea, Sathanas, thy soverainty
Fayl[e]s cleane! Therfore flee,
For no longer in this see [5]
Here shalt thou not sytt.
Goe forth! Feight for thy degree!
Or ells our prince shall thou not be;
For now passeth thy postye,
And hence thou must flitt.

*Then let them hurl Satan from his seat.*[1]

Sathan. Out! Alas! I am shent!
My might fayles verament!
This princ that is now present
Will spoyle from me my pray.
Adam, by my intycement,
And all his bloud, through me, were blent.[2]
Now hence thy shall all be hent,[3]
And I in Hell for aye.

Ihesus. Open vp Hell gates, yet I say,
You princes of pine [4] that be present,
And lett the Kinge of Bliss this way,
That he may fulfill his intent!

Sathan. Say, what is he, that Kinge of Blisse?
Ihesus. That Lord the which almighty is.
Ther is no power lyke to his;
Of all ioy he is kinge.
And to him is none lyk, iwis,
As is soothly seene by this,
For man, that sometyme did amis,
To his blisse he will bringe.

*Then Jesus shall take Adam by the hand.*[5]

Iesus. Peace to the, Adam, my darlinge,
And eke to all thy ofspringe,
That righteous were in eirth lyvinge;
From me you shall not sever.
To blis[se] now I will you bringe;
Ther you shall be without endinge.
Michael, lead these men singinge
To ioy that lasteth ever.

Michaell. Lord, your will done shall be.
Come forth, Adam! Come with me!
My Lord vpon the rood tree
Your sinn[e]s hath forbought.[6]
Now shall you haue lyking and lee,[7]
And be restored to your degree,
That Sathan with his subtilty
From bliss to bale hath brought.

*Then Michael shall lead Adam and the saints to Paradise; and in the way shall*

---

[1] In spite of.
[2] MS. *Tunc veniet Ihesus, et fiet clamor vel sonitus materialis magnus, et dicat Ihesus: "Attolite portas principes vestras, et elevamini portæ æternales, et introibit Rex gloriæ.*
[3] A term of abuse.
[4] Menace.
[5] Throne.

[1] MS. *Iaceant tunc Sathanam de sede sua.*
[2] Cheated.
[3] Carried away.
[4] Pain, suffering.
[5] MS. *Tunc Iesus accipiet Adam per manum.*
[6] Paid for.
[7] Happiness and protection.

*come Enoc and Elias and the saved thief; and let Satan say:* [1]

Satan. Out, alas! Now goeth away
My prisoners and all my pray!
And I might not stirr one stray,[2]
I am so streitly dight.
Now comes Christ. Sorrow I may
For me and my meny for aye.
Never sith God made the first day,
Were we so fowle of right.

*Then Adam, seeing Enoc and Elias, says:* [3]

Adamus. Say, what maner men bene yee,
That bodely meten vs, as I see,
And, dead, come not to Hell as we,
Since all men damned were?
When I trespassed, God hett [4] me
That this place closed always should be
From earthly man to haue entry;
And yet fynd I you here.

Enoch. Sir, I am Enocke, sooth to say,
Putt into this place to Gods pay;
And here haue lyved euer since that day,
At lyking all my fill.
And my fellow here, in good fay,
Is Hely, the prophett, as you se may,
That ravished was in that aray,[5]
As it was God[e]s will.

Helias. Yea, bodely death — leeue thou me —
Yet never suffred we;
But here ordaynd we are to be,
Till Ante Christ come with his.
Feight against vs shall he,
And slay vs in the holy citty;
But, sickerly, with-in days three
And half one we shall ryse.

Adam. And who is this that comes here
With crosse on shoulder in such manere?

Latro. I am that theefe, my fader deere,
That honge on roode tree.
But for I leeved, without weere,[1]
That Christ might saue vs both in feere,
To him I made my prayer,
The which was graunted me.

When I see signes veray
That he was Gods Sonne, soth to say,
To him devoutly I can pray,[2]
In his realme when he come,
To think on me by all way.
And he aunswered and sayd: "This day
In Paradice with me thou shalt be aye."
So hither the way I noome.[3]

And he betooke [4] me this tokeninge,
A crosse vpon my backe hanginge,
The angell Michael for to bringe,
That I might haue entrye.

Adamus. Goe we to blisse, then, owld and yonge,
And worship God, alway weldinge,[5]
And afterward, I read,[6] we singe
With great solemnity:
"*Te deum laudamus, te Dominum confitemur.*"

*And thus they shall go out glorifying God, singing "Te Deum."* [7]

*Finis Paginæ Decime Septimæ.*[8]

---

[1] MS. *Tunc Michael adducet Adam et sanctos ad Paradisum et in obviam venient Henoc et Helias, latro salvatus; et Sathan dicat.*

[2] Straw, bit.

[3] MS. *Tunc Adam, videns Enock et Heliam, ait.*

[4] Promised, assured.

[5] Attire, dress.

---

[1] Doubt.

[2] Did pray.

[3] Took.

[4] Assigned.

[5] Ruling.

[6] Counsel.

[7] MS. "*Te Deum laudamus, te Dominum confitemur.*" *Et sic ibunt glorificantes Deum, cantantes "Te Deum."*

[8] The other manuscripts add sixty lines, consisting of a lamentation by an unsaved ale-woman, and her welcome to hell by Satan and two devils, one of whom offers to wed her. It seems to be an addition to the play itself, and since it is not of any special merit, I have omitted it.

# THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST[1]

[Acted at Wakefield.]

Resurreccio Domini.

**Pilatus.** Peasse, I warne you, woldys[1] in wytt!
And standys on syde, or els go sytt;
For here ar men that go not yit,
And lordys of me[kill] myght.
We thynk to abyde, and not to flytt,[2]
I tell you euery wyght!

Spare youre spech, ye brodels[3] bold!
And sesse youre cry, till I haue told
What that my worship wold
Here in thise wonys;[4]
Whoso that wyghtly nold[5]
Full hy bese hanged his bonys!

Wote ye not that I am Pilate,
That satt apon the iustyce late,
At Caluarie where I was att
This day at morne?
I am he, that great state,
That lad has all to-torne.[6]

Now sen[7] that lothly losell[8] is thus ded,
I haue great ioy in my manhede;
Therfor wold I in ilk sted[9]
It were tayn hede,
If any felowse felow his red,[10]
Or more his law wold lede.[11]

For, and I knew it, cruelly
His lyfe bees lost, and that shortly,
That he were better hyng ful hy
On galow tre!
Therfor ye prelatys shuld aspy
If any sich be.

As I am man of myghtys most,
If ther be any that blow sich bost,
With tormentys keyn bese he indost[1]
For euermore.
The devill to hell shall harry hys goost!
Bot I say nomore.

**Caiphas.** Sir, ye thar nothyng be dredand,[2]
For Centurio, I vnderstand,
Youre knyght, is left abydand[3]
Right ther behynde;
We left hym ther for man most wyse,
If any rybaldys wold oght ryse,[4]
To sesse theym to the next assyse,[5]
And then forto make ende.

*Then shall come the Centurion like a knight, riding.*[6]

**Centurio.** A, blyssyd Lord Adonay,[7]
What may this meruell sygnyfy
That here was shewyd so openly
Vnto oure sight,
When the rightwys man can[8] dy
That Ihesus hight?

Heuen it shoke abone;[9]
Of shynyng blan[10] both son and moyne;
And dede men also rose vp sone,
Outt of thare grafe;
And stones in wall anone
In sonder brast and clafe.

Ther was seen many a full sodan sight.
Oure prynces, for sothe, dyd nothyng right;
And so I saide to theym on hight,[11]
As it is trew,
That he was most of myght,
The Son of God, Ihesu.

Fowlys in the ayer and fish in floode

---

[1] Wielders, possessors of.
[2] Depart.
[3] Wretches.
[4] Dwellings, places.
[5] Quickly would not.
[6] Torn to pieces.
[7] Since.
[8] Loathsome scamp.
[9] In every place.
[10] Follow his teaching.
[11] Lead, follow.

[1] Loaded.
[2] You need dread nothing.
[3] Abiding.
[4] If any rabble would make insurrection.
[5] Session of court.
[6] MS. *Tunc veniet Centurio velut miles equitans.*
[7] One of the names given to the Supreme Being.
[8] Did.
[9] Above.
[10] Ceased.
[11] At once.

[1] For the source of the text, and a discussion of the Towneley Plays see page 94, note 1.

That day changid thare mode,
When that he was rent on rode,[1]
That Lord veray;
Full well thay vnderstode
That he was slayn that day.
Therfor, right as I meyn, / to theym fast will I ryde,
To wyt withoutten weyn[2] / what they will say this tyde
Of this enfray.[3]
I will no longer abyde,
Bot fast ride on my way.

[*He approaches Pilate and the High Priests.*]

God saue you, syrs, on euery syde!
Worship and welth in warld so wyde!
Pilatus. Centurio, welcom this tyde,
Oure comly knyght!
Centurio. God graunt you grace well forto gyde,
And rewll you right.

Pilatus. Centurio, welcom; draw nere hand!
Tell vs som tythyngys here emang;
For ye haue gone thrughoutt oure land,
Ye know ilk dele.
Centurio. Sir, I drede me ye haue done wrang
And wonder yll.

Cayphas. Wonder yll! I pray the why?
Declare that to this company!
Centurio. So shall I, sir, full securly,
With all my mayn;
The rightwys man, I meyn hym by,[4]
That ye haue slayn.

Pilatus. Centurio, sese of sich saw![5]
Ye ar a greatt man of oure law,
And if we shuld any wytnes draw
To vs excuse,
To mayntene vs euermore ye aw,[6]
And noght refuse.

Centurio. To mayntene trowth is well worthy.
I saide, when I sagh hym dy,
That it was Godys Son almyghty
That hang thore;
So say I yit, and abydys therby
For euermore!

Anna. Yee, sir, sich resons[1] may ye rew![2]
Thou shuld not neuen[3] sich notes new,
Bot thou couth[4] any tokyns trew
Vntill vs tell.
Centurio. Sich wonderfull case neuer ere ye knew
As then befell.

Cayphas. We pray the tell vs, of what thyng?
Centurio. Of elymentys, both old and ying,
In thare manere maide greatt mowrnyng
In ilka stede;[5]
Thay knew by contenaunce that thare Kyng
Was done to dede.

The son for wo it waxed all wan;
The moyn and starnes of shynyng blan;
And erth it tremlyd, as a man
Began to speke;
The stone, that neuer was styrryd or than,
In sonder brast and breke;

And dede men rose vp bodely, both greatt and small.
Pilatus. Centurio, bewar with-all!
Ye wote the clerkys the clyppys[6] it call,
Sich sodan sight,
That son and moyne a seson shall
Lak of thare light.

Cayphas. Sir, and if that dede men ryse vp bodely,
That may be done thrugh socery;[7]
Therfor nothyng we sett therby,
That be thou bast.[8]
Centurio. Sir, that I saw truly,
That shall I euermore trast.

Not for that ilk warke that ye dyd wyrke,
Not oonly for the son wex myrke,

---

[1] Cross.
[2] To know without doubt.
[3] Affray.
[4] I have him in mind.
[5] Speech.
[6] Owe.

[1] Sayings.
[2] Repent.
[3] Name.
[4] Could.
[5] In every place.
[6] Eclipse.
[7] Sorcery.
[8] Abast, abashed, astonished.

Bot how the vayll rofe in the kyrke,[1]
Fayn wyt I wold.
Pilatus. A, sich tayles full sone wold make vs yrke,[2]
If thay were told.

Harlot! wherto commys thou vs emang
With sich lesyngys[3] vs to fang?[4]
Weynd furth! Hy myght thou hang,
Vyle fatur![5]
Cayphas. Weynd furth in the wenyande!
And hold styll thy clattur!

Centurio. Sirs, sen ye set not by my saw, / haues now good day!
God lene you grace to knaw / the sothe all way.

Anna. With-draw the fast, sen thou the dredys;
For we shall well mayntene oure dedys.

[*Exit Centurio.*]

Pilatus. Sich wonderfull resons[6] as now redys[7]
Were neuer beforne!
Cayphas. To neuen this note[8] nomore vs nedys,
Nawder[9] euen nor morne,

Bot forto be-war of more were[10]
That afterward myght do vs dere;[11]
Therfor, sir, whils ye ar here
Vs all emang,
Avyse you of thise sawes sere[12]
How thay will stand.

For Ihesus saide full openly
Vnto the men that yode[13] hym by, —
A thyng that grevys all Iury,
And right so may, —
That he shuld ryse vp bodely
Within the thryde day.

If it be so, as myght I spede,
The latter dede is more to drede
Then was the fyrst, if we take hede
And tend therto.
Avyse you, sir, for it is nede,
The best to do.

Anna. Sir, neuer-the-les if he saide so,
He hase no myght to ryse and go,
Bot his dyscypyls steyll his cors vs fro
And bere away.
That were till vs, and othere mo,
A fowll enfray.[1]

Then wold the pepyll say euerilkon
That he were rysen hym self alon;
Therfor ordan to kepe that stone
With knyghtys heynd[2]
To thise thre dayes be commen and gone
And broght till ende.

Pilatus. Now, certys, sir, full well ye say!
And for this ilk poynt to puruay
I shall, if that I may,
He shall not ryse,
Nor none shall wyn hym thens away
Of nokyns[3] wyse.

[*He addresses his soldiers.*]

Sir knyghtys, that ar of dedys dughty,[4]
And chosen for chefe of cheualry,
As I may me in you affy,[5]
By day and nyght,
Ye go and kepe Ihesu body
With all youre myght;

And for thyng that be may,[6]
Kepe hym well vnto the thryd day,
That no tratur steyll his cors you fray[7]
Out of that sted;
For if ther do, truly I say,
Ye shall be dede!

i. Miles. Yis, sir Pilate, in certan,
We shall hym kepe with all oure mayn;
Ther shall no tratur with no trayn[8]
Steyll hym vs fro!
Sir knyghtys, take gere[9] that best may gayn,
And let vs go.

ii. Miles. Yis, certys, we are all redy bowne;[10]
We shall hym kepe till youre renowne.

---

[1] The veil split apart in the church.
[2] Feel distressed.
[3] Lies.
[4] Seize.
[5] Deceiver.
[6] Incidents.
[7] Spoken of.
[8] Affair.
[9] Neither.
[10] Doubt.
[11] Harm.
[12] Several sayings.
[13] Passed.

[1] Affray.
[2] Gracious.
[3] No kind of.
[4] Doughty.
[5] Trust.
[6] For anything that may happen.
[7] From.
[8] Guile, deceit.
[9] Weapons.
[10] Prepared.

[*They cross over to the sepulchre.*]

On euery syde lett vs sytt downe,
We all in fere;[1]
And I shall fownde[2] to crak his crowne
Whoso commys here.

I. Miles. Who shuld be where,[3] fayn wold I wytt.
II. Miles. Euen on this syde wyll I sytt.
III. Miles. And I shall fownde[2] his feete to flytt.[4]
IV. Miles. We, ther, shrew, ther!
Now by Mahowne, fayn wold I wytt
Who durst com here

This cors with treson forto take!
For if it were the burnand drake[5]
Of me styfly he gatt a strake,
Haue here my hand.
To thise thre dayes be past,
This cors I dar warand.[6]

[*Christ rises from the tomb; the soldiers fall into a stupor.*]

*Then the angels shall sing "Christus resurgens"; and afterwards Jesus shall speak.*[7]

Ihesus. Erthly man, that I haue wroght,
Wightly wake, and slepe thou noght!
With bytter bayll I haue the boght,
To make the fre.
Into this dongeon depe I soght,
And all for luf of the.

Behold how dere I wold the by![8]
My woundys ar weytt and all blody!
The, synfull man, full dere boght I
With tray and teyn;[9]
Thou fyle the noght eft for-thy,[10]
Now art thou cleyn. . . .[11]

Bot luf, noght els, aske I of the,
And that thou fownde[2] fast syn to fle;
Pyne[12] the to lyf in charyte
Both nyght and day;
Then in my blys that neuer shall mys
Thou shall dwell ay.

For I am veray Prynce of Peasse,
And synnes seyr I may releasse.
And whoso will of synnes seasse,
And mercy cry,
I grauntt theym here a measse[1]
In brede — myn awne body.

That ilk veray brede of lyfe
Becommys my fleshe in wordys fyfe;
Whoso it resaues in syn or stryfe
Bese dede for euer;
And whoso it takys in rightwys lyfe
Dy shall he neuer.

[*Jesus retires, and the three Maries advance.*]

Maria Magdalene. Alas! to dy with doyll[2] am I dyght!
In warld was neuer a wofuller wight!
I drope, I dare,[3] for seyng of sight
That I can se!
My lord, that mekill was of myght,
Is ded fro me.

Alas! that I shuld se hys pyne![4]
Or that I shuld his lyfe tyne![5]
For to ich[6] sore he was medecyne,
And boytte[7] of all,
Help and hold to euer ilk hyne[8]
To hym wold call.

Maria Iacobi. Alas! how stand I on my feete
When I thynk on his woundys wete!
Ihesus, that was on luf so swete,
And neuer dyd yll,
Is dede and grafen vnder the grete,[9]
Withoutten skyll.

Maria Solomee. Withoutten skyll thise Iues ilkon
That lufly Lord thay haue hym slone;[10]
And trespas dyd he neuer none,
In nokyn[11] sted.

---

[1] Together. [2] Endeavor.
[3] Where should each (of us) be?
[4] Strive with. [5] Dragon. [6] Warrant.
[7] MS. *Tunc cantabunt angeli "Christus resurgens"; et postea dicet Iesus.*
[8] Redeem. [9] Suffering and pain.
[10] Defile thyself not again, therefore.
[11] At this point I omit 77 lines of Christ's long oration to man.
[12] Labor, try.

[1] Mess (alluding to the Sacrament).
[2] Dole, sorrow. [3] Gaze fixedly.
[4] Pain. [5] Suffer deprivation of.
[6] Each. [7] Remedy. [8] Person.
[9] Buried under the earth.
[10] Slain. [11] No kind of.

To whom shall we now make oure mone?
  Oure Lord is ded.

Maria Magdalene. Sen he is ded, my systers dere,
Weynd we will with full good chere,
With oure anoyntmentys fare and clere
  That we haue broght,
For to anoyntt his woundys sere,[1]
  That Iues hym wroght.

Maria Iacobi. Go we then, my systers fre,
For sore me longis his cors to see.
Bot I wote neuer how best may be;
  Help haue we none;
And which shall of vs systers thre
  Remefe the stone?

Maria Salomee. That do we not bot we were mo,[2]
For it is hogh [3] and heuy also.
Maria Magdalene. Systers, we thar [4] no farther go
  Ne make mowrnyng;
I se two syt where we weynd to,
  In whyte clothyng.

Maria Iacobi. Certys, the sothe is not to hyde;
The graue stone is put besyde.
Maria Salomee. Certys, for thyng that may betyde,
  Now will we weynde
To late the luf,[5] and with hym byde,
  That was oure freynde.

[*They approach the sepulchre.*]

I. Angelus. Ye mowrnyng women in youre thoght,
Here in this place whome haue ye soght?
Maria Magdalene. Ihesu that vnto ded was broght,
  Oure Lord so fre.
II. Angelus. Certys, women, here is he noght;
  Com nere and se.

I. Angelus. He is not here, the sothe to say;
The place is voyde ther in he lay;
The sudary [1] here se ye may
  Was on hym layde.
He is rysen and gone his way,
  As he you sayde.

II. Angeles. Euen as he saide, so done has he;
He is rysen thrugh his pauste;[2]
He shalbe fon in Galale,
  In fleshe and fell.[3]
To his dyscypyls now weynd ye,
  And thus thaym tell.

Maria Magdalene. My systers fre, sen it is so,
That he is resyn the deth thus fro,
As saide till vs thise angels two,
  Oure Lord and leche,[4]
As ye haue hard, where that ye go
  Loke that ye preche.

Maria Iacobi. As we haue hard so shall we say.
Mare, oure syster, haue good day!
Maria Magdalene. Now veray God, as he well may,
  Man most of myght,
He wysh you, systers, well in youre way,
  And rewle you right.

[*Exeunt Maria Jacobi and Maria Salome; manet Maria Magdalene.*]

Alas, what shall now worth on me? [5]
My catyf hart wyll breke in thre
When that I thynk on that ilk bodye
  How it was spylt;
Thrugh feete and handys nalyd was he
  Withoutten gylt.

Withoutten gylt then was he tayn,[6]
That lufly Lord; thay haue hym slayn,
And tryspas dyd he neuer nane,
  Ne yit no mys.
It was my gylt he was fortayn,[7]
  And nothing his.

How myght I, bot [8] I lufyd that swete
That for me suffred woundys wete,

---

[1] Many. [2] Unless we were more.
[3] Huge. [4] Need. [5] To find the dear one.

[1] Sudarium. [2] Power. [3] Skin.
[4] Physician. [5] Become of me.
[6] Taken. [7] Taken away. [8] Unless.

Sythen[1] to be grafen vnder the grete,[2]
Sich kyndnes kythe;[3]
Ther is nothyng till that we mete
May make me blythe.

*[Mary Magdalene stands aside weeping. The soldiers awake one after the other.]*

I. Miles. Outt, alas! what shall I say?
Where is the cors that here-in lay?
II. Miles. What alys the man? He is away
That we shuld tent?
I. Miles. Ryse vp and se.
II. Miles. Harrow! thefe! for ay
I cownte vs shent![4]

III. Miles. What devyll alys you two
Sich no[i]se and cry thus forto may?
II. Miles. For he is gone!
III. Miles. Alas, wha?
II. Miles. He that here lay.
III. Miles. Harrow! Devill! How-swa gat he away?

IV. Miles. What! is he thus-gatys[5] from vs went?
The fals tratur that here was lentt,[6]
That we truly to tent[7]
Had vndertane?
Certanly I tell vs shent[8]
Holly, ilkane.[9]

I. Miles. Alas, what shall I do this day
Sen this tratur is won away?
And safely, syrs, I dar well say
He rose alon!
II. Miles. Wytt sir Pilate of this enfray
We mon be slone.[10]

IV. Miles. Wote ye well, he rose in dede!
II. Miles. I sagh[11] myself when that he yede.[12]
I. Miles. When that he styrryd out of the steed
None couth it ken.
IV. Miles. Alas, hard hap was on my hede
Emang all men!

III. Miles. Ye, bot wyt sir Pilate of this dede,
That we were slepand when he yede,
We mon forfett, withoutten drede,
All that we haue.
IV. Miles. We must make lees,[1] for that is nede,
Oure self to saue.

I. Miles. That red[2] I well, so myght I go.
II. Miles. And I assent therto also.
III. Miles. A thowsand shall I assay,[3] and mo,
Well armed ilkon,
Com and toke his cors vs fro,
Had vs nere slone.

IV. Miles. Nay, certys, I hold ther none so good
As say the sothe[4] right as it stude,
How that he rose with mayn and mode,[5]
And went his way.
To sir Pilate, if he be wode,[6]
Thus dar I say.

I. Miles. Why, and dar thou to sir Pilate go
With thise tythyngys, and tell hym so?
II. Miles. So red I that we do also.
We dy bot oones.
III. Miles et Omnes. Now he that wroght vs all this wo,
Wo worth his bones!

IV. Miles. Go we sam,[7] sir knyghtys heynd,[8]
Sen we shall to sir Pilate weynd;
I trow that we shall parte no freynd,
Or that we pas.

*[They come to Pilate.]*

I. Miles. Now and I shall tell ilka word till ende,
Right as it was.

Sir Pilate, prynce withoutten peyr,
Sir Cayphas and Anna both in fere,
And all the lordys aboute you there,
To neuen[9] by name;

---

[1] Then.
[2] Grit, earth.
[3] Proclaim, acknowledge.
[4] Disgraced, ruined.
[5] In this fashion.
[6] Placed.
[7] Watch.
[8] I account us ruined.
[9] Wholly, everyone.
[10] Must be slain.
[11] Saw.
[12] Went.

[1] Lies.
[2] Counsel.
[3] Say?
[4] Truth.
[5] Strength and courage.
[6] Mad.
[7] Together.
[8] Gracious.
[9] Name.

Mahowne you saue on sydys sere [1]
Fro syn and shame!

Pilatus. Ye ar welcom, oure knyghtys so keyn!
A mekill myrth now may we meyn; [2]
Bot tell vs som talkyng vs betwene,
How ye haue wroght.
i. Miles. Oure walkyng, lord, withoutten wene,[3]
Is worth to noght.[4]

Cayphas. To noght? Alas, seasse of sich saw!
ii. Miles. The prophete Ihesu, that ye well knaw,
Is rysen, and went fro vs on raw,[5]
With mayn and myght.
Pilatus. Therfor the devill the all to-draw! [6]
Vyle recrayd knyght!

What! combred [7] cowardys I you call!
Lett ye hym pas fro you all?
iii. Miles. Sir, ther was none that durst do bot small
When that he yede.
iv. Miles. We were so ferde we can downe fall,
And qwoke for drede.

i. Miles. We were so rad,[8] euerilkon,
When that he put besyde the stone,
We quoke for ferd, and durst styr none;
And sore we were abast.
Pilatus. Whi, bot rose he bi hym self alone?
ii. Miles. Ye, lord, that be ye trast.

We hard neuer, on euyn ne morne,
Nor yit oure faders vs beforne,
Sich melody, myd-day ne morne,
As was maide thore.
Pilatus. Alas! Then ar oure lawes forlorne [9]
For euer more!

A, devill! what shall now worth [10] of this?
This warld farys with quantys.[11]
I pray you, Cayphas, ye vs wys [1]
Of this enfray.[2]
Caiphas. Sir, and I couth [3] oght, by my clergys,
Fayn wold I say.

Anna. To say the best, for sothe, I shall;
It shalbe profett for vs all:
Yond knyghtys behovys thare wordys agane call,
How he is myst;
We wold not, for thyng that myght befall,
That no man wyst: [4]

And therfor of youre curtessie
Gyf theym a rewarde for-thy.
Pilatus. Of this counsell well paide [5] am I;
It shalbe thus.
Sir knyghtys, that ar of dedys doghty,
Take tent till vs:

Herkyns now, how ye shall say,
Where so ye go, by nyght or day,
Ten thowsand men of good aray
Cam you vntill,
And thefyshly toke his cors you fray
Agans youre will.

Loke ye say thus in euery land;
And therto, on this couande,[6]
Ten thowsand pounds haue in youre hande
To youre rewarde;
And my frenship, I vnderstande,
Shall not be sparde.

Bot loke ye say as we haue kende! [7]
i. Miles. Yis, sir, as Mahowne me mende,
In ilk contree where-so we lende [8]
By nyght or day,
Where-so we go, where-so we weynd,
Thus shall we say.

Pilatus. The blyssyng of Mahowne be with you nyght and day!

[*Jesus appears at the sepulchre in the disguise of a gardener. Mary Magdalene advances to him.*]

Maria Magdalene. Say me, garthynere, I the pray,

---

[1] Many.
[2] Call to mind.
[3] Doubt.
[4] Come to nought.
[5] In a line, straight.
[6] Pull to pieces.
[7] Benumbed.
[8] Frightened.
[9] Lost, destroyed.
[10] Come.
[11] Craft.

[1] Teach, advise.
[2] Affray.
[3] Knew.
[4] Knew.
[5] Pleased.
[6] Agreement.
[7] Instructed.
[8] Come.

If thou bare oght my Lord away.
Tell me the sothe, say me not nay,
Where that he lyys;
And I shall remeue hym, if I may,
On any kyn wyse.

Ihesus. Woman, why wepys thou? Be styll!
Whome sekys thou? Say me thy wyll,
And nyk[1] me not with nay.
Maria Magdalene. For my Lord I lyke[2] full yll.
The stede thou bare his body tyll
Tell me, I the pray;
And I shall, if I may, / his body bere with me.
Vnto myn endyng day / the better shuld I be.

Ihesus. Woman, woman, turn thi thoght!
Wyt thou well I hyd hym noght,
Then[3] bare hym nawre[4] with me.
Go seke; loke if thou fynde hym oght.
Maria Magdalene. In fayth I haue hym soght,
Bot nawre he will fond be.

Ihesus. Why, what was he to the, / in sothfastnes to say?
Maria Magdalene. A! he was to me / no longer dwell I may.
Ihesus. Mary, thou sekys thy God — and that am I.

[*Recognizing him, Mary falls at his feet.*]

Maria Magdalene. Rabony! My Lord so dere!
Now am I hole that thou art here.
Suffer me to negh the nere,
And kys thi feete;
Myght I do so, so well me were,
For thou art swete.

Ihesus. Nay, Mary, neghe thou not me,
For to my Fader, tell I the,
Yit stevynd[5] I noght.
Tell my brethere I shall be
Before theym all in Trynyte,
Whose will that I haue wroght.
To peasse now ar thay boght / that prysond were in pyne;[6]
Wherfor thou thank in thoght / God, thi Lord and myne.

Mary, thou shall weynde me fro;
Myn erand shall thou grathly[1] go,
In no fowndyng[2] thou fall;
To my dyscypyls say thou so,
That wilsom[3] ar and lappyd in wo,
That I thaym socoure shall.
By name Peter thou call, / and say that I shall be
Before hym and theym all / my self in Galyle.

Maria Magdalene. Lord, I shall make my vyage[4]
To tell theym hastely;
Fro thay here that message
Thay will be all mery.

[*Exit Jesus.*]

This Lord was slayn, alas for-thy,
Falsly spylt, noman wyst why,
Whore he dyd mys.
Bot with hym spake I bodely;
For-thi commen is my blys!

Mi blys is commen, my care is gone!
That lufly haue I mett alone!
I am as blyth in bloode and bone
As euer was wight!
Now is he resyn that ere[5] was slone;
Mi hart is light!

I am as light as leyfe on tre,
For ioyfull sight that I can se,
For well I wote that it was he
My Lord Ihesu!
He that betrayde that fre[6]
Sore may he rew.

To Galyle now will I fare,
And his dyscyples cach from care.
I wote that thay will mowrne no mare;
Commyn is thare blys!

[*To the audience.*]

That worthi childe that Mary bare,
He amende youre mys.

*Explicit Resurreccio Domini.*

---

[1] Deny. [2] Look. [3] Thence. [4] Nowhere. [5] Ascended. [6] Pain.

[1] Promptly. [2] Temptation. [3] Bewildered. [4] Journey. [5] Formerly. [6] That noble one.

# THE JUDGMENT DAY [1]

[Acted by the Mercers of York.]

*Deus incipit.*

[Deus.] Firste when I this worlde hadde wroght,
Woode and wynde and wateris wan,
And all-kynne thyng that nowe is oght,[1]
Fulle wele, me-thoght, that I did thanne;
Whenne thei were made, goode me thame thoght.
Sethen [2] to my liknes made I man;
And man to greue me gaffe he noght.
Therfore me rewis that I the worlde began.[3]

Whanne I had made man at my will,
I gaffe hym wittis hym-selue to wisse;[4]
And Paradise I putte hym till,
And bad hym halde it all as his.
But of the tree of goode and ill
I saide, "What tyme thou etis of this,
Manne, thou spedes thi-selue to spill;[5]
Thou arte broght oute of all blisse."

Belyue [6] brak manne my bidding.
He wende [7] haue bene a god therby;
He wende haue wittyne [8] of all-kynne thyng,
In worlde to haue bene als wise as I.
He ete the appill I badde schulde hyng;[9]
Thus was he begilid thurgh glotony.
Sithen both hym and his ospring
To pyne [10] I putte thame all for-thy.[11]

To lange and late [12] me thoghte it goode
To catche [13] thois caitiffis oute of care.
I sente my Sone, with full blithe moode,
Till erthe to salue thame of thare sare.[14]
For rewthe of thame he reste on roode,
And boughte thame with his body bare;
For thame he shedde his harte and bloode.
What kyndinesse myght I do thame mare?

Sethen, aftirwarde, he heryed [1] hell,
And toke oute thois wrechis that ware thare-inne;
Ther faughte that free [2] with feendis feele [3]
For thame that ware sounkyn for synne.
Sethen in erthe than gonne he dwelle;
Ensaumpill he gaue thame heuene to wynne,
In Tempill hym-selffe to teche and tell,
To by thame blisse that neuere may blynne.[4]

Sethen haue thei founde me full of mercye,
Full of grace and for-giffenesse.
And thei als wrecchis, wittirly,[5]
Has ledde ther liffe in lithirnesse;[6]
Ofte haue thei greued me greuously: —
Thus have thei quitte me my kyndinesse.
Ther-fore no lenger, sekirlye,[7]
Thole [8] will I thare wikkidnesse.

Men seis the worlde but vanite,
Yitt will no-manne be ware ther-by;
Ilke a day ther mirroure may thei se,
Yitt thynke thei noght that thei schall dye.
All that euere I saide schulde be
Is nowe fulfillid thurgh prophicie.
Ther-fore nowe is it tyme to me
To make endyng of mannes folie.

I haue tholed mankynde many a yere
In luste and likyng for to lende;[9]
And vnethis [10] fynde I ferre or nere

---

[1] Aught, anything. [2] Afterwards.
[3] The metre would be improved by omitting "the world"; but it need not be supposed that the early writers were meticulous in such details.
[4] Govern. [5] Ruin.
[6] Quickly. [7] Thought to.
[8] Known. [9] Hang.
[10] Punishment. [11] Therefor.
[12] At last? [13] Snatch. [14] Woe.

[1] Harrowed, despoiled. [2] Noble one.
[3] Many. [4] Cease. [5] Truly.
[6] Wickedness. [7] Certainly.
[8] Endure. [9] Remain. [10] Scarcely.

---

[1] The *Judgment Day* of the Wakefield Cycle (which closely parallels the York play) and of the N. towne Cycle are both incomplete; that of the Chester Cycle is far less interesting and unduly long. For the source of the text see page 142, note 1.

A man that will his misse amende.
In erthe I see butte synnes seere.[1]
Therfore myne aungellis will I sende
To blawe ther bemys [2] that all may here.
The tyme is comen I will make ende.

Aungellis, blawes youre bemys belyue,[3]
Ilke a creatoure for to call!
Leerid and lewde,[4] both man and wiffe,
Ressayue ther dome this day thei schall,
Ilke a leede [5] that euere hadde liffe;
Bese none for-getyn, grete ne small.
Ther schall thei see the woundes fyve
That my Sone suffered for them all.

And sounderes [6] thame be-fore my sight!
All same in blisse schall thei not be.
My blissid childre, as I haue hight,[7]
On my right hande I schall thame see;
Sethen schall ilke a weried wight [8]
On my lifte side for ferdnesse [9] flee.
This day ther domys thus haue I dight,
To ilke a man as he hath serued me.

I. Ang. Loued be thou, Lorde, of myghtis moste,
That aungell made to messengere!
Thy will schall be fulfillid in haste,
That heuene and erthe and helle schalle here.

[*The angels blow their trumpets.*]

[I. Ang.] Goode and ill, euery ilke a [10] gaste,
Rise and fecche youre flessh, that was youre feere! [11]
For all this worlde is broght to waste.
Drawes to youre dome! It neghes nere!

II. Ang. Ilke a creature, bothe olde and yhing,
Be-lyue I bidde you that ye ryse!
Body and sawle with you ye bring,
And comes be-fore the high justise!
For I am sente fro heuene kyng
To calle you to this grette assise.
Therfore rise vppe, and geue rekenyng
How ye hym serued vppon sere wise.[12]

[*The dead arise in their shrouds.*]

I. Anima Bona. Loued be thou, Lorde, that is so schene,[1]
That on this manere made vs to rise,
Body and sawle to-gedir, clene,
To come before the high justise.
Of oure ill dedis, Lorde, thou not mene,[2]
That we haue wroght vppon sere wise;
But graunte vs for thy grace, be-dene,[3]
That we may wonne [4] in paradise.

II. An. Bona. A! loued be thou, Lorde of all,
That heuene and erthe and all has wroght,
That with thyne aungellis wolde vs call
Oute of oure graues, hidir to be broght.
Ofte haue we greued the, grette and small;
Ther-aftir, Lorde, thou deme vs noght;
Ne suffir vs neuere to fendis to be thrall,
That ofte in erthe with synne vs soght!

I. Anima Mala. Allas! allas! that we were borne!
So may we synfull kaytiffis say.
I here wele be [5] this hydous horne
Itt drawes full nere to domesday.
Allas! we wrecchis that ar for-lorne,[6]
That never yitt serued God to paye,
But ofte we haue his flessh for-sworne.
Allas! allas! and welaway!

What schall we wrecchis do for drede?
Or whedir for ferdnes may we flee,
When we may bringe forthe no goode dede
Before hym that oure juge schall be?
To aske mercy vs is no nede,
For wele I wotte dampned be we.
Allas! that we swilke [7] liffe schulde lede
That dighte [8] vs has this destonye!

Oure wikkid werkis thei will vs wreye,[9]
That we wende [10] never schuld haue bene weten.[11]
That we did ofte full pryuely,
Appertely [12] may we se them wreten.

---

[1] Many.
[2] Trumpets.
[3] Quickly.
[4] Learned and unlettered.
[5] Person.
[6] Separate.
[7] Promised.
[8] Cursed person.
[9] Terror.
[10] Every single.
[11] Companion.
[12] In various ways.

[1] Shining.
[2] Remember.
[3] Indeed.
[4] Dwell.
[5] By.
[6] Lost.
[7] Such.
[8] Prepared.
[9] Destroy.
[10] Thought.
[11] Known.
[12] Openly.

Allas, wrecchis! dere mon we by! [1]
Full smerte with helle-fyre be we smetyn.
Nowe mon neuere saule ne body dye,
But with wikkid peynes euermore be betyne.[2]

Allas! for drede sore may we quake!
Oure dedis beis oure dampnacioune.
For oure mys-menyng [3] mon we make;
Helpe may none excusacioune.
We mon be sette for our synnes sake
For-euere fro oure saluacioune,
In helle to dwelle with feendes blake,
Wher neuer schall be redempcioune.

II. An. Mala. Als carefull caitiffis may we ryse!
Sore may we ringe oure handis and wepe!
For cursidnesse and for covetise
Dampned be we to helle full depe!
Rought we neuere of Goddis seruise;
His comaundementis wolde we noght kepe;
But ofte than made we sacrafise
To Satanas when othir slepe.

Allas! now wakens all oure were! [4]
Oure wikkid werkis may we not hide,
But on oure bakkis vs muste them bere;
Thei wille vs wreye [5] on ilke a side.
I see foule feendis that wille vs feere,[6]
And all for pompe of wikkid pride.
Wepe we may with many a teere.
Allas, that we this day schulde bide!

Before vs playnly bese fourth brought
The dedis that vs schall dame be-dene.
That eres has herde, or harte has thoght,
Sen any tyme that we may mene,[7]
That fote has gone, or hande has wroght,
That mouthe has spoken, or ey has sene,
This day full dere thanne bese it boght.
Allas, vnborne and we hadde bene!

[*The angel separates the good from the bad.*]

III. Ang. Standis noght to-gedir! Parte you in two!
All sam schall ye noght be in blisse.
Ye [1] Fadir of heuene woll it be soo,
For many of yowe has wroght amys.
The goode, on his right-hande ye goe,
The way till heuene he will you wisse;[2]
Ye weryed [3] wightis, ye flee hym froo,
On his lefte-hande, as none of his.

[*Jesus speaks above.*]

Jesus.[4] This woffull worlde is brought till ende;
My Fadir of heuene he woll it be.
Therfore till erthe nowe will I wende,[5]
Mi-selue to sitte in mageste.
To deme my domes I woll descende.
This body will I bere with me;
How it was dight,[6] mannes mys [7] to mende,
All mankynde there schall it see.

[*Jesus descends to the earth and addresses the Apostles.*]

Jesus. Mi postelis and my darlyngis dere,
The dredfull dome this day is dight.
Both heuen and erthe and hell schall here
Howe I schall holde that I haue hight,[8]
That ye schall sitte on seetis sere [9]
Be-side my-selffe, to se that sight,
And for to deme folke ferre and nere
Aftir ther werkyng wronge or right.

I saide also, whan I you sente
To suffre sorowe for my sake,
All tho that wolde thame right repente
Schulde with you wende and wynly wake;[10]
And to youre tales who toke no tente
Shulde fare [11] to fyre with fendis blake.
Of mercy nowe may noght be mente;
Butt, aftir wirkyng, welth or wrake.

My hetyng haly [12] schall I fullfille.
Therfore comes furth and sittis me by
To here the dome of goode and ill.

I. Apostolus. I loue the, Lord God allmyghty!
Late and herely,[13] lowde and still,
To do thi bidding bayne [14] am I.
I obblissh [15] me to do thi will

---

[1] Pay for it.
[2] Beaten.
[3] Lamentation. (*Smith prints* mys-meunyng; *corr. by Manly.*)
[4] Doubt, confusion.
[5] Destroy.
[6] Frighten.
[7] Remember.

[1] MS. Mi.
[2] Show.
[3] Cursed.
[4] MS. Deus *from here on.*
[5] Go.
[6] Maltreated?
[7] Sin.
[8] Promised.
[9] Several thrones.
[10] Go and joyfully awake (from the dead).
[11] Go.
[12] Promise wholly.
[13] Early.
[14] Ready.
[15] Oblige, bind.

With all my myght, als is worthy.

II. Apost. A! myghtfull God, here is it sene
Thou will fulfille thi forward right,
And all thi sawes thou will maynteyne.
I loue the, Lorde, with all my myght,
That for[1] vs that has erthely bene
Swilke dingnitees has dressed and dight.
Jesus. Comes fourthe! I schall sitte you betwene,
And all fulfille that I haue hight.

*Here he goes to the seat of judgment, with the singing of angels.*[2]

[*The Devils advance.*]

I. Diabolus. Felas, arraye vs for to fight,
And go we faste oure fee to fange.[3]
The dredefull dome this day is dight;
I drede me that we dwelle full longe.
II. Diab. We schall be sene euere in ther sight,
And warly[4] waite, ellis wirke we wrange;
For if the domisman do vs right,
Full grete partie with vs schall gang.
III. Diab. He schall do right to foo and frende,
For nowe schall all the soth be sought.
All weried wightis with vs schall wende;
To payne endles thei schall be broght.

Jesus. Ilke a creature, takes entent
What bodworde[5] I to you bringe:
This wofull worlde away is wente,
And I am come as crouned kynge.
Mi Fadir of heuene he has me sente
To deme youre dedis, and make ending.
Comen is the day of jugement;
Of sorowe may ilke a synfull synge.

The day is comen of kaydyfnes,[6]
All tham to care that are vnclene,
The day of bale and bittirnes;
Full longe abedyn has it bene!
The day of drede to more and lesse,
Of care, of trymbelyng, and of tene,[7]
That ilke a wight that weried is
May say, "Allas, this daye is sene!"

Here may ye see my woundes wide,
The whilke I tholed[1] for youre mysdede,
Thurgh harte and heed, foote, hande and hide, —
Nought for my gilte butt for youre nede.
Beholdis both body, bak, and side,
How dere I bought youre brotherhede!
Thes bittir peynes I wolde abide;
To bye you blisse, thus wolde I bleede.

Mi body was scourged with-outen skill;[2]
As theffe full thraly[3] was [I] thrette;
On crosse thei hanged me on a hill,
Blody and bloo, as I was bette,
With croune of thorne throsten full ill;
This spere vnto my side was sette;
Myne harte bloode spared noght thei for to spill.
Manne, for thy loue wolde I not lette.

The Jewes spitte on me spitously;
Thei spared me nomore than a theffe.
When thei me strake, I stode stilly;
Agaynste tham did I no-thyng greve.
Behalde, mankynde, this ilke is I,
That for the suffered swilke mischeue.
Thus was I dight for thy folye.
Man, loke, thy liffe was me full leffe.[4]

Thus was I dight thi sorowe to slake;
Manne, thus behoued the to borowed[5] be.
In all my woo toke I no wrake;[6]
Mi will itt was for the loue of the.
Man, sore aught the for to quake,
This dredfull day this sight to see.
All this I suffered for thi sake.
Say, man, what suffered thou for me?

[*Addressing the Good Souls.*]

Mi blissid childre on my right hande,
Youre dome this day ye thar[7] not drede,
For all youre comforte is command;
Youre liffe in likyng[8] schall ye lede.
Commes to the kyngdome ay lastand
That you is dight[9] for youre goode dede.
Full blithe may ye be where ye stande,
For mekill in heuene schall be youre mede.[10]

---

[1] MS. ther-fore; *corr. by Holthausen.*
[2] MS. *Hic ad sedem judicij cum cantu angelorum.*
[3] Seize.
[4] Watchfully.
[5] Message.
[6] Wretchedness.
[7] Sorrow.

---

[1] Suffered.
[2] Reason.
[3] Angrily, furiously.
[4] Dear.
[5] Redeemed.
[6] Vengeance.
[7] Need.
[8] Pleasure.
[9] Prepared.
[10] Reward.

Whenne I was hungery, ye me fedde;
To slake my thirste youre harte was free;
Whanne I was clothles, ye me cledde;
Ye wolde no sorowe vppon me see;
In harde prisoun [1] whan I was stedde,
Of my paynes ye hadde pitee;
Full seke whan I was brought in bedde,
Kyndely ye come to coumforte me.

Whanne I was wikke [2] and werieste,
Ye herbered me full hartefully; [3]
Full gladde thanne were ye of youre geste,
And pleyned [4] my pouerte piteuously;
Be-lyue ye brought me of the beste,
And made my bedde full esyly.
Therfore in heuene schall be youre reste,
In joie and blisse to be me by.

I. ANIMA BONA. Whanne hadde we, Lorde that all has wroght,
Meete and drinke the with to feede?
Sen we in erthe hadde neuere noght
But thurgh the grace of thy godhede.
II. AN. BONA. Whanne waste that we the clothes brought?
Or visite the in any nede?
Or in thi sikenes we the sought?
Lorde, when did we [to] [5] the this dede?

JESUS. Mi blissid childir, I schall you saye
What tyme this dede was to me done:
When any that nede hadde, nyght or day,
Askid you helpe and hadde it sone;
Youre fre hartis saide them neuere nay,
Erely ne late, mydday ne none;
But als ofte sithis [6] as thei wolde praye,
Thame thurte but bide,[7] and haue ther bone.

[*Addressing the Bad Souls.*]

Ye cursid caytiffis of Kaymes [8] kynne,
That neuere me comforte in my care,
I and ye for-euer will twynne,[9]
In dole to dwelle for-euermare.
Youre bittir bales schall neuer blynne
That ye schall haue whan ye come thare.
Thus haue ye serued [1] for youre synne,
For derffe [2] dedis ye haue done are.

Whanne I had mistir [3] of mete and drynke,
Caytiffis, ye cacched [4] me fro youre gate;
Whanne ye were sette as sirs on benke,[5]
I stode ther-oute werie and wette;
Was none of yowe wolde on me thynke,
Pyte to haue of my poure state:
Ther-fore till hell I schall you synke, —
Weele are ye worthy to go that gate! [6]

Whanne I was seke and soriest,
Ye visitte me noght, for I was poure;
In prisoune faste when I was feste,[7]
Was none of you loked howe I fore; [8]
Whenne I wiste neuere where for to reste,
With dyntes [9] ye draffe me fro your dore;
Butte euer to pride thanne were ye preste;
Mi flessh, my bloode, ofte ye forswore.

Clothles whanne I was ofte and colde,
At nede of you, yede I full naked;
House ne herborow, helpe ne holde,
Hadde I none of you, thof [10] I quaked;
Mi mischeffe sawe ye many-folde;
Was none of you my sorowe slaked,
Butt euere for-soke me, yonge and alde.
Therfore schall ye nowe be for-saked.

I. ANIMA MALA. Whan had thou, Lorde, that all thyng has,
Hungir or thirste, sen thou God is?
Whan was that [11] thou in prisonne was?
Whan was thou naked or herberles?
II. AN. MALA. Whan was it we sawe th
seke, allas?
Whan kid [12] we the this vnkyndinesse?
Werie or wette to late the passe,
When did we the this wikkidnesse?

JESUS. Caitiffis, als ofte als it be-tidde
That nedfull aught askid in my name,
Ye herde them noght, youre eris ye hidde,

---

[1] MS. presse; *the reading supplied from the Towneley play by Herttrich.*
[2] Feeble.
[3] Heartily, cordially.
[4] Pitied.
[5] *Supplied by Manly.*
[6] Times.
[7] They needed but ask.
[8] Cain's.
[9] Separate.

[1] Deserved.
[2] Wicked.
[3] Need.
[4] Drove.
[5] Bench.
[6] Way.
[7] Bound.
[8] Fared.
[9] Blows.
[10] Though.
[11] *Inserted from the Towneley play by Holthausen.*
[12] Showed.

Youre helpe to thame was noght at hame, —
To me was that vnkyndines kyd!
There-fore ye [1] bere this bittir blame.
To lest or most when ye it did,
To me ye did the selue and the same. 364

[*Turning to the Good Souls.*]

Mi chosen childir, comes vnto me!
With me to wonne nowe schall ye wende;
There joie and blisse schall euer be
Youre liffe in lyking schall ye lende.

[*To the Bad Souls.*]

Ye cursed kaitiffis, fro me ye flee,
In helle to dwelle with-outen ende.
Ther ye schall neuere butt sorowe see
And sitte be Satanas the fende. 372

Nowe is fulfillid all my for-thoght,[1]
For endid is all erthely thyng.
All worldly wightis that I haue wroght
Aftir ther werkis haue nowe wonnyng:[2]
Thei that wolde synne and sessid noght,
Of sorowes sere now schall thei syng;
And thei that mendid [3] thame whils thei moght, 379
Schall belde [4] and bide in my blissing.

*And thus he makes an end, with the song of angels crossing from place to place.*[5]

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[1] *Inserted from the Towneley play by Manly.*

[1] Design.
[2] Reward.
[3] Amended.
[4] Find shelter.
[5] MS. *Et sic facit finem cum melodia angelorum transiens a loco ad locum.*

# VI

# NON-CYCLE PLAYS

# DUK MORAUD[1]

### [Scene I.]

[*Enter Duk Moraud and his wife.*]

[D]uk Moraud. Emperoures and kynges be kende,[1]
Erlys and barunnys[2] bolde,
Bachelerys[3] and knytes to mende,[4]
Sueyeres and yemen[5] to holde,
Knauys and pagys to sende,
So parfyt[6] that aryn to be solde,
I prey yow, lordynges so hende,[7]
No yangelynges[8] ye mak in this folde[9]
To day.
Als[10] ye are louely in fas,[11]
Set yow alle semly in plas,
And I xal with outyn falas[12]
Shewe resounus here to youre pay.[13]

Welthys I welde[14] at my wylle;
In werd[15] I am knowyn ful wyde;
I [h]aue hert and hynd vp on hille;
I am gay on grounde for to glyde;
Semly ther I syt vp on sille,[16]
My wyf and my mene[17] by my syde.
I [command] yow tende me tylle,[18]
Or ellys I xal bate[19] yowre pride
Wyt dynt![20]
And ther-for I warne you, infere,[21]
That ye mak neyther criyng ne bere![22]
If ye do, with outyn duere,[23]
Strokes at yow xal I mynt.[24]

Duk Morawd I hot[25] be name.
Korteyser[26] lord may be none.
Wol fer than rengnyt[1] my fame
To be comly korownyt[2] from one.
I geue gode[3] gyftys with game,[4]
And saue iche[5] lordynges fro fone.[6]
Me bowyn[7] bothe wylde and tame,
Quethire[8] so thei rydyn, er gone,
Ore scheppe.[9]
I am dowty in dede!
I am worly in wede![10]
I am semly on stede![11]
No weleny[12] to me wyl I kyppe.[13]

[*His wife announces that she will make a journey, probably to visit relatives or friends.*]

[Moraud.] Dam, do now thi wylle,
Thi wyage[14] to fulfylle.
To the wyl I be beyne.[15]
For loue, I the pray,
Rap[16] the faste in thi way,
And cum hom sone ageyne.

[Wyf. . . . . . . . . . . . . . ]

[Moraud.] Thorow the grace of that ich kyngk[17]
That formyt vs alle with winne,[18]
I xal me kepyn from fondyng,[19]
And als from blame and synne,
With gras.
Iesu, als thou me wrowtes,[20]
And with woundys sore me bowtes,[21]
Saue me fro wykyt thowtes,
Iesu, fayr in fas!

[Wyf. . . . . . . . . . . . . ]

[Moraud.] Fare wel, my worlych[22] wyf!

---

[1] By right of birth.
[2] Earls and barons.
[3] Knights-bachelor, knights of the lower order.
[4] To bear in mind.
[5] Squires and yeomen.
[6] Perfect.
[7] Gracious.
[8] Janglings, noises.
[9] Enclosure.
[10] As.
[11] Face.
[12] Deception.
[13] Satisfaction.
[14] Wealth I control.
[15] World.
[16] Sill, floor (i.e. in my house).
[17] Retainers.
[18] Listen to me.
[19] Abate, let down.
[20] With a blow.
[21] All together.
[22] Outcry.
[23] Doubt.
[24] Aim.
[25] Am called.
[26] A more courteous.

[1] Rangeth, extends.
[2] Crowned.
[3] Good.
[4] Delight.
[5] Each, every.
[6] Foes.
[7] To me bow.
[8] Whether.
[9] Or walk, or sail.
[10] Lovely in costume.
[11] Place.
[12] Villainy, vile deed.
[13] Embrace.
[14] Voyage.
[15] Ready, obedient.
[16] Haste.
[17] Very King.
[18] Joy. Heuser reads *wonne*.
[19] Folly.
[20] Wrought, created.
[21] Bought, redeemed.
[22] Excellent.

---

[1] Printed by W. Heuser, in *Anglia*, xxx (1907), 180, from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library. The text, written in the fourteenth century, appears "on a margin (cut off) of an Assize Roll for Norfolk and Suffolk of the second half of the thirteenth century, a small part of which is left." We have only the speeches of the actor who took the part of Duke Moraud. I have attempted to edit his speeches in such a way as to give some suggestion of the play as a whole. Unfortunately portions of the manuscript are now illegible.

Fare wel, loue in lond!
Fare[wel], thou semlyest lyf! [1]
Fare[wel], thou happy in hond!

### [Scene II.]

*[Duk Moraud addresses his daughter.]*

[Moraud.] Maydyn, so louely and komly of syte, [2]
I prey the for loue thou wyl lystyn to me!
To here my resun I prey the wel tythe! [3]
Loue so deryn [4] me most schewe to the.
My loue to thi body is castyn so bryth [5]
My wyl me most aue [6] of the.
Thou art louely to leykyn! [7] and brythest with ryth! [8]
I loue the in thowt, thou semly of ble,
Be name!
Thou maydyn that moryst [9] thi merthis with myth,
Derne dedys [10] me most do be day and be nyth.
Be the worthiest woundyn, [11] wytthest wyt. [12]
[Th]e sothe [13] tale I telle with outyn ony blame.

[Daughter. . . . . . . . . . . ]

[Moraud.] My fere [14] so graciouse in gras,
Thane thou xalt auen of me;
For thou art louely in fas,
And therto bryth berende of ble! [15]
Now wyl I makyn solas,
For my deryn loue xalt thou be.
Kys me now, par amour, in plas,
Als thou art worly [16] to se
In syte.
Damysel, fayrest to fonde, [17]
Als thou art semly to stonde, [18]
Rap we vs to wendyn [19] in honde
To thi chambyr that is so louely of lythe.

---

[1] Seemliest person.
[2] Comely of sight.
[3] Grant.
[4] Dark, secret, evil.
[5] Bright.
[6] Have.
[7] To sport with (in an amorous sense).
[8] Right.
[9] Increasest.
[10] Evil deeds.
[11] By the worthiest wounded one (i.e. Christ).
[12] Noblest being.
[13] True.
[14] Companion.
[15] Bright looking of appearance.
[16] Lovely.
[17] Be found.
[18] Stand.
[19] Let us hasten to go.

### [Scene III.]

*[The Wyf, having returned and discovered the incestuous relations of Moraud with his daughter, threatens to expose them publicly.]*

### [Scene IV.]

*[Enter Duk Moraud and his daughter.]*

[Moraud.] A! I am wondyn [1] in gret dolour!
With danger and tene [2] I am bownde!
To me thou geue tent, [3] par amour,
And lystne quat I say this stounde. [4]
Th[at] traytowr xal be-wrey vs this oure,
I telle the, semly on grownde.
Than xul [5] we aue no socowr,
But carys [6] to vs xal be fownde,
I-wys. [7]
I ne may neuer be fawe [8]
Tyl that traytowr be slaw [9]
That is so rebel in sawe [10] —
Sorow mot ay to her kys!

*[The daughter goes out, kills her mother, and returns.]*

[Moraud.] [Have] thou now slayne, be thi fay,
The fo[o]l that dede vs that tene? [11]

[Daughter. . . . . . . . . . . ]

[Moraud.] A! now am I mery this stound [12]
That che [13] is browt to that ded!
For che suld a wreyd [14] vs on grownd,
That ilke old schrewed qued! [15]
To sorowe che xuld vs a found.
That [had] ben to vs an ewyl red! [16]
In care, for-sothe, is che wownd.
Ther-for I am mery to led, [17]
And gay!
Damysel, louely of chere,
Mak we mery here!
For care with outyn duere [18]
Is went away for ay.

---

[1] Enveloped.
[2] Harm.
[3] Give heed.
[4] Time.
[5] Shall.
[6] Cares.
[7] Indeed.
[8] Glad in mind.
[9] Slain.
[10] Speech, in her talk.
[11] Harm.
[12] Time.
[13] She.
[14] Have betrayed.
[15] That same old malignant filth.
[16] Occurrence.
[17] Lead.
[18] Doubt.

### [Scene V.]

[*The daughter presents to Moraud a newly-born child.*]

[Moraud.] [A! h]ave I be-gotyn this stownd[1]
A schyld[2] so louely of the?
I am [in] sorowe wownd!
For care me most fle.
I prey the in welt[3] now wownd[4]
[This chyld?] myth I se.

[Daughter. . . . . . . . . . . ]

[Moraud.] [Damisel], fayr and bryt
Go out of my syt —
For thowt I am ny sclawe![5] —
[And slay] it in present.[6]
That i[s m]y commaundement.
Fast bry[n]g it of dawe.[7]
For al this lond I wold nowt
That lordes of this lond ad[8] yt thowt
That I ad synd be the!
For sorow and care that we xuld drywe,[9]
We xuld leden lyf ful rywe,[10]
And ther-on ay to be.
Ther-for, I prey the,
For loue of me,
Slo yt with thin hond!
[And al] we ben in pes,
With outyn ony lees,[11]
And auyn merth in lond.

[*The daughter goes out, kills the child, and returns to Moraud with the news.*]

[Moraud.] [ ][12] syng!
Ther I sytte louely in thowr![13]
I thank the, louely thing,
[For ]nges this oure;
For that parfyt tydyng
[I geue the allys] and bour.[14]
[For thou], with outyn lesyng,[15]
[Pottyst m]e fro[m] scham and dolowr.

In to [ ] I wyl wend,[16]
To a place bothe fer and hend,[1]
[ ].
Thus it [ ] mend
[ ] mete with [ ] frend
[ ]

Betyd me god or ille
In to [contre fle I wylle]
[ ]
But I prey the this oure,
My der swet par amowre,
[Take it to ]
I xal no [onore stond]
But, sertes, I xal f[ond]
With outyn [ to com.]

### [Scene VI.]

[*The danger of discovery being over, Duk Moraud returns, to greet his daughter with joy.*]

[Moraud.] [Ha] godday, worlych wyth![2]
Ha godday, louely in lyth!
Thou xal [sittyn] semly in syth
[So] comly [ ].

[Daughter. . . . . . . . . . . ]

[Moraud.] I am mythful and mery, markyd in mynd!
I am flour fayrest [b]e fryt for to fare![3]
I am fayrest in fas ferly[4] to fynd!
I am loueliche in lond, lyttest in lare![5]
I am comly and curteys and crafty of kynd!
I am comly castyn fro knottes of care!
I am lordly to leykyn lyt[6] vndyr lynd![7]
I am semly to syttun syttes so sare![8]
I wyl pres me in pride.
Quan alle tho lordes of this lond are gadered infere,[9]
I am flour of hem alle, with outyn duere.[10]
And ellys I were woxyd of blamys[11] ryt here
But I be ryal in rayis[12] forto ryde.

[*The church bell rings.*]

A! now I here

---

[1] Time.
[2] Child.
[3] A strip of cloth.
[4] Wound.
[5] For sadness I am nigh slain.
[6] At once.
[7] Quickly deprive it of life.
[8] Had.
[9] Endure.
[10] Rueful.
[11] Without any lies.
[12] At this point the manuscript becomes in part illegible.
[13] Tower.
[14] Halls and bower[s].
[15] Lying.
[16] Go.

---

[1] Far and near.
[2] Lovely person.
[3] By frith (i.e. a wood) to go.
[4] Far.
[5] Countenance.
[6] To sport lightly.
[7] Linden.
[8] To go on journeys so arduous.
[9] Together.
[10] Doubt.
[11] Grown blameworthy.
[12] (Robes of) striped cloth, gay clothes.

A bell ryngant ful nere,
Yendyr in the kyrk.
Thether I wyl fare,[1]
For I am in gret care
There sum god ded to work.

### [Scene VII.]

*[Duk Moraud returns from the church penitent.]*

[Moraud.] A synful kaytyf I am!
Synfully I aue wrowt blam
Be gret tyme of my lyfe.
Now, Cryst, ast thou [2] me bowt,
For-geue me that blam that I aue wrowt,
And mak me sum-quat blythe! [3]
For in this werd [4] may be none
That ever tok lyf with flesch and bone
That auyt [5] so gret blam.
But [6] I aue gras [7] and help of the,
I am lost fro[m] the so fre
In helle to be be-nam.[8]
A prest [9] now me most aue,
If [I] xal be saue
Ageynus [10] Cryst of myth,
To telle hym my blam
That I aue wrowt be nam.
That is my thowt now ty[th] [11]
To day.
Iesu, heuene flowr,[12]
Pot me from dolour,
And geue me gras this oure
A prest to auyn, I say!

*[Enter a priest.]*

[Moraud.] A! blyssyd be thou ay
That thou com to-day
To here my dedly syn!
Quylys [13] we are infere [14]
I wyl schrywe [15] me here,
For now wil I be-gyn:
I aue led my lyf
In sorow and in stryf,
With cursydnessys and care.
Yet is more in my th[o]wt.
Synnus I aue wrowt
Be my douter in lare; [16]
And chyld che bar be me,
Quyk [1] was fayr and fre
Bothe in body and fas;
And I myt neuer be fawe [2]
Tyl we had hym sclawe.[3]
I sey the sothe [4] cas!
Yet more I wyl telle now.
My wyf ther che sclow
Thowr egment me.[5]
And thus is my lyf spend.
Lord omnipotent,
Grant me my synnus to fle!

[Priest. . . . . . . . . . . . ]

[Moraud.] I wyl blely,[6] my leue [7] frend,
Do penawns,[8] bothe fer and hend,[9]
To saue my sowle fro wra[th].

### [Scene VIII.]

*[Duk Moraud returns home and greets his daughter.]*

[Moraud.] Heyl, douter, louely of syt!
Heyl, louely leuende [10] to-day!
Cryst, that is mytty in myt,
Saue the ermor [11] and ay!

[Daughter. . . . . . . . . . . ]

[Moraud.] Lat be, my douter dere!
Lat be, louely in lere! [12]
I aue for-sakyn here
My blam and my syn.
My syn I aue forsake,
And to penawns I aue me take;
For that wykkyd wrake [13]
Now is time to blyn.[14]
And ther-for I prey the,
Sertes,[15] with herte fre,
That thou mak now me
To falle in no mor blam.
Now wyl I don [16] away
My tresorys [17] rych and gay,
[And] traueylyn [18] I wyl ay
For my wykyt fam.

---

[1] Go.
[2] Hast thou.
[3] Somewhat blithe.
[4] World.
[5] Hath.
[6] Unless.
[7] Grace.
[8] Confined.
[9] Priest.
[10] In the presence of.
[11] Quickly.
[12] Flower.
[13] While.
[14] Together.
[15] Shrive, confess.
[16] Daughter in her bed.

[1] Which.
[2] Joyful.
[3] Slain.
[4] True.
[5] Through my incitement.
[6] Willingly.
[7] Dear.
[8] Penance.
[9] Near.
[10] Living one.
[11] Evermore.
[12] Face.
[13] Sin.
[14] Cease.
[15] Certes, assuredly.
[16] Put.
[17] Treasures.
[18] Travel.

### [Scene IX.]

[*Duk Moraud, coming to his death, addresses his daughter.*]

[Moraud.] Now my lyf wyl pase
Fro me this ilk stonde![1]
I am smetyn in the fas
With carful strokes and rownde.
Iesu, ful of gras,
For-geue the this trespas
That thou ast don to me!
And geue the gras to blyn[1]
Of that wykyd syn
Quylk thou ast don so fre.
My tyme comyt faste to
That I xal pas yow fro,[2]
In othir plas to duelle.
*In manus tuas Domine!*[3]
Iesu, haue mercy on me,
And saue my sowle fro helle![4]

---

[1] Time.

[1] Cease.

[2] From.

[3] "Into thy hands, O Lord."

[4] The end of the fragment, and apparently the end of the play.

# THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL[1]

### [First Station. Jerusalem.][1]

### [PROLOGUE.]

Poeta. *Rex glorie*, Kyng omnipotent,
Redemer of the world by the pouer diuine,
And Maria, that pure vyrgy[n], quene most excellent,
Wyche bare that blyssyd babe Iesu, that for vs sufferd pyne,[2]
Vnto whoys goodnes I do inclyne,
Besechyng that Lord, of hys pytous influens,
To preserue and gouerne thys wyrshypfull audyens.

Honorable frendes, besechyng yow of lycens
To procede owr processe,[3] we may, vnder your correccion,
[Show][4] the conuersyon of Seynt Paule, as the Byble gyf experyens.[5]
Whoo lyst to rede the booke *Actum Appostolorum*,[6]
Ther shall he haue the very notycyon.[7]
But, as we can, we shall vs redres,[8]
Brefly, with yowr fauour, begynyng owr proces. [*Exit.*]

Daunce.[9]

*Here entryth Saule, goodly besene[1] in the best wyse lyke an aunterous[2] knyth, thus sayyng:*

Saulus. Most dowtyd[3] man I am lyuyng vpon the ground!
Goodly besene with many a riche garnement![4]
My pere on lyue I trow ys nott found.
Thorow the world, fro the oryent to the occydent,
My fame ys best knowyn vndyr the fyrmament.
I am most drad of pepull vnyuersall;
They dare not dysp[l]ease me[5] most noble.

Saule ys my name, — I wyll that ye notyfy, —
Whych conspyreth[6] the dyscyplys with threte and menace;[7]
Be-fore the prynces of prestes most noble and hye[8]
I bring them to punyshement for ther trespace.
We wyll them nott suffer to rest in no place,
For they go a-boughte to preche and gyff exemplis
To destroye our lawes, sinagoges, and templis.

---

[1] The "station" was a *platea*, or open space, surrounded by spectators (some of them seated, see line 505). There were probably a scaffold, or "mansion," for the High Priests Caiaphas and Anna, and a stable.

[2] F. prints *payne;* corr. by M.

[3] To proceed with our story.

[4] Supplied by M.; cf. ll. 166–67.

[5] Information.

[6] See The Acts of the Apostles ix, 1–31.

[7] Information.

[8] Address ourselves to our task.

[9] Added in a later hand. Apparently the audience found the play tiresome, and an effort was made to render it more attractive.

[1] Apparelled.

[2] Adventurous.

[3] Dreaded.

[4] F. *garlement;* corr. by M.

[5] F. *my;* corr. by M.; but the line seems to be corrupt.

[6] Used in its etymological sense "to breathe together," possibly echoing Acts ix, 1: "And Saul, yet breathing out threatenings" (*Saulus autem adhuc spirans minarum*).

[7] F. *thretes and menaces;* corr. by M.

[8] F. *hye and noble;* corr. by M.

---

[1] From the Digby MS., which contains four (one a fragment) late fifteenth-century plays. I have based the text on F. J. Furnivall's *The Digby Mysteries*, 1882 (F.), and have availed myself of certain valuable emendations by Manly (M.). I have also adopted the stanzaic form employed by Manly, since Furnivall gives no indication of the metrical scheme. The play was probably written by an East Midland author. The method of performance shows that it was designed for presentation in a small village. Three "stations" were used, and the audience, as well as the actors, moved in a body from one station to another. The reader should compare the play with the liturgical *Conversio Beati Pauli Apostoli* printed on page 51. The Festival of the Conversion of St. Paul came on January 25, and we may suppose that both these plays were designed for performance on that day.

By the god Bellyall, I schall make progresse
Vnto the princes, both Caypha and Anna,
Wher I schall aske of them, in suernes,
To persue thorow all Dammask and Liba;
And thus we schall soone after than
Bryng them that so do lyff in-to Ierusalem,
Both man and child, that I fynd of them.

*Her cummyth Sale to Caypha and Anna, prestes of the tempyll.*

Nobyll prelates and princes of regalyte,
Desyryng and askyng of your benyngne wurthynes
Your letters and epystolys of most souerente
To subdue rebellyous[1] that wyll, of frawardnes,
A-gaynst our lawes rebell or transgresse,
Nor wyll not inclyne but mak obiecc[i]on.
To pursue all such I wyll do proteccion.[2]

CAYPHA. To your desyer we gyf perfyth sentens,[3]
Accordyng to your petycions that ye make postulacion;[4]
By-cause we know your trewe delygens
To persue all tho that do reprobacion
A-gayns owur lawes by ony redarguacion.[5]
Wherefor shortly we gyf in commandment
To put down them that be dy[s]obedyent.

ANNA. And by thes letturs, that be most reuerrent —
Take them in hand, full agre[6] ther-to —
Constreyn all rebellys by owur hole assent;
We gyf yow full power so to doo.
Spare not, hardly, for frend nor foo!
All thos ye fynd of that lyfe in thys realme,
Bounde loke ye bryng them in-to Ierusalem.

*Her Saule resayuyth ther letters.*

SAULUS. Thys precept here I take in hande,
To fullfyll after yowur wylles both;
Wher I shall spare with-in this londe
Nother man nor woman, — to this I make an oth, —
But to subdue I wyll not be loth.
Now folow me, knytys and seruantes trewe,
In-to Damaske as fast as ye can sewe.[1]

I. MILES. Vnto your commaundment I do obeysaunce.
I wyll not gaynsay nor make delacion,[2]
But with good mynd and harty plesaunce
I shall yow succede and make perambulacion
Thorow-oute Damaske with all delectacion;
And all thoo [who] rebell and make resystens,
For to oppres I wyll do my delygens.

II. MILES. And in me shalbe no neclygens,
But to thys precept my-self I shall applye,
To do your behest[3] with all conuenyens,
With-owt eny frowardnes or eny obstynacy, —
Non shall appere in me; but, verely,
With all my mynd, I yow insure,[4]
To resyst tho rebelles I wyll do my cure.[5]

SAULUS. Truly to me yt ys grett consolacion
To here thys report that ye do avauns.[6]
For your sapyencyall wyttes I gyf commendacion;
Euer at my nede I haue founde yow constant.
But, knytes and seruuantes, that be so plesaunt,
I pray yow anon my palfray ye bryng,
To spede my iurney with-owt lettyng.

*Here goyth Sale forth a lytyll a-syde for to make hym redy to ryde, the seruuant thus seyng:*

SERUUS. How, hosteler! how! A peck of otys and a botell[7] of haye!
Com of a-pase, or I wyll to a-nother inne!

---

[1] F. *rebellyons;* corr. by M.; cf. ll. 135, 142.
[2] Give protection.
[3] Perfect sentence (complete authority?).
[4] Request.
[5] Reprehensible conduct.
[6] Agree.

[1] Follow.
[2] Delay.
[3] Command
[4] Make pledge, assure.
[5] I will apply myself diligently.
[6] Advance.
[7] Bundle.

What, hosteler! why commyst not thy way?
Hye the faster, I beshrew thi skynne!
Stabularyus. I am non hosteler, nor non hostelers kynne,
But a ientylmanys seruuant, i[f] [1] thou dost know!
Such crabyysh wordes do aske a blow.

Seruus. I cry yow mercy, sir! I wyst well sum-what ye were,
Owther a gentylman, or a knaue, me thynkyth by your physnomy!
Yf on[e] loke yow in the face that neuer se yow ere,[2]
Wold thynk ye were at the next dore by.
In good fayth, I wenyd [3] yow had bene an hosteler, verely:
I sye [4] suche a-nother ientylman with yow a barowfull bare
Of horsdowng, and dogges tordes, and sych other gere.

And how yt happenyd, a mervelous chance be-tyde:
Your felow was not suer of foote, and yet he went very brode,
But in a cow tord both dyd ye slyde, —
And, as I wene, your nose ther-in rode,
Your face was be-payntyd with sowters code.[5]
I sey [6] neuer sych a syght, I make God a vow!
Ye were so be-grymlyd and yt had bene a sowe.

Stab. In fayth, thou neuer syest me tyll this day.
I haue dwellyd with my master thys vij yere and more;
Full well I haue pleasyd hym — he wyll not say nay —
And mykyll [7] he makyth of me therfore.
Seruus. By my trowth, than be ye changyd to a new lore! [8]
A seruand ye are, and that a good,
Ther ys no better lokyth owt of a hood.

Stab. For soth, and a hood I vse for to were;
Full well yt ys lynyd with sylk and chamlett; [1]
Yt kepyth me fro the cold that the wynd doth me not dere,[2]
Nowther frost nor snow that I therby do sett.
Seruus. Yea, yt ys a dobyll hood, and that a fett! [3]
He was a good man that made yt, I warant yow;
He was nother horse ne mare, nor yet yokyd sow!

*Here commyth the fyrst knyth to the stabyl grom, sayng:*

i. Miles. Now, stabyll grom, shortly bryng forth away
The best horse, for owur lorde wyll ryde.
Stab. I am full redy. Here ys a palfray.
There can no man a better bestryde!
He wyll conducte owur lorde and gyde
Thorow the world; he ys sure and abyll;
To bere a gentyllman he [is] esy and prophetabyll.

*Her the knyth cummyth to Saule with a horse.*

i. Miles. Behold, sir Saule, your palfray ys com,
Full goodly besene, as yt ys yowr desyer
To take yowur vyage thorow euery regyon.
Be nott in dowt he wyll spede your mater.
And we, as your seruauntes, with glad chere
Shall gyf attendance; we wyll nott gaynsay,
But folow you where ye go be nyght or day.

Saulus. Vnto Damask I make my progressyon,
To pursue all rebellyous, beyng froward and obstynate,
Agayns our lawes be ony transgressyon.
With all my delygens my-self I wyll preparate [4]
Concernyng my purpose to oppres and separate;
Non shall reioyce that doth offend,

---

[1] Supplied by M.
[2] Saw you before.
[3] Thought.
[4] Saw.
[5] Cobbler's wax.
[6] Saw.
[7] Much.
[8] Rule of behavior.

[1] Camlet, a beautiful and costly fabric.
[2] Harm.
[3] A fine one.
[4] F. *prepare;* emend. by M.

But vtterly to reproue with mynde and intende.

*Her Sale rydyth forth with hys seruantes a-bowt the place,*[1] [*and*] *owt of the p*[*lace*].

Caypha. Now Saule hath takyn hys wurthy wyage [2]
To pursue rebellyous, of what degre thei be.
He wyll non suffer to raygne nor haue passage
With-in all thys regyon, we be in sertayn[te].[3]
Wherefor I commende hys goodly dygnyte,
That he thus aluay takyth in hande
By hys power to gouerne thus all thys lande.

Anna. We may lyue in rest, by hys consolacion.
He defendyth vs; where-for we be bownde
To loue hym intyrely with our harttes affeccion,
And honour hym as champyon in euery stownde.[4]
Ther ys non suche lyuyng vpon the grownde
That may be lyke hym nor be hys pere,
Be [5] est nor west, ferre nor nere.

Poeta — *si placet.*[6]

### CONCLUSYON.

Daunce.[7]

## [EPILOGUE.]

[Poeta.] Fynally, of this stac[i]on [8] thus we mak a conclusyon,
Besechyng thys audyens to folow and succede
With all your delygens this generall processyon.[9]
To vnderstande this matter, wo lyst to rede
The Holy Bybyll for the better spede,
Ther shall he haue the perfyth intellygens.
And thus we comyt yow to Crystys magnyfycens.

*The end of that station, and another follows:*[1]

## [Second Station. Damascus.] [2]

## [PROLOGUE.]

Poeta. Honorable frendes, we beseche yow of audyens
To here our intencion and also our prosses.
Vpon our matter, be your fauorable lycens,
A-nother part of the story we wyll redres.
Here shalbe brefly shewyd with all our besynes,[3]
At thys pagent, Saynt Poullys conuercyon.
Take ye good hede and ther-to gyf affeccion. [*Exit.*]

*Here commyth Saule rydyng in with hys seruantes.*

Saulus. My purpose to Damask fully I intende.
To pursewe the dyscypulys my lyfe I apply.
For to breke down the chyrchys thus I condescende,
Non I wyll suffer that [they] shall edyfey.[4]
Perchaunce owur lawes than myghte [peyre] [5] ther-by,
And the pepull also turne and conuerte;
Whych shuld be gret heuynes vnto myn hart.

Nay, that shall nott be butt layd a-part!
The prynces haue gouyn [6] me full potestacion.[7]

---

[1] I.e. the *platea*, or open space surrounded by the spectators.
[2] Journey.
[3] Added by M.
[4] Continually.
[5] By.
[6] This refers, apparently, to the "Conclusyon" or Epilogue. "Daunce" was later inserted.
[7] Added in a later hand.
[8] F. *stacon;* corr. by M.
[9] It is clear that the audience had to walk in procession to the next station.

[1] MS. *Finis istius stacionis, et altera sequitur.*
[2] Again the audience is gathered about an open space, or *platea*. Within the *platea* are constructed, it seems, a "mansion" for Annanie, a "mansyon" (see lines 269–71) for Saul, and Heaven.
[3] Diligence.
[4] Build.
[5] Become impaired. *Supplied by Kittredge,* in M.
[6] Given.
[7] Power.

All that I fynd, thei shall nott start,[1]
But bounde, to Ierusalem, with furyous vyolacion,
Be-for Cesar, Caypha and Annas [haue] [2] presentacion.
Thus shalbe subduyd tho wretchys of that lyfe,
That non shall in-ioy, nother man, chy[l]de, nor wyfe.

*Here commyth a feruent [flame]* [2] *with gret tempest, and Saule faulyth down of hys horse; that done, Godhed spekyth in heuyn.*

Deus. Saule! Saule! why dost thou me pursue?
Yt ys hard to pryke a-gayns the spore!
I am thi Savyour, that ys so trwe,
Whych made heuyn and erth and eche creature.
Offende nott my goodnes! I wyll the recure! [3]
Saulus. O Lord, I am a-ferd! I trymble for fere!
What woldyst I ded? [4] Tell me here!

Deus. A-ryse, and goo thou wyth glad chere
In-to the cyte a lytyll be-syde,
And I shall the socor in euery dere,[5]
That no maner of yll xal be-tyde;
And I wyll ther for the prouyde
By my grete goodnes what thou shalt doo.
Hy the as fast thether as thou mast goo.

[*Deus withdraws.*]

Saulus. O mercyfull God, what aylyth me?
I am lame; my legges be take me fro;
My sygth [6] lykwyse; I may nott see;
I can nott tell whether [7] to goo.
My men hath forsake me also.
Whether shall I wynde? or whether shall I pas?
Lord, I beseche the, helpe me, of thy grace.

i. Miles. Syr, we be here to help the in thi nede
With all our affyance;[1] we wyll not seise.[2]
Saulus. Than, in Damask, I pray yow, me lede,
I[n] Godes name, accordyng to my promyse.
ii. Miles. To put forth yowur hand loke ye dresse.[3]
Cum on your way. We shall yow bryng
In-to the cyte with-owt taryng.

*Here the knyghtes lede forth Sale in-to a place,*[4] *and Cryst apperyth to Annanie, saying:*

Deus. Ananie! Ananie! Where art thou, Ananie?
Anan. Here, Lord; I am here, trwly.

Deus. Go thy way and make thi curse,[5]
As I shall assyng [6] the by myn aduysse,
Into the strete *qui dicitur rectus*,[7]
And in a certayn house, of warantyse,[8]
Ther shall ye fynd Saule in humble vyse,[9]
As a meke lambe, that a wolf before was namyd.
Do my behest; be nothyng a-shamyd!

He wantyth hys syth,[10] by my punyshment constrayned.
Prayeng vnto me, I assure, thou shalt hym fynd.
With my stroke of pyte sore ys he paynyde,
Wantyng hys sygth, for he ys truly blynyde.
Anan. Lord, I am aferd; for aluay in my mind
I here so myche of hys furyous cruelte,
That for spekyng of thi name to deth he will put me.

Deus. Nay, Ananie; nay, I assure the!
He wulbe glad of thy cummyng.
Anan. A! Lord, but I know, of a certayn[te],[11]
That thy seyntes in Ierusalem to deth he doth bryng.

---

[1] Escape.
[2] Supplied by M.
[3] Redeem, save.
[4] Did, should do.
[5] Injury.
[6] Sight.
[7] Whither.

[1] Duty, loyalty.
[2] Cease.
[3] Address yourself.
[4] Obviously the "mansyon" or house indicated is lines 216, 269–71.
[5] Course.
[6] Assign.
[7] "Which is called straight."
[8] Without fail.
[9] Wise, condition.
[10] Sight.
[11] Added by M.

Many yllys of hym I haue bekennyng,[1]
For he hath the pour [2] of the princes alle
To saue or spylle,[3] do which he schall.

**Deus.** Be nothyng a-drad! He ys a chosen wessell
To me, assyngned by my godly eleccion.
He shall bere my name be-fore the kynges and chylder of Israell,
By many sharpe shoures [4] sufferyng correccion,
A gret doctor, of benyngne conpleccion,
The trwe precher of the hye deuynete,
A very pynacle of the fayth, I ensure the.

**Anan.** Lorde, thy commandment I shall fullfyll.
Vn-to Saule I wyll take my waye.
**Deus.** Be nothyng in dowte for good nor yll.
Fare-well, Ananie! Tell Saule what I do say.

*Let God depart.*[5]

**Anan.** Blyssyd Lord, defende me, as thou best may!
Gretly I fere hys cruell tyranny.
But to do thi precept my-self I shall applye.

*Here Ananias goth toward Saule.*

**I. Miles.** I maruayle gretly what yt doth mene,
To se owur master in thys hard stounde.[6]
The wonder grett lythtys [7] that were so shene [8]
Smett hym doune of hys hors to the grownde;
And me thowt that I hard a sounde
Of won spekyng with voyce delectable,
Whych was to [vs] [9] wonderfull myrable.[10]

**II. Miles.** Sertenly thys lyght was ferefull to see;
The sperkys of fyer were very feruent;
Yt inflamyd so greuosely about the countre
That, by my trowth, I went [1] we shuld a ben brent.[2]
But now, serys, lett vs relente [3]
Agayne to Caypha and Anna, to tell this chaunce
How yt be-fell to vs thys greuauns.

[*The two soldiers depart for Jerusalem.*]

*Her Saule ys in contemplacion.*

**Saulus.** Lord, of thi counfort moch I desyre,
Thou myghty Prince of Israell, Kyng of pyte,
Whyche me hast punyshyd as thi presoner,
That nother ete nor dranke thys dayes thre.
But, gracyos Lorde, of thi vysytacyon I thanke the;
Thy seruant shall I be as long as I haue breth,
Thowgh I therfor shuld suffer dethe.

*Here commyth Anania to Saule, sayeng:*

**Anan.** Pease be in thys place and goodly mansyon!
Who ys with-in? Speke, in Crystys holy name!
**Sa[u]lus.** I am here, Saule. Cum in, on Goddes benyson!
What ys your wyll? Tell, with-owten blame.
**Anan.** From Almyghty God, sertanly, to the sent I am;
And Ananie men call me wher-as I dwell.
**Saulus.** What wold ye haue, I pray yow me tell.

**Anan.** Gyfe me your hand for your awayle.[4]
For, as I was commaundyd by hys gracyos sentens,
He bad [5] the be stedfast, for thou shalt be hayle.[6]
For thys same cause he sent me to thi presens.
Also he bad the remember hys hye excellens,

---

[1] Knowledge. F. prints *be kennyng;* but see *N.E.D. sub* bekenning.
[2] Power, authority.
[3] Destroy.
[4] Pangs, attacks of pain.
[5] MS. *Et exiat Deus.*
[6] Fierce attack, shock.
[7] Lights.
[8] Bright.
[9] Supplied by M.
[10] Marvellous.

[1] Thought.
[2] Burned.
[3] Return.
[4] Avail, benefit.
[5] F. *& bad.* Manly reads *I byd;* but cf. ll. 280, 289
[6] Whole, healed.

Be the same tokyn that he dyd the mete[1]
Toward the cyte, when he apperyd in the strete.

Ther mayst thou know hys power celestyall,
How he dysposyth euery thyng as hym lyst;
No thyng may withstand hys myghte essencyall.
To stond vp-ryght, or els doun to thryste,[2]
Thys ys hys powur; yt may not be myste,
For who that yt wantyth, lackyth a frende.
Thys ys the massage that he doth the sende.

SAULUS. Hys marcy to me ys ryght welcom;
I am ryght glad that yt ys thus.

*Here the Holy Spirit shall appear above him.*[3]

ANAN. Be of good chere and perfyte iubylacion,
*Discendet super te Spirytus Sanctus,*[4]
Whych hath with hys grace illumynyd vs.
Put fo[r]th thi hond and goo wyth me.
A-gayne to thy syght here I restore the.

SAULUS. Blyssyd Lord, thankys to yow euer bee!
The swame[5] ys fallyn from my eyes twayne!
Where I was blynyd and cowd nott see,
Lord, thou hast sent me my syght agayne.
From sobbyng and wepyng I can not refrayne.
My pensyue hart [is] full of contryccion;
For my offences my body shal haue punycyon;[6]

And, where I haue vsed so gret persecucyon
Of thi descyplys thorow all Ierusalem,
I wyll [aid] and defende ther predycacyon[1]
That th[e]y dyd tech on all this reme.[2]
Wherefor, Ananie, at the watery streme
Baptyse me, hartely I the praye,
A-mong your numbyr that I electe and chosen be may.

ANAN. On-to this well[3] of mych vertu
We wyll vs hye with all our delygens.
SAULUS. Go yow be-fore, and after I shall sewe,
Laudyng and praysyng our Lordes benevolens.
I shall neuer offend hys myghty magnyfycens,
But aluay obserue hys preceptys and kepe.
For my gret vnkyndnes my hart doth wepe.

[*They arrive at the place of baptism.*]

ANAN. Knele ye down vpon thys grownde,
Receyuyng thys crystenyng with good intent,
Whyche shall make yow hole of your dedly wound,
That was infecte with venom nocent.[4]
Yt purgyth synne; and fendes poures[5] so fraudelent
It putyth a-syde; where thys doth attayne,
In euery stede, he may not obtayne.

I crysten yow with mynd full perfyght,
Reseyuyng yow in-to owur relygyon,
Euer to be stedfast and neuer to flyt,[6]
But euer constant with-owt varyacyon.
Now ys fulfyllyd all our obseruacyon;
Concludyng, thou mayst yt ken,
*In nomine Patris et Filij et Spiritus Sancti, Amen!*

SAULUS. I am ryght glad as foule on flyte[7]
That I haue receyuyd this blyssyd sacrement.
ANAN. Com on your way, Saule; for nothyng lett.[8]
Take yow sum coumforth for your bodyes noryschment.

---

[1] Meet. [2] Thrust.
[3] MS. *Hic aparebit Spiritus Sanctus super eum.* Cf. John i, 32: "I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him."
[4] "The Holy Spirit descends upon thee."
[5] Scale. [6] Punishment.

[1] Preaching. [2] Realm.
[3] Probably a baptismal font set in the *platea*
[4] Injurious. [5] Fiends' power.
[6] Deviate. [7] Bird on wing. [8] Delay.

Ye shall abyde with the dyscyplys, verament,
Thys many dayes in Damask cyte,
Vn-tyll the tyme more perfyt ye may be.

Saulus. As ye commande, holy father Ananie;
I full[y] [1] assent at yow[r] request,
To be gydyd and rulyd as ye wyll haue me,
Evyn at your pleasur, as ye thynk best.
I shall not offend for most nor lest.
Go forth yowur way; I wyll succede
In-to what place ye wyll me lede.

[*Exeunt.*]

CONCLUSYO[N].

Daunce.[2]

## [EPILOGUE.]

Poeta. Thus Saule ys conuertyd, as ye se expres,
The very trw seruant of our Lord Iesu.
Non may be lyke to hys perfyght holynes,
So nobyll a doctor, constant and trwe;
Aftyr hys conuersyon neuer mutable, but styll insue
The lawys of God to teche euer more and more.
As Holy Scryptur tellyd who-so lyst to loke ther-fore.

Thus we comyte yow all to the Trynyte,
Conkludyng thys stacion as we can or may,
Vnder the correccyon of them that letteryd be;
How-be-yt vnable, as I dare speke or say,
The compyler her-of shuld translat veray
So holy a story, but with fauorable correccyon
Of my fauorable masters of ther benygne supplexion.[3]

*The end of that second station, and the third follows:* [4]

## [THIRD STATION. JERUSALEM.] [1]

## [PROLOGUE.]

Poeta. The myght of the Fadires potenciall deite
Preserue thys honorable and wurshypfull congregacion
That here be present of hye and low degre,
To vnderstond thys pagent at thys lytyll stacion,
Whych we shall procede with all our delectac[i]on,
Yf yt wyll plese yow to gyf audyens fauorable.
Hark wysely ther-to; yt ys good and profetable. [*Exit.*]

[*The two soldiers from Damascus come up to Caiaphas and Anna.*]

I. Miles. Nobyll prelates, take hede to owur sentens!
A wundyrfull chaunce fyll [2] and dyd betyde
Vn-to owr master Saull, when he departyd hens,
In-to Damaske purposyd to ryde.
A meruelous lyght fro thelement [3] dyd glyde,
Whyche smet doun hym to grunde, both horse and man,
With the ferfulest wether that euer I in cam.

II. Miles. It rauysshid hym, and his spirites did benome.
A swete, dulcet voyce spake hym vnto,
And askyd wherfor he made suche persecucyon
A-geynst hys dyscyplys, and why he dyd soo.
He bad hym in-to Damaske to Ananie goo,

---

[1] Added by M.
[2] In a later hand (though not so stated by F.).
[3] Supplementation.
[4] MS *Finis istius secunde stacionis, et sequitur tarcia.*

---

[1] Not without some hesitation I have labeled this Jerusalem. All the action seems to take place there, although the Bible represents some of this as occurring in Damascus. We may suppose that the author, or the actors, were forced by the conditions of performance to take liberties with the Biblical story. Or it may be that the text of the play has been revamped for a three-station performance. There seems to have been on the *platea* the house of Caiaphas and Anna, a scaffold for the devils, and a pulpit (or possibly a house) for Saul.
[2] Fell, befell. [3] The element, the sky.

And ther he shuld reseyue baptym, truly.
And now clene a-geyns owur lawys he ys trwly.

**Caypha.** I am sure thys tale ys not trw!
What! Saule conuertyd from our law!
He went to Damask for to pursue
All the dyscyplys that dyd with-draw
Fro owur fayth: thys was hys sawe.[1]
How say ye, Anna, to thys mater? This ys a mervelos chans!
I can not beleve that thys ys of assurans!

**Anna.** No, Caypha! My mynde trwly do [I] tell:
That he wyll not turne in no maner wyse,
But rather to deth put and expell
All myscreauntes and wretchys that doth aryse
Agaynst our lawes by ony enterpryse.

[*Turning to the soldiers.*]

Say the trwth with-[owt] ony cause frawdelent,
Or els for your talys ye be lyke to be shent!

**I. Miles.** Ellys owur bodyes may [ye][2] put to payn![3]
All that we declare I sye yt with my nye;[4]
Nothyng offendyng, but trwly do iustyfye.

**Cayphas.** By the gret God, I do maruayle gretly!
And[5] thys be trw that ye do reherse,
He shall repent hys rebellyous treytory,
That all shalbe ware[6] of hys falsnes.
We wyll not suffer hym to obtayne[7] dowtles,
For meny perellys that myght be-tyde
By hys subtyll meanys on euery syde.

**Anna.** The law ys commyttyd to owur aduysment;
Wherfor we wyll not se yt decay,
But rather vphold yt, help, and augment,
That ony reprofe to vs fall may
Of Cesar, themprour, by nyght or day.
We shall to such maters harke and attende,
Accordyng to the lawes our wyttes to spende.

[1] [*Here to enter a dyvel with thunder and fyre, and to avaunte*[2] *hym sylfe, saying as folowyth; and, hys spech spokyn, to syt downe in a chayre.*

**Belyall.** Ho! ho! Be-holde me, the myghte prince of the partes infernall!
Next vnto Lucyfer I am in magestye!
By name I am nominate the god Belyall;
Non of more myghte, nor of more excellencye!
My powre ys princypall, and now of most soferaynte.
In the temples and synogoges who deneyth me to honore,
My busshopes, thorow my motyon,[3] thei wyl hym sone devoure.

I have movyd my prelates, Cayphas and Anna,
To persew and put downe by powre ryall,
Thorow the sytyes of Damask and Liba,
All soch as do worship the hye God supernall.
Ther deth ys conspyryd with-owt any fauoure at all.
My busshopys hathe chosyne won most rygorus
Them to persew, howse[4] name ys Saulus.

Ho! Thus as a god, most hye in magestye,
I rayne and I rule ouer creatures humayne!
With souerayne sewte sowghte to ys my deyte.[5]

---

[1] Saying. [2] Supplied by M.
[3] As Manly points out, four lines seem to be missing here.
[4] Mine eye. [5] If.
[6] Cautious in avoiding.
[7] Prevail, gain the day.

[1] At this point, and extending through the stage direction following line 502 (I have enclosed the scene in brackets), a later writer has inserted on three separate leaves a comic episode between Belial and Mercury. His purpose seems to have been to render the play more entertaining.
[2] Vaunt, brag about. (F. *avaunce.*)
[3] Suggestion. [4] Whose. [5] Deity.

Mans mynd ys applicant as I lyst to ordeyne.
My law styll encreasyth; wherof I am fayne.
Yet of late I haue hard of no newys truly;
Wherfor I long tyll I speke with my messenger Mercurye.

*Here shall entere a-nother devyll, callyd Mercury, with a fyeryng,*[1] *commyng in hast, cryeng and roryng, and shal say as folowyth:*

**Marcury.** Ho! owght! owght! Alas thys sodayne chance!
Well may we bewayle this cursyd aduenture!
**Belyal.** Marcurye, what aylyse thou? Tell me thy grevaunce!
Ys ther any that hath wrowghte vs dyspleasure?
**Merc.** Dyspleasure i-nowgh, therof ye may be sure!
Our law at lengthe yt wylbe clene downe layd,
For yt decayth sore; and more wyl, I am a-frayd.

**Bel.** Ho! how can that be? Yt ys not possyble!
Co[n]syder, thou foole, the long contynuance!
Decaye, quod a?[2] Yt ys not credyble!
Of fals tydynges thou makyst here vtterance.
Behold how the peple hath no pleasaunce
But in syn and to folow our desyere,
Pryde and voluptuosyte ther hartes doth so fyre.

Thowghe on[e] do swauer[3] away from our lore,
Yet ys our powre of suche nobylyte
To have hym a-gayne, and twoo therfore
That shal preferre the prayse of owre maiestye.
What ys the tydynges? Tell owt! Lett vs see!
Why arte thou amasyd so? Declare afore vs
What fury ys fallyn that troblyth the thus!

**Mercury.** Ho! owght! owghte! He that I most trustyd to,
And he that I thowghte wold haue ben to vs most specyall,
Ys now of late turnyd, and our cruell foo!
Our specyall frynd, our chosen Saull,
Ys be-comme seruante to the hye God eternall!
As he dyd ryde on our enemyes persecutyon,
He was sodenly strykyn by the hye provysyon;

And now ys baptysyd, and promys he hath made
Neuer to vary; and soch grace he hath opteynyd
That ondowtyd[1] hys fayth from hym can-not fade.
Wherfor to complayne I am constraynyd,
For moch by hym shuld we haue prevaylyd.
**Belyal.** Ho! owght! owght! What! haue we loste
Our darlyng most dere, whom we lovyd moste?

But ys yt of trowth that thou doyst here specyfye?
**Mercury.** Yt ys so, ondowghtyd. Why shuld I fayne?
For thowghte I can do non other but crye!

*Here thei shal rore and crye; and then Belyal shal saye:*

**Belyal.** Owghte! This grevyth vs worse than hell payne!
The conuersyon of [one] synner, certayne,
Ys more payne to vs and persecutyon
Than all the furyes of the infernall dongyon.

**Mercury.** Yt doyth not avayl vs thus to lament;
But lett vs provyd for remedy shortlye.
Wherfor let vs both by on[e] assent

---

[1] An explosion of powder; cf. *The Castle of Perseverance*, stage-direction after line 2199. (But *N.E.D.* explains this as "a quantity of burning fuel.")

[2] Says he.

[3] Decline.

[1] Without doubt.

Go to the busshopys and moue them pryvelye
That by some sotyl meane thei may cause hym to dye.
Than shal he in our law make no dysturbaunce,
Nor here-after cause vs to haue more greuaunce.

**Belyal.** Wel sayd, Mercurye! Thy cowncel ys profytable.
Ho, Saul, thou shalt repent thy vnstablenes!
Thou hadyst ben better to haue byn confyrmable
To our law; for thys deth, dowtles,
Yt ys conspyryd to reward thy falsnes.
Thowgh on[e] hath dyssayvyd[1] vs, yet now a days
Twentie doyth gladly folow oure layes:

Some by Pryde, some thorowgh Envye;
Ther rayneth thorow my myght so moch dysobedyaunce,
Ther was neuer a-mong Crystyans lesse charyte
Than ys at this howre; and as for Concupysence,
[He][2] rayneth as a lord thorow my violence.
Glotony and Wrath euery man doth devyse;
And most now ys praysyd my cosyn Covytyce.

Cum, Mercury, let vs go and do as we haue sayd;
To delate yt any lenger yt ys not best.
**Mercury.** To bryng yt a-bowght I wold be wel apayd;[3]
Tell yt be done let vs not rest.

. . . . . . . . .

**Belyal.** Go we than shortly, let vs departe,
Hys deth to devyse, syth he wyl not revart.[4]

*Here thei shal vanyshe away with a fyrye flame and a tempest.*[5]]

*Her apperyth Saule in a disciplis wede,*[1] *sayng:*

**Saulus.** That Lord that ys shaper of see and of sond
And hath wrowth with hys woord all thyng at hys wyll,
Saue thys semely[2] that here syttyth or stonde,[3]
For his meke marcy, that we do not spyll!
Grant me, good Lord, thy pleasur to ful fyll,
And send me suche speche that I the trwth say,
My entencions proph[i]table to meve yf I may.

Welbelouyd frendes, ther be vij mortall synnes . . .[4]

[*From among those listening to Saul, the servant of the High Priests speaks up.*]

**Seruus.** Whate! Ys not thys Saule that toke hys vyage
In-to Ierusalem,[5] the dyscyplys to oppresse?
Bounde he wold bryng them, yf ony dyd rage
Vpon Cryst, — this was hys processe.
To the princes of prestys, he sayde dowtles:
Thorow all Damask and also Ierusalem
Subdwe all templys that he founde of them.

**Sa[u]lus.** Yes, sertaynly, Saule ys my proper name,
That had in powr the full dominion —
To hyde yt fro you yt were gret shame
And mortall synne, as in my opynyon, —
Vnder Cesar and pristes of the relygyon
And templys of Iues, that be very hedyous
A-gayns almyghty Cryst, that kyng so precyous.

---

[1] Deceived.
[2] Supplied by M.
[3] Contented, pleased.
[4] Return (after estrangement).
[5] Probably made by pots and kettles beaten together.

[1] Costume.
[2] Assembly.
[3] Possibly scaffolds were erected with seats for some of the spectators.
[4] I have omitted Saul's long sermon on the Seven Deadly Sins, for the same reason that impelled the later writer to add the comic scene of Belial and Mercury. The sermon has no dramatic value.
[5] Possibly, as F. notes, an error for Damascus.

Seruus. To Anna and Caypha ye must make your recurse.[1]
Com on your way, and make no delacion!
Saulus. I wyll yow succede, for better or wors,
To the prynces of pristes with all delectacion.

[*The Servant leads Saul to Caiaphas and Anna.*]

Seruus. Holy pristes of hye potestacion,
Here ys Saule! Lok on hym wysely!
He ys a-nother man than he was, verely.

Saulus. I am the seruant of Ihesu Almyghty,
Creator and maker of see and sonnd,
Whiche ys kyng conctypotent[2] of heuyn glory,
Chef comfort and solace both to fre and bonde,
A-gayns whos power nothyng may stonde.
Emperowr he ys both of heuyn and hell,
Whoys goodnes and grace al thyng doth excell.

*Saul withdraws for a little while.*[3]

Caypha. Vn-to my hart thys ys gret admyracion,
That Saule ys thus mervelously changyd!
I trow he ys bewytchyd by sum coniuracion,
Or els the devyll on hym ys auengyd.
Alas! to my hart yt ys dessendyd[4]
That he ys thus takyn fro our relygyon!
How say ye, Anna, to thys conuercyon?

Anna. Full merveously, as in my concepcion,
Thys wnderfull case how yt be-fell,
To se thys chaunce so sodenly don,
Vn-to my hart yt doth grete yll.
But for hys falsnes we shall hym spyll![5]
By myn assent to deth we wyll hym bryng,
Lest that more myschef of hym may spryng.

Caypha. Ye say very trew; we myght yt all rewe!
But shortly in thys we must haue aduysement,
For thus a-gayns vs he may nott contynew;
Perauentur than of Cesar we may be shent.[1]
Anna. Nay, I had leuer in fyer he were brent
Than of Cesar we shuld haue dysp[l]easure
For sych a rebell and subtyle fals treator

Caypha. We wyll command the gates to be kept aboute
And the walles suerly on euery stede,
That he may not eskape no-where owghte.
For dye he shall, I ensuer yow indede.
Anna. Thys traytour rebellyous, evyll mut[2] he spede,
That doth this vnhappynes a-gayns all!
Now euery costodyer kepe well hys wall!

Seruus. The gatys be shytt, he can not eskape![3]
Euery place ys kepte well and sure,
That in no wyse he may, tyll he be take,
Gett owt of the cyte, by ony coniecture.
Vpon that caytyf and fals traytour
Loke ye be auengyd with deth mortall,
And iudge hym as ye lyst to what end he shall.

[*An angel appears to Saul.*]

Angelus. Holy Saule, I gyf yow monycyon,[4]
The princes of Iues entende, sertayn,
To put yow to deth. But by Goddes provysyon
He wyll ye shall lyue lenger, and optayn,
And after thy deth thou shalt rayng[5]
Above in heuyn, with owr Lordes grace.
Conuay yowr-self shortly in-to a-nother place.

Saulus. That Lordes pleasur euer mut be down
Both in heuyn and in hell, as hys wyll ys!

---

[1] Return.
[2] All-powerful.
[3] MS. *Recedit paulisper.*
[4] Descended.
[5] Destroy.

[1] Disgraced.
[2] May.
[3] F. *note skape;* corr. by M.
[4] Warning.
[5] Reign.

In a beryng-baskett or a lepe,[1] a-non
I shall me co[n]uay with help of the dyscyplys,
For euery gate ys shett and kept with multytud of pepull[ys];[2]
But I trust in owr Lord, that ys my socour,
To resyst ther malyce and cruell furour.

CONCLUSYO[N].

## [EPILOGUE.]

POETA. Thus leve we Saule with-in the cyte,
The gates kep by commandment of Caypha and Anna;
But the dyscyplys in the nyght ouer the wall, truly,
As the Bybull sayeth: *dim[i]serunt eum summittentes* [1] *in sporta;*
And Saule after that, in Ierusalem, vera,
Ioyned hym-self and ther accompenyed
With the dyscyplys, wher thei were vnfayned.[2]

Thys lytyll pagent thus conclud we
As we can, lackyng lytturall scyens;[3]
Besechyng yow all, of hye and low degre,
Owr sympylnes to hold excusyd and lycens,
That of retoryk haue non intellygens;
Commyttyng yow all to owr Lord Ihesus,
To whoys lawd ye syng: *Exultet celum laudibus!*

*Finis Co[n]uercionis Sancti Pauli.*

---

[1] In a carrying-basket or a basket.
[2] Added by M.

[1] F. *summittens;* corr. by M. See the Vulgate, Actus Apostolorum ix, 25.
[2] Not feigned, unconcealed.
[3] Literary skill.

# MARY MAGDALENE [1]

*[The stage of the Emperor Tiberius Cæsar, Rome. The Emperor, Serbyl, Provost, and others.]*

**Inperator.** I command sylyns, in the peyn of forfetur,
To all myn avdyeans present general.
Of my most hyest and mytyest wolunte,[1]
I woll it be knowyn to al the word [2] vnyversal,
That of heven and hell chyff rewlar am I,
To w[h]os magnyfycens non stondyt egall,[3]
For I am soveren of al soverens subjugal [4]
On-to myn empere, beyng in-comparable,
Tyberyus Sesar, w[h]os power is potencyall.
I am the blod ryall [5] most of soverente;
Of all emperowers and kynges my byrth is best,
And all regeouns obey my myty volunte.
Lyfe and lem [6] and goodes, all be at my request.
So of all soverens, my magnyfycens most mytyest
May nat be a-gayn-sayd of frend nor of foo;
But all abydyn ivgment and rewle of my lyst.[1]
All grace up-on erth from my goodnes commyt fro,[2]
And that bryng-is [3] all pepell in blysse so.
For the most worthyest, woll I rest in my sete.

*[He seats himself in his throne.]*

**Serybyl.** Syr, from your person growyt [4] moch grace.

**Inperator.** Now for thin answer, Belyall blysse thi face!
Mykyl presporyte [5] I gyn to porchase;
I am wonddyn [6] in welth from all woo.
Herke thou, Provost, I gyff the in commandment,
All your pepull preserve in pesabyl possesson.
Yff ony ther be to my goddes [dis]obedyent,
Dyssever tho[s] harlottes,[7] and make to me declaracyon,

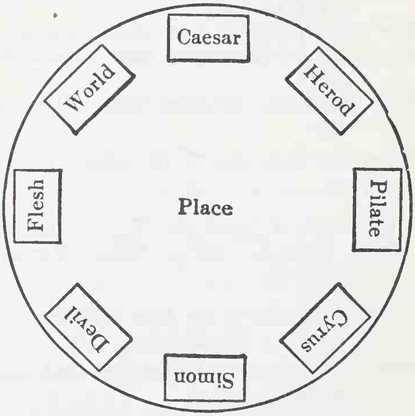
[1] Will. [2] World. [3] Equal.
[4] Subject. [5] Royal. [6] Limb.

[1] Pleasure, will. [2] From.
[3] Bringeth. [4] Groweth.
[5] Great prosperity. [6] Wound, wrapt.
[7] Separate out those rascals.

---

[1] The text is preserved in a manuscript, Bodleian Digby MS. 133, containing four plays (three complete plays on Biblical themes, and a fragment of a morality) accidentally brought together. The manuscript is probably to be dated in the early part of the sixteenth century, but the plays themselves were composed in the latter half of the fifteenth century. The play here reproduced, dealing with the legendary history of Mary Magdalene, belongs to the midland section of England, though the exact place of its origin cannot be indicated. The text is based on the edition by F. J. Furnivall, *The Digby Mysteries*, 1882. I have, of course, modernized the punctuation and the use of capitals; and I have added in brackets a few stage-directions in order to enable the student to visualize the performance. The actors, it is clear, employed a series of "stages" or small platforms, arranged in a circle about a *platea* or unlocated region (called "the place"), and the attention of the audience was shifted from one platform to the other, or to "the place," as the necessity of the text demanded. The accompanying diagram, though not intended to be exact, will help to make the stage arrangement clear.

The play, which is of great length, was probably acted in two parts; the first part, dealing with the fall and conversion of Mary (here reprinted), was acted, we may suppose, in the forenoon, the second part, dealing with the voyage of Mary to Marcylle and her conversion of the King and Queen of Marcylle to Christianity, in the afternoon. It is true that the transcript of the play gives no indication of a break in the performance; but the second half constitutes a separate unit of action after a lapse of time, and involves an almost entirely new set of stages.



And I xall make all swych to dye,
Thos precharsse [1] of Crystys incarnacyon.

**Provost.** Lord of all lorddes, I xall gyff yow in-formacyon.

**Inperator.** Lo, how all the word obeyit [2] my domynacyon!
That person is nat born that dare me dysse-obey.
Syrybbe, I warne yow se that my lawys
In all your partyys [3] have dew obeysavns.
In-quere and aske, eche day that davnnes,
Yf in my pepul be fovnd ony weryouns,[4]
Contrary to me in ony chansse,
Or with my goldyn goddes grocth or grone; [5]
I woll marre swych [6] harlottes with mordor and myschanse!
Yff ony swyche remayn, put hem in repreffe,
And I xall yow releff.

**Serybb.** Yt xall be don, lord, with-owtyn ony lett [7] or with-owt doth.[8]

**Inperator.** Lord and lad, to my law doth lowte.[9]
Is it nat so? sey yow all with on showte.

*Here answerryt all the pepul at ons,*
*"Ya, my lord, ya."*

**Inperator.** So, the froward folkes, now am [I] plesyd.
Sett wyn and spycys to my consell full cler.
Now have I told yow my hart, I am wyll plesyd;
Now lett vs sett don alle, and make good chyr.

[*They seat themselves at the council table.*]

[*The stage of Cyrus, the Castle of Maudleyn, Bethany. Cyrus, Mary, Martha, and Lazarus.*]

*Her entyr Syrus, the fader of Mary Mavdlyn.*[10]

**Syrus.** Emperor, and ky[n]gges, and conquerors kene,
Erlys, and borons, and knytes that byn [1] bold,
Berdes [2] in my bower, so semely to sene,[3]
I commav[n]d yow at onys my hestes [4] to hold.[5]
Be-hold my person, glyȝteryng in gold,
Semely be-syn of all other men!
Cyrus is my name. Be cleffys so cold,
I command yow all, obedyent to beyn;
W[h]o-so woll nat, in bale I hem bryng,
And knett swyche cayftyys [6] in knottes of care.
Thys Castell of Mavdleyn is at my wylddyng,[7]
With all the contre, bothe lesse and more,
And Lord of Ierusalem. Who agens me don dare?
Alle Beteny [8] at my beddyng be.
I am sett in solas from al syyng [9] sore;
And so xall all my posteryte,
Thus for to leuen in rest and ryalte.[10]
I have her a sone that is to me ful trew,
No comlyar creatur of Goddes creacyon;
T[w]o amyabyll dovctors [11] full brygth of ble.[12]
Ful gloryos to my syth, an[d] ful of delectacyon,
Lazarus my son, in my resspeccyon; [13]
Here is Mary, ful fayr, and ful of femynyte;
And Martha, ful [of] bevte and of delycyte,
Ful of womanly merrorys [14] and of benygnyte.
They haue fulfyllyd my hart with consolacyon.
Here is a coleccyon of cyrcumstance,
To my cognysshon [15] never swych a-nothyr,
As be demonstracyon knett incontynens,
Save a-lonly my lady, that was ther mother.
Now, Lazarus, my sonne, whech art ther brothyr,
The lordshep of Ierusalem I gyff the after my [16] dysses;[17]
And Mary, thys castell, a-lonly, an non othyr;
And Martha xall haue Beteny, I sey exprese.

---

[1] Preachers.
[2] World obeyeth.
[3] Parts, regions.
[4] Variance, disagreement.
[5] Grumble or groan; F. reads *on*, instead of *or*.
[6] Destroy such.
[7] Hindrance, delay.
[8] Doubt.
[9] Bow.
[10] Magdalene.

[1] Be.
[2] Maidens.
[3] See.
[4] Commands.
[5] Keep.
[6] Caitiffs.
[7] Command, rule.
[8] Bethany.
[9] Sighing.
[10] Royalty.
[11] Daughters.
[12] Countenance.
[13] Regard.
[14] Shining qualities.
[15] Knowledge.
[16] MS. mo.
[17] Decease.

Thes gyftes I gravnt yow with-owtyn les,[1]
Whyll that I am in good mynd.

**Lazarus.** Most reuerent father, I thank yow hartely
Of yower grett kyndnes shuyd on-to me!
Ye haue gravntyd swych a lyfelod,[2] worthy
Me to restreyn from all nessesyte.
Now, good Lord, and hys wyll it be,
Gravnt me grace to lyue to thy plesowans,[3]
And a-gens hem so to rewle me,
Thatt we may have ioye with-owtyn weryauns.[4]

**Mary Mavdleyn.** Thatt God of pes and pryncypall covnsell,
More swetter is thi name than hony be kynd![5]
We thank yow, fathyr, for your gyftes ryall,
Owt of peynes of poverte vs to on-bynd;
Thys is a preseruatyff from streytnes,[6] we fynd,
From worldy labors to my covmfortyng;
For thys lyfflod is abyll[7] for the dowtter[8] of a kyng,
Thys place of plesavns, the soth to seye.

**Martha.** O, ye good fathyr of grete degre,
Thus to departe with your ryches,
Consederyng ower lowlynes and humylyte,
Vs to save from wordly dessetres,
Ye shew vs poyntes of grete ientylnes,
So mekly to meyntyn vs to your grace.
Hey in heuen a-wansyd mot[9] yow be
In blysse, to se that Lordes face,
Whan ye xal hens passe!

**Cyrus.** Now I reioyse with all my mygthtes!
To enhanse[10] my chyldryn, it was my delyte.
Now wyn and spycys, ye ientyll knyttes,
On-to thes ladys of ientylnes.

*Here xal they be servyd with wyn and spycys.*

---

[1] Lie, deceit.
[2] Livelihood.
[3] Pleasure.
[4] Variance.
[5] By nature.
[6] Hardship.
[7] Fit.
[8] Daughter.
[9] Advanced may.
[10] Advance.

---

[*The stage of the Emperor Tiberius Cæsar, Rome.*]

**Inperator.** Syr Provost, and Skrybe, iugges of my rem,[1]
My massenger I woll send in-to ferre cuntre,
On-to my sete of Ierusalem,
On-to Herowdes, that regent ther ondyr me,
And on-to Pylat, iugges of the covntre:
Myn entent I woll hem teche.
Take hed, thou Provost, my precept wretyn[2] be,
And sey I cummavnd hem, as they woll be owght wrech,[3]
Yf ther be ony in the cuntre, ageyn[4] my law doth prech,
Or ageyn my goddes ony trobyll telles,
That thus agens my lawys rebelles,
As he is regent, and in that reme dwelles,
And holdyth hys crovn of me be ryth,
Yff ther be ony harlettes that a-gens me make replycacyon,[5]
Or ony moteryng[6] agens me make with malynacyon.[7]

**Provost.** Syr, of all thys they xall have in-formacyon,
So to vp-hold yower renovn and ryte.[8]

[**Inperator.**] Now, massenger, with-owtyn taryyng,
Have here gold on-to thi fe.[9]
So bere thes lettyrs to Herowdes the kyng,
And byd hem make in-quyrans in euery cuntre,
As he is iugge in that cuntre beyng.

**Nvncyus.** Soueren, your arend[10] it xall be don ful redy
In alle the hast that I may;
For to fullfyll your byddyng
I woll nat spare nother be nyth nor be day.

*Here goth the masenger to-ward Herowdes.*

---

[1] Realm.
[2] Written.
[3] As they wish to be free from punishment.
[4] Against.
[5] Answer.
[6] Muttering.
[7] Feeling of ill-will.
[8] Right.
[9] Reward, pay.
[10] Errand.

[*The Stage of Herod, Jerusalem. Herod, Philosophers, Soldiers, and others.*]

**Herowdes.** In the wyld wanyng word,[1] pes all at onys!
No noyse, I warne yow, for greveyng of me!
Yff yow do, I xal hovrle [2] of yower hedes, be Mahondes [3] bones,
As I am trew kyng to Mahond so fre.
Help, help, that I had a swerd!
Fall don, ye faytours,[4] flatt to the grovnd!
Heve of your hodes and hattes, I cummavnd yow alle:
Stond bare-hed, ye beggars! W[h]o made yow so bold?
I xal make yow know your kyng ryall!
Thus woll I be obeyyd thorow al the wor[l]d;
And who-so wol nat, he xal be had in hold;
And so to be cast in carys cold,
That werkyn ony wondyr a-gens my magnyfycens.
Be-hold these ryche rubyys, red as ony fyr,
With the goodly grene perle ful sett a-bowgth! [5]
What kyng is worthy or egall [6] to my power?
Or in thys word,[7] who is more had in dowt [8]
Than is the hey name of Herowdes, Kyng of Ierusalem,
Lord of Alapye,[9] Assye,[10] an Tyr,
Of Abyron,[11] Bergaby,[12] and Bedlem? [13]
All thes byn ondyr my governouns.
Lo, all thes I hold with-owtyn reprobacyon.
No man is to me egall, save a-lonly the emperower
Tyberyus, as I have in provostycacyon.[14]
How sey the, phylyssoverys, be my ryche reyne?
Am nat I the grettest governower?
Lett me ondyr-stond whatt can ye seyn.

**Phelysofyr.** Soueren, and it plece [15] yow, I woll expresse:
Ye be the rewlar of this regyon,
And most worthy sovereyn of nobylnes
That euer in Iude [1] barre domynacyon!
Bott, syr, skreptour [2] gevytt informacyon,
And doth rehersse it werely,[3]
That chyld xal remayn of grete renovn,
And all the word [4] of hem shold magnyfy, —
*Et ambulabunt gentes in lumine, et reges*
*In splendore ortus tui.*

**Herowdes.** And whatt seyst thow?

**ii. Phy[losofyr.]** The same weryfyyt [5] my bok; as how,
As the skryptour doth me tell,
Of a myty duke xal rese [6] and reyn,
Whych xall reyn and rewle all Israell.
No kyng a-gens hys worthynes xall opteyn; [7]
The whech in profesy hath grett eloquence, —
*Non auferetur septrum Iuda, et dux de*
*Femore eius, donec veniet Imitendus est.*

**Herowdes.** A, owt! owt! now am [I] grevyd all with the worst!
Ye dastardus! ye dogges! the dylfe mote yow draw! [8]
With fleyyng flappes [9] I byd yow to a fest.
A swerd! a swerd! thes lordeynnes [10] wer slaw! [11]
Ye langbaynnes! [12] loselles! for-sake ye that word!
That caytyff xall be cawth,[13] and suer I xall hem flaw; [14]
For hym, many mo xal be marry [15] with mordor.

**i. Miles.** My sovereyn lord, dyssemay yow ryth nowt!
They ar but folys,[16] ther eloquens wantyng,
For in sorow and care sone they xall be cawt;
A-gens vs they can mak no dysstonddyng.[17]

**ii. Miles.** My lord, all swych xall be browte before your avdyens,[18]
And leuyn [19] ondyr your domynacyon,

---

[1] Wild waning world (an imprecation).
[2] Hurl.
[3] Mahomet's.
[4] Rascals.
[5] About.
[6] Equal.
[7] World.
[8] Fear.
[9] Aleppo?
[10] Asia.
[11] Hebron.
[12] Beersheba.
[13] Bethlehem.
[14] Regency.
[15] If it please.

[1] Judea.
[2] Scripture.
[3] Verily.
[4] World.
[5] Verifyeth.
[6] Rise.
[7] Prevail.
[8] Tear in pieces.
[9] Flaying blows.
[10] Lurdans, rascals.
[11] Slain.
[12] Longbones.
[13] Caught.
[14] Flay.
[15] Marred.
[16] Fools.
[17] Withstanding.
[18] Presence.
[19] Live.

Or elles dammyd to deth with mortal sentense,
Yf we hem gett onder ower gubernacyon.[1]

**Herowdes.** Now thys is to me a gracyows exsortacyon,
And grettly reioysyth to my sprytes indede.
Thow thes sottes a-gens me make replycacyon,
I woll suffer non to spryng of that kenred;[2]
Some woys[3] in my lond shall sprede,
Prevely or pertely[4] in my lond a-bowth.
Whyle I haue swych men, I nede nat to drede
But that he xal be browt onder, withowtyn do[w]th.

*Her commyt the Emperowers [masenger] thus sayyng to Herowdes:*

**Masenger.** Heyll, prynse of bovntyowsnesse!
Heyll, myty lord of to magnyfy!
Heyll, most of worchep of to expresse!
Heyll, reytyus[5] rewlar in thi regensy!
My sofereyn, Tyberyuus, chyff of chyfalry,[6]
His soveren sond[7] hath sent to yow here:
He desyrth yow, and preyyt,[8] on eche party
To fulfyll his commavndment and desyre.

*Here he xall take[9] the lettyrs on-to the kyng.*

**Herawdes.** Be he sekyr[10] I woll natt spare
For [to] complyshe his cummavnddment,
With scharp swerddes to perce the bare,[11]
In all covntres with-in thys regent,
For his love, to fulfyll his in-tentt:
Non swych xall from ower handys stertt,[12]
For we woll fulfyll his ryall iuggement,
With swerd and spere to perce thorow the hartt.
But, masenger, reseyve thys letter wyth,[13]
And berytt[14] on-to Pylatt-ys syth.

**Mesenger.** My lord, it xall be don ful wygth;[1]
In hast I woll me spede. [*Exit.*]

[*The stage of Pilate, Jerusalem. Pilate, two Sergeants.*]

**Pylatt.** Now ryally I reyne in robys of rych[e]sse,
Kyd[2] and knowyn both ny and ferre
For Iuge of Ierusalem, the trewth to expresse,
Ondyr the emperower Tyberius Cesar.
Therfor I rede[3] yow all, be-warre
Ye do no pregedyse[4] a-gen the law,
For, and ye do, I wyll yow natt spare
Tyl he haue iugment to be hangyd and draw;
For I am Pylat, pr[o]mmyssary and pres[e]dent,
Alle renogat robber inper-rowpent,[5]
To put hem to peyn, I spare for no pete.[6]
My ser-jauntes semle,[7] quat sey ye?
Of this rehersyd,[8] I wyll natt spare.
Plesauntly, serrys, avnswer to me,
For in my herte I xall haue the lesse care.

**I. Seriunt.** As ye haue seyd, I hold it for the best,
Yf ony swych a-mong vs may we know.

**II. Serjawnt.** For to gyff hem iugment I holdd yt best;
And so xall ye be dred of hye and low.

**Pylat.** A! now I am restoryd to felycyte.

*Her comyt the Emprores masenger to Pylat.*

**Masenger.** Heyll, ryall in rem,[9] in robis of rychesse!
Heyl, present thou prynsys[10] pere!
Heyl, Iugge of Ierusalem, the trewth to expresse!
Tyberyus, the Emprower, sendyt wrytyng herre,
And prayyt yow, as yow be his lover dere,
Of this wrytyng to take a-vysement[11]

---

[1] Governance.
[2] Kindred.
[3] Woes; *qy*, shrowys, rascals.
[4] Secretly or openly.
[5] Righteous.
[6] Chief of chivalry.
[7] Message.
[8] Prayeth.
[9] Give.
[10] Sure.
[11] The bare skin, the flesh. Professor Strunk points out that this speech is repeated in the Digby *Killing of the Children*, ll. 97–104.
[12] Escape.
[13] Quickly.
[14] Bear it.

[1] Quickly.
[2] Known.
[3] Advise.
[4] Prejudice, violence.
[5] Professor Sampson suggests the emendation *in pressour pent*. Cf. Lydgate, *De Guil. Pilgr.*: "In a pressour off gret peyne I kan ful offte a man distreyne." (*N.E.D.*)
[6] Pity.
[7] Seemly.
[8] Foresaid.
[9] Royal in realm.
[10] Princes'.
[11] Advisement.

In strenthyng[1] of his lawys cleyr,
As he hath set yow in the state[2] of iugment.

*Her Pylat takyt the lettyrs with grete reverens.*

Pylat. Now, be Martes[3] so mythy, I xal sett many a snare,
His lawys to strenth in al that I may.
I rejoyse of his renown and of his wylfare;
And for thi tydyngges, I geyff the this gold to-day.

Masenger. A largeys,[4] ye lord, I crye this day;
For this is a geft of grete degre.

Pylat. Masenger, on-to my sovereyn thou sey,
On the most specyall wyse [I] recummend me.

*Her a-voydyt the masengyr, and Syrus takyt his deth.*

[*The Stage of Cyrus, the Castle of Maudleyn, Bethany.*]

Syrus. A! help! help! I stond in drede!
Syknes is sett onder my syde!
A! help! Deth wyll a-quyte me my mede![5]
A! gret Gode! Thou be my gyde.
How I am trobyllyd both bak and syde!
Now wythly[6] help me to my bede.
A! this rendyt my rybbys! I xall never goo nor ryde!
The dent[7] of deth is hevyar than led.
A! Lord! Lord! what xal I doo this tyde?
A! gracyows God! have ruth on me,
In thys word[8] no lengar to a-byde.
I blys yow, my chyldyrn, God mot with vs be!

*Her a-voydyt Syrus sodenly, and than* [*thus*] *sayyng Lazarus:*

[Lazarus.] Alas, I am sett in grete hevynesse!
Ther is no tong my sorow may tell,
So sore I am browth in dystresse!
In feyntnes I falter for [th]is fray fell;[9]
Thys dewresse[1] wyl lett me no longar dwelle.
But God of grace sone me redresse.
A! how my peynes don me repelle!
Lord, with-stond this duresse!

Mary. The in-wyttissymus[2] God, that euer xal reyne,
Be his help, an sowlys sokor!
To whom it is most nedfull to cumplayn,
He to bry[n]g vs owght of ower dolor.
He is most mytyest governowr,
From soroyng,[3] vs to restryne.

Martha. A! how I am sett in sorowys sad,
That long my lyf Y may nat indevre!
Thes grawous[4] peynes make me ner mad!
Vndyr clower[5] is now my fathyris cure,[6]
That sumtyme was here ful mery and glad.
Ower Lordes mercy be his mesure,
And defeynd hym from peynes sad!

Lazarus. Now, systyrs, ower fatherys wyll we woll exprese:
Thys castell is owerys, with all the fee.[7]

Martha. As hed and governower, as reson is,
And on this wyse abydyn with yow, wyll wee;
We wyll natt desevyr,[8] whatt so be-falle.

Maria. Now, brothyr and systyrs, welcum ye be.
And ther-of specyally I pray yow all.[9]

[*The stage of the World.*]

*Her xal entyr the Kyng of the word*[10] [*attended by Pride and Covetousness*]; *thus seyyng the Word:*

[World.] I am the Word, worthyest that euyr God wrowth![11]

---

[1] Strengthening.
[2] Seat.
[3] By Mars.
[4] Reward.
[5] Meed, merited reward.
[6] Quickly.
[7] Blow.
[8] World.
[9] Conflict cruel.

[1] Affliction.
[2] Infinitissimus (Latin).
[3] Sorrowing.
[4] Grievous.
[5] Grassy ground, turf.
[6] Care? Cover?
[7] Property, wealth.
[8] Separate.
[9] At this point in the MS. appears the general stage-direction: "Her xal entyr the Kyng of the word; [then on his stage the Kyng of] the Flesch; and [then on his stage] the Dylfe; with the Seuen Dedly Synnes [distributed on the three stages]; a Bad Angyll an an Good Angyl: thus seyyng the Word." Since all except the first clause is repeated later, I have relegated this general direction to the footnotes.
[10] World.
[11] Wrought, created.

And also I am the prymatt portatur[1]
Next heueyn, yf the trewth be sowth,[2] —
And that I iugge me[3] to skryptur; —
And I am he that lengest xal induer,[4]
And also most of domynacyon.
Yf I be hys foo, w[h]oo is abyll to recure?
For the whele of fortune with me hath sett his sentur.[5]
In me restyt[6] the ordor of the metelles seuyn,[7]
The whych to the seuen planyttes[8] ar knett ful sure;
Gold perteynyng to the sonne, as astronomer nevyn;[9]
Sylvyr, to the mone, whyte and pure;
Iryn, onto the Maris, that long may endure;
The fegetyff[10] mercury, on-to Mercuryus;
Copyr, on-to Venus red in his merrour;[11]
The frangabyll tyn, to Iubyter, yf ye can dyscus;
On this planyt Saturne, ful of rancur,
This soft metell led, nat of so gret puernesse.
Lo, alle this rych tresor with the Word doth indure —
The vij prynsys of hell of gret bowntosnesse.
Now, who may presume to com to my honour?

**Pryde.** Ye worthy Word, ye be grondar[12] of gladnesse,
To them that dwellyng ondyr yower domynacyon.

**Covetyse.** And who-so wol nat, he is sone set a-syde,
Wher-as I, Couetyse, take mynystracyon.

**World.**[13] Of that I pray yow make no declareracyon;
Make swych to know my soverreynte,
And than they xal be fayn to make supplycacyon
Yf that they stond in ony nesessyte.

---

[1] Chief supporter.
[2] Sought.
[3] I appeal to, or prove by.
[4] Endure.
[5] Centre.
[6] Resteth.
[7] The seven metals.
[8] Planets.
[9] Declare.
[10] Fugitive.
[11] Mirror (reflection?).
[12] Grounder, establisher.
[13] This personage is variously named "World" and "Mundus"; I have employed "World" throughout.

[*The Stage of the Flesh.*]

*Her xal entyr the Kynge of Flesch with Slowth, Gloteny, Lechery.*

**Flesch.** I, Kyng of Flesch, florychyd in my flowers;
Of deyntys[1] delycyows I have grett domynacyon.
So ryal a kyng was neuyr borne in bowrys,[2]
Nor hath more delyth[3] ne more delectacyon;
For I haue comfortatyws[4] to my comfortacyon:
Dya galonga, ambra, and also margaretton,[5] —
Alle this is at my lyst[6] a-gens alle vexacyon;
Alle wykkyt[7] thynges I woll sett a-syde, —
Clary,[8] pepur long,[9] with granorum paradysy,[10]
Gengybyr[11] and synamom at euery tyde.
Lo, alle swych deyntyys delycyus vse I;
With swyche deyntyys I have my blysse.
Who woll covett more game and gle
My fayer spowse Lechery to halse[12] and kysse?
Here ys my knyth, Gloteny, as good reson is,
With this plesavnt lady to rest be my syde.
Here is Slowth, anothyr goodly of to expresse.
A more plesavnt compeny doth no-wher a-byde.

**Lechery.**[13] O ye prynse! how I am ful of ardent lowe,[14]
With sparkylles ful of amerowsnesse!
With yow to rest fayn wold I a-prowe,
To shew plesavns[15] to your ientylnesse.

**The Flesch.** O ye bewtews byrd, I must yow kysse!
I am ful of lost[16] to halse yow this tyde.

---

[1] Dainties.
[2] Bowers, dwellings.
[3] Delight.
[4] Cordials, restoratifs (cf. O. Fr. *confortatif*). MS. has *comfortat ywys* (emendation by Strunk).
[5] Remedies made with galingale, with amber, and also with pearls (see N.E.D., *dia*).
[6] Pleasure.
[7] Noxious.
[8] A plant with medicinal value.
[9] Long pepper.
[10] Grains of Paradise.
[11] Ginger.
[12] Embrace.
[13] The name of this speaker sometimes appears as *Luxuria*. I have used throughout the English form.
[14] Love.
[15] Pleasure.
[16] Desire.

[*The stage of the Devil.*]

*Here xal entyr the prynse of dylles* [*Satan, attended by Wrath and Envy*] *in a stage, and Helle ondyr-neth that stage, thus seyyng the dylfe:*

[SATAN.] Now I, prynse pyrked,[1] prykkyd[2] in pryde,
Satan, [y]ower sovereyn, set with euery cyrcumstanse,
For I am atyred in my tower to tempt yow this tyde.
As a kyng ryall I sette at my plesavns,[3]
With Wroth [and] Invy at my ryall retynawns;[4]
The bolddest in bower I bryng to a-baye;
Mannis sowle to be-segyn[5] and bryng to obeysavns,[6]
Ya, [with] tyde and tyme I do that I may,
For at hem I haue dysspyte that he xold haue the ioye
That Lycyfer, with many a legyown,[7] lost for ther pryde.
The snares that I xal set wher never set at Troye,[8]
So I thynk to besegyn hem be every waye wyde;
I xal getyn hem from grace, wher-so-euer he abyde,
That body and sowle xal com to my hold,[9]
Hym for to take.
Now, my knythtes so stowth,
With me ye xall ron in rowte,[10]
My consell to take for a skowte,[11]
Whytly[12] that we wer went for my sake.

WRATH. With wrath orwyhylles we xal hyrre wynne.

ENVY. Or with sum sotyllte[13] sett hur in synne.

SATAN.[14] Com of, than, let vs be-gynne
To werkyn hur sum wrake.

*Her xal the Deywl* [*attended by Wrath and Envy*] *go to the Word with his compeny.*

[*The stage of the World.*]

[*Satan, attended by Wrath and Envy, mount the stage of the World.*]

SATAN. Heyle, Word, worthyest of a-bowndans!
In hast we must a conseyll take:
Ye must aply yow with all your afyavns,[1]
A woman of whorshep[2] ower servant to make.

WORLD. Satan, with my consell I wyll the a-wansse.[3]
I pray the cum vp on-to my tent.
Were the Kyng of Flesch her with his asemlaunvs![4]
Masenger, a-non that thu werre went
Thys tyde!
Sey[5] the Kyng of Flesch with grete renown,
With his consell that to hym be bown,
In alle the hast that euer they mown,[6]
Com as fast as he may ryde.

MASENGER. My lord, I am your servant, Sensvalyte.
Your masege to don, I am of glad chyr;[7]
Ryth sone in presens ye xal hym se,
Your wyl for to fulfylle her.

*Her he goth to the Flesch, thus seyynge:*

[*The stage of the Flesh.*]

[*The Messenger ascends the stage.*]

[MESSENGER.] Heyl, lord in lond, led with lykyng!
Heyl, Flesch in Lust, fayyrest to be-hold!
Heyl, lord and ledar of empror and kyng!
The worthy Word, be wey and wold,[8]
Hath sent for yow and your consell.
Satan is sembled with his howshold,
Your covnseyl to haue, most fo[r] a-weyle.[9]

FLESCH. Hens! In hast, that we ther wh[e]re!
Lett vs make no lengar delay!

MESSENGER.[10] Gret myrth to ther hertes shold yow arere,[11]
Be my trowth, I dare safly saye.

---

[1] Prince made spruce.
[2] Attired.
[3] Pleasure.
[4] Retinue.
[5] Besiege.
[6] Obedience.
[7] Legion.
[8] Troy.
[9] Stronghold.
[10] In a troop.
[11] A scheme.
[12] Quickly.
[13] Subtlety.
[14] This speaker's name appears variously as "Satan," "Dylfe," "Rex Diobolus," etc. I have kept the form "Satan" throughout.

[1] Assurance.
[2] Worship.
[3] Assist.
[4] Assembly.
[5] Tell, say to.
[6] May.
[7] Cheer.
[8] By highway and country.
[9] Avail.
[10] MS. senswalite.
[11] Raise.

*[The stage of the World.]*

*Her comyt the Kynge of Flesch [attended by Lechery, Sloth, and Gluttony] to the Word, thus seyynge:*

[FLESCH.] Heyl be yow, soverens lefe[1] and dere!
Why so hastely do ye for me send?

WORLD. A! we ar ryth glad we haue yow here,
Ower covnsell to-gethyr to comprehend!
Now, Satan, sey your devyse.

SATAN. Serys, now ye be set, I xal yow say:
Syrus dyyd this odyr day;
Now Mary his dowctor, that may,[2]
Of that castel beryt the pryse.[3]

WORLD. Sertenly, serys, I yow telle,
Yf she in vertu stylle may dwelle,
She xal byn abyll to dystroye helle,
But yf[4] your covnseyll may othyrwyse devyse.

FLESCH. Now, the lady Lechery, yow must don your attendans,
For yow be flower fayrest of femynyte;
Yow xal go desyyr servyse, and byn at hur atendavns,
For ye xal sonest enter, ye beral of bewte.[5]

LECHERY. Serys, I abey your covnsell in eche degre;
Strytt waye thethyr woll I passe.

SATAN. Spirits malyngny[6] xal com to the,
Hyr to tempt in euery plase.
Now alle the vj that her be,
Wysely to werke, hyr fawor to wynne,
To entyr hyr person be[7] the labor of Lechery,
That she at the last may com to helle.
How, how, spirits malyng; thou wottyst[8] what I mene!
Cum owght, I sey! Heryst nat what I seye?

BAD ANGYLL. Syrrus,[9] I obey your covnsell in eche degree;
Strytt-waye thethyr woll I passe.
Speke soft, speke soft! I trotte hyr to tene.[1]
I prey the pertly make no more noyse.

*[The Castle of Maudleyn, Bethany.]*

*Her xal alle the vij Dedly Synnes be-sege the castell tyll [Mary] a-gre to go to Ierusalem. Lechery xall entyr the castell with the Bad Angyl, thus seyynge Lechery.*

[LECHERY.] Heyl, lady most lavdabyll of alyauvns![2]
Heyl, oryent as the sonne in his reflexite!
Myche[3] pepul be comfortyd be your benyng afyavns.[4]
Bryter than the bornyd[5] is your bemys o bewte;
Most debonarius with your aungelly delycyte!

MARYA. Qwat personne be ye that thus me comende?[6]

LECHERY. Your servant to be, I wold comprehende.

MARY. Your debonarius obedyauns ravyssyt[7] me to trankquelyte!
Now, syth[8] ye desyre in eche de-gree,
To receyve yow I have grett delectacyon.
Ye be hartely welcum on-to me!
Your tong is so amyabyll devydyd with reson.

LECHERY. Now, good lady, wyll ye me expresse,
Why may ther no gladdnes to yow resort?

MARY. For my father, I haue had grett heuynesse;
Whan I remembyr, my mynd waxit mort.[9]

LECHERY. Ya lady, for all that, be of good comfort,
For swych obusyouns[10] may brede myche dysese;[11]
Swych desepcyouns,[12] potyt peynes to exsport,[13]

---

[1] Dear, beloved. [2] Maid. [3] Prize.
[4] Unless. [5] Beryl of beauty. [6] Evil.
[7] By. [8] Knowest. [9] Sirs.

[1] Injure. [2] Alliance.
[3] Much, many. [4] Benign assurance.
[5] Burnished. [6] MS. comendyde.
[7] Ravisheth. [8] Since. [9] Dead.
[10] Abuses, deceptions. [11] Distress.
[12] Such deceptions. [13] Expel pains.

Prynt[1] yow in sportes whych best doth yow plese.

Mary. For-sothe ye be welcum to myn hawdyens![2]
Ye be my hartes leche.[3]
Brother Lazarus, and it be yower plesauns,
And ye, systyr Martha, also in substawns,
Thys place I commend on-to your governons,[4]
And on-to God I yow be-take.[5]

Lazarus. Now, systyr, we xal do your intente,
In thys place to be resydent
Whyle that ye be absent,
To kepe this place from wreche.[6]

*Here takyt Mary hur wey to Ierusalem with Lechery.*

[*The place of the Taverner, in Jerusalem.*]

*And they* [*Mary and Lechery*] *xal resort to a taverner, thus seyy*[*n*]*g the taverner:*

[Taverner.] I am a taverner, wytty and wyse,
That wynys[7] haue to sell gret plente.
Of all the taverners I bere the pryse
That be dwellyng with-inne the cete.[8]
Of wynys I haue grete plente,
Both whyte wynne and red that [ys] so cleyr:
Here ys wynne of mawt,[9] and malmeseyn,
Clary[10] wynne, and claret, and other moo,
Wyn of Gyldyr[11] and of Galles,[12] that made at the Grome,[13]
Wyn of Wyan[14] and Vernage, I seye also.
Ther be no better, as ferre as ye can goo.

Lechery. Lo, lady, the comfort and the sokower.[15]
Go we ner and take a tast;
Thys xal bryng your sprytes to fawor.
Taverner, bryng vs of the fynnest thou hast.

Taverner. Here, lady, is wyn, a repast
To man and woman, a good restoratyff.
Ye xall nat thynk your mony spent in wast;
From stodyys[1] and hevynes it woll yow relyff.

Mary. I-wys ye seye soth, ye grom[2] of blysse;
To me ye be covrtes and kynde.

*Her xal entyr a galavnt* [*Curiosity*] *thus seyyng:*

Galavnt. Hof! hof, hof! a frysch new galavnt!
Ware of thryst, ley that a-doune!
What! wene ye, syrrys, that I were a marchant
Be-cavse that I am new com to town?
With sum praty tasppyysster[3] wold I fayne rown[4]
I haue a shert of reynnes[5] with slevys peneawnt,[6]
A lase[7] of sylke for my lady constant.
A! how she is bewtefull and ressplendant!
Whan I am from hyr presens, Lord, how I syhe!
I wol a-wye[8] sovereyns; and soiettes[9] I dys-deyne.
In wynter a stomachyr,[10] in somer non att al;
My dobelet and my hossys euer to-gether a-byde.
I woll, or euen, be shavyn, for to seme ying.
With her a-gen the her,[11] I love mych pleyyng;
That makyt me ilegant and lusty in lykyng.
Thus I lefe in this word; I do it for no pryde.

Lechery. Lady, this man is for yow, as I se can;
To sett yow i[n] sporttes and talkyng this tyde.

---

[1] Stamp, impress.
[2] Audience, presence.
[3] Physician.
[4] Rule.
[5] Commit. As F. points out, the rhyme suggests "beteche."
[6] Harm, ruin.
[7] Wines.
[8] City.
[9] Malta?
[10] Claret.
[11] Guelder.
[12] France.
[13] Groine, in Spain.
[14] Guyenne.
[15] Comfort and succor thyself.

[1] Studies.
[2] Man.
[3] Pretty tapstress, barmaid.
[4] Whisper.
[5] Cloth of Raines.
[6] Hanging, loose? (Pendeawnt?)
[7] Lace.
[8] Emulate.
[9] Subjects.
[10] Stomacher.
[11] Hair against the hair.

MARY. Cal hym in, taverner, as ye my loue wyll han;[1]
And we xall make ful mery yf he wolle a-byde

TAVERNER. How, how, my Mastyr Coryossyte!

CORYOSTE. What is your wyll, syr? what wyl ye with me?

TAVERNER. Her ar ientyll women dysyor[2] your presens to se,
And for to dryng[3] with yow thys tyde.

CORYOSTE. A dere dewchesse,[4] my daysyys iee![5]
Splendavnt of colour, most of femynyte,
Your sofreyn coloures set with synseryte!
Conseder my loue in-to yower alye,[6]
Or elles I am smet with peynnes of perplexite!

MARI. Why, sir, wene[7] ye that I were a kelle?[8]

CORIOSTE. Nay, prensses,[9] parde, ye be my hertes hele![10]
So wold to God ye wold my loue fele.

MARI. Qwat cavse that ye love me so sodenly?

CORIOSTE. O nedys I mvst, myn own lady!
Your person, ittis so womanly,
I can nat refreyn, me swete lelly.

MARI. Sir, curtesy doth it yow lere.[11]

CORIOSTE. Now, gracyus gost,[12] withowtyn pere,
Mych nortur[13] is that ye conne.[14]
But wol yow dawns, my own dere?

MARY. Sir, I asent in good maner;
Go ye be-fore; I sue[15] yow ner;
For a-man at alle tymys beryt[16] reverens.

CORIOSTE. Now, be my trowth, ye be with other ten.[17]
Felle a pese,[18] Taverner! let vs sen[19]
Soppes in wyne. How, love ye?

MARI. As ye don, so doth me.
I am ryth glad that met be we;
My loue in yow gynnyt to close.

CORYOSTE. Now, derlyng dere, wol yow do be my rede?[1]
We haue dronkyn and ete lytyl brede.
Wyll we walk to a-nother stede?[2]

MARI. Ewyn at your wyl, my dere derlyng!
Thowe ye wyl go to the wordes eynd,
I wol neuer from yow wynd,[3]
To dye for your sake.

*Here xal Mary and the Galont a-woyd.*

[*The Stage of the World, where the World, the Flesh, and the Devil are still assembled.*]

*And the bad Angyll goth to the Word, the Flych, and the Dylfe, thus sayyng the Bad Angyll.*

[BAD ANGYL.] A lorges,[4] a lorges, lorddes alle at onys!
Ye haue a servant fayer and afyabylle,
For she is fallyn in ower grogly gromys![5]
Ya, Pryde, callyd Corioste, to hur is ful lavdabyll,
And to hur he is most preysseabyll,[6]
For she hath gravnttyd hym al his bones;[7]
She thynkyt his person so amyabyll,
To her syte he is semelyar[8] than ony kyng in trones.[9]

SATAN. A! how I tremyl and trott for yese tydynges!
She is a soveryn servant that hath hur fet[10] in synne.
Go thow agayn, and ewer be hur gyde.
The lavdabyll lyfe of lecherry let hur neuer lynne,[11]
For of hur al helle xall make reioysseyng.

*Here goth the Bad Angyl to Mari a-gayn.*

SATAN. Fare-well, fare-well, ye t[w]o nobyl kynges this tyde!
For whom in hast I wol me dresse.

---

[1] Have.
[2] Desire.
[3] Drink.
[4] Duchess.
[5] Eye.
[6] Alliance.
[7] Think.
[8] Woman of ill fame (cf. "callet").
[9] Princess.
[10] Healing, cure.
[11] Teach.
[12] Spirit.
[13] Good breeding.
[14] Know.
[15] Follow.
[16] Beareth.
[17] With other things grieved.
[18] Fill a cup.
[19] See.

[1] Advice.
[2] Place.
[3] Go.
[4] Largess, reward.
[5] Grysly (terrible)? harms.
[6] Precious.
[7] Requests.
[8] Seemlier.
[9] Thrones.
[10] Fetched.
[11] Cease.

**World.** Fare-well, Satan, prynsse of pryde!
**Flesch.** Fare-well, sem[l]yest all sorowys to sesse!

*Here xal Satan go hom to his stage, and Mari xal entyr in-to the place alone, save the Bad Angyl. And al the Seuen Dedly Synnes xal be conveyyd in-to the howse of Symont Leprovs; they xal be a-rayyd lyke vij dylf, thus kept closse.*

[*The "Place," or middle region surrounded by the stages, supposed to be the city of Jerusalem. An arbour on one side.*]

*Mari xal be in an erbyr, thus seyynge:*

**Mari.** A! God be with my valentynes,[1]
My byrd swetyng, my lovys so dere!
For they be bote for a blossum of blysse.
Me mervellyt sore they be nat here.
But I woll restyn in this erbyr
Amons thes bamys[2] precyus of prysse,
Tyll som lover wol apere,
That me is wont to halse and kysse.

*Her xal Mary lye doun, and slepe in the erbyr.*

[*The stage of Simon the Leper, a house, with a table spread.*]

**Symond Leprus.** Thys day holly[3] I pot in rememberowns
To solas my gestes to my power.
I haue ordeynnyd a dyner of substawns,[4]
My chyff freyndes therwith to chyr.
In-to the sete[5] I woll a-pere,
For my gestes to make porvyawns,[6]
For tyme drayt ny to go to dyner,
And my offycyrs be redy with ther ordynowns.
So, wold to God, I myte have a-queyntowns[7]
Of the Profyth of trew perfytnesse,
To com to my place and porvyowns!
It wold rejoyse my hert in gret gladnesse;
For ye report of hys hye nobyll-nesse
Rennyt[8] in contreys fer and ner;
Hys precheyng is of gret perfythnes,
Of rythwysnesse, and mercy cleyr.

*Her entyr Symont in-to ye place.*[1]

[*The "Place." Mary's arbour at one side.*]

*The Good Angyll thus seyynge to Mary:*

[**Good Angyll.**] Woman, woman, why art thou so on-stabyll?
Ful bytterly thys blysse it wol be bowth![2]
Why art thou a-gens God so veryabyll?[3]
Wy thynkes thou nat God made the of nowth?
In syn and sorow thou art browth;
Fleschly lust is to ye full delectabyll.
Salue for thi sowle must be sowth;
And leve thi werkes wayn[4] and veryabyll.
Remembyr, woman, for thi pore pryde,
How thi sowle xal lyyn[5] in helle fyr!
A! remembyr how sorowful ittis to a-byde
With-owtyn eynd in angur and ir[e]!
Remembyr the on mercy; make thi sowle clyr!
I am the gost of goodnesse that so wold ye gydde.

**Mary.** A! how the speryt of goodnesse hat promtyt[6] me this tyde,
And temtyd me with tytyll of trew perfythnesse!
A-las! how betternesse in my hert doth a-byde!
I am wonddyd[7] with werkes of gret dystresse.
A! how pynsynesse[8] potyt me to oppresse,
That I haue synnyd on euery syde!
O Lord! w[h]o xall putt me from this peynfulnesse?
A! w[h]oo xal to mercy be my gostly gyde?
I xal porsue the Prophett, wherso he be,
For he is the welle of perfyth charyte;
Be[9] the oyle of mercy he xal me relyff.
With swete bawmys[10] I wyl sekyn hym this syth,[11]
And sadly folow his lordshep in eche degre.

---

[1] Valentines, lovers.
[2] Fragrant garden-herbs.
[3] Wholly.
[4] A grand dinner.
[5] City.
[6] Provision.
[7] Acquaintance.
[8] Runneth.

[1] The *platea* surrounded by the several "stages," here supposed to be "the city."
[2] Paid for.
[3] Variable.
[4] Vain.
[5] Lie.
[6] Prompted.
[7] Enveloped.
[8] Pensiveness.
[9] By.
[10] Balms, ointments.
[11] Time.

*Here xal entyr the Prophet with his desyplys [into the "Place," meeting Simon, and passing near Mary's arbour], thus seyyng Symont Leprus:*

[SYMONT.] Now ye be welcom, mastyr, most of magnyfycens!
I be-seche yow benyngly ye wol be so gracyows,
Yf that it be lekyng on-to yower hye presens,
Thys daye to com dyne at my hows.

IESUS. God a mercy, Symont, that thou wylt me knowe!
I woll entyr thi hows with pes and vnyte;
I am glad for to rest; ther grace gynnyt grow;
For with-inne thi hows xal rest charyte,
And the bemys of grace xal byn illumynows.
But syth thou wytyst-saff [1] a dyner cn me,
With pes and grace I entyr thi hows.

[*They go to the house of Simon the Leper.*]

[*The stage of Simon the Leper.*]

SYMOND. I thank yow, master, most benyng [2] and gracyus,
That yow wol of your hye soverente.
To me ittis a ioye most speceows,
With-inne my hows that I may yow se!
Now syt to the bord, mastyrs alle.

*Her xal Mary folow a-longe, with this lamentacyon:*

MARY. O I, cursyd cayftyff, that myche wo hath wrowth [3]
A-gens my makar, of mytes most!
I have offendyd hym with dede and thowth.
But in his grace is all my trost,
Or elles I know well I am but lost,
Body and sowle damdpnyd perpetuall.
Yet, good Lord of lorddes, my hope perhenuall,[4]
With the to stond in grace and fawour to se,
Thow knowyst my hart and thowt in especyal;
Therfor, good Lord, after my hart reward me.

*Her xal Mary wasche the fett of the Prophet with the terres of hur yys,[1] whypyng hem with hur herre, and than a-noynt hym with a precyus noyttment. Iesus dicit:*

[IESUS.] Symond, I thank ye speceally
For this grett r[e]past that her hath be;
But, Symond, I telle the fectually
I have thynges to seyn to the.

SYMOND. Master, qwat your wyll be,
And it plese yow, I well yow her;
Seyth your lykyng on-to me,
And al the plesawnt of your mynd and desyyr.

IESUS. Symond, ther was a man in this present lyf,
The wyche had t[w]o dectours [2] well suer,
The whych wher pore, and myth make no restoratyf,
But stylle in ther debt ded in-duour; [3]
The on[e] owght hym an hondyrd pense ful suer,
And the other fefty, so be-fell the chanse;
And be-cawse he cowd nat his mony recure,
They askyd hym forgewnesse; and he forgaf in substans.
But, Symont, I pray ye, answer me to this sentens;
Whych of thes t[w]o personnes was most be-holddyn to that man?

SYMOND. Master, and it plese your hey presens,
He that most owght hym, as my reson gef can.

IESUS. *Recte ivdicasti!* [4] thou art a wyse man,
And this quesson hast dempte [5] trewly.
Yff thu in thi concyens remembyr can,
Ye t[w]o be ye dectours that I of specefy.
But, Symond, be-hold this woman in al wyse,
How she with teres of hyr better [6] wepyng
She wassheth my fete, and dothe me servyse,

---

[1] Vouchsafest.
[2] Benign.
[3] Wrought.
[4] Perennial.

[1] Eyes.
[2] Debtors.
[3] Endure.
[4] Thou hast rightly judged.
[5] Judged.
[6] Bitter.

And anoy[n]tyt hem with onymentes, lowly knelyng,
And with her her,[1] fayer and brygth shynnyng,
She wypeth hem agayn with good in entent.
But, Symont, syth that I entyrd thi hows,
To wasshe my fete thou dedyst nat aplye,
Nor to wype my fete thou wer nat so faworus;
Wherfor in thi conscyens thou owttyst[2] nat to replye.
But, woman, I sey to the, werely,[3]
I forgeyffe the thi wrecchednesse,
And hol in sowle be thou made therby!

Maria. O blessyd be thou, Lord of euerlastyng lyfe!
And blyssyd be thi berth of that puer vergynne![4]
Blyssyd be thou, repast contemplatyf,
A-gens my seknes, helth and medsyn!
And for that I haue synnyd in the synne of pryde,
I wol en-abyte[5] me with humelyte;
A-gens wrath and envy, I wyl devyde
Thes fayer vertuys, pacyens and charyte.

Iesus. Woman, in contrysson thou art expert,
And in thi sowle hast inward mythe,[6]
That sumtyme were in desert,
And from therknesse[7] hast porchasyd lyth.
Thy feyth hath savyt the, and made the bryth;
Wherfor I sey to the, "*vade in pace*."[8]

*With this word vij dyllys xall de-woyde[9] frome the woman, and the Bad Angyll enter into hell with thondyr.*

[Maria.] O thou gloryus Lord! This rehersyd for my sped,[10]
Sowle helth attes[11] tyme for-to recure.
Lord, for that I was in whanhope,[12] now stond I in dred,
But that thi gret mercy with me may endure;
My thowth thou knewyst with-owtyn ony dowth.
Now may I trost the techeyng of Izaye in scryptur,
W[h]os report of thi nobyllnesse rennyt fer abowt.

Iesus. Blyssyd be they at alle tyme
That sen me nat[1] and have me in credens.
With contrysson thou hast mad a recumpens,
Thi sowle to save from all dystresse.
Be-war, and kepe the from alle neclygens,
And after thou xal be pertener[2] of my blysse.

*Here devodyte Iesus with his desipylles, the Good Angyll reioysynge ofe Mawdleyn.*

Good Angel. Holy God, hyest of omnipotency,
The astat of good governouns to the I recummend,
Humbylly be-secheyng thyn inperall glorye,
In thi devyn vertu vs to comprehend.
And, delectabyll Iesu, soverreyn sapyens,
Ower feyth we recummend on-to your purpete,[3]
Most mekely prayyng to your holy aparens,[4]
Illumyn ower ygnorans with your devynyte!
Ye be clepyd Redempcyon of sowlys defens,
Whyche shal ben obscuryd be[5] thi blessyd mortalyte.
O *lux vera*,[6] gravnt vs yower lucense,[7]
That with the spryte of errour I nat seduet[8] be!
And Sperytus alme,[9] to yow most benyne,
Thre persons in trenyte, and on[e] God eterne,
Most lowly ower feyth we consyngne,
That we may com to your blysse gloryfyed from malyngne,
And with your gostely[10] bred to fede vs, we desyern.

---

[1] Hair.
[2] Oughtst.
[3] Verily.
[4] Pure Virgin.
[5] Array.
[6] Might, power.
[7] Darkness.
[8] Depart in peace.
[9] Go out. See the stage-direction following line 63.
[10] Advantage.
[11] At this.
[12] Despair.

[1] That see me not.
[2] Partner, partaker.
[3] Proprietorship.
[4] Appearance.
[5] By.
[6] True light.
[7] Light.
[8] Misled.
[9] Reviving (the Holy Spirit).
[10] Spiritual.

*[The stage of the Devil.]*

**Satan.** A, owt! owt! and harrow! I am hampord with hate!
In hast wyl I set on iugment to se!
With thes betyll-browyd bycheys [1] I am at debate.
How! Belfagour, and Belzabub! com vp here to me!

*Here aperytte t[w]o dyvllys be-fore the master.*

**II. Diabolus.** Here, lord, here! Qwat wol ye?

**Satan.**[2] The iugment of harlottes here to se,
Settyng in iudycyal lyke a state.[3]
How, thow Bad Angyll! a-pere before my grace!

**Bad Angel.** As flat as fox, I falle before your face.

**Satan.** Thow theffe, wy hast thou don alle this trespas,
To lett then woman thi bondes breke?

**Bad Angel.** The speryt of grace sore ded hyr smyth,
And temptyd so sore that ipocryte.

**Satan.** Ya! thys hard balys [4] on thi bottokkys xall byte!
In hast on the I wol be wroke.
Cum vp, ye horsons, and skore a-wey the yche! [5]
And with thys panne [6] ye do hym pycche! [7]
Cum of, ye harlottes, that yt wer don!

*Here xall they serva all the seuyne as they do the freste.*

**Satan.** Now have I a part of my desyer:
Goo in-to this howsse, ye lordeynnes, here,
And loke ye set yt on a feyer,
And that xall hem a-wake.

*Here xall the tother deylles sette th howse [1] one a fyere, and make a sowth,[2] and Mari xall go to Lazar and to Martha.*

**Satan.** So, now have we well afrayyd [3] these felons ffals!
They be blasyd [4] both body and hals! [5]
Now to hell lett vs synkyn als,
To ower felaws blake.

*[The Castle of Maudleyn, Bethany.]*

*[Enter Mary to Lazarus and Martha.]*

**Mari.** O brother, my hartes consolacyown!
O blessyd in lyffe, and solytary!
The blyssyd Prophet, my comfortacyown,
He hathe made me clene and delectary,[6]
The wyche was to synne a subiectary.[7]
Thys kyng, Cryste, consedyryd his creacyown;
I was drynchyn [8] in synne deversarye [9]
Tyll that Lord relevyd me be his domynacyon,
Grace to me he wold never de-nye;
Thowe I were nevyr so synful, he seyd *"revertere!"* [10]
O, I synful creature, to grace I woll a-plye;
The oyle of mercy hath helyd myn infyrmyte.

**Martha.** Now worchepyd be that hey name Iesu,
The wyche in Latyn is callyd Savyower!
Fulfyllyng that word ewyn of dewe; [11]
To alle synfull and seke he is sokour.

**Lazarus.** Systyr, ye be welcum on-to yower towere!
Glad in hart of yower obessyawnse,
Wheyl that I leffe, I wyl serve hym with honour,
That ye have forsakyn synne and varyawns.[12]

**Mary.** Cryst, that is the lyth and the cler daye,

---

[1] Beetle-browed bitches.
[2] MS. tercius diabolus. Possibly something has been dropped in the text.
[3] Judicial-like estate.
[4] Rods.
[5] Itch.
[6] Pan.
[7] Smear with pitch.

[1] Presumably the superstructure over hell.
[2] Black smoke.
[3] Frightened.
[4] Burnt.
[5] Neck.
[6] Delectable.
[7] Subject.
[8] Overwhelmed.
[9] Divers.
[10] Turn again.
[11] By right, by just title.
[12] Variance.

He hath on-curyd the therknesse[1] of the clowdy nyth;
Of lyth the lucens and lyth veray,
W[h]os prechyng to vs is a gracyows lyth.
Lord, we be-seche the, as thou art most of myth,
Owt of the ded slep of therknesse de-fend vs aye!
Gyff vs grace ewyr[2] to rest in lyth,
In quyet and in pes to serve the nyth and day!

*Here xall Lazar take his deth, thus seyynge:*

[Lazarus.] A! help, help, systyrs! for charyte!
A-las! dethe is sett at my hart;
A! ley on handes! Wher ar ye?
A! I faltyr and falle! I wax alle onquarte![3]
A! I bome[4] a-bove! I wax alle swertt![5]
A, good Iesu, thow be my gyde!
A! no lengar now I reverte!
I yeld vp the gost! I may natt a-byde!

Mary. O, good brother, take covmforth and myth,
And lett non heuynes in yower hart a-byde;
Lett a-way[6] alle this feyntnesse and fretth,[7]
And we xal gete yow leches,[8] yower peynes to devyde.

Martha. A! I syth and sorow, and sey, a-las!
Thys sorow ys a-poynt[9] to be my confusyon.
Ientyl syster, hye we from this place,
For the Prophe[t] to hym hatt grett delectacyon.
Good brother, take somme comfortacyon,
For we woll go to seke yow cure.

[*The "Place"; Jesus walking with his disciples.*]

*Here goth Mary and Martha, and mett with Iesus, thus seyynge:*

[Mary and Martha.] O Lord Iesu, ower melleflueus swettnesse,
Thowe art grettest Lord in glorie!
Lover to the Lord, in all lowlynesse
Comfort thi creatur that to the crye!
Be-hold yower lover, good Lord, specyally,
How Lazar lyth seke in grett dystresse!
He ys thi lover, Lord, suerly;
On-bynd hym, good Lord, of his heuynesse!

Iesus. Of all in-fyrmyte, ther is non to deth,
For of all peynnes that is inpossyble.
To vndyr-stond be reson, to know the werke,
The ioye that is in Ierusallem heuenly,
Can never be compylyd be covnnyng of clerke,[1] —
To se the ioyys of the Fathyr in glory,
The ioyys of the Sonne whych owth[2] to be magnyfyed,
And of the Therd Person, the Holy Gost truly,
And alle iij but on[e] in heuen gloryfyed.
Now, women, that arn in my presens here,
Of my wordys take a-wysement;[3]
Go hom a-gen to yower brothyr Lazere;
My grace to hym xall be sent.

Mary. O thow gloryus Lord, here present,
We yeld to the salutacyon!
In ower weyys we be expedyent.
Now, Lord, vs defend from trybulacyon!

*Here goth Mary and Martha homvard, and Iesus devodyte.*

[*The Castle of Maudleyn, Bethany.*]

Lazarus. A! in woo I waltyr,[4] as wawys[5] in the wynd!
A-wey ys went all my sokour!
A! Deth, Deth, thou art on-kynd!
A! a! now brystyt[6] myn hartt! This is a sharp shower!
Fare-well, my systyrs, my bodely helth!

*Mortuis est.*[7]

Mary. Iesu, my Lord, be yower sokowr,
And he mott be yower gostes welth![8]

i. Miles. Goddes grace mott be hys governour,
In ioy euerlastyng for to be!

---

[1] Darkness.
[2] Ever.
[3] Dismayed.
[4] Hum, buzz (in the head).
[5] Black.
[6] Allow to pass.
[7] Fretting.
[8] Physicians.
[9] Appointed.

[1] Scholar.
[2] Ought, deserveth.
[3] Advisement.
[4] Welter.
[5] Waves.
[6] Bursteth.
[7] He is dead.
[8] Spirit's welfare.

**II. MILES.** A-monge alle good sowlys send hym favour,
As thi power ys most of dygnyte!

**MARTHA.** Now syn the chans is fallyn soo
That deth hath drewyn hym don [1] this day,
We must nedys ower devyrs [2] doo,
To the erth to bryng hym with-owt delay.

**MARY.** As the vse is now, and hath byn aye,
With wepers [3] to the erth yow hym bryng.
Alle this must be donne as I yow saye,
Clad in blake, with-owtyn lesyng.[4]

**I. MILES.** Gracyows ladyys of grett honour,
Thys pepull is com here in yower syth,
Wepyng and welyng with gret dolour
Be-cavse of my lordes dethe.

*Here the one knygth make redy the stone,*[5] *and other bryng in the wepars arayyd in blak.*

**I. MILES.** Now, good fryndes that here be,
Take vp thys body with good wyll,
And ley it in his sepoltur [6] semely to se.
Good Lord, hym save from alle maner ille!

*Lay hym in. Here al the pepyll resort to the castell.*

[*The "Place"; Jesus walking with his disciples.*]

*Thus seyynge Iesus:*

[**IESUS.**] Tyme ys comyn, of very cognysson.[7]
My dyssyplys, goth with me,
For to fulfyll possybyll peticion.
Go we to-gether in-to Iude,
Ther Lazar, my frynd, is he;
Gow we to-gether as chyldyurn of lyth;
And, from grevos slepe, sawen [8] heym wyll we.

**DISSIPULUS.** Lord, it plese yower myty volunte,[1]
Thow he slepe, he may be savyd be skyll.

**IESUS.** That is trew, and be possybilyte;
Therfor of my deth shew yow I wyll.
My Fathyr, of nemyows [2] charyte,
Sent me, his Son, to make redemcyon,
Wyche was conseyvyd be puer [3] verginyte,
And so in my mother had cler incarnacyon;
And therfor must I suffyr grewos [4] passyon
Ondyr Povnse Pylat, with grett perplexite,
Betyn, bobbyd, skoernyd, crownnyd with thorne:
Alle this xall be the soferons [5] of my deite.
I, therfor, hastely folow me now,
For Lazar is ded verely to preve;
Whe[r]for I am ioyfull, I sey on-to yow,
That I knowledge [6] yow ther-with, that ye may it beleve.

*Here xal Iesus com with his dissipules [walking toward the Castel of Maudleyn]; and one Iew tellyt Martha:*

[**IEW.**] A! Martha, Martha! be full of gladnesse!
For the Prophett ys comyng, I sey trewly,
With his dyssypylles in grett lowlynesse;
He shall yow comfortt with his mercy.

*Here Martha xall ronne a-gene Iesus [as he approaches the Castle of Maudleyn], thus seyynge:*

[**MARTHA.**] A, Lord! me, sympyl creatur, nat denye!
Thow I be wrappyd in wrecchydnesse!
Lord, and thou haddyst byn her, werely [7]
My brother had natt a byn ded; I know well thysse.

**IESUS.** Martha, docctor,[8] on-to the I sey
Thy brother xall reyse agayn.

**MARTHA.** Yee, Lord, at the last day;
That I be-leve ful pleyn.

**IESUS.** I am the resurreccyon of lyfe, that euer xall reynne; [9]

---

[1] Driven him down. [2] Duties.
[3] Weepers, mourners. [4] Lie.
[5] The tomb was arranged in the "Place" near the Castle of Maudleyn.
[6] Sepulchre. [7] Knowledge. [8] Save.

[1] Will. [2] Exceeding.
[3] Pure. [4] Grievous.
[5] Sufferance. [6] Acquaint.
[7] Verily. [8] Daughter. [9] Reign.

And whoso be-levyt verely in me
Xall have lyfe euerlastyng, the soth to seyn.[1]
Martha, be-levyst thow this [truly]?

**Martha.** Ye, forsoth, the Prynsse of Blysch![2]
I be-leve in Cryst, the Son of sapyens,
Whyche with-owt eynd ryngne[3] xall be,[4]
To redemyn vs freell[5] from ower iniquite.

*Here Mary xall falle to Iesus, thus seyynge Mary:*

**Mary.** O thou rythewys[6] regent, reynyng in equite!
Thou gracyows Lord! Thou swete Iesus!
And thou haddyst byn her, my brothyr a-lyfe had be.
Good Lord, myn hertt doth this dyscus.

**Iesus.** Wher have ye put hym? sey me thys.

**Mary.** In his mo[nu]ment, Lord, is he.

**Iesus.** To that place ye me wys;[7]
Thatt grave I desyre to se.

[*They lead Jesus to the tomb of Lazarus in the "Place" near the Castle of Maudleyn.*]

Take of the ston of this monvment!
The agrement of grace her shewyn I wyll.

**Martha.** A, Lord, yower preseptt fulfyllyd xall be;
Thys ston I remeve with glad chyr.
Gracyows Lord, I aske the mercy,
Thy wyll mott be fullfyllyd here.

*Here xal Martha put ofe the grave-stone.*

**Iesus.** Now, Father, I be-seche thyn hey paternyte,
That my prayour be resowndable to thi Fathyrod in glory,
To opyn theyn erys[1] to thi Son in humanyte!
Nat only for me, but for thi pepyll verely,
That they may be-leue, and be-take[2] to thi mercy.
Fathyr, for them I make supplycacyon.
Gracyows Father, gravnt me my bone![3]
Lazer! Lazer! com hethyr to me!

*Here xall Lazar a-ryse, trossyd[4] with towelles, in a shete.[5]*

**Lazar.** A! my makar! my Savyowr! blyssyd mott thou be!
Here men may know thi werkes of wondyr!
Lord, no thy[n]g ys on-possybyll to the,
For my body and my sowle was departyd asonder!
I xuld a-rottyt, as doth the tondyr,[6]
Fleysch from the bonys a-consumyd a-way.
Now is a-loft, that late was ondyr!
The goodnesse of God hath don for me here;
For he is bote of all balys[7] to on-bynd,
That blyssyd Lord that here ded a-pere.

*Here all the pepull, and the Iewys, Mari, and Martha with one woys sey thes wordes: "We be-leve in yow Savyowr! Iesus! Iesus! Iesus!"*

[**Iesus.**] Of yower good hertes I have advertacyounes,[8]
Where-thorow,[9] in sowle holl[10] made ye be;
Be-twyx yow and me be never varyacyounes,
Wherfor I sey, "*vade in pace.*"[11]

*Here devoydyt Iesus with his desypylles: Mary and Martha and Lazare gone home to the castell.*

---

[1] The truth to say.
[2] Bliss.
[3] Reigning.
[4] MS. he.
[5] Frail beings.
[6] Righteous.
[7] Guide.

---

[1] Ears.
[2] Commit themselves.
[3] Request.
[4] Trussed, wrapped.
[5] Sheet.
[6] Tinder.
[7] Healer of all griefs.
[8] Advertisement.
[9] By means of which.
[10] Whole, well.
[11] Depart in peace.

# THE PLAY OF THE SACRAMENT [1]

## [THE BANNS.]

I. VEXILLATOR. Now the Father and the Sune and the Holy Goste,
That all this wyde worlde hat[h] wrowg[h]t,
Save all thes semely,[1] bothe leste and moste,
And bryn[g]e yow to the blysse that he hath yow to bowght![2]
We be ful purposed, with hart and with thowght,
Off oure mater to tell the entent,
Off the marvellis that wer wondurfely wrowght
Off the holi and bleyssed Sacrament.

II. VEXILLATOR.[3] Sid[s]eyns,[4] and yt lyke yow to here the purpoos of this play
That [ys] representyd now in yower syght,
Whych in Aragon was doon, the sothe[5] to saye,
In Eraclea, that famous cyte, aryght:
Therin wonneth[6] a merchante off mekyll[7] myght, —
Syr Arystorye was called hys name, —
Kend[8] full fere with mani a wyght;[9]
Full fer in the worlde sprong hys fame.

I. VEXILLATOR. Anon to hym ther cam a Jewe,
With grete rychesse for the nonys,[10]
And wonneth[11] in the cyte of Surrey, — this [is] full trewe, —
The wyche had gret plente off precyous stonys.

Off this Cristen merchante he freyned[1] sore,
Wane[2] he wolde haue had hys entente.
Twenti pownd, and merchandyse mor,
He proferyd for the Holy Sacrament.

II. VEXILLATOR. But the Christen merchante theroff sed nay,
Because hys profer was of so lityll valewe;
An hundder pownd but he wolde pay,
No lenger theron he shuld pursewe.

But mor off ther purpos they gun[n]e speke,
The Holi Sacramente for to bye;
And all for [that] the[i] wolde be wreke,[3]
A gret sume off gold begune down ley.

I. VEXILLATOR. Thys Crysten merchante consentyd, the sothe to sey,
And, in the nyght affter, made hym delyuerance.
Thes Jewes all grete joye made they.
But off thys betyde a stranger chance:

They grevid our Lord gretly on grownd,[4]
And put hym to cruell passyon —
With daggers gouen[5] hym many a grieuyos wound;
Nayled hym to a pyller; with pynsons[6] plukked hym doune.

II. VEXILLATOR. And sythe[7] thay toke that blysed brede so sownde,[8]

---

[1] Assembly. [2] Redeemed.
[3] From this point on the MS. has *Secundus* and *Primus* alternately for the speakers' names.
[4] Citizens; emend. by Manly. But the MS., says Waterhouse, may be *Souereyns.*
[5] Truth. [6] Dwelleth. [7] Great.
[8] Known. [9] Person.
[10] A metrical tag without special meaning.
[11] Dwelleth.

[1] Enquired. [2] When. [3] Avenged.
[4] On the earth (a metrical tag). [5] Gave.
[6] Pincers. [7] Then. [8] Good.

[1] The manuscript, now preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, was written in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and apparently was the work of Irish scribes. The play itself, however, was unquestionably of English origin, the dialect belonging to the East Midland section. According to the Banns the performance was designed for Croxton; there are no less than seven places of this name in England, five being in the East Midland section. I have based the text on *The Non-Cycle Mystery Plays*, re-edited from the manuscripts for the Early English Text Society by Osborn Waterhouse, 1909; but I have carefully collated this with the editions by Manly and Stokes, and have adopted the stanzaic divisions of Manly, which seem to me more logical than those employed by Waterhouse. I have modernized the punctuation and have added, in brackets, stage directions.

And in a cawdron [1] they ded hym boyle,
In a clothe full just they yt wounde,
And so they ded hym sethe [2] in oyle;

And than thay putt hym to a new tormentry,
In an hoote ouyn [3] speryd [4] hym fast:
There he appyred [5] with woundis blody;
The ovyn rofe [6] asondre and all tobrast.[7]
I. Vexillator. Thus in ouer lawe they wer made stedfast;
The Holy Sacrament shewyd [8] them grette faueur;
In contrycyon th[e]yr hertis wer cast,
And went and shewyd ther lyues to a confesour.

Thus, be maracle off the Kyng of Hevyn,
And by myght and power govyn to the prestis mowthe,
In an howshold wer convertyd, i-wys, elevyn.
At Rome this myracle ys knowen well kowthe.[9]
II. Vexillator. Thys marycle at Rome was presented, for sothe,
Yn the yere of your Lord a M$^{\text{l}}$cccclxi,
That the Jewes that Holy Sacrament dyd with,
In the forest seyd of Aragon.

Below thus God at a tyme showyd hym there,
Thorwhe hys mercy and hys mekyll myght;
Vnto the Jewes he gan [1] appere
That thei shuld nat lesse [2] hys hevenly lyght.
I. Vexillator. So therfor, frendis, with all your myght
Vnto youer gostly father shewe your synne;
Beth [3] in no wanhope [4] daye nor nyght.
No maner off dowghtis [5] that Lord put in;

For that the dowgthtis the Jewys than in stode, —
As ye shall se pleyd,[6] both more and lesse, —
Was yff the Sacrament wer flesshe and blode;
Therfor they put yt to suche dystresse.
II. Vexillator. And [7] yt place yow, thys gaderyng [8] that here ys,
At Croxston [9] on Monday yt shall be sen.
To sen the conclusyon of this lytell processe
Hertely welcum shall yow bene.

Now Jhesu yow sawe [10] from treyn and tene,[11]
To send vs hys hyhe ioyes of hevyne,
There myght ys withouton mynd [12] to mene!
Now, mynstrell, blow vp with a mery stevyn!

*Explicit.*

---

[1] Cauldron.
[2] Boil.
[3] Oven.
[4] Shut.
[5] Appeared out.
[6] Split, broke
[7] Burst to pieces.
[8] Shewed.
[9] Known.

[1] MS. *gayn;* corr. by Manly.
[2] Lose.
[3] Be.
[4] Despair.
[5] Doubts.
[6] Played.
[7] If.
[8] Gathering.
[9] See page 243, note 1.
[10] Save.
[11] Pain and vexation.
[12] More than one can calculate (see *N.E.D.*, mind, 7c, and 20).

## Here after foloweth the Play of the Conuersyon of Ser Jonathas the Jewe by Myracle of the Blyssed Sacrament.

[*The Stage of the Christian Merchant, Aristorius. Aristorius, with his clerk, Peter Paul, and his chaplain, Sir Isoder.*]

Aristorius Mercator. Now Cryst, that ys ouer Creatour, from shame he cure vs;
He maynteyn vs with myrth that meve vpon the mold;[1]
Vnto hys endlesse joye myghtly he restore vs,
All tho [1] that in hys name in peas well them hold!
For of a merchante most myght therof my tale ys told;
In Eraclea ys non suche, woso wyll vnderstond.
For off all Aragon I am most myghty of syluer and of gold, —

---

[1] Earth.

[1] Those

For, and yt wer a countre to by, now wold I nat wond.[1]

Syr Arystory is my name,
A merchante myghty, of a royall araye.
Ful wyde in this worlde spryngyth my fame,
Fere kend [2] and knowen, the sothe for to saye.
In all maner of londis, without ony naye,
My merchandyse renneth, the sothe for to tell;
In Gene, and in Jenyse, and in Genewaye,
In Surrey, and in Saby, and in Salern I sell;

In Antyoche and in Almayn moch ys my myght,
In Braban and in Brytayn I am full bold,
In Calabre and in Coleyn ther rynge [3] I full ryght,
In Dordrede and in Denmark [I] [4] be the chyffe told,[5]
In Alysander I haue abundaunse in the wyde world,
In France and in Farre fresshe be my flower[is],
In Gyldre and in Galys haue I bowght and sold,
In Hamborowhe and in Holond moche merchantdyse ys owris;

In Jerusalem and in Jherico among the Jewes jentle,
Among the Caldeys and Cattlyngis kend ys my komyng;
In Raynes and in Rome to Seynt Petyrs temple
I am knowen certenly for bying and sellyng;

In Mayne and in Melan full mery haue I be;[6]
Owt of Navern to Naples moch good ys that I bryng;
In Pondere and in Portyngale moche ys my gle;[7]
In Spayne and in Spruce moche ys my spedyng;
In Lombardy and in Lachborun, there ledde ys my lykyng;
In Taryfe and in Turkey, there told ys my tale;
And in the Dukedom of Oryon moche have I in weldyng:[1]
And thus thorowght all this world sett ys my sale.

No man in thys world may weld more rychesse;
All I thank God of hys grace, for he yt me sent;
And as a lordis pere thus lyve I in worthynesse.
My curat wayteth vpon me to know myn entent,
And men at my weldyng; and all ys me lent
My well for to worke in thys worlde so wyde.
Me dare they nat dysplese by no condescent,
And who-so doth, he ys not able to abyde.

**Presbyter.** No man shall you tary ne toroble thys tyde,
But every man delygently shall do yow plesance;[2]
And I vnto my connyng [3] to the best shall hem guyde
Vnto Godis plesyng to serue to attruenance.[4]
For ye be worthy and notable in substance of good;
Off merchantes of Aragon ye have no pere, —
And therof thank God that dyed on the roode,[5]
That was your makere, and hath yow dere.

**Aristorius.** For soth, syr pryst, yower talkyng ys good;
And therfor affter your talkyng I wyll atteyn

---

[1] Turn away. [2] Known.
[3] Reign. [4] Supplied by Manly.
[5] Counted. [6] Been. [7] Mirth.

[1] Control. [2] Pleasure.
[3] Knowledge. [4] Instruction.
[5] Cross.

To wourshyppe my God that dyed on the roode;
Neuer whyll that I lyve ageyn that wyll I seyn![1]
But, Petyr Powle, my clark, I praye the goo wele pleyn[2]
Thorowght all Eraclea, that thow ne wonde,[3]
And wytte[4] yff ony merchante be come to this reyn[5]
Of Surrey or of Sabe or of Shelysdown.

CLERICUS. At youer wyll for to walke I wyl not say nay,
Smertly to go serche at the wateris syde;
Yff ony pleasant bargyn be to your paye,[6]
As swyftly as I can I shall hym to yow guyde.
Now wyll I walke by thes pathes wyde,
And seke the haven both vp and down
To wette[7] yf ony on know[e]th shyppes therin do ryde,
Of Surrey or of Saby [or] of Shelysdown.

*Now shall the merchantis man* [*Peter Paul*] *withdrawe hym, and the Jewe Jonathas shall make hys bost.*

[*The Stage of the Jewish Merchant, Jonathas. Jonathas with his four servants, Jason, Jasdon, Masphat, and Malcus.*]

JONATHAS. Now, almyghty Machomet, marke[8] in thi mageste,
Whose laws tendrely I have to fulfyll,
After my dethe bryng me to thy hyhe see,[9]
My sowle for to save, yff yt be thy wyll!
For myn entent ys for to fulfyll,
As my gloryus God the to honer.[10]
To do agen[11] thy entent, yt shuld gr[e]ue me yll
Or agen thyn lawe for to reporte;

For I thanke the hayly[12] that hast me sent
Gold, syluer and presyous stonys;
And abu[n]ddance of spycis thou hast me lent,
As I shall reherse before yow onys:
I have amatystis[1] ryche for the nonys,
And baryllis[2] that be bryght of ble,
And saphyre semely I may show yow attonys,
And crystalys clere for to se;

I have dyamantis derewourthy so to dresse,
And emerawdis, ryche I trow they be,
Onyx and achatis[3] both more and lesse,
Topazyons, smaragdis[4] of grete degre,
Perlys precyous grete plente;
Of rubes ryche I have grete renown;
Crepawdis[5] and calcedonyes semely to se,
And curyous carbunclys here ye fynd moren;[6]

Spycis I hawe both grete and smale
In my shyppes, the sothe for to saye,
Gyngere, lycoresse, and cannyngalle,[7]
And fygis fatte to plese yow to paye,[8]
Peper, and saffyron, and spycis smale,
And datis wole[9] dulcett for to dresse,
Almundis, and reys,[10] full euery male,[11]
And reysones[12] both more and lesse;

Cloueys, grenynis,[13] and gynger grene,
Mace, mastyk[14] that myght ys,
Synymone,[15] suger, as yow may sene,
Long peper, and Indas lycorys,
Orengis and apples of grete apryce,
Pungarnetis, and many other spycis, —
To tell yow all I haue now, i wys, —
And moche other merchandyse of sundry spycis.

Jew Jonathas ys my name;
Jazun and Jazdun thei waytyn on my wyll,
Masfat and Malchus they do the same,
As ye may knowe, yt ys bothe rycht[16] and skyll.
I telle yow all, bi dal and by hylle,
In Eraclea ys noon so moche of myght.

---

[1] Say. [2] Directly. [3] Desist.
[4] Know, learn. [5] Realm.
[6] Satisfaction. [7] Know.
[8] Murky, dark. [9] Seat.
[10] This line, or line 76, seems to be corrupt.
[11] Against. [12] Wholly.

[1] Amethysts. [2] Beryls. [3] Agates.
[4] Emeralds. [5] Toad-stones.
[6] The rhyme requires *mown*.
[7] Ganyngale, or galingale, an aromatic root.
[8] Gratification. [9] Very. [10] Rice.
[11] Sack. [12] Raisins.
[13] Grains of paradise. [14] Mastic.
[15] Cinnamon. [16] Right.

Werfor ye owe tenderli to tende[1] me tyll,
For I am chefe merchante of Jewes, I telle yow be ryght.

But, Jazun and Jazdun, a mater wollde I mene,[2] —
Merveilously yt ys ment in mynde, —
The beleve[3] of thes Crysten men ys false, as I wene,
For the[y] beleve in a cake, — me thynk yt ys onkynde,[4] —
And all they seye how the prest dothe yt bynd,[5]
And be[6] the myght of hys word make yt flesshe and blode, —
And thus be a conceyte the[y] wolde make vs blynd, —
And how that yt shuld be he that deyed upon the rode.

Jasun. Yea, yea, master, a strawe for talis!
That ma not fae iln my beleve!
But myt we yt gete onys[7] within our pales,[8]
I trowe we shuld sone affter putt yt in a preve![9]
Jazdun. Now, be Machomete so myghty, that ye doon of meue,[10]
I wold I wyste how that we myght yt gete!
I swer be my grete god, and ellys mote I nat cheue,[11]
But wyghtly[12] theron wold I be wreke.[13]

Masphat. Yea, I dare sey feythfulli that ther feyth [ys fals:][14]
That was neuer he that on Caluery was kyld!
Or in bred for to be blode yt ys ontrewe als;[15]
But yet with ther wyles thei wold we were wyld.[16]
Malcus. Yea, I am myghty Malchus, that boldly am byld.[17]
That brede for to bete byggly am I bent.
Onys out of ther handis and yt myght be exyled,
To helpe castyn yt in care wold I consent.

---

[1] Pay heed.
[2] Mention.
[3] Belief.
[4] Unnatural.
[5] Bind (with words).
[6] By.
[7] Once.
[8] Limits.
[9] Proof.
[10] Move, suggest.
[11] Prosper.
[12] Swiftly.
[13] Avenged.
[14] Supplied by Manly.
[15] Also.
[16] Deceived.
[17] Built.

Jonat[h]as. Well, syrse,[1] than kype cunsel, I cummande yow all,
And no word of all thys be wyst.
But let us walke to see Arystories halle,
And afterward more consell among vs shall caste.
With hym to bey and to sel I am of powere prest;[2]
A bargyn with hym to make I wyll assaye;
For gold and syluer I am nothyng agast
But that we shall get that cake to ower paye.[3]

[*The Stage of Aristorius.*]

*Her shall ser Ysodyr, the prest, speke ont[o] ser Arystori, seyng on thys wyse to hym; and Jonat[h]as goo don of his stage.*

Presbiter. Syr, be yowr leue, I may [nat] lengere dwell.
Yt ys fer paste none;[4] yt ys tyme to go to cherche,
There to saye myn evynsong, forsothe as I yow tell,
And syth[5] come home ageyne, as I am wont to werche.[6]

Aristorius. Sir Isydor, I praye yow walke at yowr wylle.
For to serfe God yt ys well done;
And, syr, come agene, ye shall suppe your fylle,
And walke then to yo[u]r chamber, as ye are wont to doon.

[*On the platea.*]

*Her shall the marchant's man*[7] *mete with the Jewes.*

Jonathas. A! Petre Powle, good daye, and wele i-mett!
Wer ys thy master, as I the pray?
Clericus. Lon[g] from hym haue I not lett

---

[1] Sirs.
[2] Ready.
[3] Satisfaction.
[4] Noon.
[5] Then.
[6] Accustomed to do.
[7] MS. *marchant men;* corr. by Stokes.

Syt[h] I cam from hym, the sothe for to saye.
W[h]at tidyng with yow, ser, I yow praye,
Affter my master that ye doo frayen?[1]
Haue ye ony bargen that wer to hys paye?
Let me haue knowlech; I shall wete[2] hym to seyn.[3]

Jhonathas. I haue bargenes royalle and ry[c]h
For a marchante with to bye and sell;
In all thys lond is ther non lyke
Off abondance of good, as I will tell.

*[The Stage of Aristorius.]*

*Her shall the clerk goon to ser Aristori, saluting him thus:*

Clericus. All hayll, master, and wel mot[4] yow be!
Now tydyngis can I yow tell:
The grettest marchante in all Surre
Ys come with yow to bey and sell;

Syr Jonathas ys hys nam,
A marchant of ryght gret fame.
This tale ryght well he me told:
He wollde sell yow, without blame,
Plente of clothe of golde.

Aristorius. Petre Powle, I can[5] the thanke!
I prey the rychely araye myn hall
As owyth[6] for a marchant of the banke.
Lete non defawte[7] be fownd at all.
Clericus. Sekyrly,[8] master, no more ther shall.
Styffly about I thynke to stere,
Hasterli to hange your parlowr with pall,[9]
As longeth for a lordis pere.

*Here shall the Jewe merchante and his men come to the Cristen merchante.*

Jonathas. All haylle, syr Aristorye, semele[10] to se,
The myghtyest merchante off Arigon!
Off yower welfare fayn wet[1] wold we,
And to bargeyn with you this day am I boun.

Aristorius. Sir Jonathas, ye be wellecum vnto myn hall!
I pray yow come vp and sit bi me,
And tell me wat good ye haue to sell,
And yf ony bargeyn mad may be.

Jonathas. I haue clothe of gold, precyous stons, and spycis plente.
Wyth yow a bargen wold I make; —
I wold bartre wyth yow in pryvyte.
On[e] lytell thyng, ye wylle me yt take[2]
Prevely on this stownd,
And I wolle sure yow, be thys lyght,
Neuer dystrie[3] yow daye nor nyght,
But be sworn to yow full ryght, —
And geve yow twenti pownde.

Aristorius. Ser Jonathas, sey me, for my sake,
What maner of marchandis ys that ye mene?
Jonathas. Yowr God, that ys full mytheti, in a cake, —
And thys good, anoon, shall yow seen.
[Aristorius.] Nay, in feyth, that shall not bene.
I wollnot for an hundder pownd
To stond in fere my Lord to tene,[4]
And for so lytell a walew[5] in conscyen[c]e to stond bownd.

Jonathas. Ser, the entent ys if I myght knowe or vndertake
Yf that he were God all-myght.
Off all my mys[6] I woll amende make,
And doone hym wourshepe bothe day and nyght.

Aristorius. Jonathas, trowth I shall the tell:
I stond in gret dowght to do that dede
To yow that bere all for to sell;
I fere me that I shuld stond in drede;
For, and I vnto the chyrche yede,[7]

---

[1] Inquire.
[2] Know.
[3] Say, tell.
[4] May.
[5] Give.
[6] Oweth, beseemeth.
[7] Default, lack.
[8] Surely.
[9] Rich cloths.
[10] Seemly.

[1] Know.
[2] Deliver.
[3] Betray.
[4] Injure, grieve
[5] Value.
[6] Misdeeds.
[7] Went.

And preste or clerke myght me aspye,
To the bysshope thei wolde go tell that dede,
And apeche me of eresye.

Jonathas. Sir, as for that, good shyffte may ye make,
And, for a vaylle,[1] to walkyne on a nyght
W[h]an prest and clerk to rest ben take;
Than shall ye be spyde of no wyght.
Aristorius. Now sey me, Jonathas, be this lyght!
W[h]at payment therfor wollde yow me make?
Jonathas. Forty pownd, and pay yt fulryght,
Evyn for that Lorde sake.

Aristorius. Nay, nay, Jonathas, thereagen;
I wold not for an hundder pownd.
Jonathas. Ser, hir ys yower askyng, toolde pleyn!
I shall yt tell [2] in this stownd.

[*Counts out the money.*]

Here is a hundder pownd, neyther mor nor lesse,
Of dokettis good, I dar well saye.
Tell [2] yt er yow from me passe.
Me thynketh yt a royalle araye!

But fyrst, I pray yow, tell me thys:
Off thys thyng whan shall I hafe delyuerance?
Aristori[us]. To morowe betymes. I shall not myse;
This nyght therfor I shall make purveance.

Syr Isodyr he ys now at chyrch,
There seyng hys evensong,
As yt ys worshepe for to werche.
He shall sone cum home, — he wyll nat be long, —
Hys soper for to eate;
And whene he ys buskyd to [3] hys bedde,
Ryght sone there-after he shalbe spedd. —
No speche among yow ther be spredd;
To kepe your toungis ye nott lett.[1]

Jonathas. Syr, almyghty Machomyght be with yow!
And I shalle cume agayn ryght sone.
Arystorius. Jonathas, ye wott [2] what I haue sayd, and how
I shall walke for that we haue to donn.

*Here goeth the Iewys away, and the preste commyth home.*

Presbiter. Syr, almyghty God mott be yower gyde
And glad yow where-soo ye rest!
Aristorius. Syr, ye be welcom home thys tyde!
Now, Peter, gett vs wyne of the best.

[*Enter Peter with wine and bread.*]

Clericus. Syr, here ys a drawte of Romney Red, —
Ther ys no better in Aragon, —
And a lofe of lyght bred;
Yt ys holesame, as sayeth the fesycyoun.[3] [*Exit Peter.*]

Arystorius. Drynke of[f], ser Isoder, and be of good chere!
Thys Romney ys good to goo with to reste;
Ther ys no precyouser fer nor nere,
For alle wykkyd metys [4] yt wylle degest.

Presbiter. Syr, thys wyne ys good at a taste,
And ther-of haue I drunke ryght welle.
To bed to gone thus haue I cast,
Euyn strayt after thys mery mele.

Now, ser, I pray to God send yow good nyght,[5]
For to my chamber now wyll I gonne.
Aristorius. Ser, with yow be God almyght,
And sheld yow euer from yowr fone![6]

[*Exit Presbiter to bed.*]

---

[1] Veil, concealment. [2] Count.
[3] Has made ready for.

[1] Forbear. [2] Know.
[3] Physician. [4] Indigestible foods.
[5] MS. *rest*. [6] Foes.

*Here shall Aristorius call hys clarke to hys presens.*

Howe, Peter! In the ys all my trust,
In especyall to kepe my consell:
For a lytyll waye walkyne I must;
I wyll not be longe. Trust as I the telle.

[*He enters the platea and walks toward the church.*]

Now preuely wyll I perseue[1] my pace,
My bargayn thys nyght for to fulfyll.
Ser Isoder shall nott know of thys case,
For he hath oftyn sacred,[2] as that ys skyll.
The chyrche key ys at my wyll;
Ther ys no-thynge that me shall tary;
I wyll nott abyde by dale nor hyll
Tyll yt be wrowght, by Saynt Mary!

*Here shal he enter the chyrche and take the Hoost.*

Ah! now haue I all myn entent.
Vnto Jonathas now wyll I fare.[3]
To fullfyll my bargayn haue I ment;
For that mony wyll amend my fare,[4]
As thynketh me.

[*Exit from church to the platea.*]

But nowe wyll I passe by thes pathes playne;
To mete with Jonathas I wold fayne.
Ah! yonder he commyth in certayne;
Me thynkyth I hym see!

[*Enter Jonathas.*]

Welcom, Jonathas, gentyll and trew,
For well and trewly thou kepyst thyn howre.
Here ys the Host, sacred newe.
Now wyll I home to halle and bowre.

Jonathas. And I shall kepe thys trusty treasure
As I wold doo my gold and fee.
Now in thys clothe I shall the couer,
That no wyght shall the see.

*Here shall Arystory goo hys waye [and Jonathas shall return to his stage].*

[*The stage of the Jewish Merchant, Jonathas.*]

*And Jonathas and hys seruauntis shall goo to the tabylle, thus sayng:*

Jonathas. Now, Jason and Jasdon, ye be Jewys jentyll,
Masfatt and Malchus, that myghty arn in mynd,
Thys merchant from the Crysten temple
Hathe gett vs thys bred that make vs thus blynd.
Now, Jason, as jentyll as euer was the lynde,[1]
Into the forsayd parlowr[2] preuely take thy pase;
Sprede a clothe on the tabyll that ye shall there fynd,
And we shall folow after to carpe[3] of thys case.

*Now the Jewys goon and lay the Ost on the tabyll, sayng:*

Jonathas. Syris, I praye yow all, harkyn to my sawe![4]
Thes Crysten men carpyn of a mervelows case;
They say that this ys Ihesu that was attaynted[5] in ower lawe,
And that thys ys he that crwcyfyed was.

On thes wordys there lawe growndyd hath he
That he sayd on Sherethursday[6] at hys soper:
He brake the brede and sayd *Accipite*,[7]
And gave hys dyscyplys them for to chere;
And more he sayd to them there,
Whyle they were all together and sum,
Syttyng at the table soo clere,
*Comedite; [hoc est] corpus meum.*[8]

---

[1] Waterhouse prints *preue*, Manly *perseue*.
[2] Consecrated the bread.
[3] Go.
[4] Condition, welfare.

[1] Linden, lime-tree.
[2] Dining room.
[3] Talk.
[4] Saying.
[5] Condemned.
[6] Sheer Thursday, the Thursday in Holy Week.
[7] "Take."
[8] "Eat; this is my body." The words in brackets supplied from the Vulgate, Matthaeus xxvi, 26

And thys powre he gaue Peter to proclame,
And how the same shuld be suffycyent to all prechors.
The bysshoppys and curatis saye the same;
And soo, as I vnderstond, do all hys progenytors.

**Jason.** Yea, sum men in that law reherse another:
They say of a maydyn borne was hee,
And how Joachyms dowghter shuld be hys mother,
And how Gabrell apperyd and sayd *Aue;*
And with that worde she shuld conceyuyd be,
And that in hyr shuld lyght[1] the Holy Gost.
Ageyns ower law thys ys false heresy, —
And yett they saye he ys of myghtis most.

**Jasdon.** They saye that Ihesu to be ower kynge,
But I wene he bowght that full dere!
But they make a royall aray of hys vprysyng;[2]
And that in euery place ys prechyd farre and nere,
And how he to hys dyscyples agayn dyd appere,
To Thomas, and to Mary Mawdelen;[3]
And syth how he styed[4] by hys own powre.
And thys, ye know well, ys heresy full playn.

**Masphat.** Yea, and also they say he sent them wytt and wysdom
For to vnderstond euery langwage,
When the Holy Gost to them came;
They faryd[5] as dronk men of pymente[6] or vernage;[7]
And sythen how that he lykenyd hymself a lord of perage;[8]
On hys fatherys ryght hond he hym sett.
They hold hym wyser than euer was Syble sage,
And strenger than Alexander, that all the worde[9] ded gett.

**Malchus.** Yea, yet they saye as fols, I dare laye my hedde,
How they that be ded shall com agayn to Judgement,
And ower dredfull Judge shalbe thys same brede,
And how lyfe euerlastyng them shuld be lent.
And thus they hold, all at on consent,
Because that Phylyppe sayd for a lytyll glosse,[1] —
To turn vs from owr beleve ys ther entent, —
For that he sayd, *judecare viuos et mortuos.*[2]

**Jonathas.** Now, seris, ye haue rehersyd the substance of their[3] lawe.
But thys bred I wold myght be put in a prefe[4]
Whether this be he that in Bosra[5] of vs had awe.
Ther staynyd were hys clothys, this may we belefe;
Thys may we know, there had he grefe,
For ower old bookys veryfy thus, —
Thereon he was jugett to be hangyd as a thefe, —
*Tinctis* [*de*][6] *Bosra vestibus.*[7]

**Jason.** Yff that thys be he that on Caluery was mad red,
Onto my mynd, I shall kenne[8] yow a conceyt good:
Surely with ower daggars we shall ses on[9] thys bredde,
And so with clowtis[10] we shall know yf he haue eny blood.
**Jasdon.** Now, by Machomyth so myghty, that meuyth in my mode!
Thys ys masterly ment, thys matter thus to meue!
And with ower strokys we shall fray[11] hym as he was on the rode,
That he was on-don with grett repreue.

---

[1] Alight.
[2] Rising from the dead.
[3] Magdalene.
[4] Ascended (to heaven).
[5] Behaved.
[6] A spiced drink.
[7] A white wine.
[8] High lineage.
[9] World.

[1] Lie.
[2] "To judge the living and the dead."
[3] MS. *our.*
[4] Test, proof.
[5] Bozrah.
[6] Added by Manly, from Vulgate, Isaias lxii, 1.
[7] "With dyed garments from Bozrah" (Isaih xlii, 1).
[8] Inform.
[9] Prick in, pierce (cf. l. 390).
[10] Blows.
[11] Frighten.

Masphat. Yea, I pray yow, smyte ye in the myddys of the cake,
And so shall we smyte theron woundys fyve.[1]
We wyll not spare to wyrke yt wrake,[2]
To prove in thys brede yf ther be eny lyfe.

Malchus. Yea, goo we to, than, and take ower space;
And looke ower daggaris be sharpe and kene!
And when eche man a stroke smytte hase,
In the mydyll part there-of ower master shall bene.
Jonathas. When ye haue all smytyn, my stroke shalbe sene!
With this same dagger that ys so styf and strong
In the myddys of thys prynt [3] I thynke for to prene.[4]
On lashe I shall hyme lende or yt be long.

*Here shall the iiij Jewys pryk ther daggeris in iiij quarters [5] thus sayng:*

Jason. Haue at yt! Haue at yt, with all my myght!
Thys syde I hope for to sese! [6]
Jasdon. And I shall with thys blade so bryght
Thys other syde freshely afeze! [7]
Masphat. And I yow plyght I shall hym not please,
For with thys punche I shall hym pryke.
Malchus. And with thys angur [8] I shall hym not ease;
Another buffett shall he lykke.[9]

Jonathas. Now am I bold with batayle hym to bleyke,[10]
This mydle part alle for to prene;
A stowte stroke also for to stryke, —
In the myddys yt shalbe sene! [11]

*Here the Ost must blede.*

Ah! owt! owt! harrow! what deuyll ys thys?
Of thys wyrk I am on were! [1]
Yt bledyth as yt were woode,[2] i-wys!
But yf ye helpe, I shall dyspayre.

Jason. A fyre! a fyre! and that in hast!
Anoon a cawdron full of oyle!
Jasdon. And I shalle helpe yt wer in cast,
All the iij howris [3] for to boyle!

[*Malchus goes for the oil.*]

Masphat. Yea, here is a furneys stowte and strong,
And a cawdron therin dothe hong!
Malcus, wher art thow so long,
To helpe thys dede were dyght? [4]

Malc[h]us. Loo, here ys iij [5] galons off oyle clere!
Haue doon fast! Blowe up the fere!
Syr, bryng that ylke [6] cake nere,
Manly, with all yowre myghthe.

Jonathas. And I shall bryng that ylke cak[e]
And throw yt in, I undertake.

[*He seizes the Sacrament, which clings to his hand.*]

Out! out! yt werketh me wrake!
I may not awoyd [7] yt owt of my hond!
I wylle goo drenche me in a lake, —
And in woodnesse I gynne to wake! [8]
I rene! I lepe ouer this land!

*Her he renneth wood, with the Ost [9] in hys hond.*

Jason. Renne, felawes, renne, for Cokkis peyn! [10]
Fast we had ower mayster agene!

---

[1] The five wounds of Christ.
[2] Injury.
[3] The cake.
[4] Prick.
[5] Representing the wounds in the hands and feet. The scene repeats the crucifixion of Christ.
[6] Pierce deeply.
[7] Terrify.
[8] Hanger, dagger.
[9] Experience.
[10] Make pale.
[11] Seen. Representing the spear-thrust into Christ's side.

[1] In doubt.
[2] Mad.
[3] Apparently symbolical of the three days Christ lay in the tomb.
[4] Done.
[5] MS. iiij. But the number "three" runs throughout the scene, with the suggestion, as pointed out, of the three days spent in the tomb.
[6] Same.
[7] Cast.
[8] In madness I begin to toss restlessly (or come into a condition of madness).
[9] Host, the bread.
[10] An oath (for Christ's pain).

*[They run and catch Jonathas.]*

Hold prestly [1] on thys pleyn,
And faste bynd hyme to a poste.
JASDON. Here is an hamer and naylys iij, I s[e]ye.
Lyffte vp hys armys, felawe, on hey,
Whyll I dryue thes nayles, I yow praye,
With strong strokis fast.

*[They nail the Sacrament to the post.]*

MASPHAT. Now set on, felouse, with mayne and myght,
And pluke hys armes awey in syght!

*[They attempt to pull their master from the Sacrament.]*

Wat! I se he twycche, felovse, a-ryght!
Alas, balys breweth ryght badde!

*Here shall thay pluke the arme, and the hand shalle hang stylle with the Sacrament.*

MALCHUS. Alas! alas! what deuyll ys thys?
Now hat[h] he but oon hand, i-wyse!
For sothe, mayster, ryght woo me is
That ye this harme haue hadde.

JONATHAS. Ther ys no more; I must enduer!
Now hastely to ower chamber lete us gon,
Tyll I may get me sum recuer.
And therfor [I] [2] charge yow euery-choon [3]
That yt be consell that we have doon.

*[They withdraw.]*

*[On the Platea.]*

*Here shall the lechys [4] man come into the place sayng:*

COLLE. Aha! here ys a fayer felawshyppe!
Thewhe [5] I be nat sh[a]pyn, I lyst to sleppe.
I haue a master — I wolld he had the pyppe! —
I tell yow in consel —
He ys a man off all syence,
But off thryfte, — I may with yow dyspence.
He syttyth with sum tapstere in the spence; [1]
Hys hoode there wyll he sell.

Mayster Brendyche of Braban,
I telle yow, he ys that same man,
Called the most famous phesy[cy]an
That euer sawe uryne.
He seeth as wele at noone as at nyght,
And sumtyme by a candelleyt
Can gyff a judgyment aryght
As he that hathe noo eyn. [2]

He ys allso a boone-setter, [3] —
I knowe no man go the better;
In euery tauerne he ys detter, —
That ys a good tokenyng.
But euer I wonder he ys so long;
I fere ther gooth sum-thyng a-wrong,
For he hath dysa[rv]yde to be hong, —
God send neuer worse tydyng!

He had a lady late in cure;
I wot by this she ys full sure;
There shall neuer Crysten creature
Here hyr tell no tale!
And I stode here tyll mydnyght,
I cowde not declare aryght
My masteris cunyng insyght —
That he hat[h] in good ale.

But what deuyll delayeth hym so long to tarye?
A seekman myght soone myscary.
Now alle the deuyllys of hell hym wari! —
God giue me my boon!
I trowe best, we mak a crye: [4]
Yf any man can hym aspye, [5]
Led hym to the pyllere[ye]. —
In fayth, yt shall be don.

*Here shalle he stond vp and make proclamacion, seyng thys:*

COLLE. Yff therbe eyther man or woman
That sawe Master Brundyche of Braban,

---

[1] Quickly.
[2] Added by Manly.
[3] Every one.
[4] Physician's.
[5] Though.

[1] Room where wines are dispensed.
[2] Eyes.
[3] Possibly with a pun on "dice player."
[4] A public proclamation. The crying of a humorous proclamation was a favorite device with playwrights, even so late as the sixteenth century.
[5] Spy. The MS. apparently reads *can I aspye.*

Or owyht [1] of hym tel can,
Shall wele be quit hys mede.[2]
He hath a cut berd and a flatte noose,
A therde-bare gowne and a rente hoose;
He spekyt[h] neuere good matere nor purpoose.
To the pyllere ye hym led[e]!

[*Enter behind him, and unobserved, Master Brundyche.*]

Master Brundyche. What, thu boye! what janglest here?
Coll[e]. A! master, master, but to your reuerence!
I wend [3] neuer to a seen yowr goodly chere,[4]
Ye tared hens so long.
Master Brundyche. What hast thow sayd in my absense?
Coll[e]. Nothyng, master, but to yowr reuerence,
I haue told all this audiense —
And some lyes among.

But, master, I pray yow, how dothe yowr pacyent
That ye had last vnder yowr medycamente?
Master Brundyche. I warant she neuer fele anoyment.
Coll[e]. Why, ys she in hyr graue?
Master Brundyche. I haue gyven hyr a drynke made full well
Wyth scamely,[5] and with oxennell,
Letuce, sauge, and pympernell.[6]
Coll[e]. Nay, than she ys full saue!

For, now ye ar cum, I dare well saye
Betwyn Douyr and Calyce the ryght wey [7]
Dwellth non so cunnyng, be my fey,
In my judgyment.
Master Brundyche. Cunnyng? Yea, yea! And with pratise
I haue sauid many a manys lyfe.
Coll[e]. On wydowes, maydese, and wy[v]se
Yowr connyng yow haue nyhe spent.
Master Brundyche. Were ys bowgtt with drynke profytable.

[*Takes out a bottle and drinks.*]

Coll[e]. Here, master, master, ware how ye tugg!
The devyll, I trowe, within shrugg,
For yt gooth rebyll-rable.[1]

Master Brundyche. Here ys a grete congregacyon,
And all be not hole,[2] without negacyon.
I wold haue certyfycacyon;
Stond vp and make a proclamacion.
Haue do faste, and mak no pausa[c]yon,
But wyghtly [3] mak a declaracion
To all people that helpe w[o]lde haue.

*Hic interim proclamationem faciet.*[4]

Coll[e]. All manar off men that haue any syknes,
To Master Brentberecly loke that yow redresse.[5]
What dysease or syknesse that euer ye haue,
He wyll neuer leue yow tyll ye be in yow[r] graue.
Who hat[h] the canker, the colyke, or the laxe,
The tercyan, the quartan, or the brynny[n]g axs;[6]
For wormys, for gnawyng, gryndyng in the wombe or in the boldyro;
Alle maner red-eyn, bleryd-eyn, and the myregrym also;
For hedache, bonache, and therto the tothache;
The colt-euyll, and the brostyn men he wyll undertak,
All tho that [haue] the poose, the sneke,[7] or the teseke.[8]
Thowh a man w[e]re ryght heyle,[9] he cowd soone make hym seke.
Inquyre to the Tolkote, for ther ys hys loggyng,
A lytyll besyde Babwell Myll, yf ye wyll haue understondyng.

---

[1] Aught. [2] Reward. [3] Thought.
[4] Countenance. [5] Scammony.
[6] Pimpernel, an herb with medicinal properties.
[7] In a straight line between Dover and Calais (all water).

[1] Imitating the sound of a gurgling liquid.
[2] In health. [3] Quickly.
[4] "Here he will make the proclamation."
[5] Address yourselves. [6] Fever.
[7] Cold in the head, catarrh.
[8] Phthisis. [9] Hale, strong.

**Master Brundyche.** Now, yff therbe ether man or woman
That nedethe helpe of a phesyscion —
**Coll[e].** Mary, master, that I tell can,
And ye wyll vnderstond.

**Master Brundyche.** Knoest any abut this plase?
**Coll[e].** Ye, that I do, master, so haue [I] grase!
Here ys a Jewe, hyght[1] Jonathas,
Hath lost hys ryght hond.

**Master Brundyche.** Fast to hym I wold inquere.
**Coll[e].** For God, master, the gate[2] ys hyre.
**Master Brundyche.** Than to hym I wyll go nere.

*[He ascends the stage of the Jews, and salutes Jonathas.]*

My master, wele mot yow be!
**Jonathas.** What doost here, felawe? What woldest thu hanne?[3]
**Master Brundyche.** Syr, yf yow nede ony surgeon or physycyan,
Off yow[r] dysese help yow welle I cane,
What hurtis or hermes[4] so-euer they be.

**Jonathas.** Syr, thu art ontawght to come in thus [un]henly,[5]
Or to pere[6] in my presence thus malapertly.
Voydeth from my syght, and that wyghtly,[7]
For ye be mysse-a-vysed.
**Coll[e].** Syr, the hurt of yowr hand ys knowen full ryfe;
And my master have sauyd many a manes lyfe.
**Jonathas.** I trowe ye be cum to make sum stryfe.
Hens fast, lest that ye be chastysed.

**Coll[e].** Syr, ye know well yt can nott mysse,
Men that be masters of scyens be proffytable.
In a pott yf yt please yow to pysse,
He can tell yf yow be curable.
**[Jonathas.]** Avoyde, fealows; I love not yower bable!
Brushe them hens bothe, and that anon!
Gyff them ther reward that they were gone!

*Here shall the iiij Jewys bett away the leche and hys man.*

**Jonathas.** Now haue don, felawys, and that anon,
For dowte of drede what after befall!
I am nere masyd![1] My wytte ys gon!
Therfor of helpe I pray yow all.

And take yowr pynsonys[2] that ar so sure,
And pluck owt the naylys won and won;[3]
Also in a clothe[4] ye yt cure[5]
And throw yt in the cawdron, and that anon.

*Here shall Jason pluck owt the naylys and shake the hond into the cawdron.*

**Jason.** And I shall rape[6] me redely anon
To plucke owt the naylys that stond so fast,
And bear thys bred and also thys bone,
And into the cawdron I wyll yt cast.

**Jasdon.** And I shall with thys dagger so stowte
Putt yt down that yt myght plawe,[7]
And steare[8] the clothe rounde abowte
That nothyng ther-of shalbe rawe.

**Masphat.** And I shall manly, with all my myght,
Make the fyre to blase and brenne,[9]
And sett thervnder suche a lyght
That yt shall make yt ryght thynne.

*Here shall the cawdron b[o]yle, apperyng to be as blood.*

**Malchas.** Owt! and harow! what deuyll ys here-in?
Alle thys oyle waxyth redde as blood,

---

[1] Named. [2] Door. [3] Have.
[4] Harms. [5] Rudely. [6] Appear. [7] Quickly.

[1] Dazed. [2] Pincers. [3] One by one.
[4] MS. *cloke;* but cf. ll. 587, 622.
[5] Cover, wrap. [6] Hasten.
[7] Boil. [8] Stir. [9] Burn.

And owt of the cawdron yt begynnyth to rinn.
I am so aferd I am nere woode![1]

*Here shall Jason and hys compeny goo to ser Jonathas, sayng:*

Jason. Ah! master, master, what there ys with yow,
I can not see owr werke wyll avayle.
I beseche yow avance[2] yow now
Sumwhatt with yowr counsayle.

Jonathas. The best counsayle that I now wott,[3]
That I can deme,[4] farre and nere,
Ys to make an ovyn as redd hott
As euer yt can be made with fere;
And when ye see yt soo hott appere,
Then throw yt into the ovyn fast;
Sone shall he stanche hys bledyng chere!
When ye haue done, stoppe yt; be not agast.

Jasdon. Be my fayth, yt shalbe wrowgh[t],
And that anon, in gret hast.
Bryng on fyryng, seris. Here ye nowght?
To hete thys ovyn be nott agast!

Masphat. Here ys straw and thornys kene.
Come on, Malchas, and bryng on fyre,
For that shall hete yt well, I wene.

*Here thei kyndyll the fyre.*

Blow on fast, that done yt were!
Malchas. Ah, how! thys fyre gynnyth to brenne clere!
Thys ovyn ryght hotte I thynk to make.
Now, Jason, to the cawdron that ye stere,[5]
And fast fetche hether that ylke cake.

*Here shall Jason goo to the cawdron and take owt the Ost with hys pynsonys and cast yt in-to the ovyn.*

Jason. I shall with thes pynsonys, withowt dowt,
Shake thys cake owt of thys clothe,
And to the ovyn I shall yt rowte,[1]
And stoppe hym there, thow he be loth.
Thys cake I haue caught here, in good sothe, —
The hand ys soden,[2] the fleshe from the bonys, —
Now into the ovyn I wyll therwith.
Stoppe yt, Jasdon, for the nonys!

Jasdon. I stoppe thys ovyn, wythowtyn dowte;
With clay I clome[3] yt vppe ryght fast,
That non heat shall cum owte.
I trow there shall he hete and drye in hast!

*Here the ovyn must ryve asunder, and blede owt at the cranys, and an image appere owt with woundis bledyng.*

Masphat. Owt! owt! here is a grete wonder!
Thys ovyn bledyth owt on euery syde!
Malchas. Yea, the ovyn on peacys gynnyth to ryve asundere!
Thys ys a mervelows case thys tyde!

*Here shall the image speke to the Juys, sayng thus:*

Jhesus. *O mirabiles Judei, attendite et videte*
*Si est dolor sicut*[4] *dolor meus!*
Oh ye merveylows Jewys,
Why ar ye to yower kyng onkynd,
And [I] so bytterly bowt[5] yow to my blysse?
Why fare[6] ye thus fule[7] with yowr frende?
Why peyne yow me and straytly me pynde,[8]
And I yower loue so derely haue bowght?
Why are ye so vnstedfast in your mynde?
Why wrath[9] ye me? I greve yow nowght.

Why wylle ye nott beleve that I haue tawght?
And forsake your fowle neclygence?
And kepe my commandementis in yower thowght?

---

[1] Mad.
[2] Advance.
[3] Know.
[4] Judge.
[5] Go.

[1] Cast.
[2] Boiled.
[3] Plaster.
[4] MS. *similis.*
[5] Purchased, redeemed.
[6] Behave.
[7] Foul.
[8] Tormented.
[9] Be angry with.

And vnto my godhed to take credence?

Why blaspheme yow me? Why do ye thus?
Why put yow me to a newe tormentry?
And I dyed for yow on the crosse!
Why consyder not yow what I dyd crye?
Whylle that I was with yow, ye ded me velanye.
Why remember ye nott my bitter chaunce,
How yower kynne dyd me awance [1]
For claymyng of myn enherytaunce?
I shew yow the streytenesse of my greuaunce,
And all to meue yow to my mercy.

**Jonathas.** *Tu es protector vite mei; a quo trepidabo?*
O thu, Lord, whyche art my defendowr,
For dred of the I trymble and quake!
Of thy gret mercy lett vs receyue the showre;
And mekely I aske mercy, amendys to make.

*Here shall they knele down all on ther kneys, sayng:*

**Jason.** Ah! Lord, with sorow and care and grete wepyng
All we felawys lett vs saye thus,
With condolent harte and grete sorowyng:
*Lacrimis nostris conscienciam nostram baptizemus!*

**Jasdon.** Oh, thow blyssyd Lord of mykyll myght,
Of thy gret mercy, thow hast shewyd vs the path,
Lord, owt of grevous slepe and owt of dyrknes to lyght,
*Ne grauis sompnus irruat.*

**Masphat.** Oh Lord, I was very cursyd, for I wold know thi crede.
I can no men[d]ys [2] make, but crye to the thus:
O gracyows Lorde, forgyfe me my mysdede!
With lamentable hart: *miserere mei, Deus!*

**Malchas.** Lord, I haue offendyd the in many a sundry vyse.[1]
That styckyth at my hart as hard as a core.
Lord, by the water of contryc[i]on lett me aryse:
*Asparges me, Domine, ysopo, et mundabor.*

**Jhesus.** All ye that desyryn my seruauntis for to be,
And to fulfyll the preceptis of my lawys,
The intent of my commandement knowe ye:
*Ite et ostendite vos sacerdotibus meis.*
To all yow that desyre in eny wyse
To aske mercy, to graunt yt redy I am.
Remember and lett yower wyttis suffyce,
*Et tunc non auertam a vobis faciem meam.*

Ser Jonathas, on thyn hand thow art but lame,
And this thorow [2] thyn own cruelnesse.
For thyn hurt thou mayest thi-selfe blame;
Thow woldyst preve thy power me to oppresse.
But now I consydre thy necesse;[3]
Thow wasshest thyn hart with grete contryc[i]on;
Go to the cawdron, — thi care shalbe the lesse, —
And towche thyn hand to thy saluac[i]on.

*Here shall ser Jonathas put hys hand in-to the cawdron, and it shalbe hole agayn; and then say as fo[lo]wyth:*

**Jonathas.** Oh thow my Lord God and Sauyouer, osanna!
Thow Kyng of Jews and of Jerusalem!
O thow myghty, strong Lyon of Juda,
Blyssyd be the tyme that thow were in Bedlem![4]
Oh thou myghty, strong, gloryows and gracyows oyle streame,
Thow myghty conquerrowr of infernall tene,[5]
I am quyt of moche combrance thorowgh thy meane,[6]
That euyr blyssyd mott thow bene!

---

[1] Lift me up (on the cross).
[2] Amends.

[1] Wise, ways.
[2] Through.
[3] Necessity.
[4] Bethlehem.
[5] Injury, suffering.
[6] Mediation.

Alas that euer I dyd agaynst thy wyll,
In my wytt to be soo wood
That I with ongoodly wyrk shuld soo gryll![1]
Agens my mys-gouernaunce thow gladdyst me with good:
I was soo prowde to prove the on the roode,
And thou haste sent me lyghtyng[2] that late was lame;
To bete the and boyll the I was myghty in moode,
And now thou hast put me from duresse and dysfame.

But, Lord, I take my leve at thy high presens,
And put me in thy myghty mercy.
The bysshoppe wyll I goo fetche to se ower offens,
And onto hym shew ower lyfe, how that we be gylty.

*Here shall the master Jew goo to the byshopp, and hys men knele styll* [*before the image*].

[*The Stage of the Bishop.*]

[*Enter Jonathas.*]

Jonathas. Hayle, father of grace! I knele vpon my knee
Hertely besechyng yow and interely
A swemfull[3] syght all for to see
In my howse apperyng verely:
The Holy Sacrament, the whyche we haue done tormentry,
And ther we haue putt hym to a newe passyon,
A chyld apperyng with wondys bloody:
A swemfull syght yt ys to looke vpon.

Episcopus. Oh Jhesu, Lord, full of goodnesse!
With the wyll I walke with all my myght.
Now, all my pepull, with me ye dresse[4]
For to goo see that swymfull syght.

Now, all ye peple that here are,
I commande yow, euery man,
On yower feet for to goo, bare,
In the devoutest wyse that ye can.

[*They cross over the platea to the Jew's house.*]

[*The Stage of Jonathas.*]

*Here shall the bysshope enter into the Jewys howse, and say:*

*O Jhesu fili Dei,*
How thys paynfull passyon rancheth[1] myn hart!
Lord, I crye to the, *miserere mei*,
From thys rufull syght thou wylt reuerte.[2]
Lord, we all with sorowys smert;
For thys vnlefull work we lyue in langower;
Now, good Lord, in thy grace let vs be grett,
And of thy souereyn marcy send vs thy socower;[3]

And for thy holy grace forgyfe vs ower errowr.
Now lett thy pete[4] spryng and sprede;
Thowgh we haue be vnrygh[t]full, forgyf vs our rygore,
And of ower lamentable hartis, good Lord, take hed[e].

*Here shall the im*[*a*]*ge changeag ayn onto brede.*

Oh th[o]u largyfluent[5] Lord, most of lyghtnesse,
Onto owr prayers thow hast applyed;
Th[o]u hast receyuyd them with grett swettnesse,
For all ower dredfull dedys thou hast not so denyed.
Full mykyll owte[6] thy name for to be magnyfyed
With mansuete[7] myrth and gret swettnes,
And as our gracyows God for to be gloryfyed,
For th[o]u shewyst vs gret gladnes.

Now wyll I take thys Holy Sacrament
With humble hart and gret devoc[i]on,

---

[1] Irritate, grieve.
[2] Relief.
[3] Sorrowful.
[4] Prepare.

---

[1] Teareth.
[2] Turn away.
[3] Succor.
[4] Pity.
[5] Bountiful.
[6] Ought.
[7] Gentle.

And all we wyll gon, with on[e] consent,
And bear yt to chyrche with sole[m]pne processyon.
Now folow me, all and sume!
And all tho that bene here, both more and lesse,
Thys holy song, *O sacrum Dominum,*
Lett vs syng all with grett swetnesse.

[*Singing, they bear the Host in solemn procession towards the Church.*]

[*The Stage of Aristorius.*]

*Here shall the pryst, ser Isoder, aske hys master what this menyth.*

**Presbiter.** Ser Arystory, I pray yow, what menyth all thys?
Sum myracle, I hope, ys wrowght be Goddis myght;
The bysshope commyth [in] processyon with a gret meny[1] of Jewys;
I hope sum myracle ys shewyd to hys syght.
To chyrche in hast wyll I runne full ryght,
For thether, me thynk, he begynnyth to take hys pace.
The Sacrament so semly is borne in syght,
I hope that God hath shewyd of hys grace.

**Arystorius.** To tell yow the trowth I wylle nott lett:
Alas that euer thys dede was dyght![2]
An onlefull[3] bargayn I began for to beat;[4]
I sold yon same Jewys ower Lord full ryght
For couytyse of good,[5] as a cursyd wyght.
Woo the whyle that bargayn I dyd euer make!
But yow be my defensour in owr dyocesans syght;
For an heretyke I feare he wyll me take.

**Presbiter.** For sothe, nothyng wellavysed was your wytt, —
Wondrely was yt wrowght of a man of dyscresc[i]on
In suche perayle[1] your solle for to putt!
But I wyll labor for your absolucyon.

Lett vs hye vs fast that we were hens,
And beseche hym of hys benygne grace
That he wyll shew vs hys benyvolens
To make amendys[2] for yower trespas.

[*The Church.*]

*Here shall the merchant and hys prest go to the chyrche and the bysshop [attended by the Jews] shall entre the chyrche and lay the Os[t] u[p]on the auter,[3] sayng thus:*

[**Episcopus.**] *Estote fortes in bello et pugnate cum antico serpente,*
*Et accipite regnum eternum,* et cetera.
My chyldern, be ye strong in batayll gostly
For to fyght agayn[4] the fell serpent,
That nyght and day ys euer besy;
To dystroy owr sollys ys hys intent.
Look ye be not slow nor neclygent
To arme yow in the vertues seuyn.
Of synnys forgetyn take good avysement
And knowlege[5] them to yowr confessor full euyn.

For that serpent, the deuyll, ys full strong
Meruelows myscheues for man to mene,
But that the Passyon of Cryst ys meynt vs among,
And that ys in dyspyte of hys infernall tene.[6]
Beseche ower Lord and Sauyower so kene
To put doun that serpent, cumberer of man,
To withdraw hys furyous froward doctryn bydene,[7]
Fulfyllyd of the fend callyd Leuyathan.

Gyff lawrell[8] to that Lord of myght
That he may bryng vs to the joyous fruycion
From vs to put the fend to flyght,

---

[1] Throng.
[2] Done.
[3] Unlawful.
[4] Discuss.
[5] Goods, wealth (I see no reason to change to *gold*).

[1] Peril.
[2] MS. menyn.
[3] Altar.
[4] Against.
[5] Acknowledge.
[6] Suffering.
[7] Also.
[8] Praise.

That neuer he dystroy vs by hys temptac[i]on.

**Presbiter.** My father vnder God, I knele vnto yower kne,
In yowr myhty mysericord to tak vs in remembrance;
As ye be materyall to ower degre,
We put vs in yower moderat ordynance,
Yff yt lyke yower hyghnes to here ower greuaunce;
We haue offenddyd sorowfully in a syn mortall,
Wherfor we fere vs owr Lord wyll take vengaunce
For owr synnes both grete and small.

**Episcopus.** And in fatherhed, that longyth[1] to my dygnyte,
Vnto yower grefe I wyll gyf credens.
Say what ye wyll, in the name of the Trynyte,
Agayn[s]t God yf ye haue wroght eny inconuenyence.

**Aristorius.** Holy ffather, I knele to yow vnder benedycite.
I haue offendyd in the syn of couytys;[2]
I sold our Lordys body for lucre of mony
And delyueryd to the wyckyd with cursyd advyce.
And for that presumpc[i]on gretly I agryse[3]
That I presumed to go to the auter[4]
There to handylle the holy sacryfyce, —
I were worthy to be putt in brenyng fyre.

But, gracyous lord, I can no more
But put me to Goddys mercy and to yower grace.
My cursyd werkys for to restore,
I aske penaunce now in thys place.

**Episcopus.** Now for thys offence that thou hast donne
Agens the Kyng of Hevyn and Emperour of Hell,
Euer whyll thou lyuest good dedys for to done
And neuermore for to bye nor sell;
Chastys thy body, as I shall the tell,
With fastyng, and prayng, and other good wyrk,
To withstond the temtacyon of fendis of hell;
And to call to God for grace looke thou neuer be irke.[1]

Also, thou preste, for thy neclygens,
That thou were no wyser on thyn office,
Thou art worthy inpresu[n]ment for thyn offence;
But beware euer herafter, and be mor wyse.

And all yow creaturys[2] and curatys that here be,
Off thys dede yow may take example
How that your pyxys[3] lockyd ye shuld see
And be ware of the key of Goddys temple.

**Jonathas.** And I aske crystendom with great devoc[i]on,
With repentant hart in all degrees,
I aske for vs all a generall absoluc[i]on,

*Here the Juys must knele al down.*

For that we knele all vpon ower knees;
For we haue greuyd ower Lord on grovnd,
And put hym to a new paynfull passion,
With daggars styckyd hym with greuos wo[u]nde,
New naylyd hym to a post, and with pynsonys pluckyd hym down.

**Jason.** And syth[4] we toke that blyssyd bred so sownd,
And in a cawdron we dyd hym boyle,
In a clothe fulle just we hym wounde,
And so dyd we seth hym in oyle.

**Jasdon.** And for that we myght not ouercom hym with tormentry,
In an hott ovyn we speryd[5] hym fast.
Ther he apperyd with wo[u]ndis all bloody;

---

[1] Belongeth.
[2] Covetousness.
[3] Am horrified.
[4] Altar.

[1] Tired.
[2] Manly suggests *vicarys*, or *prechorys*.
[3] The vessels in which the bread of the sacrament is preserved.
[4] Then.
[5] Enclosed.

The ovyn rave asunder and all to-brast.[1]

**Masphat.** In hys law to make vs stedfast,
There spake he to vs woordis of grete favor;
In contrycyon owr hartis he cast,
And bad take vs to a confessor.

**Malchus.** And therfor all we with on[e] consent
Knele onto yower hygh souereynte;
For to be crystenyd ys ower intent.
Now all ower dedys to yow shewyd haue we.

*Here shall the bysshope crysten the Jewys with gret solempnyte.*

**Episcopus.** Now the Holy Gost at thys tyme mot yow blysse
As ye knele all now in hys name!
And with the water of baptyme I shall yow blysse
To saue yow all from the fendis blame.
Now, that fendys powre for to make lame,
In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Gost,
To saue yow from the deuyllys flame,
I crysten yow all, both lest and most.

**Ser Jonathas.** Now owr father and byshoppe that we well know,
We thank yow interly,[2] both lest and most.
Now ar we bownd to kepe Crystis lawe
And to serue the Father, the Son, and the Holy Gost.
Now wyll we walke by contre and cost,
Owr wyckyd lyuyng for to restore;
And trust in God, of myghtis most,
Neuer to offend as we have don before.

Now we take ower lea[v]e at lesse and more;
Forward on ower vyage we wyll vs dresse.[3]
God send yow all as good welfare
As hart can thynke or towng expresse!

**Arystorius.** In-to my contre now wyll I fare[4]
For to amende myn wyckyd lyfe;
And to kep[e] the people owt of care
I wyll teache thys lesson to man and wyfe.

Now take I my leave in thys place;
I wyll go walke, my penaunce to fullfyll.
Now, God, ageyns whom I haue done thys trespas,
Graunt me forgyfnesse, yf yt be thy wylle!

**Presbiter.** For joy of thys me thynke my hart do wepe,
That yow haue gyuyn yow all Crystis seruauntis to be,
Hym for to serue with hart full meke, —
God, full of pacyens and humylyte, —

And the conuersac[i]on[1] of all thes fayre men,
With hartis stedfastly knett[2] in on[e],
Goddis lawys to kepe and hym to serue bydene,[3]
As faythfull Crystanys euermore for to gonne.

**Episcopus.** God omnypotent euermore looke ye serue
With deuoc[i]on and prayre whyll that ye may;
Dowt yt not he wyll yow preserue
For eche good prayer that ye sey to hys pay.
And therfor in euery dew tyme loke ye not delay
For to serue the Holy Trynyte,
And also Mary, that swete may;[4]
And kepe yow in perfyte loue and charyte.

Crystis commandementis ten there bee;
Kepe welle them; doo as I yow tell.
Almyght God shall yow please in euery degre,
And so shall ye saue yower sollys from hell;
For there ys payn and sorow cruell,
And in heuyn ther ys both joy and blysse,

---

[1] Burst apart.
[2] Entirely.
[3] Betake ourselves.
[4] Go.

[1] Behavior, mode of life.
[2] Knit.
[3] Also.
[4] Maid.

More then eny towng can tell;
There angellys syng with grett swetnesse.

To the whyche blysse [1] he bryng vs
Whoys name ys callyd Jhesus,
And in wyrshyppe of thys name gloryows
To syng to hys honor *Te Deum laudamus.*

FINIS.

Thus endyth the Play of the Blyssyd Sacrament, whyche myracle was don in the forest of Aragon, in the famous cite Eraclea, the yere of ower Lord God. M$^{l}$cccc.lxi., to whom be honower, Amen!

The namys and number of the players:

Jh[es]us.
Episcopus.
Aristorius, Christianus mercator.
[Isoder, presbiter.]
Clericus.
Jonathas, Judeus i$^{mus}$.
Jason, Judeus ij$^{us}$.
Jasdon, Judeus iij$^{us}$.
Masphat, Judeus iiij$^{us}$.
Malchas, Judeus v$^{tus}$.
M[agister] phisicus.
Colle, seruus.

IX may play yt at ease
R. C.

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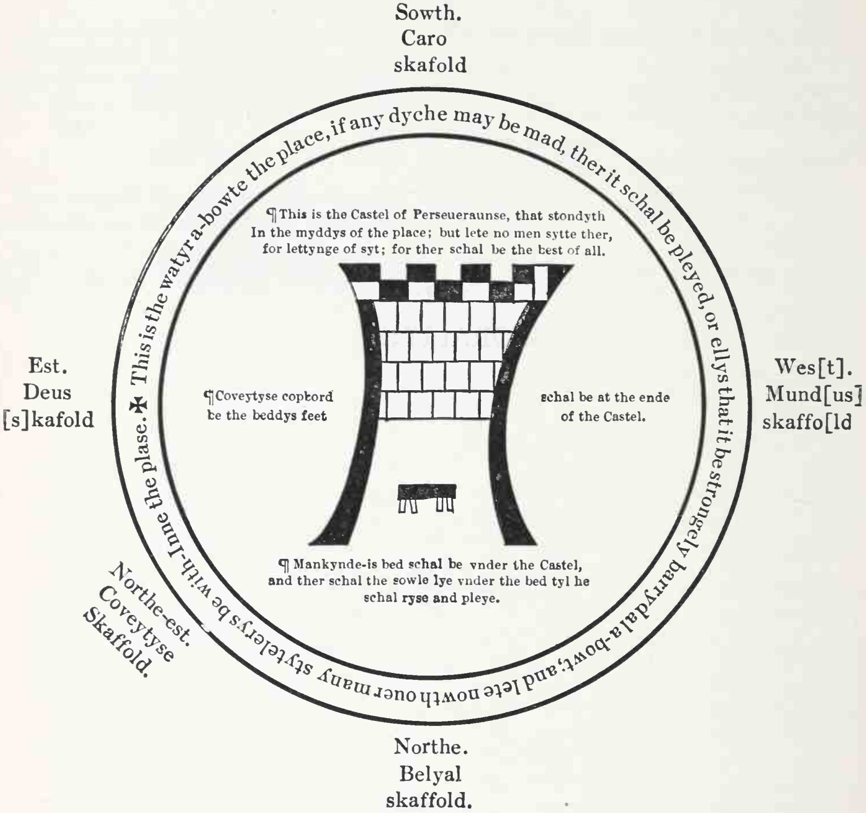
[1] Omitted by Waterhouse, but without comment and apparently in error; I restore the word on the authority of the text as reproduced by Stokes and Manly.

# VII

# MORALITIES



✠ This is the watyr a-bowte the place, if any dyche may be mad, ther it schal be pleyed, or ellys that it be strongely barryd al a-bowt; and lete nowth ouer many stytelerys be with-Inne the plase.

¶ This is the Castel of Perseueraunse, that stondyth In the myddys of the place; but lete no men sytte ther, for lettynge of syt; for ther schal be the best of all.

¶ Coveytyse copbord be the beddys feet schal be at the ende of the Castel.

¶ Mankynde-is bed schal be vnder the Castel, and ther schal the sowle lye vnder the bed tyl he schal ryse and pleye.

He that schal pleye Belyal, loke that he haue gunne-powder brennyn[ge] In pypys in his handis and in his eris, and in his ers, whanne he gothe to bat[tel]. The iiij dowteris schul be clad in mentelys; Merci in wyth, Rythwysnesse in red, al togedyr; Trewthe in sad grene, and Pes al in blake; and thei schal pleye in the place al togedyr tyl they brynge up the sowle.

# THE CASTLE OF PERSEVERANCE[1]

## THE BANNS

**I. Vexil[lator].** Glorious God, in all degres Lord most of myth,
That heuene and erthe made of nowth, bothe se and londe,
The aungelys in heuene hym to serue bryth,
And [man]-kynde in mydylerd[1] he made with hys honde,
And [our lo]fly Lady, that lanterne is of lyth,
Save our lege lord, the kynge, the leder of this londe,
And all the ryallis of this revme,[2] and rede hem the ryth,
And all the goode comowns[3] of this towne that be-forn us stonde
In this place!
We mustyr you with menschepe,[4]
And freyne you of frely frenchepe.[5]
Cryst safe you all fro schenchepe,[6]
That knowyn wyl our case!

**II. Vexillator.** The case of our comynge, you to declare,
Euery man in hym self for sothe he it may fynde.
Whon mankynde in-to this werld born is ful bare —
And bare schal beryed be at [t]he [l]ast ende —
God hym geuyth t[w]o aungelis ful yep and ful yare,[1]
The goode aungel and the badde, to hym for to lende.[2]
The goode techyth hym goodnesse; the badde, synne and sare;[3]
Whanne the ton hath the victory, the tother goth be-hende,
Be skyll.[4]
The goode aungel coueytyth euermore mans saluacion,
And the badde bysytyth[5] hem euere to hys dampnacion.
And God hathe govyn man fre arbitracion
Whether he wyl hymse[lf] saue or his soule per[yll.]

**I. Vexilla[tor].** Spylt is man spetously[6] whanne he to synne asent!

---

[1] Middle-earth. [2] Nobles of this realm.
[3] Commons, people.
[4] We call you together with honor.
[5] And ask of you generous friendship.
[6] Harm.

[1] Prompt and ready. [2] Lend. [3] Sorrow.
[4] Reason. [5] Attacks. [6] Sadly.

[1] With the possible exception of *The Pride of Life*, which exists only in a fragment, *The Castle of Perseverance* is the earliest, as it is certainly the most primitive, of the extant moralities. Of the still older *Paternoster* plays (first mentioned in 1378), acted at York, Beverley, and Lincoln — apparently the grandparents of the type — we have only scattered records. From these records, however, we are led to believe that the plays dealt with the struggle between the Seven Deadly Sins and the Seven Moral Virtues for the soul of man; and we know that they were given as open-air community performances. Thus *The Castle of Perseverance*, it is obvious, is closely akin in form and spirit to the first moralities of which we have knowledge. Although its exact date of composition cannot be determined, scholars have agreed upon the year 1425 as approximately correct.

The manuscript of *The Castle of Perseverance*, along with the manuscripts of *Mankind* and *Mind, Will, and Understanding*, was formerly owned by the Rev. Cox Macro (b. 1688, d. 1767), from which circumstance the plays are called "Macro Moralities." There is no real connection between the plays, however, for they were written by different scribes at different times. Affixed to the end of *The Castle of Perseverance* is a plan of the staging, showing the scaffolds arranged about a *platea* (called "the place"), with the Castle in the centre, and around all an encircling ditch filled with water to keep the spectators at a proper distance. With the aid of this plan we can readily visualize the performance.

I have based the present text on that in *The Macro Plays*, edited by F. J. Furnivall and A. W. Pollard for the Early English Text Society, 1904, and in doubtful readings I have consulted the photographic facsimile of the manuscript issued by J. S. Farmer. The play is far too long to be printed here in full; but by cutting down the speeches of the personages (who have a habit of talking in stanzas) and omitting a few episodes, I have been able to preserve the plot as a whole. The extent of the omissions can readily be discovered from the line-numbering. The punctuation and the use of capitals are my own; and I have added, in brackets, stage-directions designed to show how the actors moved from place to place, or how the attention of the audience was shifted from one scaffold to another. In the text the personages invariably have English names, yet the scribe has affixed to the speeches the Latin equivalents of these names (on the same principle that he puts the stage-directions in Latin). I have avoided the annoying inconsistency by adopting the English form of the names throughout; the Latin forms used by the scribe may be found in his catalogue of the actors at the end.

The bad aungel thanne bryngyth hym iij enmys so stout:
The Werlde, the Fende, the foul Flesche so joly and jent;[1]
Thei ledyn hym ful lustyly with synnys al a-bowt.
Pyth[2] with Pride and Coueytyse, to the Werld is he went,
To meynten his manhod; all men to hym lout.[3]
Aftyre, Ire and Envye the Fend hath to hym lent,
Bakbytynge and Endytynge, with all men for to route,[4]
Ful evyn.
But the fowle Flesch, homlyest of all,
Slawth,[5] Lust and Leccherye, gun to hym call,
Glotony, and other synnys, bothe grette and small.
This mans soule is soylyd with synnys moo thanne seuyn. . . .

II. VEXILLATOR. Grace if God wyl graunte us of hys mykyl myth,
These parcellis in propyrtes[6] we purpose us to playe
This day seuenenyt be-fore you in syth,
At ——[7] on the grene, in ryall a-ray.
Ye haste you thanne thedyrward, syris, hendly in hyth,[8]
All goode neyboris ful specyaly, we you pray.
And loke that ye be there be-tyme, luffely and lyth,
For we schul be onward be vnderne[1] of the day.
Dere frendys,
We thanke you of all good dalyaunce,[2]
And of all youre specyal sportaunce,[3]
And preye you of good contynnaunce
To oure lyuys endys.

I. VEXILLATOR. Deus, oure lyuys we loue you,[4] thus takande oure leue.
Ye manly men of ——, thus Crist saue you all!
He maynten youre myrthis and kepe you fro greve,
That born was of Mary myld in an ox stall.
Now, mercy be all ——, and wel mote ye cheve![5]
All oure feythful frendys, thus fayre mote ye fall!
Ya, and welcum be ye whanne ye com, prys for to preve,[6]
And worthyi to be worchepyd in boure and in hall,
And in euery place.
Fare-wel, fayre frendys,
That lofly wyl lystyn and lendis![7]
Cryste kepe you fro fendis!

[*To the trumpetors.*]

Trumpe up, and lete vs pace![8]

---

[1] Courteous.
[2] Set, furnished.
[3] Bow, make obeisance.
[4] Make trouble.
[5] Sloth.
[6] Parts (characters) in properties (costumes, etc.).
[7] Apparently to be filled in with the name of the town where the play was to be acted. The MS. does not have a dash, but curious marks which may be an abbreviation for some town.
[8] Courteous in highest degree.

---

[1] The third hour of the day, about nine o'clock
[2] Talk.
[3] Entertainment.
[4] All our lives we praise you.
[5] Thrive
[6] Our worth (as actors) to prove.
[7] Remain
[8] March on.

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

WORLD.
LUST,
FOLLY, his attendants.
COVETOUSNESS, his treasurer.
BACKBITER, his messenger.
BOY, serving him.

FLESH.
LECHERY,
GLUTTONY,
SLOTH, his attendants.
DEVIL.
PRIDE,
WRATH,
ENVY, his attendants.

Mankind.
Good Angel, } his advisors.
Bad Angel,
Soul, of Mankind.
Meekness,
Charity,
Abstinence,
Chastity, } the Seven Virtues, th keepers of the Castle.
Industry,
Generosity,
Pacience,

Confession.
Penance.
Mercy,
Peace, } the Four Daughters of God.
Truth,
Righteousness,
Death.
God the Father.]

## [Here Beginneth the Play of The Castle of Perseverance.]

*[On the scaffold of the World.]*

World. Worthy wytis [1] in al this wer[l]d wyde,
Be wylde wode wonys [2] and euery weye-went,[3]
Precyous in prise, prekyd [4] in pride,
Thorwe [5] this propyr pleyn place,[6] in pes be ye bent!
Buske [7] you, bolde bacheleris, vnder my baner to a-byde,
Where bryth basnetis [8] be bateryd, and backys ar schent.
Ye, syrys semly, all same syttyth on syde,
For bothe be see and be londe my sondis [9] I haue sent;
Al the Werld myn nam[e] is ment;
Al a-bowtyn my bane [10] is blowe;
In euery cost I am knowe;
I do men rawyn on ryche rowe [11]
Tyl thei be dyth to dethys dent.[12] . . .

*[On the scaffold of the Devil. Belial, Pride, Envy, and Wrath.]*

Belyal. Now I sytte, Satanas, in my sad synne,
As deuyl dowty, in draf as a drake! [13]
I champe and I chase, I chocke on my chynne,
I am boystows [1] and bold, as Belyal the blake.
What folk that I grope,[2] thei gapyn and grenne.
I-wys, fro Carlylle in-to Kent my carpynge [3] thei take!
Bothe the bak and the buttoke brestyth al on brenne; [4]
With werkys of wreche,[5] I werke hem mykyl wrake; [6]
In woo is al my wenne.[7]
In care I am cloyed
And fowle I am a-noyed
But Mankynde be stroyed
Be dykes and be denne. . . .

*[On the scaffold of the Flesh. Flesh, Gluttony, Sloth, and Lechery.]*

Flesh. I byde, as a brod brustun gutte, a-bouyn [8] on these touris!
Euery body is the beter that to myn byddynge is bent.
I am Mankyndis fayre Flesch, florchyd in flowris;
My lyfe is with lustys and lykynge i-lent;
With tapytys [9] of tafata I tymbyr [10] my towris;

---

[1] Persons.
[2] Dwellings.
[3] Cross-road.
[4] Set.
[5] Through.
[6] Playing place?
[7] Prepare.
[8] Helmets.
[9] Messengers.
[10] Proclamation.
[11] Ravin (or array) in a rich row (in vast numbers)?
[12] Ordained to Death's blow.
[13] In draff as a dragon.

[1] Boisterous.
[2] Tear.
[3] Talk.
[4] Bursteth all on burning.
[5] Vengeance.
[6] Harm.
[7] Delight.
[8] As a broad burst-gut, aloft.
[9] Hangings.
[10] Cover, decorate.

In myrthe and in melodye my mende is i-ment;
Thou I be clay and clad, clappyd vndir clowris,[1]
Yit wolde I that my wyll in the werld went
Ful trew, I you be-hyth.
I loue wel myn ese,
In lustis me to plese;
Thou [2] synne my sowle sese,[3]
I geue not a myth.[4] . . .

*[On the platea. Enter Mankind, attended by the Good Angel on his right and the Bad Angel on his left.]*

MANKIND. Aftyr oure forme faderis kende,[5]
This nyth I was of my moder born.
Fro my moder I walke, I wende.[6]
Ful feynt and febyl I fare [7] you beforn.
I am nakyd of lym and lende,[8]
As mankynde is schapyn and schorn.
I not wedyr [9] to gon ne to lende,
To helpe my-self mydday nyn morn.
For schame I stonde and schende.[10]
I was born this nyth in blody ble;
And nakyd I am, as ye may se.
A! Lord God in Trinite,
Whow Mankende is vnthende![11]

Where-to I was to this werld browth,
I ne wot; but to woo and wepynge
I am born, and haue ryth nowth
To helpe my self in no doynge.
I stonde and stodye, al ful of thowth.
Bare and pore is my clothynge;
A sely crysme,[12] myn hed hath cawth,
That I tok at myn crystenynge:
Certis, I haue no more.
Of erthe I cam, I wot ryth wele;
And as erthe I stande this sele;[13]
Of mankende it is gret dele.[14]
Lord God, I crye thyne ore![15]

Ij aungels bene a-synyd to me.
The ton techyth me to goode;
On my ryth syde ye may hym se,
He cam fro Criste that deyed on rode.
A-nother is ordeynyd her to be,
That is my foo be fen and flode;
He is a-bout, in euery degre,
To drawe me to tho dewylys wode,[1]
That in helle ben thycke.
Swyche to [2] hath euery man on lyue,
To rewlyn hym and hys wyttis fyue:
Whanne man doth ewyl, the ton wolde schryue;[3]
The tother drawyth to wycke.

But syn these aungelys be to me falle,
Lord Jhesu! to you I bydde a bone,[4]
That I may folwe, be strete and stalle,
The aungyl that cam fro heuene trone.
Now, Lord Jhesu in heuene halle,
Here, whane I make my mone!
Coryows [5] Criste, to you I calle!
As a grysly gost I grucche and grone,
I wene, ryth ful of thowth.
A! Lord Jhesu! wedyr may I goo?
A crysyme I haue, and no moo.
Alas! men may be wondyr woo
Whanne thei be fyrst forth browth!

GOOD ANGEL. Ya, forsothe, and that is wel sene:
Of woful wo man may synge,
For iche creature helpith hym-self bedene,[6]
Saue only man, at hys comynge.
Neuyr-the-lesse, turne thee fro tene,[7]
And seruë Jhesu, heuene kynge,
And thou schalt, be greuys grene,[8]
Farë wel in allë thynge.
That Lord thi lyfe hath lante;
Haue hym alway in thi mynde,
That deyed on rodë for mankynde;
And serue hym to thi lyfës ende;
And sertis thou schalt not wante!

BAD ANGEL. Pes, aungel! Thi wordis are not wyse!
Thou counselyst hym not a-ryth.
He schal hym drawyn to the Wer[l]dis seruyse,

---

[1] Turfs. [2] Though. [3] Seize. [4] Mite.
[5] First father's fashion. [6] Go.
[7] Walk, go. [8] Loin.
[9] I know not whither. [10] Am stupefied.
[11] Miserable, unthriving.
[12] Chrisom, a head cloth with which the chrism was covered up when the child was baptized.
[13] Season, time. [14] Pity, grief. [15] Mercy.

[1] Mad. [2] Such two.
[3] Shrive, administer absolution to.
[4] Ask a boon.
[5] Careful (caring for sinners).
[6] At once. [7] Harm. [8] A metrical tag.

To dwelle with caysere,[1] kynge, and knyth,
That in londe be hym non lyche.[2]
Cum on with me, stylle as ston!
Thou and I to the Wer[l]d schul goon,
And thannë thou schalt sen a-non
Whow [3] sone thou schalt be ryche. . . .

MANKIND. Whom to folwe, wetyn I ne may!
I stonde in stodye, and gynne to raue.
I wolde be ryche in gret a-ray,
And fayn I wolde my sowlë saue!
As wynde in watyr I wave.
Thou woldyst to the Werld I me toke;
And he wolde that I it for-soke.
Now, so God me helpe, and the holy boke,
I not wyche I may haue!

BAD ANGEL. Cum on, man! Where-of hast thou care?
Go we to the Werld, I rede thee, blyue;[4]
For ther thou schalt mow [5] ryth wel fare,
In case if thou thynke for to thryue;
No lord schal be thee lyche.
Take the Werld to thine entent,
And late thi loue be ther-on lent;
With gold and syluyr, and ryche rent,
A-none thou schalt be ryche.

MANKIND. Now, syn thou hast be-hetyn [6] me so,
I wyl go with thee and a-say;
I ne lette for frende ner fo,
But with the Werld I wyl go play,
Certis, a lytyl throwe.[7]
In this World is al my trust,
To lyuyn in lykyng and in lust.
Haue he and I onys cust,[8]
We schal not part, I trowe.

GOOD ANGEL. A! nay, man! For Cristis blod,
Cum a-gayn be strete and style!
The Werld is wyckyd, and ful wod,[9]
And thou schalt leuyn but a whyle.
What coueytyst thou to wynne?
Man, thynke on thyn endynge day
Whanne thou schalt be closyd vnder clay!
And if thou thenke of that a-ray,
Certis thou schalt not synne.
*Homo, memento finis! et in eternum non peccabis.*

BAD ANGEL. Ya, on thi sowle thou schalt thynke al be-tyme.[1]
Cum forth, man, and take non hede!
Cum on, and thou schalt holdyn hym inne.
Thi flesch thou schalt foster and fede
With lofly lyuys fode.[2]
With the Werld thou mayst be bold
Tyl thou be sexty wynter hold.[3]
Wanne thi nosë waxit cold,
Thanne mayst thou drawe to goode.

MANKIND. I vow to God, and so I may
Make mery a ful gret throwe!
I may leuyn many a day;
I am but yongë, as I trowe,
For to do that I schulde.
Myth I ryde be sompe and syke,[4]
And be ryche, and lord [i-]lyke,
Certis thanne schulde I be fryke,[5]
And a mery man on molde.[6] . . .

[*The Bad Angel leads Mankind away, and the Good Angel, left behind, laments.*]

GOOD ANGEL. I weyle, and wrynge, and makë mone!
This man with woo schal be pylt.[7]
I syë sore, and grysly grone,
For hys folye schal make hym spylt!
I not weder to gone.
Mankynde hath forsakyn me!
Alas, man, for loue of the!
Ya, for this gamyn and this gle,
Thou schalt grocchyn and grone.
[*Exit.*]

*Pipe vp music.*

[On the scaffold of the World. World boasts that he is lord of king, knight, and kaiser, and cares not for God. He orders his attendants, Lust (also called Lyking) and Folly, to "cry all about" if any man will serve the World. They descend into the *platea* and address the audience, urging all men to serve the World. In the meanwhile, the Bad Angel, leading Mankind, salutes them.]

---

[1] Kaiser.
[2] Like.
[3] How.
[4] Quickly.
[5] Be able to.
[6] Promised.
[7] Time.
[8] Kissed.
[9] Mad.

[1] In time enough.
[2] Food.
[3] Old.
[4] By swamp and rill.
[5] Joyful.
[6] On the earth.
[7] Tortured.

Bad Angel. How, Lust! Lykyng and Folye!
Take to me good entent!
I haue browth, be downys drye,[1]
To the Werld a gret present!
I haue gylyd [2] hym ful qweyntly;
For, syn he was born, I haue hym blent.[3]
He schal be serwaunt good and try;
A-monge you his wyl is lent;
To the Werld he wyl hym take;
For, syn he cowde wyt,[4] I vndirstonde,
I haue hym tysyd [5] in euery londe.
Hys Goode Aungel, be strete and st[r]onde,
I haue don [6] hym forsake. . . .

Folly. With ryche rentys I schal hym blynde
Wyth the werld tyl he be pytte;[7]
And thanne schal I, longe or his ende,
Make that caytyfe to be knytte
On the werld whanne he is set s[ore].

[*Addressing Mankind.*]

Cum on, Man! Thou schalt not rewe;
For thou wylt be to vs trewe
Thou schalt be clad in clothis newe,
And be ryche euere-more.

Mankind. Mary, felaw, gramercy!
I wolde be ryche and of gret renoun.
[Of God] I geue no tale trewly,
So that I be lord of toure and toun,
Be buskys and bankys broun.[8]
Syn that thou wylt makë me
Bothë ryche of gold and fee,
Goo forthe! for I wyl folow thee
Be dale and euery towne.

*Trumpe vp. Then Lust and Folly, the Bad Angel and Mankind will go to [the scaffold of] the World, and let [Lust] say:* [1]

Lust. How, lord! loke owt! for we haue browth
A serwant of nobyl fame!

[*Presents Mankind.*]

Of worldly good is al his thouth;
Of lust and folye he hath no schame;
He wolde be gret of name;
He wolde be at gret honour,
For to rewlë town and toure;
He wolde haue to his paramoure
Sum louely dyngë dame.[2]

World [*to Mankind*]. Welcum, syr, semly in syth!
Thou art welcum to worthy wede,[3]
For thou wylt be my serwaunt day and nyth,
With my seruyse I schal thee foster and fede;
Thi bak schal be betyn with besawntis [4] bryth;
Thou schalt haue byggyngys be bankis brede;[5]
To thi cors schal knele kayser and knyth,
And ladys louely on lere,[6]
Where that thou walke, be sty or be strete.
But Goddys seruyse thou must forsake,
And holy to the Werld thee take,
And thanne a man I schal thee make
That non schal be thi pere.

Mankind. Yis, Werld, and ther-to here myn honde,
To forsake God and hys seruyse.
To medys [7] thou geue me howse and londe
That I regne rychely at myn enprise.[8]
So that I fare wel be strete and stronde
Whil I dwelle here in werldly wyse,
I reeke neuere of heuene wonde,[9]
Nor of Jhesu, that jentyl justyse.

---

[1] By downs dreary, or distant (a metrical tag).
[2] Beguiled.
[3] Blinded.
[4] Know (reached the age of intelligence).
[5] Enticed, tempted to sin.
[6] Made.
[7] Buried.
[8] By bushes and banks brown (a metrical tag).

[1] MS. trumpe vp. *Tunc ibunt Voluptas et Stulticia, Malus Angelus et Humanum Genus, ad Mundum, et dicat.*
[2] Wortny lady.
[3] Clothes.
[4] Bezants, gold coins.
[5] Buildings by banks broad.
[6] In face.
[7] For rewards.
[8] Will.
[9] Chastisement

Of my sowle I haue non rewthe.
What schulde I recknen of domysday,
So that I be ryche, and of gret a-ray?
I schal make mery whyl I may.
And ther-to here my trewthe.

**World.** Now sertis, syr, thou seyst wel!
I holde thee trewe ffro top to the too.
But thou were ryche, it were gret del,[1]
And all men that wyl farë soo.
Cum up, my serwaunt trew as stel!

*Then Mankind ascends to the World.*[2]

Thou schalt be ryche where so thou goo;
Men schul seruyn thee at mel[3]
With mynstralsye and bemys blo,[4]
With metis and drynkis trye;[5]
Lust and lykynge schal be thin ese;
Louely ladys thee schal plese;
Who-so do thee any disesse,
He schal ben hangyn hye!

Lykynge, be-lyue
Late clothe hym swythe[6]
In robys ryve[7]
With ryche a-ray.
Folye, thou fonde,[8]
Be strete and stronde,
Serue hym at honde
Bothe nyth and day. . . .

[*Lust and Folly take Mankind aside to array him.*]

[*On the platea. Enter Backbiter.*]

**Backbiter.** All thyngis I crye a-gayn the pes
To knyt and knaue. This is my kende.[9]
Ya! dyngne dukis on her des,[10]
In bytter balys I hem bynde;
Cryinge and care, chydynge and ches,[11]
And sad sorwe, to hem I sende.
Ya! lowdë lesyngis lachyd in les,[12]
Of talys vn-trewe is al my mende.
Mannys bane[13] a-bowtyn I bere,
I wyl that ye wetyn, all tho that ben here;
For I am knowyn fer and nere;
I am the Werldys messengere;
My name is Bacbytere. . . .

Ther-fore I am mad massenger
To lepyn ouer londis leye,[1]
Thorwe all the world, fer and ner,
Vnsayd sawys for to seye.[2]
In this holte I huntë here
For to spye a preuy pley;[3]
For whanne Mankynde is clothyd clere,
Thanne schal I techyn hym the wey
To the dedly synnys seuene.
Here I schal a-bydyn with my pese,
The wronge to do hym for to chese,[4]
For I thynke that he schal lese
The lyth of hey heuene.

[*On the scaffold of the World. Lust and Folly leap forward Mankind gorgeously arrayed.*]

**Lust.** Worthy World, in welthys wonde,
Here is Mankynde ful fare in folde![5]
In bryth besauntys he is bownde,
And bon[6] to bowe to you so bolde. . . .

**Folly.** Dysplese thee, he wyl for no man;
On me, Folye, is al hys thowth. . . .

**World.** Now, Folye, fayre thee be-fall!
And Lustë, blyssyd be thou ay!
Ye han browth Mankynde to myn hall
Sertis in a nobyl a-ray!
With Werldys welthys with-inne these wall,
I schal hym feffe of that I may.
Welcum, Mankynde, to thee I call!
Clenner clothyd thanne any clay,
Be downë, dale, and dyche.
Mankynde, I redë that thou reste
With me, the Werld, as it is beste.
Loke thou holde myn hendë[7] feste,
And euere thou schalt be ryche.

**Mankind.** Whou[8] schul I but I thi hestis helde?
Thou werkyst with me holy my wyll;
Thou feffyst me with fen and felde,

---

[1] Pity.
[2] MS. *Tunc ascendit Humanum Genus ad Mundum.*
[3] Meal.
[4] Blowing of trumpets.
[5] Delicate.
[6] Quickly.
[7] Abundant.
[8] Fool.
[9] Nature.
[10] Worshipful dukes on their thrones.
[11] Strife.
[12] Loud lyings bound in leash?
[13] Sorrow.

[1] Untilled lands.
[2] Unsaid-sayings to say.
[3] Play, trick.
[4] Choose.
[5] In rich garments.
[6] Bound; ready
[7] Hands.
[8] How.

And hyë hall be holtis and hyll;
In werldly wele my wytte I welde;[1]
In joye I jette[2] with juelys jentyll;
On blysful banke my boure is bylde;
In veynglorye I stondë styll;
I am kene as a knyt.
Who-so a-geyn the Werld wyl speke,
Mankynde schal on hym be wreke;
In stronge presun[3] I schal hym steke,
Be it wronge or ryth!

World. A, Mankynde, wel thee be-tyde,
That thi loue on me is sette!
In my bowris thou schalt a-byde,
And yit fare makyl the bette.[4]
I feffe thee in all my wonys wyde,
In dale of dros[5] tyl thou be deth.[6]
I make thee lord of mekyl pryde,
Syr, at thyn owyn mowthis mette.[7]
I fynde in thee no tresun.
In all this worlde, be se and sonde,
Parkis, placis, lawnde and londe,
Here I gyfe thee with myn honde,
Syr, an opyn sesun.

Go to my tresorer, Syr Couetouse!
Loke thou tell hym as I seye!
Bydde hym make thee mayster in his house,
With penys and powndis for to pleye.
Loke thou geuë not a lous
Of the day that thou schalt deye.

*[He calls Backbiter.]*

Messenger, do now thyne vse!
Bakbytere, teche hym the weye!
Thou art swetter thanne mede.[8]
Mankynde, take with thee Bakbytynge!
Lefe hym for no maner thynge!
Flepergebet[9] with hys flaterynge
Standith mankynde in stede.

Backbiter. Bakbytynge and Detraccion
Schal goo with thee fro toun to toun.
Haue don, Mankynde, and cum doun!

*[Mankind descends.]*

I am thyne owyn page.
I schal bere thee wyttnesse with my myth,
Whanne my lord, the Werlde, it behyth.[1]

*[He points to the scaffold of Covetousness.]*

Lo, where syr Coueytyse sytt,
And bydith us[2] in his stage. . . .

*[Backbiter leads Mankind up to the scaffold of Covetousness.]*

Backbiter. Syr Coueytyse, God thee saue,
Thi pens and thi poundys all!
I, Bakbytere, thyn owyn knaue,
Haue browt Mankynde vn-to thine hall.
The Worlde bad thou schuldyst hym haue,
And feffyn hym, what-so be-fall.
In grene gres tyl he be graue,[3]
Putte hym in thi precyous pall,
Coueytyse! it were all rewthe.
Whyl he walkyth in worldly wolde,
I, Bakbyter, am with hym holde;[4]
Lust and Folye, tho barouns bolde,
To hem he hath plyth hys trewthe.

Covetousness. Ow, Mankynde! blyssyd mote thou be!
I haue louyd thee derworthly many a day;
And so I wot wel that thou dost me.
Cum up and se my ryche a-ray!

*[Mankind ascends the scaffold of Covetousness.]*

It were a gret poynte of pyte
But Coueytyse were to thi pay.[5]
Sit up ryth here in this se;[6]
I schal thee lere[7] of werldlys lay,
That fadyth as a flode.
With good i-now[8] I schal thee store;
And yit oure gamë is but lore[9]
But thou coueyth mekyl more
Thanne euere schal do thee goode.

Thou muste gyfe thee to symonye,
Extorsion, and false asyse;[10]

---

[1] In worldly happiness my mind I rule.
[2] Strut.
[3] Prison.
[4] Much the better.
[5] In the grave.
[6] Put.
[7] Mouth's might (at command).
[8] Mead, a sweet drink made from honey.
[9] Flibbertigibbet, one of the names of Backbiter.

[1] Commands.
[2] Waits for us.
[3] Buried.
[4] Gracious, friendly.
[5] Liking, satisfaction.
[6] Seat.
[7] Teach.
[8] Wealth enough.
[9] Lost.
[10] Measure.

Helpe no man but thou haue why;[1]
Pay not thi serwauntys here serwyse;
Thi neyborys, loke thou dystroye;
Tythe not on non wyse;
Here no begger, thou he crye —
And thanne schalt thou ful sonë ryse.
And whanne thou vsyste marchaundyse,
Loke that thou be sotel of sleytys;
And also swere al be deseytys;
Bye and sell be fals weytys;
For that is kyndë coueytyse.[2] . . .

Mankind. A, Auaryce! wel thou spede!
Of werldly wytte thou canst,[3] i-wys.
Thou woldyst not I haddë nede,
And schuldyst be wrothe if I ferd a-mys.
I schal neuere begger bede [4]
Mete nyn drynke, be heuene blys;
Rather or I schulde hym clothe or fede,
He schulde sterue and stynke, i-wys.
Coueytyse, as thou wylt, I wyl do.
Where-so that I fare, be fenne or flod,
I make a-vow, be Goddys blod,
Of Mankynde getyth no man no good,
But if he synge "*si dedero.*" . . .

[*Covetousness calls aloud:*]

Prydë, Wrathë, and Envye,
Com forthe, the deuelys chyldryn thre!
Lechery, Slawth, and Glotonye,
To mans flesch ye are fendis fre!
Dryuyth downne ouer dalys drye!
Beth [5] now blythe as any be!
Ouer hyll and holtys ye you hyghe
To com to Mankynde and to me
Fro youre dowty dennys!
As dukys dowty, ye you dresse!
Whanne ye sex be comme, I gesse,
Thanne be we seuene, and no lesse,
Of the dedly synnys. . . .

[On the scaffold of the Devil, Pride, Wrath, and Envy hear the call, and take farewell of Belial. Belial urges them to do their best to bring Mankind to hell. On the scaffold of the Flesh, Gluttony, Lechery, and Sloth likewise hear the call, and take a farewell of their master. Flesh gives them his blessing, and exhorts them to use every means to keep Mankind from the bliss of heaven.]

*Then Pride, Wrath, Envy, Gluttony, Lechery, and Sloth will go to* [*the scaffold of*] *Covetousness; and let Pride say:*[1]

Pride. What is thi wyll, Syr Coveytyse?
Why hast thou afftyr vs sent?
Whanne thou creydyst, we ganne a-gryse,[2]
And come to thee now par asent.
Oure loue is on thee lent.
I, Pryde, Wrath, and Envye,
Gloton, Slawth, and Lechery,
We arn cum all sex for thi crye,
To be at thi commaundement.

Covetousness. Welcum be ye, bretheryn all,
And my sy[s]tyr, swete Lecherye!
Wytte ye why I gan to call?
For ye must me helpe, and that in hy.[3]
Mankynde is now com to myn hall
With me to dwell, be downys dry;
Therfore ye must, what so be-ffall,
Feffyn hym with youre foly;
And ellis ye don hym wronge,
For whanne Mankynde is kendly koueytous,[4]
He is provd, wrathful, and envyous;
Glotons, slaw,[5] and lecherous,
Thei arn other whyle amonge. . . .

Pride. In gle and game I growë glad!
Mankynde, take good hed,
And do as Coveytyse thee bad!
Take me in thyn hert, precyous Pride;
Loke thou be not ouer-lad;[6]
Late no bacheler thee mysbede;[7]
Do thee [8] to be dowtyd and drad;
Bete boyes tyl they blede;
Kast hem in careful kettis;[9]
Frende, fadyr, and moder dere,[10]
Bowe hem not in non manere;
And hold no maner man thi pere;
And vsë these new iettis:[11]

---

[1] Reason therefor.
[2] Natural covetousness.
[3] Hast knowledge.
[4] Offer.
[5] Be.

[1] MS. *Tunc ibunt Superbia, Ira, Invidia, Gula, Luxuria, et Accidia ad Auariciam; et dicat Superbia.*
[2] Tremble.
[3] In haste.
[4] Naturally covetous.
[5] Slothful.
[6] Lorded over.
[7] Ill use.
[8] Make thyself.
[9] Grievous troubles.
[10] Injure.
[11] Fashions.

Loke thou blowë mekyl bost,
With longe crakows on thi schos;[1]
Jagge thi clothis in euery cost,[2]
And ellis men schul lete[3] thee but a goos.
It is thus, Man, wel thou wost;
Therfore do as no man dos;
And euery man sette at a thost;[4]
And of thi-self make gret ros;[5]
Now se thi-self on euery syde.
Euery man thou schalt schende and schelfe;[6]
And holde no man betyr thanne thi selfe;
Tyl dethys dynt thi body delfe,[7]
Put holy thyn hert in Pride. . . .

**Wrath.** Be also wroth as thou were wode!
Make thee be dred be dalys derne!
Who so thee wrethe, be fen or flode,
Loke thou be a-vengyd yerne![8]
Be redy to spylle mans blod!
Loke thou hem fere,[9] be feldis ferne![10]
Alway, Man, be ful of mod![11]
My lothly lawys loke thou lerne,
I rede,[12] for any thynge.
A-non take veniaunce, Man, I rede;
And thanne schal no man thee ouerlede,
But of thee they schul haue drede,
And bowe to thi byddynge.

**Mankind.** Wrethë, for thi councel hende
Haue thou Goddis blyssynge and myn!
What caytyf of al my kende
Wyl not bowe, he schal a-byn;[13]
With myn veniaunce I schal hym schende,[14]
And wrekyn[15] me, be Goddis yne.[16] . . .

**Envy.** Envye with Wrathe muste dryve
To haunte Mankynde al-so.
Whanne any of thy neyboris wyl thryve,
Loke thou haue Envye ther-to. . . .

**Mankind.** Envye! thou art bothe good and hende,
And schalt be of my counsel chefe. . . .

**Gluttony.** In gay glotony a game thou be-gynne!
Ordeyn thee mete and drynkis goode.
Loke that no tresour thee part a-twynne,
But thee feffe and fede with al kynnys fode.[1]
With fastynge schal man neuere heuene wynne:
These grete fasteris, I hold hem wode.
Thou thou ete and drynke, it is no synne.
Fast no day, I rede, be the rode. . . .

**Mankind.** A, Glotony! wel I thee grete!
Soth and sad it is, thy sawe.
I am no day wel, be sty ner strete,
Tyl I haue wel fyllyd my mawe.
Fastynge is fellyd vnder fete. . . .

**Lechery.** Ya whanne thi flesche is fayrë fed,
Thanne schal I, louely Lecherye,
Be bobbyd with thee in [thi] bed;
Here-of serue mete and drynkis trye.[2]
In louë thi lyf schal be led;
Be a lechour tyl thou dye! . . .

**Mankind.** A, Lechery, wel thee be!
Mans sed in thee is sowe;
Fewe men wyl forsakë thee
In any cuntre that I knowe. . . .

**Sloth.** Ya! whanne ye be in bedde browth bothe,
Wappyd wel in worthy wede,
Thanne I, Slawthë, wyl be wrothe
But ij brothelys[3] I may brede.
Whanne the messë-bellë goth,[4]
Lye stylle, man, and take non hede! . .

**Mankind.** Owe, Slawthe, thou seyst m
skylle!
Men vse thee mekyl,[5] God it wot. . . .

[*Having accepted the Seven Deadly Sins, Mankind rejoices.*]

**Mankind.** "Mankynde" I am callyd be kynde,
With curssydnesse in costis knet,
In sowre swettenesse my syth I sende,

---

[1] Pointed and curved toes on thy shoes.
[2] Way, manner.
[3] Reckon.
[4] A piece of dung.
[5] Esteem.
[6] Injure and shove aside.
[7] Bury.
[8] Thoroughly.
[9] Frighten.
[10] By fields distant (a metrical tag).
[11] Anger.
[12] Advise.
[13] Suffer.
[14] Injure.
[15] Avenge.
[16] Eyes.

[1] Food.
[2] Rich, delicate.
[3] Worthless persons, scoundrels.
[4] Mass-bell rings (calling to church).
[5] Much.

With seuene synnys sadde be-set.
Mekyl myrthe I moue in mynde,
With melody at my mowthis met.[1]
My prowd pouer schal I not pende[2]
Tyl I be putte in peynys pyt,
To hellë hent[3] fro hens.
In dale of dole tyl we are downe,
We schul be clad in a gay gowne.
I se no man but they vse somme
Of these vij dedly synnys. . . .

[On the *platea*, the Good Angel sorely mourns. Shrift and Penance come to him, and ask why he laments. The Good Angel answers that he is lamenting for Mankind, whose ruin is near, and begs Shrift to help. Shrift promises to do what he can.]

*Then they will go to Mankind* [*who is still on the scaffold of Covetousness*]; *and let Shrift say:*[4]

SHRIFT. What, Mankynde! Whou[5] goth this?
What dost thou with these deuelys seuene?
Alas, alas! man, al a-mys!
Blysse in the mane[6] of God in heuene,
I rede, so haue I rest.
These lotly lordeynys[7] awey thou lyfte,
And cum doun and speke with Schryfte,
And drawe thee yernë to sum thryfte!
Trewly it is the best.

MANKIND. A, Schryfte! thou art wel be-note[8]
Here to Slawthe, that syttyth here-inne.
He seyth thou mytyst a com to mannys cote[9]
On Palme-Sunday al be tyme.
Thou art com al to sone!
Therfore, Schryfte, be thi fay,
Goo forthe tyl on Good Fryday!
Tente[10] to thee thanne wel I may;
I haue now ellys to done. . . .

[Shrift bids Mankind confess, if he wishes for bliss. Penance, too, urges him to repent. At last Mankind sighs for his sins, and cries to God for mercy.]

MANKIND. Nay, sertis, that schal I not do!
Schryfte, thou schalte the sothë se;
For thow Mankynde be wonte ther-to,
I wyl now al a-mendë me.
I com to thee, Schryfte, al holy, lo!

*Then he descends* [*from the scaffold of Covetous*] *to Shrift.*[1]

I forsake you, synnys, and fro you fle!
Ye schapyn to man a sory scho![2]
Whanne he is be-gylyd in this degre,
Ye bleykyn al hys ble.[3]
Synne, thou art a sory store! . . .

[Mankind confesses his misdeeds, and Shrift grants him absolution from all his sins. Mankind then requests to be placed where he will be free from the attacks of the Seven Deadly Sins.]

SHRIFT. To swyche a place I schal thee kenne,[4]
Ther thou mayst dwelle with-outyn dystaunsce[5]
And al-wey kepë thee fro synne —
In-to the Castel of Perseueraunce.
If thou wylt to heuene wynne,
And kepe thee fro werldyly dystaunce,
Goo [to] yone Castel, and kepe thee ther-inne,
For [it] is strenger thanne any in Fraunce.
To yone castel I thee seende.
That castel is a precyous place,
Ful of vertu and of grace:
Who-so leuyth there his lyuys space,
No synne schal hym schende.[6] . . .

[Shrift then leads him up to the Castle. Before he is allowed to enter, he is addressed by the ladies who keep the Castle — the Seven Moral Virtues: Meekness, Patience, Charity, Abstinence, Chastity,

---

[1] Mouth's might (at command).
[2] Limit.
[3] Carried off, snatched.
[4] MS. *Tunc ibunt ad Humanum Genus; et dicat Confessio.*
[5] How.
[6] Rejoice in the power.
[7] Loathsome rascals.
[8] Beknown?
[9] Dwelling.
[10] Listen.

[1] MS. *Tunc descendit ad Confessionem.*
[2] Shoe.
[3] Bleach all his color.
[4] Direct, guide.
[5] Dissension, enmity.
[6] Injure.

Industry, and Generosity — each giving him good advice. Mankind promises that he will follow their instructions.]

**Mankind.** Ladys in lond, louely and lyt,[1]
Lykynge lelys, ye be my leche! [2] . . .

**Meekness.** Mercy may mende al thi mone.
Cum in here at thynne owyn wylle!

[*She opens the gate, and Mankind enters, while the Virtues sing "Cum sancto sanctus eris," et cetera.*] [3]

We schul thee fendë fro thi fon [4]
If thou kepe thee in this castel stylle.
Stonde here-inne as stylle as ston,
Thanne schal no dedly synne thee spylle:
Whether that synnys cumme or gon,
Thou schalt with us thi bouris bylle;[5]
With vertuse we schul thee vaunce.[6]
This Castel is of so qweynt a gynne,[7]
That who-so-euere holde hym therinne,
He schal neuere fallyn in dedly synne:
It is the Castel of Perseueranse.
*Qui perseuerauerit usque in finem, hic saluus erit.*[8] . . .

*Then they sing "Eterne Rex altissime," etc.*[9]

[*On the platea.*]

**Bad Angel.** Nay! be Belyals bryth bonys,
Ther schal he no whyle dwelle!
He schal be wonne fro these wonys,[10]
With the Werld, the Flesch, and the Deuyl of hell!
Thei schul my wyl a-wreke.
The synnys seuene, the kyngis thre,
To Mankynde haue enmyte;
Scharpely thei schul helpyn me,
This Castel for to breke.
Howe! Flypyrgebet Bakbytere!
Yerne [1] oure message loke thou make!
Blythe a-bowt loke thou bere!
Sey, Mankynde his synnys hath forsake.
With yene wenchys he wyl hym were;[2]
Al to holynesse he hath hym take.
In myn hert it doth me dere;[3]
The bost that tho moderis crake [4]
My galle gynnyth to grynde.
Flepyrgebet, ronne up-on a rasche! [5]
Byd the Werld, the Fend, and the Flesche
That they com to fytyn fresche,[6]
To wynne a-geyn Mankynde.

**Backbiter.** I go! I go, on groundë glad!
Swyfter thannë schyp with rodyr!
I makë men masyd and mad,
And euery man to kyllyn odyr
With a sory chere.
I am glad, be Seynt Jamys of Galys,
Of schrewdnes to tellyn talys
Bothyn in Ingelond and in Walys;
And feyth I haue many a fere.[7]

*Then they will go to Belial.*[8]

[*On the scaffold of the Devil.*]

[**Backbiter.**] Heyl, set in thyn selle! [9]
Heyl, dynge deuyl in thi delle!
Heyl, lowe in helle!
I cum to thee, talys to telle.

**Belyal.** Bakbyter, boy, alwey be holtis and hethe,
Sey now, I sey, what tydyngis? Telle me the sothe!

**Backbiter.** Teneful [10] talys I may thee sey,
To thee no good, as I gesse!
Mankynde is gon now a-wey
In-to the Castel of Goodnesse!
Ther he wyl bothe lyuyn and deye,
In dale of dros tyl deth hym dresse.
Hathe thee forsakyn, forsothe I sey,

---

[1] Gentle.
[2] Amiable fair ones, ye be my physician.
[3] The MS. has written in the margin: *Cum sancto sanctus eris & cetera.*
[4] Protect from thy foes.
[5] Dwelling build.
[6] Advance.
[7] Device.
[8] Matthew xxiv, 13: "But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."
[9] MS. *Tunc cantabunt "Eterne Rex altissime, &c."*
[10] Dwellings.

[1] Swift.
[2] Guard.
[3] Injure.
[4] Those mothers brag.
[5] Haste.
[6] Fight vigorously.
[7] Companion.
[8] MS. *Tunc ibu[nt] ad Belial.*
[9] Throne.
[10] Painful, distressing.

And all thi werkis, more and lesse!
To yone Castel he gan to crepe.
Yone modyr, Meknes, sothe to sayn,
And all yene maydnys on yone playn,
For to fytyn thei be ful fayn,
Mankynde for to kepe.

[*Belial calls for Pride, Envy, and Wrath.*]

*Then Pride, Envy, and Wrath turn themselves about.*[1]

**Pride.** Syr kynge, what wytte?[2]
We be redy throtis to kytte.[3]
**Belyal.** Sey, gadelyngis, haue ye harde grace![4]
And euyl deth mote ye deye!
Why lete ye Mankynde fro you pase
In-to yene Castel, fro us a-weye?
With tene I schal you tey![5]
Harlotis! at onys
Fro this wonys![6]
Be Belyals bonys,[7]
Ye schul a-beye![8]

*And he will beat them to the ground.*[9]

[*On the scaffold of the Flesh. Enter Backbiter, running.*]

**Backbiter.** Heyle, kynge I-calle!
Heyl, prinse, proude prekyd in palle![10]
Heyl, hende in halle!
Heyl, syr kynge! Fayre thee be-falle!

**Flesh.** Roy Bakbytynge,
Ful redy in robys to rynge,[11]
Ful glad tydynge,
Be Belyalys bonys, I trow thow brynge.

**Backbiter.** Ya, for God! owt I crye
On thi too sonys and thi dowtyr yinge!
Glotoun, Slawthe, and Lechery
Hath put me in gret mornynge.
They let Mankynde gon up hye
In-to yene castel at hys lykynge,
Ther-in for to leue and dye,
With tho ladys to make endynge,
The flouris fayre and fresche.
He is in the Castel of Perseueraunס,
And put hys body to penauns.
Of hard happe is now thi chauns,
Syr kynge, mankyndys Flesche.

*Then the Flesh will call aloud to Gluttony, Sloth and Lechery,* [*who enter*].[1]

[Flesh abuses them for letting Mankind slip away, and then administers to them a sound flogging. Backbiting chuckles at their misfortune, then rushes away to inform the World.]

[*On the scaffold of the World. Enter Backbiter, who, after informing the World of the loss of Mankind, urges that vengeance be taken on the head of Covetousness.*]

**Backbiter.** Lo, syr Werld, ye moun a-gryse[2]
That ye be seruyd on this wyse!
Go pley you with syr Coueytyse
Tyl his crownë crake!

*Then they will blow a horn for Covetousness,* [*who, hearing it, enters*].[3]

**Covetousness.** Syr bolnynge bowde,[4]
Tell me why blowe ye so lowde?

**World.** Lowde, losel! The deuel thee brenne![5]
I prey God geue thee a fowl hap!
Sey, why letyst thou Mankynde
In-to yene castel for to skape?
I trow thou gynnyst to raue.
Now, for Mankynde is went,
Al oure game is schent:[6]
Therfore, a sore dryuynge dent,[7]
Harlot, thou shalt haue!

*Then they will beat him.*[8]

**Covetousness.** Mercy! mercy! I wyl no more!
Thou hast me rappyd with rewly rowtis![9]
I snowre![10] I sobbe! I syë sore!
Myn hed is clateryd al to clowtis![11] . . .

---

[1] MS. *Tunc vertunt Superbia, Inuidia, & Ira.*
[2] What is your mind?
[3] Throats to cut.
[4] Plague take you.
[5] With pain I shall you punish.
[6] Dwellings.
[7] By Belial's bones!
[8] Suffer for it.
[9] MS. *& verberabit eos super terram.*
[10] Proud set in rich clothes.
[11] Reign.

[1] MS. *Tunc Caro clamabit ad Gulam, Accidiam, & Luxuriam.*
[2] Be horrified.
[3] MS. *Tunc buccinabunt cornuo ad Auariciam.*
[4] Swelling bold one.
[5] Burn.
[6] Ruined.
[7] Blow.
[8] MS. *Tunc verberant eum.*
[9] Pitiful blows.
[10] Scowl, frown.
[11] Shaken all to pieces (rags).

[After much boasting, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil severally prepare to attack the Castle of Perseverance and take Mankind thence. Meekness appeals to her sister Virtues to defend Mankind.]

MEEKNESS. Now, my seuene systerys swete,
This day fallyth on us the lot
Mankynde for to schylde and schete [1]
Fro dedly synne and schamely schot.[2]
Hys enmys strayen in the strete
To spyllë man with spetows spot;[3]
Therfor oure flouris lete now flete,[4]
And kepe we hym, as we haue het,[5]
Amonge vs in this halle.
Therfor, vij systeris swote,
Lete oure vertus reyne on rote! [6]
This day we wyl be mans bote [7]
A-geyns these deuelys alle.

[Belial first leads his followers, Pride, Wrath, and Envy, against the Castle of Perseverance. Pride, Wrath, and Envy, with foul language, defy in turn Meekness, Patience, and Charity, and are appropriately answered by those Virtues. At last Belial calls upon his followers to stop talking, and assault the Castle.]

BELYAL. What, for Belyalys bonys!
Where a-bowtyn chydë ye?
Haue don, ye boyes, al at onys!
Lasche don [8] these moderys, allë thre!
Werkë wrakë to this wonys! [9]
The vaunward is grauntyd me.
Do these moderys [10] to makyn monys!
Youre dowty dedys [11] now lete se!
Dasche hem al to daggys! [12]
Haue do, boyës blo and blake!
Wirke these wenchys wo and wrake!
Claryouns cryith up at a krake,[13]
And blowe your brodë baggys! [14]

*Then they will assault the Castle. He that schal pleye Belyal, loke that he haue gunne-powder brennyn[ge] in pyps in his hands and in his eris and in his ers, whanne he gothe to bat[tel].*[1]

[The Virtues beat them back with roses, emblematic of Christ's passion. With many exclamations of pain, Belial and his followers depart, confessing themselves utterly defeated. Next Flesh assembles his warriors, Gluttony, Sloth, and Lechery, and leads them to an assault upon the Castle. Gluttony abuses Abstinence, Lechery defies Chastity, and Sloth threatens Industry. The Virtues make suitable replies. At last Flesh orders his followers to stop talking and fight.]

FLESH. Ey, for B[e]lyalys bonys, the kynge,
Where-a-bowte stonde ye al day!
Caytyuys! lete be your kakelynge,
And rappe at rowtis of a-ray! [2]
Glotony, thou fowle gadlynge,
Sle [3] Abstynens, if thou may!
Lechery, with thi werkynge,
To Chastyte make a wyckyd a-ray
A lytyl throwe.[4]
And whyl we fyth
For owre ryth,
In bemys bryth [5]
Late blastis blowe!

[They assault the Castle,[6] but are beaten back in utter discomfort. Then the World assumes the task of overcoming Mankind. He appeals to Covetousness to "work in the best wise" and make Mankind come away "from yon Virtues all." Covetousness advances alone to the Castle, and addresses Mankind.]

COVETOUSNESS. How, Mankynde! I am a-tenyde [7]
For thou art there so in that holde.
Cum and speke with thi best frende,
Syr Coueytyse! Thou knowyst me of olde.

---

[1] Shield and guard.
[2] Shame-bringing shot (assault).
[3] Despitous (vexing) disgrace.
[4] Fly (the Virtues throw flowers at the attackers).
[5] Promised.
[6] Reign (or prevail) in a troop.
[7] Help, salvation.
[8] Beat down.
[9] Dwellings.
[10] Make these mothers.
[11] Doughty deeds.
[12] Tatters, rags.
[13] Clarions cry up loudly.
[14] Bag-pipes.

[1] MS. has merely *Tunc pugnabunt domini.* I have added the stage-direction from the plan of the staging (see p. 264).
[2] Strike at crowds in martial array.
[3] Kill.
[4] Time, while.
[5] Trumpets bright.
[6] MS. *Tunc pugnabunt domini.*
[7] Vexed.

What deuyl! schalt thou ther lenger lende[1]
With grete penaunce in that castel colde!
In-to the werld, if thou wylt, wende
A-monge men to bere thee bolde,
I redë,[2] be seynt Gyle.
How, Mankynde! I thee say,
Com to Coueytyse, I thee prey.
We to schul to-gedyr pley,
If thou wylt, a whyle. . . .

MANKIND. Coueytyse, whedyr schuld I wende?
What wey woldyst that I sulde holde?
To what place woldyst thou me sende?
I gynne to waxyn hory and colde;
My bake gynnyth to bowe and bende;
I crulle[3] and crepe, and wax al colde.
Age makyth man ful vnthende,[4]
Body and bonys, and al vnwolde.[5]
My bonys are febyl and sore;
I am arayed in a sloppe;[6]
As a yonge man, I may not hoppe;
My nose is colde, and gynnyth to droppe;
Myn her[7] waxit al hore.

COVETOUSNESS. Petyr! thou hast the morë nede
To hauë sum good[8] in thyn age —
Markys,[9] poundys, londys and lede,
Howsys and homys, castell and cage!
Therfor do as I thee rede!
To Coueytyse cast thi parage![10]
Cum, and I schal thyne erdyn bede;[11]
The werthi Werld schal geue thee wage,
Certis not a lyth.[12]
Com on, olde man! It is no reprefe
That Coueytysë be thee lefe.[13] . . .

MANKIND. I wyl not do these ladys dyspyt
To forsakyn hem for so lyt.
To dwellyn here is my delyt;
Here arn my best frendis.

COVETOUSNESS. Ya! up and doun thou take the wey
Thorwe this werld to walkyn and wende,
And thou schalt fyndë, soth to sey,
Thi purs schal be thi best[ë] frende.
Thou thou syt al day and prey,
No man schal com to thee, nor sende;
But if thou haue a peny to pey,
Men schul to thee thanne lystyn and lende,
And kelyn[1] al thi care.
Therfore to me thou hange and helde,[2]
And be coueytous whylys thou may thee welde.[3]
If thou be pore, and nedy, and elde,
Thou schalt oftyn euyl fare.

MANKIND. Coueytyse, thou seyst a good skyl.[4]
So gretë god[5] me [wyl] a-vaunce,
Al thi byddynge don I wyl.
I forsake the Castel of Perseueraunce;
In Coueytyse I wyl me hyle,[6]
For to gete sum sustynaunce.

*Then Mankind descends to Covetousness.*[7]

[The Virtues plead with Mankind not to leave the Castle of Perseverance, pointing out to him the folly of trusting to worldly wealth. But the Bad Angel interrupts them, and says to Mankind:]

BAD ANGEL. Ya! go forthe, and lete the qwenys cakle!
Ther wymmen arn are many wordys.
Lete hem gone hoppyn with here hakle![8]
Ther ges syttyn are many tordys.
With Coueytyse thou renne on rakle,[9]
And hange thyne hert up on his hordis.
Thou schalt be schakyn in myn schakle;[10]
Vnbynde thi baggys on his bordis,
On hys benchys a-boue.
Parde, thou gost owt of mankynde
But Coueytyse be in thi mende;

---

[1] Remain. [2] Advise. [3] Crawl.
[4] Miserable. [5] Unwieldy, stiff.
[6] A loose gown. [7] Hair. [8] Riches.
[9] A denomination of money, 13*s*., 4*d*.
[10] Lineage; kinship? [11] Message present.
[12] Little. [13] Be to thee dear.

[1] Cool. [2] Hold.
[3] Rule, govern. [4] Sayest a good reason.
[5] Great riches. [6] Hide.
[7] MS. *Tunc descendit ad Auariciam Humanum Genus.*
[8] Hopping with their mantles (cf. the stage direction at line 3130).
[9] In haste. [10] Shackle.

If euere thou thynkë to be thende,[1]
On hym thou ley thi loue.

[Mankind makes his decision, and goes away with Covetousness, while the Good Angel laments sorely.]

[*On the scaffold of the World.*]

World. A, A! This game goth as I wolde.
Mankynde wyl neuere the Werld forsake!
Tyl he be ded, and vndyr molde,
Holy to me he wyl hym take.
To Coveytyse he hath hym yolde;[2]
With my wele[3] he wyl a-wake.
For a thousende pounde I nolde
But Coveytysë were Mans make,[4]
Certys, on euery wyse.
All these gamys he schal be-wayle,
For I, the Werld, am of this entayle;[5]
In hys moste nede I schal hym fayle,
And al for Coveytyse.

[Covetousness leads Mankind to a "bower" under the Castle, where a bed and a cupboard are prepared.[6]]

Covetousness. Now, Mankynde, be war of this:
Thou art a party wele in age;
I woldë not thou ferdyst a-mys;
Go we now knowe my castel cage.
In this bowre I schal thee blys;
Worldly wele schal be thi wage;
More mucke thanne is thyne, i-wys,
Take thou in this trost terage,[7]
And loke that thou do wronge.
Coveytyse, it is no sore,
He wyl thee feffen ful of store,
And alwey, alwey, sey "more and more";
And that schal be thi songe.

Mankind. A, Coveytyse, haue thou good grace!
Certys thou beryst a trewe tonge:
"More and more," in many a place,
Certys, that song is oftyn songe.
I wyste neuere man, be bankis bace,[1]
So seyn, in clay tyl he were clonge:[2]
"I-now, i-now"[3] hadde neuere space;
That ful songe was neuere songe,
Nor I wyl not begynne.
Goode Coveytysë, I thee prey
That I myth with thee pley!
Geue me good inow or that I dey,
To wonne in werldys wynne.[4]

Covetousness. Haue here, Mankynde, a thousend marke!
I, Coveytyse, haue thee this gote.
Thou mayst purchase ther-with bothe ponde and parke,
And do ther-with mekyl note.
Lene no man here-of, for no karke,[5]
Thou he schuld hangë be the throte,
Monke nor frerë, prest nor clerke;
Ne helpë ther-with chyrche nor cote,[6]
Tyl deth thi body delue.
Thou he schuld sterue in a caue,
Lete no pore man ther-of haue;
In grene gres tyl thou be graue,
Kepe sum-what for thi selue.

Mankind. I vow to God, it is gret husbondry:
Of thee I take these noblys[7] rownde.
I schal me rapyn,[8] and that in hye,
To hyde this gold vnder the grownde.
Ther schal it ly tyl that I dye;
It may be kepte ther saue and sownde.
Thou my neygbore schuld be hangyn hye,
Ther-of getyth he neythyr peny nor pownde.
Yit am I not wel at ese;
Now wolde I haue castel wallys,
Strongë stedys and styf in stallys.
With hey holtys[9] and hey hallys,
Coveytyse, thou must me sese.[10]

[Exit Covetousness. Mankind declares that the burden of his song shall be "more and more" wealth, and that if he can dwell in prosperity, he is willing "never to comyn in hevene."]

---

[1] Prosperous.
[2] Yielded.
[3] Wealth, happiness.
[4] Mate.
[5] Entail; fashion, quality.
[6] See the instructions on page 264.
[7] Trust payment.

[1] A metrical tag.
[2] Till he were buried.
[3] "Enough, enough."
[4] Joy, pleasure.
[5] Distress.
[6] Cottage.
[7] A coin.
[8] Hasten.
[9] Woods.
[10] Endow.

[*Enter Death with a dart.*]

**Death.** Ow! now it is tyme hye
To castyn Mankynde to dethys dynt![1]
In all hys werkis he is vnslye;[2]
Mekyl of hys lyf he hath myspent.
To Mankynde I ney ny.[3]
With rewly[4] rappys he schal be rent.
Whanne I com, iche man drede forthi,
But yit is ther no geyn [i]-went,[5]
Hey hyl, holte, nyn hethe.[6]
Ye schul me drede, euery-chone;[7]
Whanne I come, ye schul grone!
My name in londe is lefte a-lone:
I hatte[8] "Drery Dethe." . . .

To Mankynde now wyl I reche;[9]
He hathe hole hys hert on Coveytyse.
A newe lessun I wyl hym teche,
That he schal bothe grwcchyn and gryse![10]
No lyf[11] in londe schal ben his leche;[12]
I schal hym proue of myn empryse;[13]
With this poynt I schal hym breche,
And wappyn[14] hym in a woful wyse;
No body schal ben hys bote.[15]

[*Goes to Mankind.*]

I schal thee schapyn a schenful schappe:[16]
Now I kylle thee with myn knappe![17]
I reche to thee, Mankynde, a rappe
To thyne hertë rote!

[*He strikes him with his dart.*]

**Mankind.** A, Deth, Deth! Drye is thi dryfte![18]
Ded is my desteny!
Myn hed is cleuyn al in a clyfte!
For clappe of carë now I crye;
Myn eye-ledys may I not lyfte;
Myn braynys waxyn al emptye;
I may not onys myn hod up schyfte.[19]
With Dethys dynt[ë] now I dey!
Syr Werld, I am hent!
Werld! Werld! haue me in mende!
Goode syr Werld! helpe now Mankende!
But thou me helpe, Deth schal me schende;
He hat dyth to me a dynt![1]

Werld! my wyt waxyt wronge;
I chaunge, bothe hyde and hewe;
Myn eye-ledys waxyn al outewronge;[2]
But thou me helpe sore it schal me rewe!
Now holde that thou haste be-hete[3] me longe!
For all felechepys olde and newe,
Lesse me of my peynys stronge!
Sum bote of balë[4] thou me brewe,
That I may of thee yelpe![5]
Werld, for oldë aqweyntawns,
Helpe me fro this sory chawns!
Deth hathe lacchyd[6] me with his launce!
I deye but thou me helpe.

**World.** Owe, Mankynde, hathe Dethe with thee spoke?
A-geyns hym helpyth no wage![7]
I wold thou were in the erthe be-loke,[8]
And a-nother hadde thyne erytage!
Oure bonde of loue schal sone be broke;
In coldë clay schal be thy cage.
Now schal the Werld on thee be wroke,[9]
For thou hast don so gret outrage;
Thi good[10] thou schalt for-goo.
Werldlys good thou hast for-gon,
And with tottys[11] thou schalt be torn.
Thus haue I seruyd here be-forn,
A hundryd thousand moo!

**Mankind.** Ow, Werld! Werld! euere worthe wo![12]
And thou, synful Coveytyse,
Whanne that a man schal fro you go,
Ye werke with hym on a wonder wyse!
The wytte of this werld is sorwe and wo.
Be ware, good men, of this gyse!

---

[1] Blow.
[2] Unskilful, foolish.
[3] Approach near.
[4] Pitiful.
[5] No help hoped for.
[6] High hill, holt, nor heath.
[7] Everyone.
[8] I am called.
[9] Proceed, go
[10] Complain and tremble.
[11] Person, one.
[12] Physician.
[13] Prowess.
[14] Bewilder, strike.
[15] Help.
[16] Shape an infamous shape.
[17] Blow.
[18] Dreary is thy driving.
[19] My hood (*qy.* head) up shift (move).

[1] Given to me a blow.
[2] Outwrung (flowing with tears).
[3] Promised.
[4] Relief from harm.
[5] Speak (in praise).
[6] Struck.
[7] Challenge to fight.
[8] Enclosed.
[9] Avenged.
[10] Goods, riches.
[11] Fools.
[12] Woe befall thee ever.

Thus hathe he seruyd many on mo.
In sorwe slakyth al his a-syse;[1]
He beryth a tenynge[2] tungge!
Whyl I leyd with hym my lott,
Ye seyn whou fayre he me be-hett;[3]
And now he wolde I were a clott
In colde cley for to clynge. . . .

[After much lamentation, Mankind lies down upon his bed to die.]

Now, alas, my lyf is lak!
Bitter balys I gynne to brewe!
Certis, a vers that Dauid spak
I the Sawter,[4] I fynde it trewe:
*Tesaurizat, et ignorat cui congregabit ea.*[5]
Tresor, tresor, it hathe no tak;[6]
It is other mens, olde and newe.
Ow, ow! my good gothe al to wrak!
Sorë may Mankyndë rewe!
God kepe me fro dyspayr!
Al my good, with-out[en] fayle,
I haue gadryd with gret trauayle,
The Werld hathe ordeynyd of his entayle;
I wot neuere who to be myn eyr.

Now, good men, takythe example at me!
Do for youre self whyl ye han spase!
For many men thus seruyd be
Thorwe the Werld in dyuerse place.
I bolne and bleyke in blody ble,[7]
And as a flour fadyth my face.
To helle I schal bothe fare and fle,[8]
But God me grauntë of his grace.
I deyë certeynly.
Now my lyfe I hauë lore.[9]
Myn hert brekyth. I syhë sore.
A word may I speke no more.
I putte me in Godys mercy. [*Dies.*]

[*Mankind's Soul crawls from beneath the bed.*[1] *Enter the Good Angel and the Bad Angel.*]

SOUL. "Mercy!" This was my last tale
That euere my body was a-bowth.
But Mercy helpe me in this vale,
Of dampnynge drynke sore I me doute.

[*The Soul goes to the bed and addresses the Body.*]

Body! thou dedyst brew a byttyr bale,
To thi lustys whanne gannyst loute![2]
Thi sely[3] sowle schal ben a-kale.[4]
I beye thi dedys with rewly rowte;[5]
And al it is for gyle.
Euere thou hast be coueytows,
Falsly to getyn londe and hows;
To me thou hast brewyn a byttyr jows;[6]
So welaway the whyle!

[*The Soul turns for aid to the Good Angel.*]

Now, swet aungel, what is thi red?[7]
The ryth red thou me reche!
Now my body is dressyd to ded,
Helpe now me, and be my leche!
Dyth[8] thou me fro deuelys drede!
Thy worthy weyë thou me teche!
I hope that God wyl helpyn and be myn hed,[9]
For "Mercy" was my lastë speche:
Thus made my body his ende.

[ * * * * * * ][10]

[BAD ANGEL.] Wyttnesse of al that ben a-bowte,
Syr Coueytyse he had hym owte;
Therfor he schal, with-outyn dowte,
With me to hellë pytt.

---

[1] Assize, fashion, judgment.
[2] Harm-inflicting.
[3] How fair he promised me.
[4] Psalter.
[5] Psalm xxxviii, 7 (in the Vulgate), xxxix, 6 (in the Authorized Version): "He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them."
[6] Endurance.
[7] I swell and become pale in bloody color.
[8] Go and flee.
[9] Lost.

[1] See the diagram of the stage, page 264: "Mankynde-is bed schal be vnder the Castel, and there schal the Sowle lye vnder the bed tyl he schal ryse and pleye."
[2] Bow to, submit to.
[3] Poor, deserving of pity.
[4] Frozen (overwhelmed in suffering).
[5] I pay for thy deeds with pitiful blows (of suffering).
[6] Brewed a bitter juice. E.E.T.S. prints *brokyn*, but the MS. clearly has *brewyn*.
[7] Advice.
[8] Put.
[9] Heed (one who cares for).
[10] A page in the manuscript is here lost, containing, doubtless, the reply of the Good Angel.

**Good Angel.** Ye, a-las! and welawo!
A-geyns Coueytyse can I not telle.
Resun wyl I fro thee goo;
For, wrechyd sowle, thou muste to helle!
Coueytyse, he was thi fo;
He hathe thee schapyn a schameful schelle.[1]
Thus hathë seruyd many on mo,
Tyl thei be dyth to dethys delle,
To byttyr balys bowre.
Thou muste to peyne, be ryth resun.
With Coveytyse, for he is chesun,[2]
Thou art trappyd ful of tresun,
But Mercy be thi socowre.[3] . . .
[*Exit.*]

[*The Soul calls upon Mercy.*]

**Soul.** Alas, Mercy! thou art to longe!
Of sadde sorwe now may I synge!
Holy Wryt it is ful wronge,
But Mercy pasë allë thynge.
I am ordeynyd to peynys stronge;
In wo is dressyd myn wonnynge;[4]
In helle on hokys I schal honge;
But Mercy fro a wellë sprynge,
This deuyl wyl haue me a-way.
Weleaway! I was ful wod
That I forsoke myn Aungyl Good,
And with Coueytysë stod
Tyl that day that I schuld dey.

**Bad Angel.** Ya! why woldyst thou be coueytous,
And drawe thee a-gayn to synne?
I schal thee brewe a byttyr jous![5]
In bolnynnge bondys[6] thou schalt brenne;
In hyë helle schal be thyne hous;
In pycke and ter to grone and grenne,[7]
Thou schalt lye drenkelyd[8] as a movs;
Ther may no man ther-fro thee werne[9]
For that ilkë wyll.[10]
That day the ladys thou for-soke,
And to my counsel thou thee toke,
Thou were betyr an-hangyn on hoke
Up on a jebet hyll. . . .

Now dagge[1] we hens a deggë trot;
In my dongion I schal thee dere.[2] . . .

Lo! synful tydynge,
Boy, on thi bak I brynge.
Spedely thou sprynge;[3]
Thi *placebo* I schal synge!
To deuelys delle
I schal thee bere to helle.
I wyl not dwelle.

[*To the audience.*]

Haue good day! I goo to helle!

[*He takes the Soul on his back to hell.*]

[*On the platea enter the Four Daughters of God: Mercy, Truth, Righteousness, and Peace. "The iiij dowteris shul be clad in mentelys; Merci in wyth, Rythwysnesse in red, al to-gedyr; Trewth in sad grene, and Pes al in blake."*[4]]

**Mercy.** A mone I herd of "mercy" meve,[5]
And to me, Mercy, gan crye and call;
But if[6] it haue mercy, sore it schal me greve,
For ellis it schal to hellë fall.
Rythwysnes,[7] my syster cheve,[8]
Thys ye herde: so dyde we all;
For we were mad frendis leve[9]
Whanne the Jevys proferyd Criste eysyl[10] and gall
On the Good Fryday.
God graunted that remission,
Mercy, and absolicion,
Thorwe vertu of his passion,
To no man schuld be seyd "nay."

Therfore, my systers, Rytwysnes,
Pes, and Trewthe, to you I tell, —
Whanne man crieth "mercy," and wyl not ses,
Mercy schal be his waschynge well:
Wytnesse of holy kyrke.

---

[1] Hut, shanty. [2] The cause. [3] Succor.
[4] Prepared my dwelling. [5] Juice.
[6] In swelling bonds. [7] Groan and grin.
[8] Drowned. [9] Defend.
[10] Very fiend? While (time)? The MS. may be **kyll** (furnace), for its *K* and *w* are much alike.

[1] Jog. [2] Vex, do harm to.
[3] The text here may be confused. We should expect the fiend to order the lost soul to spring on his back.
[4] See the instructions accompanying the plan for staging the play (page 264).
[5] Solicit, beg. [6] Unless.
[7] Righteousness. [8] Chief.
[9] Dear friends. [10] Vinegar.

For the leste drope of blode
That God bledde on the rode,
It hadde ben satysfaccion goode
For al Mankyndys werke. . . .

Righteousness. Lete hym a-bye his mysdede!
For, thou he lye in hell and stynke,
It schal me neuere ouer-thynke.[1]
As he hath browyn,[2] lete hym drynke!
The devyl schal qwyte hym his mede.
*Vnus-quisque suum honus portabit.*[3] . . .

Truth. Rytwysnes, my syster fre,
Your jugement is good and trewe.
In good fayth so thynkit me;
Late hym his owyn dedis rewe! . . .

Peace. Pes, my syster Verite!
I preye you, Rytwysnes, be stylle!
Lete no man be you dampnyd be,
Nor demë ye no man to helle.
He is on kyn tyl vs thre,[4]
Thow he haue now not al his wylle.
For his loue, that deyed on tre,
Late saue Mankynde fro al peryle. . . .

Rytwysnes and Trewthe, do be my red!
And Mercy, go we to yone hey place!

[*Points to God's scaffold.*]

We schal enforme the hey Godhed,
And pray hym to deme[5] this case.
Ye schal tell hym youre entent
Of Trewthe and of Rytwysnesse;
And we schal pray that his jugement
May pase be vs,[6] Mercy and Pes.
All foure, now go we hens
Wytly[7] to the Trinite;
And, ther schal we sonë se
What that his jugëment schal be,
With-owtyn any deffens.[8]

*Then all the Daughters of God ascend to the Father; and Truth says:*[9]

Truth. Heyl, God al-myth!
We cum, thi dowteris in syth,
Trewth, Mercy, and Ryth,
And Pes, pesyble in fyth.[1]

Mercy. We cum to preve,
If Man, that was thee ful leve,[2]
If he schal cheve[3]
To hell or heuene, be thi leve.

Righteousness. I, Rytwysnes,
Thi dowtyr, as I ges,
Let me, neuere-the-lesse,
At thi dom[4] putte me in pres.

Peace. Pesyble kynge!
I, Pes, thi dowtyr yinge,
Here my preyinge
Whanne I pray thee, Lord, of a thynge.

God. Welcum, in fere,[5]
Bryther thanne blossum on brere,
My dowteris dere!
Cum forth, and stande ye me nere!

Truth. Lord, as thou art Kyng of kyngis, crownyd with crowne,
As thou lovyste me, Trewthe, thi dowtyr dere,
Lete neuere me, Trewthe, to fall a-downe,
My feythfful Fadyr, saunz[6] pere!
*Quia veritatem dilexisti.*
For in all trewthe standit thi renowne,
Thi feyth, thi hope, and thi powere.
Lete it be sene, Lord, now, at thi dome,
That I may haue my trewe prayere
To do trewthe to Mankynde.
For if Mankynde be dempte be ryth,
And not be mercy, most of myth,
Here my threwthe, Lord, I thee plyth,
In presun man schal be pynyde.[7]

Lord! whov schuld Mankynde be savyde,
Syn he dyed in dedly synne,
And all thi comaundementis he depravyde,
And of fals covetyse he wolde neuere blyne?[8] . . .

I pray thee, Lord, as I haue space,
Late Mankynde haue dew dystresse,

---

[1] Trouble.
[2] Brewed.
[3] Galatians vi, 5. "For every man shall bear his own burden."
[4] He is of one kin to us three.
[5] Judge.
[6] Be rendered by us.
[7] Quickly.
[8] Without remedy or help.
[9] MS. *Tunc ascende[n]t ad Patrem omnes paritores; et dixit Verita[s].*

[1] Fight.
[2] To thee full dear.
[3] Go.
[4] Judgment.
[5] Together.
[6] Without.
[7] Tormented.
[8] Cease.

In helle fere to be brent.
In peyne loke he be stylle,
Lord, if it be thi wylle,
Or ellys I haue no skylle
Be thi trew jugëment.

**Mercy.** *O pater maxime, et Deus tocius consolacionis, qui consolatur nos in omni tribulacione nostra!* [1]
O thou Fadyr, of mytys moste,
Mercyful God in Trinite!
I am thi dowter, wel thou woste,[2]
And Mercy fro heuene thou browtyst fre.
Schew me thi grace in euery coste![3]
In this cas my coumforte be!
Lete me, Lord, neuere be loste
At thi jugement, whov-so it be,
Of Mankynde.
Ne had mans synne neuere cum in cas,
I, Mercy, schuld neuere in erthe had plas;
Therfore graunte me, Lord, thi grace,
That Mankynde may me fynde;

And mercy, Lord, haue on this man,
Aftyr thi mercy, that mekyl[4] is;
Vn-to thi grace that he be tan;[5]
Of thi mercy that he not mys! . . .

Lord, thou[gh] that man hathe don more mysse thanne good,
If he dey in very contricioun,
Lord, the lest drope of thi blod
For hys synne makyth satisfaccioun.
As thou deydyst, Lord, on the rode,
Graunt me my peticioun!
Lete me, Mercy, be hys fode,[6]
And graunte hym thi saluacion,
*Quia dixisti "misericordiam amabo."*
Mercy schal I synge and say,
And "*miserere*" schal I pray
For Mankynde euere and ay;
*Misericordias domini in eternum cantabo.*

**Righteousness.** Rythwys kynge, Lord God almyth!
I am thi dowter Rythwysnesse.
Thou hast louyd me euere, day and nyth,
As wel as other, as I gesse:
*Justicias Dominus justicia dilexit.*
Iff thou Mans-kynde fro peyne a-quite,
Thou dost a-geyns thyne owyn processe.
Lete hym in prison to be pyth[1]
For his synne and wyckydnesse!
Of a bone[2] I thee pray:
Ful oftyn he hathe thee, Lord, for-sake,
And to the devyl he hathe hym take;
Lete hym lyn in hellë lake,
Dampnyd for eure and ay!
*Quia Deum, qui se genuit, dereliquit. . . .*

For if thou take mans sowle to thee
A-geyns thi rythwysnesse,
Thou dost wronge, Lorde, to Trewth and me,
And puttis us fro oure devnesse.[3]
Lord, lete vs neuere fro thee fle,
Ner streyne vs neuere in stresse,
But late thi dom be by vs thre,
Mankynde in hell to presse,
Lord, I thee be-seche!
For Rythwynes dwellis euere sure
To deme man aftyr his deseruiture;
For, to be dampnyd, it is his vre;[4]
On man I crie wreche.[5]
*Letabitur justus cum viderit vindictam.*[6] . . .

**Peace.** Pesible kyng in maieste!
I, Pes, thi dowter, aske thee a bone
Of Man, whou-so it be.
Lord, graunte me myn askynge sone,
That I may euermore dwelle with thee,
As I haue euere yit done,
And lat me neuere fro thee fle,
Specialy at thi dome
Of Man, thi creature.
Thou my systers, Ryth and Trewthe,
Of Mankynde haue non rewthe,
Mercy and I ful sore vs mewythe[7]
To cacche hym to our cure.[8] . . .

Lord, for thi pyte, and that pes
Thou sufferyst in thi pascioun —

---

[1] II Corinthians i, 4: "O greatest Father, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation."
[2] Knowest.
[3] Way, region (a metrical tag).
[4] Great.
[5] Taken.
[6] Food.

[1] Set, put.
[2] Boon, favor.
[3] Right.
[4] Destiny? hour?
[5] Vengeance.
[6] Psalm lvii, 11 (in the Vulgate), lviii, 10 (in the Authorized Version): "The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance."
[7] Move.
[8] To take him to our charge.

Boundyn and betyn, with-out les,[1]
Fro the fote to the croun,
*Tanquam ouis ductus es.*
Whanne *gutte sangu[in]is* ran adoun,
Yit the Jves wolde not ses,
But on thyn hed thei thryst a croun,
And on the cros thee naylyd —
As petously as thou were pynyd,[2]
Haue mercy of Mankynde,
So that he may fynde
Oure prayer may hym a-vayle!

The Father (*sitting in his throne*).[3] *Ego cogito cogitaciones pacis, non affliccionis.*[4]
Fayre falle thee, Pes, my dowter dere!
On thee I thynke, and on Mercy.
Syn ye a-cordyd beth all in fere,
My jugement I wyl geue you by,
Not aftyr deseruynge, to do reddere,[5]
To dampne Mankynde to turmentry,
But brynge hym to my blysse ful clere,
In heuene to dwelle endelesly,
At your prayere for-thi.
To make my blysse perfyth,
I menge[6] with my most myth,
Alle pes, sum treuthe, and sum ryth,
And most of my mercy.

*Let him say to the Daughters:*[7]

*Misericordia Domini plena est terra. Amen!*
My dowters hende,
Lufly and lusti to lende,[8]
Goo to yone fende,
And fro hym take Mankynde!
Brynge hym to me!
And set hym here be my kne,
In heuene to be,
In blysse with gamyn and gle.[9]

Truth. We schal fulfylle
Thin hestis,[10] as resun and skylle,[11]
Fro yone gost grylle,[12]
Mankynde to brynge thee tylle.

*Then all the Daughters of God ascend to the Bad Angel [on the scaffold of Hell]; and let Peace say:*[1]

Peace. A, thou foule wyth![2]
Lete go that soule so tyth![3]
In he[ue]ne lyth
Mankynde sone schal be pyth.[4]

Righteousness. Go thou to helle,
Thou devyl bold as a belle,
Ther-in to dwelle,
In bras and brimston to welle![5]

*Then [leading the Soul of Mankind] they shall ascend to the throne [of God].*[6]

Mercy. Lo here Mankynde,
Lyter thanne lef is on lynde!
That hath ben pynyd,[7]
Thi mercy, Lord, lete hym fynde!

The Father (*sitting in judgment*).[8] *Sicut sintille in medio maris.*
My mercy, Mankynde, geue I thee.
Cum, syt at my rth honde!
Ful wel haue I louyd thee,
Vnkynde thow I thee fonde.
As a sparke of fyre in the se,
My mercy is synne quenchande.[9]
Thou hast cause to love me
A-bovyn al thynge in lande,
And kepe my comaundement.
If thou me loue and drede,
Heuene schal be thi mede;
My face thee schal fede.
This is myn Jugëment.
*Ego occidam, et viuificabo; percuciam et sanabo; et nemo est qui de manu mea possit eruere.*[10]

Kyng, kayser, knyt and kampyoun,[11]
Pope, patriark, prest, and prelat in pes,
Duke dowtyest in dede be dale and be doun,
Lytyl and mekyl, the more and the les,

---

[1] Without lie, in truth.
[2] Tormented.
[3] MS. *Pater sedens in trono.*
[4] Jeremiah xxix, 11: "I think thoughts of peace, not of evil." The verse is not quoted exactly.
[5] Harshness.
[6] Mix.
[7] MS. *Dicat filiabus.*
[8] To dwell (a metrical tag).
[9] Mirth and joy.
[10] Commands.
[11] As is right and proper.
[12] Horrid.

[1] MS. *Tunc ascendent ad Malum Angelum omnes paritores; et dicat Pax.*
[2] Wight.
[3] Quickly.
[4] Set, put.
[5] Boil.
[6] MS. *Tunc ascendant ad tronum.*
[7] Imprisoned; tortured.
[8] MS. *Pater sedens in Judi[cio].*
[9] Quenching.
[10] Deuteronomy xxxii, 39: "I kill, and I make alive; I wound and I heal; neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand."
[11] Champion.

All the statis of the werld, is at myn renoun;[1]
To me schal thei geue a-compt at my dygne des.[2]
Whanne Myhel[3] his horn blowith at my dred dom,
The count of here conscience schal putten hem in pres
And yelde a reknynge
Of here space whou they han spent;
And of here trew talent,
At my gret Jugëment,
An answere schal me brynge.

*Ecce! requiram gregem meum de manu pastorum.*

And I schal inquire of my flok and of here pasture,
Whou they haue leuyd, and led here peple soiet.[4]
The goode, on the ryde syd schal stond ful sure;
The badde on the lyfte syd, ther schal I set.
The vij dedis of mercy, who-so hadde vre
To fylle[5] — the hungry for to geue mete;
Or drynke to thrysty; the nakyd, vesture;
The pore or the pylgrym, hom for to fette;
Thi neybour that hath nede;
Who-so doth mercy to his myth,
To the seke,[1] or in presun pyth,[2]
He doth to me — I schal hym qvyth:[3]
Heuene blys schal be his mede.

*Et qui bona egerunt, ibunt in vitam eternam: qui vero mala, in ignem eternum.*

And thei that wel do in this werld here, welthe schal a-wake;[4]
In heuene thei schal heynyd[5] [be] in bounte and [in] blys;
And thei that evyl do, thei schul to hellë lake,
In bytter balys to be brent: my jugëment it is.
My vertus in heuene thanne schal thei qwake:
Ther is no wyth[6] in this werld that may skape this!
All men example here-at may take,
To mayntein the goode, and mendyn here mys.

[*To the audience.*]

Thus endyth oure gamys!
To saue you fro synnynge,
Evyr at the begynnynge
Thynke on youre last endynge!
*Te, Deum, laudamus!*

---

[1] Under my control.
[2] Worthy throne.
[3] Michael.
[4] Subject.
[5] Was accustomed to perform.

[1] Sick.
[2] Those in prison put.
[3] Reward.
[4] Well-being, bliss, shall awake.
[5] Exalted.
[6] Wight, being.

[*The end.*]

*Hec sunt nomina ludorum.*

In primis, II Vexillatores.
Mundus, *et cum eo,* Voluptas, Stulticia, *et* Garcio.
Belyal, *et cum eo* Superbia, Ira, *et* Invidia.
Caro, *et cum eo* Gula, Luxuria, *et* Accidi[a].
Humanum Genus, *et cum eo* Bonus Angelus *et* Malus Angelus.
Auaricia.
Detraccio.
Confessio.
Penitentia.
Humilitas.
Paciencia.
Caritas.
Abstinencia.
Castitas.
Solicitudo.
Largitas.
Mors.
Anima.
Misericordia.
Veritas.
Justicia.
Pax.
Pater, *sedens in trono.*

*Summa,* xxxvj *ludores.*[1]

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[1] Only thirty-five players are mentioned.

# EVERYMAN[1]

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

God.
Everyman.
Death.
Good Fellowship.
Kindred.
Cousin.
Goods.
Good Deeds.
Knowledge.
Confession.
Beauty.
Strength.
Discretion.
Five Wits.
Messenger.
Angel.
Doctor.]

### Here Begynneth a Treatyse how ye hye Fader of Heuen sendeth Dethe to somon euery Creature to come and gyue Acounte of theyr Lyues in this Worlde, and is in Maner of a Morall Playe.

[*Enter a Messenger as a Prologue.*]

Messenger. I pray you all gyue your audyence,
And here this mater with reuerence,
By fygure[1] a morall playe.
"The Somonynge of Eueryman" called it is,
That of our lyues and endynge shewes
How transytory we be all daye.
This mater is wonder[ou]s precyous;
But the entent[2] of it is more gracyous,
And swete to bere awaye.
The story sayth: — Man, in the begynnynge
Loke well, and take good heed to the endynge,
Be you neuer so gay!
Ye thynke synne in the begynnynge full swete,
Whiche in the ende causeth the soule to wepe
Whan the body lyeth in claye.
Here shall you se how Falawshyp, and Iolyte,
Bothe Strengthe, Pleasure, and Beaute,
Wyll fade from the as floure in Maye;
For ye shall here how our Heuen Kynge
Calleth Eueryman to a generall rekenynge.
Gyue audyence, and here what he doth saye. [*Exit.*]

*God speketh* [*from above*].[1]

God. I perceyue, here in my maieste,

[1] In form. [2] Meaning, import (moral lesson).

[1] Probably he did not come upon the stage, but spoke from a high place.

---

[1] *Everyman*, the finest of the moralities, is doubtless derived from the Dutch *Elckerlijk*, though some scholars maintain that both plays go back to a common source. In spite of its foreign origin, it is thoroughly English in spirit, and had a vogue with English audiences and early English readers — the fact that four different editions are extant, all appearing shortly after 1500, is sufficient evidence of its popularity — that justifies its inclusion in this volume. The date of its composition is a matter of conjecture; yet we may safely assume that the play was written before the close of the fifteenth century.

Four copies are preserved, two perfect and two fragmentary, of four separate editions, no one of which is dated; bibliographical evidence, however, indicates that they were all printed after 1508, and, at the latest before 1537. I have based the present text on the Britwell copy (B) as reprinted by W. W. Greg in the *Materialien* Series, 1904 (*corrigenda* in *Materialien*, 1910), which seems to give, on the whole, the most satisfactory text; but I have carefully compared this with the Huth copy (H), the British Museum fragment (M), and the Douce fragment (D), and have introduced what seemed to me better readings when such appeared. All changes in the text are recorded in footnotes. A full bibliographical and textual study of the play may be found in Greg's *Everyman*, in the *Materialien* Series, 1910. I have inserted my own punctuation and stage-directions, and have normalized the catch-names of the speakers.

How that all creatures be to me vnkynde,
Lyuynge without drede in worldely prosperyte.
Of ghostly syght [1] the people be so blynde,
Drowned in synne, they know me not for theyr God.
In worldely ryches is all theyr mynde;
They fere not my ryghtwysnes, the sharpe rod; [2]
My lowe [3] that I shewed whan I for them dyed
They forgete clene, and shedynge of my blode rede;
I hanged bytwene two, it can not be denyed;
To gete them lyfe I suffred to be deed;
I heled theyr fete, with thornes hurt was my heed.
I coude do no more than I dyde, truely;
And nowe I se the people do clene forsake me.
They vse the seuen deedly synnes dampnable.
As pryde, coueytyse, wrathe, and lechery
Now in the worlde be made commendable;
And thus they leue of aungelles, ye heuenly company.
Euery man lyueth so after his owne pleasure,
And yet of theyr lyfe they be nothynge sure.
I se the more that I them forbere
The worse they be fro [4] yere to yere;
All that lyueth appayreth [5] faste.
Therefore I wyll, in all the haste,
Haue a rekenynge of euery mannes persone;
For, and I leue the people thus alone
In theyr lyfe and wycked tempestes,
Veryly they wyll become moche worse than beestes;
For now one wolde by enuy another vp ete;
Charyte they do all clene forgete.
I hoped well that euery man
In my glory shulde make his mansyon;
And thereto I had them all electe.
But now I se, lyke traytours deiecte,
They thanke me not for ye pleasure that I to them ment,
Nor yet for theyr beynge [1] that I them haue lent.
I profered the people grete multytude of mercy,
And fewe there be that asketh it hertly.
They be so combred with worldly ryches
That nedes on them I must do iustyce,
On euery man lyuynge, without fere.
Where art thou Deth, thou myghty messengere?

[*Enter Death.*]

**Death.** Almyghty God, I am here at your wyll,
Your commaundement to fulfyll.

**God.** Go thou to Eueryman,
And shewe hym, in my name,
A pylgrymage he must on hym take,
Which he in no wyse may escape;
And that he brynge with hym a sure rekenynge,
Without delay or ony taryenge.

[*God withdraws.*]

**Death.** Lorde, I wyll in the worlde go renne [2] ouer all,
And cruelly out-serche bothe grete and small.
Euery man wyll I beset that lyueth beestly
Out of Goddes lawes, and dredeth not foly.
He that loueth rychesse I wyll stryke with my darte,
His syght to blynde, and fro heuen to departe [3] —
Excepte that almes be his good frende —
In hell for to dwell, worlde without ende.

[*Enter Everyman at a distance.*]

Loo, yonder I se Eueryman walkynge.
Full lytell he thynketh on my comynge;
His mynde is on flesshely lustes, and his treasure;
And grete payne it shall cause hym to endure
Before the Lorde, heuen['s] Kynge.

[*Death halts Everyman.*]

Eueryman, stande styll! Whyder arte thou goynge
Thus gayly? Hast thou thy maker forgete?

---

[1] Spiritual insight
[2] H. *rod;* B. *rood.*
[3] Love. B. and H. *lawe.*
[4] From. (So frequently.)
[5] Becometh worse.

[1] Being, life.
[2] Run.
[3] Sunder.

Everyman. Why askest thou?
Woldest thou wete?[1]
Death. Ye, syr; I wyll shewe you:
In grete hast I am sende to the
Fro God out of his Mageste.
Everyman. What! sente to me?
Death. Ye, certaynly.
Thoughe thou haue forgete hym here,
He thynketh on the in the heuenly spere,[2]
As, or we departe, thou shalte knowe!
Everyman. What desyreth God of me?
Death. That shall I shewe thee:
A rekenynge he wyll nedes haue
Without ony lenger[3] respyte.
Everyman. To gyue a rekenynge longer layser[4] I craue.
This blynde mater troubleth my wytte.
Death. On the thou must take a longe iourney;
Therfore thy boke of counte with the thou brynge,
For turne agayne thou can not by no waye.
And loke thou be sure of thy rekenynge,
For before God thou shalte answere and shewe
Thy many badde dedes, and good but a fewe,
How thou hast spente thy lyfe, and in what wyse,
Before the Chefe Lorde of paradyse.
Haue ado that[5] we were in that waye,
For wete thou well thou shalte make none attournay.[6]
Everyman. Full vnredy I am suche rekenynge to gyue.
I knowe the not. What messenger arte thou?
Death. I am Dethe, that no man dredeth;[7]
For euery man I rest,[8] and no man spareth;
For it is Goddes commaundement
That all to me sholde be obedyent.
Everyman. O Deth! thou comest whan I had ye leest in mynde!
In thy power it lyeth me to saue;
Yet of my good[9] wyl I gyue ye, yf thou wyl be kynde;
Ye, a thousande pounde shalte thou haue,
And [thou] dyfferre this mater tyll an other daye.
Death. Eueryman, it may not be, by no waye!
I set not by golde, syluer, nor rychesse,
Ne by pope, emperour, kynge, duke, ne prynces;
For, and I wolde receyue gyftes grete,
All the worlde I myght gete;
But my custome is clene contrary.
I gyue the no respyte. Come hens, and not tary!
Everyman. Alas! shall I haue no lenger respyte?
I may saye Deth geueth no warnynge!
To thynke on the it maketh my herte seke,
For all vnredy is my boke of rekenynge.
But twelve yere and I myght haue abydynge,
My countynge-boke I wolde make so clere
That my rekenynge I sholde not nede to fere.
Wherfore, Deth, I praye the, for Goddes mercy,
Spare me tyll I be prouyded of remedy!
Death. The auayleth not to crye, wepe, and praye;
But hast the lyghtly that thou wert[1] gone that iournaye!
And preue thy frendes, yf thou can;
For wete thou well the tyde abydeth no man;
And in the worlde eche lyuynge creature
For Adams synne must dye of nature.[2]
Everyman. Dethe, yf I sholde this pylgrymage take,
And my rekenynge suerly make,
Shewe me, for Saynt Charyte,
Sholde I not come agayne shortly?
Death. No, Eueryman; and thou be ones there,
Thou mayst neuer more come here,
Trust me veryly.
Everyman. O gracyous God in the hye sete celestyall,
Haue mercy on me in this moost nede!
Shall I haue no company fro this vale terestryall
Of myne acqueyn[taun]ce that way me to lede?
Death. Ye, yf ony be so hardy

---

[1] Know.
[2] Sphere.
[3] Longer.
[4] Leisure.
[5] B. *Haue I do we;* I follow H.
[6] Attorney.
[7] That respecteth no man.
[8] Arrest.
[9] Goods, riches.

[1] B. H. *were.*
[2] By course of nature (i.e. without escape).

That wolde go with the and bere the company.
Hye the that thou wert[1] gone to Goddes magnyfycence,
Thy rekenynge to gyue before his presence.
What! wenest thou thy lyue is gyuen the,
And thy worldely goodes also?
**Everyman.** I had wende so, veryle.
**Death.** Nay, nay; it was but lende the;
For, as soone as thou arte go,
Another a whyle shall haue it, and than go therfro,
Euen as thou hast done.
Eueryman, thou arte mad![2] Thou hast thy wyttes fyue,
And here on erthe wyll not amende thy lyue;
For sodeynly I do come.
**Everyman.** O wretched caytyfe! wheder shall I flee
That I myght scape this endles sorowe?
Now, gentyll Deth, spare me tyll to-morowe,
That I may amende me
With good aduysement.
**Death.** Naye; therto I wyll not consent,
Nor no man wyll I respyte;
But to the herte sodeynly I shall smyte
Without ony aduysement.
And now out of thy syght I wyll me hy.
Se thou make the redy shortely,
For thou mayst saye this is the daye
That no man lyuynge may scape awaye.

[*Exit Death.*]

**Everyman.** Alas! I may well wepe with syghes depe!
Now haue I no maner of company
To helpe me in my iourney and me to kepe;
And also my wrytynge is full vnredy.
How shall I do now for to excuse me?
I wolde to God I had neuer be gete![3]
To my soule a full grete profyte it had be;
For now I fere paynes huge and grete.
The tyme passeth. Lorde, helpe, that all wrought!
For though I mourne it auayleth nought;
The day passeth, and is almoost ago.[4]
I wote not well what for to do.
To whome were I best my complaynt to make?
What and[1] I to Felawshyp therof spake,
And shewed hym of this sodeyne chaunce?
For in hym is all myne affyaunce,[2]
We haue in the worlde so many a daye
Be good frendes in sporte and playe.
I se hym yonder certaynely.
I trust that he wyll bere me company,
Therfore to hym wyll I speke to ese my sorowe.
Well mette, Good Felawshyp! and good morowe!

*Felawshyp speketh.*

**Fellowship.** Eueryman, good morowe, by this daye!
Syr, why lokest thou so pyteously?
If ony thynge be amysse, I praye the me saye,
That I may helpe to remedy.
**Everyman.** Ye, Good Felawshyp, ye;
I am in greate ieoparde.
**Fellowship.** My true frende, shewe to me your mynde;
I wyll not forsake the to my lyues ende
In the waye of good company.
**Everyman.** That was well spoken, and louyngly!
**Fellowship.** Syr, I must nedes knowe your heuynesse;
I haue pyte to se you in ony dystresse.
If ony haue you wronged, ye shall reuenged be,
Thoughe I on the grounde be slayne for the,
Though that I knowe before that I sholde dye!
**Everyman.** Veryly, Felawshyp, gramercy.
**Fellowship.** Tusshe! by thy thankes I set not a strawe!
Shewe me your grefe, and saye no more.
**Everyman.** If I my herte sholde to you breke,
And than you to tourne your mynde fro me
And wolde not me comforte whan ye here me speke,
Than sholde I ten tymes soryer be.
**Fellowship.** Syr, I saye as I wyll do, indede.

---

[1] B. H. *were*.
[2] B. *made;* H. *mad*.
[3] Been born.
[4] Gone by.

[1] If. (So frequently.)
[2] Trust.

Everyman. Than be you a good frende at nede!
I haue founde you true here before.
Fellowship. And so ye shall euermore;
For, in fayth, and thou go to hell
I wyll not forsake the by the waye.
Everyman. Ye speke lyke a good frende! I byleue you well.
I shall deserue it, and I may.
Fellowship. I speke of no deseruynge, by this daye!
For he that wyll saye, and nothynge do,
Is not worthy with good company to go.
Therfore shewe me the grefe of your mynde,
As to your frende mooste louynge and kynde.
Everyman. I shall shewe you how it is:
Commaunded I am to go a iournaye —
A longe waye, harde, and daungerous —
And gyue a strayte counte, without delaye,
Before the hye Iuge, Adonay.[1]
Wherfore, I pray you, bere me company,
As ye haue promysed, in this iournaye.
Fellowship. That is mater indede! Promyse is duty;
But, and I sholde take suche a vyage on me,
I knowe it well, it shulde be to my payne.
Also it make[th] me aferde, certayne.
But let vs take counsell here, as well as we can;
For your wordes wolde fere[2] a stronge man.
Everyman. Why, ye sayd yf I had nede
Ye wolde me neuer forsake, quycke ne deed,[3]
Thoughe it were to hell, truely.
Fellowship. So I sayd, certaynely!
But suche pleasures be set asyde, the sothe to saye.
And also, yf we toke suche a iournaye,
Whan sholde we come agayne?[4]
Everyman. Naye, neuer agayne, tyll the daye of dome!
Fellowship. In fayth! than wyll not I come there!
Who hath you these tydynges brought?
Everyman. Indede, Deth was with me here.
Fellowship. Now, by God, that all hathe bought,
If Dethe were the messenger,
For no man that is lyuynge to-daye
I wyll not go that lothe[1] iournaye —
Not for the fader that bygate me!
Everyman. Ye promysed otherwyse, parde.
Fellowship. I wote well I sayd[2] so, truely.
And yet, yf thou wylte ete, and drynke, and make good chere,
Or haunt to women the lusty company,
I wolde not forsake you whyle the daye is clere,
Truste me, veryly.
Everyman. Ye, therto ye wolde be redy!
To go to myrthe, solas, and playe,
Your mynde wyll soner apply,
Than to bere me company in my longe iournaye.
Fellowship. Now, in good fayth, I wyll not that waye.
But and thou wylte[3] murder, or ony man kyll,
In that I wyll helpe the with a good wyll.
Everyman. O, that is a symple aduyse, indede.
Gentyll Felaw[ship]e, helpe me in my necessyte!
We haue loued longe, and now I nede;
And now, gentyll Felawshyp, remenbre me!
Fellowship. Wheder ye haue loued me or no,
By Saynt Iohan, I wyll not with the go!
Everyman. Yet, I pray the, take ye labour, and do so moche for me
To brynge me forwarde,[4] for Saynt Charyte,
And comforte me tyll I come without the towne.
Fellowship. Nay, and thou wolde gyue me a newe gowne,
I wyll not a fote with the go!

---

[1] One of the names given in the Old Testament to God.
[2] Frighten.
[3] Alive nor dead.
[4] Possibly for the rhyme this should be *agayne come*.

[1] H. *lothesome.*
[2] B. *say;* H. *sayd.*
[3] B. *wyll;* H. *wylte.*
[4] Accompany me, escort me.

But, and thou had taryed, I wolde not haue lefte the so.
And as now God spede the in thy iournaye!
For from the I wyll departe as fast as I maye.
**Everyman.** Wheder awaye, Felawshyp? Wyll you forsake me?
**Fellowship.** Ye, by my faye! To God I betake [1] the.
**Everyman.** Farewell, Good Falawshyp! for ye my herte is sore.
Adewe for euer! I shall se the no more!
**Fellowship.** In fayth, Eueryman, fare well now at the ende!
For you I wyll remembre that partynge is mournynge.

[*Exit Fellowship.*]

**Everyman.** Alacke! shall we thus [2] departe indede
(A, Lady helpe!) without ony more comforte?
Lo, Felawshyp forsaketh me in my moost nede.
For helpe in this worlde wheder [3] shall I resorte?
Felawshyp here before with me wolde mery make,
And now lytell sorowe for me dooth he take.
It is sayd, "In prosperyte men frendes may fynde,
Whiche in aduersyte be full vnkynde."
Now wheder [3] for socoure shall I flee,
Syth that Felawshyp hath forsaken me?
To my kynnesmen I wyll, truely,
Prayenge them to helpe me in my necessyte.
I byleue that they wyll do so,
For "kynde wyll crepe where it may not go."
I wyll go saye,[4] for yonder I se them go.
Where be ye now, my frendes and kynnesmen?

[*Enter Kindred and Cousin.*]

**Kindred.** Here be we now, at your commaundement.
Cosyn, I praye you shewe vs your entent
In ony wyse, and do not [1] spare.
**Cousin.** Ye, Eueryman, and to vs declare
Yf ye be dysposed to go ony whyder;
For, wete you well, we [2] wyll lyue and dye togyder.
**Kindred.** In welth and wo we wyll with you holde,[3]
For ouer his kynne a man may be bolde.
**Everyman.** Gramercy, my frendes and kynnesmen kynde.
Now shall I shewe you the grefe of my mynde.
I was commaunded by a messenger
That is a hye kynges chefe offycer;
He bad me go a pylgrymage, to my payne;
And I knowe well I shall neuer come agayne:
Also I must gyue a rekenynge strayte,
For I haue a grete enemy that hath me in wayte,
Whiche entendeth me for to hynder.
**Kindred.** What a[c]counte is that whiche ye must render?
That wolde I knowe.
**Everyman.** Of all my workes I must shewe
How I haue lyued, and my dayes spent;
Also of yll dedes that I haue vsed
In my tyme syth lyfe was me lent,
And of all vertues that I haue refused.
Therfore, I praye you, go thyder with me
To helpe to make myn accounte, for Saynt Charyte.
**Cousin.** What! to go thydr? Is that the mater?
Nay, Eueryman, I had leuer fast brede and water [4]
All this fyue yere and more.
**Everyman.** Alas, that euer I was bore!
For now shall I neuer be mery,
If that you forsake me.
**Kindred.** A, syr, what! ye be a mery man!
Take good herte to you, and make no mone.
But one thynge, I warne you, by Saynt Anne —

---

[1] Hand over, commit.
[2] B. *this;* H. *thus.*
[3] Whither.
[4] Assay, put it to trial.

[1] B. *and not;* M. *and nat;* H. *and do not.*
[2] *We* added in H. and M.
[3] B. exchanges the rhyme-words *holde* and *bolde;* correct in H. and M.
[4] A proverbial phrase, meaning to abstain from all food save bread and water.

As for me, ye shall go alone!
EVERYMAN. My Cosyn, wyll you not with me go?
COUSIN. No, by Our Lady! I haue the crampe in my to[e].
Trust not to me; for, so God me spede,
I wyll deceyue you in your moost nede.
KINDRED. It auayleth not vs to tyse.[1]
Ye shall haue my mayde with all my herte;
She loueth to go to feestes, there to be nyse,
And to daunce, and abrode to sterte:[2]
I wyll gyue her leue to helpe you in that iourney,
If that you and she may agree.
EVERYMAN. Now, shewe me the very effecte of your mynde;
Wyll you go with me, or abyde behynde?
KINDRED. Abyde behynde? ye, that wyll I, and I maye!
Therfore farewell tyll another daye.

[*Exit Kindred.*]

EVERYMAN. Howe sholde I be mery or gladde?
For fayre promyses men to me make,
But whan I haue moost nede they me forsake.
I am deceyued; that maketh me sadde.
COUSIN. Cosyn Eueryman, farewell now;
For veryly I wyll not go with you.
Also of myne owne lyfe[3] an vnredy rekenynge
I haue to accounte; therfore I make taryenge.
Now God kepe the, for now I go.

[*Exit Cousin.*]

EVERYMAN. A Iesus! is all come hereto?
Lo, fayre wordes maketh fooles fayne;
They promyse, and nothynge wyll do certayne.
My kynnesmen promysed me faythfully
For to abyde with me stedfastly;
And now fast awaye do they flee.
Euen so Felawshyp promysed me.
What frende were best me of to prouyde?
I lose my tyme here longer to abyde;
Yet in my mynde a thynge there is:
All my lyfe I haue loued ryches;
If that my Good now helpe me myght
He wolde make my herte full lyght.
I wyll speke to hym in this dystresse.
Where arte thou, my Gooddes and ryches?
GOODS [*within*]. Who calleth me? Eueryman? What! hast thou haste?
I lye here in corners, trussed and pyled so hye,
And in chestes I am locked so fast,
Also sacked in bagges — thou mayst se with thyn eye —
I can not styre. In packes, lowe, I lye.
What wolde ye haue? lyghtly me saye.
EVERYMAN. Come hyder, Good, in al the hast thou may;
For of counseyll I must desyre the.

[*Enter Goods.*]

GOODS. Syr, and ye in the worlde haue sorowe or aduersyte,
That can I helpe you to remedy shortly.
EVERYMAN. It is another dysease[1] that greueth me;
In this worlde it is not, I tell the so;
I am sent for an other way to go,
To gyue a strayte counte generall
Before the hyest Iupyter of all;
And all my lyfe I haue had ioye and pleasure in the,
Therfore, I pray the, go with me;
For, parauenture, thou mayst before God Almyghty
My rekenynge helpe to clene and puryfye;
For it is sayd euer amonge
That "money maketh all ryght that is wronge."
GOODS. Nay, Eueryman; I synge an other songe!
I folowe no man in suche vyages;
For, and I wente with the,
Thou sholdes fare much the worse for me;
For bycause on me thou dyd set thy mynde,
Thy rekenynge I haue made blotted and blynde,
That thyne accounte thou can not make truly —
And that hast thou for the loue of me!

---

[1] To induce by the offer of advantage.
[2] Rush.
[3] *Lyfe* added in M.; omitted in B. and H.

[1] Annoyance, trouble.

Everyman. That wolde greue me full sere,[1]
Whan I sholde come to that ferefull answere.
Vp, let vs go thyder to gyder.
Goods. Nay, not so! I am to brytell; I may not endure.
I wyll folowe no[2] man one fote, be ye sure.
Everyman. Alas! I haue the loued, and had grete pleasure
All my lyfe-dayes on good and treasure.
Goods. That is to thy dampnacyon, without lesynge!
For my loue is contrary to the loue euerlastynge.
But yf thou had me loued moderately durynge
As to the poore to[3] gyue parte of me,
Than sholdest thou not in this dolour be,
Nor in this grete sorowe and care.
Everyman. Lo! now was I deceyued or I was ware;
And all, I may wyte, my[s]spendynge of tyme.
Goods. What! wenest thou that I am thyne?
Everyman. I had went so.
Goods. Naye, Eueryman; I saye no.
As for a whyle I was lente the;
A season thou hast had me in prosperyte.
My condycyon is mannes soule to kyll;
Yf I saue one, a thousande I do spyll.
Wenest thou that I wyll folowe the
From this worlde? nay, veryle.[4]
Everyman. I had wende otherwyse.
Goods. Therfore to thy soule Good is a thefe;
For whan thou arte deed, this is my gyse —
Another to deceyue in this same wyse
As I haue done the, and all to his soules reprefe.
Everyman. O false Good! cursed may[5] thou be,
Thou traytour to God, that hast deceyued me
And caugh[t] me in thy snare!
Goods. Mary! thou brought thy selfe in care!
Wherof I am right[1] gladde.
I must nedes laugh; I can not be sadde.
Everyman. A, Good! thou hast had longe my hertely loue;
I gaue the that which sholde be the Lordes aboue.
But wylte thou not go with me indede?
I praye the trouth to saye.
Goods. No, so God me spede!
Therfore farewell, and haue good daye!

[*Exit Goods.*]

Everyman. O, to whome shall I make my mone
For to go with me in that heuy iournaye?
Fyrst Felawshyp sayd he wolde with me gone —
His wordes were very plesaunte and gaye;
But afterwarde he lefte me alone.
Than spake I to my kynnesmen, all in despayre,
An[d] also they gaue me wordes fayre —
They lacked no fayre spekynge!
But all forsoke[2] me in the endynge.
Than wente I to my Goodes, that I loued best,
In hope to haue comforte; but there had I leest,
For my Goodes sharpely dyd me tell
That he bryngeth many into hell.
Than of my selfe I was ashamed;
And so I am worthy to be blamed.
Thus may I well my selfe hate.
Of whom shall I now counseyll take?
I thynke that I shall neuer spede
Tyll that I go to my Good Dede.
But, alas! she is so weke
That she can nother go nor speke.
Yet wyll I venter on her now.
My Good Dedes, where be you?

[*Good Deeds speaks up from the ground.*]

Good Deeds. Here I lye, colde in the grounde.
Thy synnes hath me sore bounde,
That I can not stere.

---

[1] Sore. B. has *sore;* I have changed for the sake of the rhyme.
[2] *No* omitted in B., added in H. and M.
[3] *To* omitted in B. and M., added in H.
[4] B. *Nay fro this worlde not veryle;* M. *Nay nat fro this worlde verely.* I have adopted the reading of H., though the reading of M. is equally good.
[5] *May* omitted in B. and H., added in M.

[1] *Right* omitted in B. and H., added in M.
[2] B. H. *forsake;* M. *forsoke.*

Everyman. O Good Dedes! I stande in fere!
I must you pray of counseyll,
For helpe now sholde come ryght well.
Good Deeds. Eueryman, I haue vnderstandynge
That ye be somoned a[c]counte to make
Before Myssyas, of Iherusalem Kynge;
And you do by me,[1] that iournay with you wyll I take.
Everyman. Therfore I come to you my moone to make.
I praye you that ye wyll go with me.
Good Deeds. I wolde full fayne, but I can not stande, veryly.
Everyman. Why, is there ony thynge on you fall?
Good Deeds. Ye, syr, I may thanke you of all!
Yf ye had parfytely chered me,
Your boke of counte full redy had be.

[*Good Deeds shows him his Book of Account.*]

Loke, the bokes of your workes and dedes eke!
Behold [2] how they lye vnder the fete
To your soules heuynes.
Everyman. Our Lorde Iesus helpe me!
For one letter here I can not se.
Good Deeds. There [3] is a blynde rekenynge in tyme of dystres!
Everyman. Good Dedes, I praye you helpe me in this nede,
Or elles I am for euer dampned indede!
Therfore helpe me to make my [4] rekenynge
Before the Redemer of all thynge,
That Kynge is, and was, and euer shall.
Good Deeds. Eueryman, I am sory of your fall;
And fayne wolde I helpe you, and I were able.
Everyman. Good Dedes, your counseyll I pray you gyue me.
Good Deeds. That shall I do veryly.
Thoughe that on my fete I may not go,
I haue a syster that shall with you also,
Called Knowlege, whiche shall with you abyde
To helpe you to make that dredefull rekenynge.

[*Enter Knowledge.*]

Knowledge. Eueryman, I wyll go with the, and be thy gyde,
In thy moost nede to go by thy syde.
Everyman. In good condycyon I am now in euery thynge,
And am hole [1] content with this good thynge,
Thanked be [2] God my createre! [3]
Good Deeds. And whan he hath brought you there
Where thou shalte hele the of thy smarte,
Than go you with your rekenynge and your Good Dedes togyder
For to make you ioyfull at herte
Before the Blessyd Trynyte.
Everyman. My Good Dedes, gramercy!
I am well content, certaynly,
With your wordes swete.
Knowledge. Now go we togyder louyngly
To Confessyon, that clensyng ryuere.
Everyman. For ioy I wepe! I wolde we were there!
But, I pray you, gyue me cognycyon
Where dwelleth that holy man, Confessyon?
Knowledge. In the house of saluacyon;
We shall fynde hym in that place,
That shall vs comforte, by Goddes grace.

[*Knowledge leads Everyman to Confession.*]

Lo, this is Confessyon. Knele downe, and aske mercy;
For he is in good conceyte [4] with God Almyghty.
Everyman [*kneeling*]. O gloryous foutayne, that all vnclennes doth claryfy,
Wasshe fro me the spottes of vyce vnclene,
That on me no synne may be sene.
I come, with Knowlege, for my redempcyon,
Redempte with herte and full contrycyon;
For I am commaunded a pylgrymage to take,
And grete accountes before God to make.

---

[1] According to my advice.
[2] B. M. *Ase* (*Qy.* A! see); H. *Behold.*
[3] M. *Here;* but Everyman has the book in his hands.
[4] *My* omitted in B., added in H. and M.

[1] Wholly. H. M. *holy.*
[2] B. M. *by;* H. *be.*
[3] B. H. M. *creature.* I have changed for the rhyme.
[4] High esteem.

Now I praye you, Shryfte, moder of saluacyon,
Helpe my Good Dedes for my pyteous exclamacyon.
**Confession.** I knowe your sorowe well, Eueryman.
Bycause with Knowlege ye come to me,
I wyll you comforte as well as I can;
And a precyous iewell I wyll gyue the,
Called penaunce, voyder[1] of aduersyte;
Therwith shall your body chastysed be
With abstynence, and perseueraunce in Goddes seruyce.

[*Gives Everyman a scourge.*]

Here shall you receyue that scourge of me,
Whiche is penaunce stronge that ye must endure
To remembre thy Sauyour was scourged for the
With sharpe scourges, and suffred it pacyently;
So must thou, or thou scape that paynful pylgrymage.
Knowlege, kepe hym in this vyage,[2]
And by that tyme Good Dedes wyll be with the.
But in ony wyse be seker[3] of mercy,
For your tyme draweth fast; and[4] ye wyll saued be,
Aske God mercy, and he wyll graunte truely.
Whan with the scourge of penaunce man doth hym bynde,
The oyle of forgyuenes than shall he fynde.
**Everyman.** Thanked be God for his gracyous werke!
For now I wyll my penaunce begyn;
This hath reioysed and lyghted my herte,
Though the knottes be paynfull and harde within.
**Knowledge.** Eueryman, loke your penaunce that ye fulfyll,
What payne that euer it to you be;
And Knowlege shall gyue you counseyll at wyll
How your accounte ye shall make clerely.

[*Everyman kneels in Prayer.*]

**Everyman.** O eternal God! O heuenly fygure!
O way of ryghtwysnes! O goodly vysyon!
Whiche descended downe in a vyrgyn pure
Because he wolde euery man redeme,
Whiche Adam forfayted by his dysobedyence!
O blessyd Godheed! electe and hye deuyne!
Forgyue me[1] my greuous offence.
Here I crye the mercy in this presence.
O ghostly treasure! O raunsomer and redemer!
Of all the worlde hope and conduyter![2]
Myrrour of ioye! foundatour[3] of mercy,
Whiche enlumyneth heuen and erth therby!
Here my clamorous complaynt, though it late be.
Receyue my prayers, vnworthy of thy benygnytye.[4]
Though I be a synner moost abhomynable,
Yet let my name be wryten in Moyses table.
O Mary! praye to the Maker of all thynge
Me for to helpe at my endynge,
And saue me fro the power of my enemy;
For Deth assayleth me strongly.
And, Lady, that I may by meane of thy prayer
Of your Sones glory to be partynere
By the meanes of his passyon, I it craue.
I beseche you helpe my soule to saue.

[*He rises.*]

Knowlege, gyue me the scourge of penaunce.
My fleshe therwith shall gyue aquytaunce.[5]
I wyll now begyn, yf God gyue me grace.
**Knowledge.** Eueryman, God gyue you tyme and space!
Thus I bequeth you in ye handes of our Sauyour.
Now may you make your rekenynge sure.

---

[1] B. *voyce voyder;* H. and M. omit *voyce.*
[2] Course.
[3] B. M. *seker;* H. *sure.* The meaning is probably "seeker."
[4] If.

[1] *Me* omitted in B., added in H. and M.
[2] Guide. H. *conductor;* M. *conduiter.*
[3] Founder. H. *and founder;* M. *foundacion.*
[4] B. M. *in this heuy lyfe.* I have adopted the reading in H.
[5] B. *acqueyntaunce;* M. *aquaintaunce.* I have adopted the reading in H.

EVERYMAN. In the name of the Holy Trynyte
My body sore punysshyd shall be.

[*He begins to scourge himself.*]

Take this, body, for the synne of the flesshe!
Also thou delytest to go gay and fresshe,
And in the way of dampnacyon thou dyd me brynge;
Therfore suffre now strokes of punysshynge!
Now of penaunce I wyll wade the water clere,
To saue me from purgatory, that sharpe fyre.

[*Good Deeds rises from the floor.*]

GOOD DEEDS. I thanke God, now I can walke and go,
And am delyuered of my sykenesse and wo.
Therfore with Eueryman I wyll go, and not spare;
His good workes I wyll helpe hym to declare.
KNOWLEDGE. Now, Eueryman, be mery and glad!
Your Good Dedes cometh now, ye may not be sad.
Now is your Good Dedes hole and sounde,
Goynge vpryght vpon the grounde.
EVERYMAN. My herte is lyght, and shalbe euermore.
Now wyll I smyte faster than I dyde before.
GOOD DEEDS. Eueryman, pylgryme, my specyall frende,
Blessyd be thou without ende!
For the is preparate the eternall glory!
Ye haue me made hole and sounde,
Therfore I wyll byde by the in euery stounde.[1]
EVERYMAN. Welcome, my Good Dedes! Now I here thy voyce
I wepe for very swetenes of loue.
KNOWLEDGE. Be no more sad, but euer reioyce;
God seeth thy lyuynge in his trone aboue.
Put on this garment to thy behoue,
Whiche is wette with your teres,
Or elles before God you may it mysse,
Whan ye to your iourneys ende come shall.
EVERYMAN. Gentyll Knowlege, what do ye it call?
KNOWLEDGE. It is the [1] garmente of sorowe;
Fro payne it wyll you borowe;
Contrycyon it is
That getteth forgyuenes,
It [2] pleaseth God passynge well.
GOOD DEEDS. Eueryman, wyll you were it for your hele?

[*Everyman puts on the robe of contrition.*]

EVERYMAN. Now blessyd be Iesu, Maryes sone,
For now haue I on true contrycyon.
And lette vs go now without taryenge.
Good Dedes, haue we clere our rekenynge?
GOOD DEEDS. Ye, indede, I haue here.
EVERYMAN. Than I trust we nede not fere.
Now, frendes, let vs not parte in twayne.
KNOWLEDGE.[3] Nay, Eueryman, that wyll we not, certayne.
GOOD DEEDS. Yet must thou le[a]d with the
Thre persones of grete myght.
EVERYMAN. Who sholde they be?
GOOD DEEDS. Dyscrecyon and Strength they hyght,
And thy Beaute may not abyde behynde.
KNOWLEDGE. Also ye must call to mynde
Your Fyue Wyttes as for your counseylours.
GOOD DEEDS. You must haue them redy at all houres.
EVERYMAN. Howe shall I gette them hyder?
KINDRED. You must call them all togyder,
And they wyll here you incontynent.
EVERYMAN. My frendes, come hyder and be present,
Dyscrecyon, Strengthe, my Fyue Wyttes, and Beaute!

---

[1] In every attack (or, always).

[1] B. *a;* H. M. *the.*

[2] B. M. *He;* H. *It.*

[3] B. H. M. all, in error, assign this speech to Kindred; but Kindred left the stage at line 368.

[*Enter Discretion, Strength, Five Wits, and Beauty.*]

Beauty. Here at your wyll we be all redy.
What wyll ye that we sholde do?
Good Deeds. That ye wolde with Eueryman go
And helpe hym in his pylgrymage.
Aduyse you; wyll ye with him or not in that vyage?
Strength. We wyll brynge hym all thyder,
To his helpe and comforte, ye may beleue me.
Discretion. So wyll we go with hym all togyder.
Everyman. Almyghty God, loued may [1] thou be!
I gyue the laude that I haue hyder brought
Strength, Dyscrecyon, Beaute and Five Wyttes. Lacke I nought.
And my Good Dedes, with Knowlege clere,
All be in [2] company at my wyll here.
I desyre no more to my besynes.[3]
Strength. And I, Strength, wyll by you stande in dystres,
Though thou wolde in batayle fyght on the grounde.
Five Wits. And though it were thrugh the worlde rounde,
We wyll not departe for swete ne soure.
Beauty. No more wyll I, vnto dethes houre,
What so euer therof befall.
Discretion. Eueryman, aduyse you fyrst of all;
Go with a good aduysement and delyberacyon.
We all gyue you vertuous monycyon [4]
That all shall be well.
Everyman. My frendes, harken what I wyll tell —
I praye God rewarde you in his heuenly [5] spere —
Now herken all that be here,
For I wyll make my testament
Here before you all present:
In almes halfe my good I wyll gyue with my handes twayne
In the way of charyte with good entent,
And the other halfe styll shall remayne,
In queth [1] to be retourned there it ought to be.
This I do in despyte of the fende of hell,
To go quyte out of his perell
Euer after and this daye.
Knowledge. Eueryman, herken what I saye:
Go to Presthode, I you aduyse,
And receyue of hym, in ony wyse,
The holy sacrament and oyntement togyder;
Than shortly se ye tourne agayne hyder;
We wyll all abyde you here.
Five Wits. Ye, Eueryman, hye you that ye redy were.
There is no emperour, kinge, duke, ne baron,
That of God hath commycyon
As hath the leest preest in the worlde beynge;
For of the blessyd sacramentes pure and benygne
He bereth the keyes, and therof hath the cure
For mannes redempcyon — it is euer sure —
Whiche God for our soules medycyne
Gaue vs out of his herte with grete payne,
Here in this transytory lyfe for the and me.
The blessyd sacramentes seven there be —
Baptym, confyrmacyon, with preesthode good,
And ye sacrament of Goddes precyous flesshe and blod,
Maryage, the holy extreme vnccyon, and penaunce.
These seuen be good to haue in remembraunce,
Gracyous sacramentes of hye deuynyte.
Everyman. Fayne wolde I receyue that holy body,
And mekely to my ghostly fader [2] I wyll go.
Five Wits. Eueryman, that is the best that ye can do.
God wyll you to saluacyon brynge,

---

[1] B. *myght;* H. M. *may.*
[2] B. *in my;* H. M. *in.*
[3] Business.
[4] Admonition.
[5] B. *heuen;* H. M. D. *heuenly.*

[1] *Bequest;* H. *In quyet;* M. D. *I it bequethe.*
[2] Spiritual father.

For preesthode excedeth all other thynge:
To vs holy scrypture they do teche,
And conuerteth man fro synne heuen to reche;
God hath to them more power gyuen
Than to ony aungell that is in heuen.
With five wordes he may consecrate
Goddes body in flesshe and blode to make,
And handeleth his Maker bytwene his hande[s].
The preest byndeth and vnbyndeth all bandes,
Both in erthe and in heuen.
Thou mynystres all the sacramentes seuen;
Though we kyst[1] thy fete, thou wert[2] worthy;
Thou arte the[3] surgyon that cureth synne deedly;
No remedy we fynde vnder God
But all onely preesthode.
Eueryman, God gaue preest[s] that dygnyte
And setteth them in his stede amonge vs to be.
Thus be they aboue aungelles in degree.

[*Exit Everyman to receive from the priest the Sacrament and extreme unction. Knowledge and the rest remain.*]

Knowledge. If preestes be good, it is so, suerly.[4]
But whan Iesu hanged on ye crosse with grete smarte,
There he gaue out of his blessyd herte
The same sacrament in grete tourment.
He solde them not to vs, that Lorde omnypotent;
Therefore Saynt Peter the Apostell dothe saye
That Iesus curse hath all they
Whiche God theyr Sauyour do by or sell,
Or they for ony money do take or tell.
Synfull preests gyueth the synners example bad;
Theyr chyldren sytteth by other mennes fyres, I haue harde;
And some haunteth womens company
With vnclen lyfe, as lustes of lechery.
These be with synne made blynde.

Five Wits. I trust to God no suche may we fynde.
Therfore let vs preesthode honour,
And folowe theyr doctryne for our soules socoure.
We be theyr shepe, and they shepeherdes be,
By whome we all be kepte in suerte.
Peas! for yonder I se Eueryman come,
Whiche hath made true satysfaccyon.

Good Deeds. Methynke it is he indede.

[*Re-enter Everyman.*]

Everyman. Now Iesu be your alder spede![1]
I haue receyued the sacrament for my redempcyon,
And than myne extreme vnccyon.[2]
Blessyd be all they that counseyled me to take it!
And now, frendes, let vs go without longer respyte.
I thanke God that ye haue taryed so longe.
Now set eche of you on this rodde your honde,
An shortely folowe me.
I go before there I wolde be. God be our[3] gyde!

Strength. Eueryman, we wyll not fro you go
Tyll ye haue done this vyage longe.

Discretion. I, Dyscrecyon, wyll byde by you also.

Knowledge. And though this pylgrymage be neuer so stronge,
I wyll neuer parte you fro.
Eueryman, I wyll be as sure by the
As euer I dyde by Iudas Machabee.[4]

[*They proceed together to the grave.*]

Everyman. Alas! I am so faynt I may not stande!
My lymmes vnder me doth folde!
Frendes, let vs not tourne agayne to this lande,
Not for all the worldes golde;
For into this caue must I crepe
And tourne to erth,[5] and there to slepe.

---

[1] B. H. *kysse;* M. *kyst.* [2] B. H. M. *were.*
[3] B. H. omit *thee;* added in M.
[4] I.e., that they are above the angels (see preceding line).

[1] Now Jesus be the one who gives prosperity to all of you.
[2] Unction. [3] B. *your;* H. M. D. *our.*
[4] See in the Apocrypha, I Maccabees, chap. iii.
[5] B. M. D. *the earth.*

**Beauty.** What! into this graue? Alas!
**Everyman.** Ye, there shall ye consume, more and lesse.[1]
**Beauty.** And what! sholde I smoder here?
**Everyman.** Ye, by my fayth, and neuer more appere.
In this worlde lyue no more we shall,
But in heuen before the hyest Lorde of all.
**Beauty.** I crosse out all this! Adewe, by Saynt Iohan!
I take my cap [2] in my lappe, and am gone.
**Everyman.** What, Beaute! whyder wyll ye?
**Beauty.** Peas! I am defe. I loke not behynde me,
Not and thou woldest gyue me all ye golde in thy chest! [*Exit Beauty.*]
**Everyman.** Alas! wherto may I truste?
Beaute gothe fast awaye fro me!
She promysed with me to lyue and dye.
**Strength.** Eueryman, I wyll the also forsake and denye.
Thy game lyketh me not at all.
**Everyman.** Why than, ye wyll forsake me all?
Swete Strength, tary a lytell space.
**Strength.** Nay, syr, by the rode [3] of grace!
I wyll hye me from the fast,
Though thou wepe tyll [4] thy herte tobrast.[5]
**Everyman.** Ye wolde euer byde by me, ye sayd.
**Strength.** Ye, I haue you ferre ynoughe conueyde!
Ye be olde ynoughe, I vnderstande,
Your pylgrymage to take on hande.
I repent me that I hyder came.
**Everyman.** Strength, you to dysplease I am to blame,
Yet promise is dette, this ye well wot.[6]
**Strength.** In fayth, I care not!
Thou arte but a foole to complayne.
You spende your speche, and wast your brayne.
Go, thryst the into the grounde!
[*Exit Strength.*]

**Everyman.** I had wende surer I shulde you haue founde.
He that trusteth in his Strength
She hym deceyueth at the length.
Bothe Strength and Beaute forsaketh me;
Yet they promysed me fayre and louyngly.
**Discretion.** Eueryman, I will after Strength be gone.
As for me, I will leue you alone.
**Everyman.** Why Dyscrecyon! wyll ye forsake me?
**Discretion.** Ye, in fayth, I wyll go fro the;
For whan Strength goth before
I folowe after euer more.
**Everyman.** Yet, I pray the, for the loue of the Trynyte,
Loke in my graue ones pyteously.
**Discretion.** Nay, so nye wyll I not come.
Fare well euerychone!
[*Exit Discretion.*]

**Everyman.** O, all thynge fayleth, saue God alone —
Beaute, Strength, and Dyscrecyon;
For whan Deth bloweth his blast
They all renne fro me full fast.
**Five Wits.** Eueryman, my leue now of the I take.
I wyll folowe the other, for here I the forsake.
**Everyman.** Alas! than may I wayle and wepe,
For I toke you for my best frende.
**Five Wits.** I wyll no lenger the kepe.
Now farewell, and there an ende!
[*Exit Five Wits.*]

**Everyman.** O Iesu, helpe! All hath forsaken me!
**Good Deeds.** Nay, Eueryman; I wyll byde with the.
I wyll not forsake the indede;

---

[1] Great persons, and persons of little fame.
[2] B. M. *tappe* (*Qy.* tape); H. *cap.* "I doff my cap (so deep that it comes) into my lap." Logeman.
[3] Rood, cross.
[4] B. *to;* H. M. D. *tyll.*
[5] Burst into pieces.
[6] B. H. D. *Wyll ye breke promyse that is dette.* I have adopted the reading of M., which is justified by the rhyme.

Thou shalte fynde me a good frende at nede.
EVERYMAN. Gramercy, Good Dedes! Now may I true frendes se.
They haue forsaken me, euerychone;
I loued them better than my Good Dedes alone.
Knowlege, wyll ye forsake me also?
KNOWLEDGE. Ye, Eueryman, whan ye to Deth shall go;
But not yet, for no maner of daunger.
EVERYMAN. Gramercy, Knowlege, with all my herte!
KNOWLEDGE. Nay, yet I wyll not from hens departe
Tyll I se where ye shall be come.
EVERYMAN. Methynke, alas, that I must be gone
To make my rekenynge, and my dettes paye;
For I se my tyme is nye spent awaye.
Take example, all ye that this do here or se,
How they that I loued[1] best do forsake me,
Excepte my Good Dedes that bydeth truely.
GOOD DEEDS. All erthly thynges is but vanyte.
Beaute, Strength, and Dyscrecyon do man forsake,
Folysshe frendes, and kynnesmen, that fayre spake, —
All fleeth saue Good Dedes, and that am I.
EVERYMAN. Haue mercy on me, God moost myghty,
And stande by me, thou moder and mayde, Holy Mary!
GOOD DEEDS. Fere not; I wyll speke for the.
EVERYMAN. Here I crye God mercy!
GOOD DEEDS. Shorte oure ende, and mynysshe[1] our payne.
Let vs go, and neuer come agayne.
EVERYMAN. Into thy handes, Lorde, my soule I commende.
Receyue it, Lorde, that it be not lost.
As thou me boughtest, so me defende,
And saue me from the fendes boost,
That I may appere with that blessyd hoost
That shall be saued at the day of dome.
*In manus tuas*,[2] of myghtes moost
For euer, *commendo spiritum meum!*[3]

[*Everyman and Good Deeds descend into the grave.*]

KNOWLEDGE. Now hath he suffred that we all shall endure.
The Good Dedes shall make all sure.
Now hath he made endynge.
Methynketh that I here aungelles synge,
And make grete ioy and melody
Where Euerymannes soule receyued shall be.
ANGEL [*within*]. Come, excellente electe spouse to Iesu!
Here aboue thou shalte go,
Bycause of thy synguler vertue.
Now the soule is taken the body fro,
Thy rekenynge is crystall clere.
Now shalte thou in to the heuenly spere;
Vnto the whiche all ye shall come
That lyueth well before the daye of dome.

[*Exit Knowledge.*]

---

[1] B. *loue*; H. M. D. *loued*.

[1] Lessen.
[2] "Into thy hands."
[3] "I commit my spirit."

[*Enter the Doctor as an Epilogue.*]

DOCTOR. This morall men may haue in mynde.
Ye herers, take it of worth,[1] olde and yonge!
And forsake Pryde, for he deceyueth you in the ende.
And remembre Beaute, Five Wyttes, Strength, and Dy[s]crecyon,
They all at the last do euery man forsake,
Saue his Good Dedes there dothe he take —
But beware, and they be small
Before God he hath no helpe at all.
None excuse may be there for euery man.
Alas, how shall he do, than?
For, after dethe, amendes may no man make;
For than mercy and pyte doth hym forsake.
If his rekenynge be not clere whan he doth come
God wyll saye: "*Ite, maledicti, in ignem eternum!*"
And he that hath his accounte hole and sounde,
Hye in heuen he shall be crounde.
Vnto whiche place God brynge vs all thyder,
That we may lyue body and soule togyder.
Therto helpe, the Trynyte!
Amen, saye ye, for Saynt Charyte.

---

[1] Prize it highly.

FINIS.

*Thus endeth this morall playe of Eueryman.*
*Imprynted at London in Poules*
*Chyrche yarde by me*
*Johan Skot.*

# MANKIND[1]

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MANKIND.
MERCY.
TITIVILLUS.
MISCHIEF.
NEW-GYSE.
NOW-A-DAYS.
NOUGHT.]

[*Enter Mercy.*]

MERCY. The very fownder and begynner of owur fyrst creacion,
A-monge ws synfull wrechys he oweth to be magnyfyede,
That for owur dysobedyenc[e] he hade non indygnacion
To sende hys own Son to be torn and crucyfyede.
Owur obsequyouse[1] seruyce to hym xulde be aplyede
Where he was lorde of all and made all thynge of nought,
For the synfull synner, to hade[2] hym revyuyde,[3]
And, for hys redempcyon, sett hys own Son at nought.

That may be seyde, and veryfyede, mankynde was dere bought;
By the pytuose deth of Jhesu he hade hys remedye;[4]
He was purgyde of hys defawte, that wrechydly hade wrought,
By hys gloryus passyon, that blyssyde lauatorye.[1]
O souerence,[2] I be-seche yow yowur condycions to rectyfye,
Ande with humylite and reuerence to haue a remocyon[3]
To this blyssyde Prynce that owur nature doth gloryfye,
That ye may be partycypable of hys retribucyon.[4]

I haue be[5] the very mene for yowur restytucyon.
Mercy ys my name, that mornyth for yowur offence.
Dyverte not yowur sylffe[6] in tyme of temtacyon,
That ye may be acceptable to Gode at yowur goynge hence.
The grett mercy of Gode, that ys of most preemmynence,
Be medyacyon[7] of Owur Lady, that ys euer habundante

[1] Dutiful.
[2] Hold.
[3] Revived.
[4] Salvation.

[1] Washing (from sin).
[2] Masters (i.e. the audience).
[3] Change.
[4] Retribution (for men's sins in his passion).
[5] Been.
[6] Self.
[7] MS. *medytacyon;* corr. by M.

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[1] This play was written about 1475; and, as numerous allusions in the text show, it is to be assigned to the neighborhood of Cambridge. Its chief interest lies in the fact that it illustrates the beginning of professionalism in the drama. It was acted by a company of apparently six players (the parts of Mercy and of Titivillus could easily be assumed by one man), who gave their performance in a public inn-yard (cf. ll. 29, 554, 722, 725) for gain—at one point, ll. 448–65, they halt the play in order to collect money from the audience. The properties they were required to carry are negligible — little more than their costumes; and possibly they limited their dramatic activities, as did the plowboy morris-dancers, to the Christmas holiday season (cf. ll. 54, 62, 316, 325, 381, 539). The result of thus professionalizing the drama is readily apparent in the text: the moral element is reduced to a minimum, and even the sole representative of good, Mercy, is deliberately made fun of with his ponderous Latinistic diction and his saccharine talk; the humor becomes at times exceedingly vulgar; and the literary skill of the writer is unusually poor. Possibly the author merely reworked an earlier and more serious morality, eliminating the moral element, and accentuating in his own way the comic features.

The manuscript is found in the collection of moralities formerly in the possession of the Rev. Cox Macro (see page 265, note 1). I have based the present text on that in *The Macro Plays*, edited by F. J. Furnivall and A. W. Pollard, for the Early English Text Society, 1904; but I have checked doubtful readings with the photographic facsimile of the manuscript issued by J. S. Farmer, and I have made use of the edition by Manly, *Specimens*, 1896. I have noted the principal, but not all the minor, emendations adopted from Manly (M.). All additions to the manuscript are set in square brackets, and changes duly recorded in footnotes. The punctuation, the use of capitals, and the stage-directions are my own.

To the synfull creature that wyll repent hys neclygence.[1]
I prey Gode, at yowur most nede, that Mercy be yowur defendawnte.

In goode werkys I a-wyse[2] yow, souerence, to be perseuerante
To puryfye yowur sowlys that thei be not corupte;
For yowur gostly enmy[3] wyll make hys a-vaunte,[4]
Yowur goode condycions yf he may interrupte.
O ye souerens that sytt, and ye brothern that stonde ryght wppe,[5]
Pryke[6] not yowur felycytes in thyngis transytorye!
Be-holde not the erth, but lyfte yowur ey wppe!
Se how the hede the members dayly do magnyfye.

Who ys the hede, forsoth, I xall yow certyfye:
I mene owur Sauyowur, that was lykynnyde[7] to a lambe;
Ande hys sayntis be the members that dayly he doth satysfye
With the precyose reuer that runnyth from hys wombe.[8]

Ther ys non such foode, be watur nor by londe,
So precyouse, so gloryouse, so nedefull to owur entent![9]
For yt hath dyssoluyde mankynde from the bittur bonde
Of the mortall enmye, that vemynousse[10] serpente;
From the wyche Gode preserue yow all at the last Iugement!
For sekyrly ther xall be a strerat[11] examynacyon;
The corn xall be sauyde, the chaffe xall be brente.
I be-sech yow hertyly, haue this premedytacyon.

[*Enter Mischief.*]

MYSCHEFFE. I be-seche yow hertyly, leue yowur calcacyon!
Leue yowur chaffe! leue yowur corn! leue yowur dalyacyon!
Yowur wytt ys lytyll, yowur hede ys mekyll![1] ye are full of predycacyon.[2]
But, ser, I prey [yow] this questyon to claryfye: —
Dryff-draff, mysse-masche,
Sume was corn, and sume was chaffe;
My dame seyde my name was Raffe;
On-schett yowur lokke,[3] and take an halpenye.

MERCY. Why come ye hethyr, brother? Ye were not dysyryde.
MYSCHEFF. For a wyntur corn-threscher, ser, I haue hyryde;
Ande ye sayde the corn xulde be sauyde, and the chaffe xulde be feryde;
Ande he prouyth nay, as yt schewth be this werse:[4]
"Corn seruit bredibus, chaffe horsibus, straw fyrybusque,"[5]
Thys ys as moche to say to yowur leude[6] wndyrstondynge,
As the corn xall serue to brede at the nexte bakynge,
"Chaff horsybus," *et reliqua*,[7]
The chaff, to horse xall be goode produce;
When a man ys for-colde,[8] this straw may be brent.
And so forth, *et cetera*.

MERCY. A-voyde, goode brother! Ye ben culpable
To interrupte thus my talkynge delectable.
MYSCHEFF. Ser, I haue nother horse nor sadyll;
Therfor I may not ryde.
MERCY. Hye yow forthe on fote, brother, in Godis name!

---

[1] Sinning.
[2] Advise.
[3] Enemy.
[4] Boast.
[5] The better classes, seated in the galleries surrounding the inn-yard, are respectfully addressed as "sovereigns," the rabble, standing in the yard, as "brethren." Note also the familiar way in which the actors in coming in and going out address those standing about the stage.
[6] Set.
[7] Likened.
[8] Side (into which the spear was thrust).
[9] Purpose.
[10] Venomous.
[11] Strict.

[1] Big.
[2] Preaching.
[3] Open your lock.
[4] Verse.
[5] Dog Latin: "Corn serves for bread, chaff for horses, and straw for fires."
[6] Ignorant.
[7] MS. *reliqud.*
[8] Very cold.

Myscheff. I say, ser, I am cumme hedyr to make yow game;[1]
Yet bade ye me not go out in the deullys name,
Ande I wyll a-byde.
[Mercy[2] . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

*Enter New-gyse, Now-a-days, and Nought, with minstrels.*

New-gyse . . . . . . . . . . . .
Now-a-days . . . . . . . . . . .
Nought . . . . . . . . . . . .
New-gyse.[2]] Ande how, mynstrellys! pley the comyn trace![3]
Ley on with thi ballys[4] tyll hys bely breste!

Nought. I put case I breke my neke: how than?
New-gyse. I gyff no force, by Sent Tanne![5]
Now-a-days. Leppe a-bout lyuely! Thou art a wyght[6] man.
Lett ws be mery wyll we be here!
Nought. Xall I breke my neke to schow yow sporte?
Now-a-days. Therfor euer be-ware of thi reporte.
Nought. I be-schrew ye all! her ys a schrewde sorte![7]
Haue ther att them with a mery chere!

*Her thei daunce. Mercy seyth:*

[Mercy.] Do wey! Do wey this reuell, sers! Do wey!
Now-a-days. Do wey, goode Adam? do wey?
Thys ys no parte of thi pley.
Nought. Yis, mary, I prey yow, for I loue not this rewelynge.[8]
Cum forth, goode fader, I yow prey!
Be a lytyll ye may assay.[9]
A-non, of with yowur clothes, yf ye wyll pray!
Go to! for I haue hade a praty scottlynge.[10]
Mercy. Nay, brother, I wyll not daunce.
New-gyse. Yf ye wyll, ser, my brother wyll make yow to prawnce.
Now-a-days. With all my herte, ser, yf I may yow a-vaunce.[1]
Ye may assay be a lytyll trace.
Nought. Ye, ser, wyll ye do well?
Trace not with them, be my cownsell;
For I haue tracyed sumwhat to fell![2]
I tell [yow][3] yt ys a narow space.

But, ser, I trow, of ws thre I herde you speke.
New-gyse. Crystis curse had [y]e[4] therfor; for I was in slepe.
Now-a-days. A[nd] I hade the cuppe redy in my honde, redy to goo to met.[5]
Therfor, ser, curtly[6] grett yow well.
Mercy. Few wordis! Few and well sett!
New-gyse. Ser, yt ys the new gyse and the new jett.[7]
Many wordis, and schortely sett:
Thys ys the new gyse, euery dele.[8]

Mercy. Lady, helpe! How wrechys delyte in ther sympull weys!
Now-a-days. Say not a-geyn the new gyse now-a-days!
Thou xall fynde ws sch[r]ewys at all assays.
Be ware! Ye, may son lyke[9] a bofett.
Mercy. He was well occupyede that browte yow brethern!
Nought. I harde yow call "New-gyse, Now-a-days, Nought," all thes thre to-gether.
Yf ye sey that I lye, I xall make yow to slyther![10]
Lo, take yow here a trepett![11]

Mercy. Say me yowur namys! I know yow not.
New-gyse. New-gyse, I.
[Now-a-days.] Now-a-days, [I].
[Nought.] I, Nought.
Mercy. Be Jhesu Cryst, that me dere bowte,

---

[1] Fun.
[2] A page lost from the MS.
[3] Dance.
[4] Bellows (of bagpipe?).
[5] Saint Anne.
[6] Active, agile.
[7] Bad lot.
[8] Reveling.
[9] You may try a little dance.
[10] Running with hurried steps (here, a dance).

[1] Advance.
[2] Vigorously. MS. *fylde fell;* apparently the first word was written in error.
[3] Added by M.
[4] MS. *hade.*
[5] Meat.
[6] Briefly.
[7] Fashion.
[8] Bit.
[9] Taste.
[10] Slide.
[11] Trip (he tries to trip him up).

Ye be-tray many men.
New-gyse. Be-tray? nay, nay, ser! nay, nay!
We make them both fresch and gay.
But of yowur name, ser, I yow prey,
That we may yow ken.
Mercy. Mercy ys my name and my denomynacyon.
I conseyue ye haue but a lytyll faus[1] in my communycacyon.
New-gyse. Ey, ey! yowur body ys full of Englysch Laten!

Now-a-days. I prey yow hertyly, worschypp[f]ull clerke —
I haue etun a dysch full of curdis,
Ande I haue . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .[2]
Now opyn yowur sachell with Laten wordis,
Ande sey me this in clerycall[3] manere!
Also I haue a wyf; her name ys Rachell;
Betwyx her and me was a gret batell;
Ande fayn of yow I wolde here tell
Who was the most mastur.

Nought. Thy wyf Rachell, I dare ley xx$^{ti}$ lyse.[4]
Now-a-days. Who spake to thee, foll? Thou art not wyse!
Go and do that longyth to thin offyce —
*Osculare fundamentum!*
Nought. Lo, mastur! lo! here ys a pardon bely mett;[5]
Yt ys grawntyde of Pope Pokett.
Yf ye wyll putt yowur nose . . . . . . . . . . . . .[6]
Ye xall haue xl$^{ty}$ days of pardon.

Mercy. Thys ydyll language ye xall repent!
Out of this place I wolde ye went.
New-gyse. Goo we hens all thre with on assent!
My fadyr ys yrke[7] of owur eloquence;
Therfor I wyll no lenger tary.
Gode brynge yow, master, and blyssyde Mary,
To the numbur of the demonycall frayry![1]
[. . . . . . . . . . . .][2]

Now-a-days. Cum wynde, cum reyn,
Thow I cumme neuer a-geyn!
The deull put out both yowur eyn![3]
Felouse, go we hens tyght![4]
Nought. Go we hens, a deull wey!
Here ys the dore, her ys the wey!

[*To Mercy.*]

Farwell, jentyll Jaffrey!
I prey Gode gyf yow goode nyght!

*Let them go out in silence.*[5]

Mercy. Thankyde be Gode, we haue a fayer dylyuerance
Of thes iij onthryfty gestis!
They know full lytyll what ys ther ordynance.
I preue, by reson, thei be wers then bestis:

A best doth after hys naturall instytucyon;[6]
Ye may conseyue by there dysporte and be-hauour
Ther joy ande delyte ys in derysyon
Of her[7] owyn Cryste, to his dyshonur.

Thys condycyon of leuynge, yt ys preiudycyall.
Be-ware therof! Yt ys wers than ony felony or treson.
How may yt be excusyde be-for the Iustyce of all,
When for euery ydyll worde we must yelde a reson?

They haue grett ease; ther-for thei wyll take no thought.
But how then, when the angell of hewyn xall blow the trumpe,
Ande sey to the transgressors that wykkydly hath wrought,
"Cum forth on-to yowur juge, and yelde yowur a-cownte!"

---

[1] Force?
[2] Omitted because of obscenity.
[3] Clerk-like, learned.
[4] Lice.
[5] *Qy.* be lymett (by limit) M.
[6] The language is unprintable.
[7] Tired.

[1] Friary, a society of friars.
[2] Apparently a line missing in MS.
[3] Eyes.
[4] Quickly.
[5] MS. *Exiant silentio.*
[6] The established order by which a thing is regulated (here, nature).
[7] Their.

Then xall I, Mercy, be-gyn sor to wepe;
Nother comfort nor cownsell ther xall non be hade;
But such as thei haue sowyn, such xall thei repe.
Thei be wanton [1] now, but then xall thei be sade.

The goode new-gyse now-a-days I wyll not dysalow;
I dyscomende the vycyouse gyse. I prey haue me excusyde,
I nede not to speke of yt; yowur reson wyll tell it yow.
Take that ys to be takyn, and leue that ys to be refusyde!

*[Enter Mankind with a spade.]*

MANKYNDE. Of the erth and of the cley we haue owur propagacyon;
By the prouydens of Gode thus be we deryvatt,[2]
To whos mercy I recomende this holl congrygacyon.
I hope, on-to hys blysse ye be all predestynatt!
Euery man, for hys degre, I trust xall be partycypatt,
Yf we wyll mortyfye owur carnall condycyon
Ande owur voluntarye dysyres, that euer be pervercionatt,[3]
To renunce thes and yelde ws wndur Godis provycyon.

My name ys Mankynde. I haue my composycyon
Of a body and of a soull, of condycyon contrarye:
Be-twyx the tweyn ys a grett dyvisyon.
He that xulde be s[u]biecte, now he hath the victory.
Thys ys to me a lamentable story,
To se my flesch, of my soull to haue gouernance.
Wher the goode wyff ys master, the goode-man may be sory.
A-lasse! what was thi fortune and thi chaunce
To be assocyat with my flesch, that stynkyng dunge-hyll!
Lady, helpe! Souerens, yt doth my soull myche yll
To se the flesch prosperouse, and the soull trodyn wndur fote.
I xall go to yondyr man, and a-say hym I wyll.
I trust of gostly solace he wyll be my bote.[1]

*[He goes to Mercy, and kneels.]*

All heyll, semely father! Ye be welcome to this house!
Of the very wysdam ye haue partycypacyon.
My body with my soull ys euer querulose.[2]
I prey yow, for sent charyte, of yowur supportacyon!

I be-seche yow hertyly of yowur gostly [3] comforte!
I am onstedfast in lywynge;[4] my name ys Mankynde.
My gostly enmy, the deull, wyll haue a grett dysporte,
In sympull gydynge yf he may se me ende.

MERCY. Cryst sende yow goode comforte! Ye be welcum, my frende!
Stonde wppe on yowur fete! I prey yow aryse!
My name ys Mercy: ye be to me full hende.[5]
To eschew vyce I wyll yow a-vyse.

MANKYNDE. O Mercy! of all grace and vertu ye are the well![6]
I haue herde tell of ryght worschyppfull clerkis
Ye be approxymatt to Gode, and nere of hys consell;
He hat instytut [7] you a-boue all hys werkis.

O! yowur louely words [8] to my soull are swetere then hony!
MERCY. The temtacyon of the flesch ye must resyst lyke a man,
For ther ys euer a batell betwyx the soull and the body;
*Vita hominis est milicia super terram.*[9]

---

[1] Jovial. [2] Derived. [3] Perverted.

[1] Help. [2] Quarrelsome. [3] Spiritual. [4] Living.
[5] Gracious. [6] Spring. [7] Established.
[8] E.E.T.S. *workis;* but the MS. is clearly *words.*
[9] "The life of man is a warfare on the earth."

Oppresse[1] yowur gostly enmy, and be Crystis own knyght!
Be neuer a cowarde a-geyn[2] yowur aduersary!
Yf ye wyll be crownyde ye must nedis fyght.
Intende well, and Gode wyll be yow adiutory.[3]

Remembur, my frende, the tyme of contynuance![4]
So helpe me Gode, yt ys but a chery tyme![5]
Spende yt well! Serue Gode with hertis affyance.
Dystempure not yowur brayn with goode ale nor with wyn.

"Mesure ys tresure"; Y for-byde yow not the vse.
Mesure yowur sylf euer; be-ware of excesse!
The superfluouse gyse[6] I wyll that ye refuse;
When nature ys suffysyde, a-non that ye sese.[7]

Yf a man haue an hors, and kepe hym not to hye,
He may then reull hym at hys own dysyere;
Yf he be fede ouer well he wyll dysobey,
Ande in happe cast his master in the myre.

*[New-gyse speaks from behind.]*

NEW-GYSE. Ye sey trew, ser; ye are no faytour![8]
I haue fede my wyff so well tyll sche ys my master!
I haue a grett wonde on my hede, lo! and ther-on leyth a playster;
Ande a-nother ther I pysse my peson.[9]
Ande[10] my wyf were yowur hors sche wolde yow all to-samne.[11]
Ye fede yowur hors in mesure; ye are a wyse man!
I trow, and ye were the kyngis palfrey-man,
A goode horse xulde be geason.[1]

MANKYNDE. Wher spekys this felow? Wyll he not come nere?
MERCY. All to sone, my brother, I fere me, for yow.
He was here ryght now (by hym that bowte me dere!)[2]
With other of hys felouse. Thei kan[3] moche sorow.

They wyll be here ryght sone, yf I owt departe.
Thynke on my doctryne! yt xall be yowur defence.
Lerne wyll[4] I am here! Sett my wordis in herte!
With-in a schorte space I must nedis hens.

*[Now-a-days speaks from behind.]*

NOW-A-DAYS. The sonner the leuer, and yt be ewyn a-non![5]
I trow yowur name ys "Do-lytyll"; ye be so longe fro hom.
Yf ye wolde go hens we xall cum euerychon,[6]
Mo then a goode sorte.
Ye haue leve, I dare well say;
To hem ye wyll go forth yowur wey.
Men haue lytyll deynte[7] of yowur pley,
Be-cause ye make no sporte.

*[Nought speaks from behind.]*

NOUGHT. Yowur potage xall be for-colde, ser: when wyll ye go dyne?
I haue sene a man lost $xx^{ti}$ noblys[8] in as lytyll tyme —
Yet yt was not I, be Sent Qisyntyn!
For I was neuer worth a pottfull a wortis[9] sythyn I was borne.
My name ys Nought, I loue well to make mery;
I haue be sethen[10] with ye comyn tapster of Bury;

---

[1] Overcome.
[2] In the face of.
[3] To you helpful.
[4] The duration (brevity) of life.
[5] Brief, as the cherry season (or cherry blossoms).
[6] The fashion of immoderation.
[7] Cease.
[8] Liar.
[9] Peas.
[10] If.
[11] Exceedingly disgrace.

[1] Scarce. MS. *gesumme*, which does not rhyme. Emend. by M.
[2] Dear.
[3] Know.
[4] While.
[5] The sooner the better, if it be even at once.
[6] Everyone.
[7] Pleasure.
[8] Gold coins.
[9] Roots.
[10] Since.

I pleyde so longe the foll that I am ewyn wery wery;[1]
Yit xall I be ther ageyn to-morow!

MERCY [*to Mankind*]. I haue moche care for yow, my own frende.
Yowur enmys wyll be here a-non; thei made ther avaunte.
Thynke well in yowur hert yowur name ys "Mankynde";
Be not wnkynde to Gode, I prey yow! Be hys seruante!
Be stedefast in condycyon! Se ye be not varyant!
Lose not thorow foly that ys sowte so dere!
Gode wyll proue yow sone; ande yf that ye be constant,
Of hys blysse perpetuall ye xall be partener.

Ye may not haue yowur intent at yowur fyrst dysyer.
Se the grett pacyence of Iob and tribulacyon:
Lyke as the smyth trieth ern in the feer,[2]
So was he triede by Godis vysytacyon.[3]

He was of yowur nature and of yowur fragylyte:[4]
Folow the steppys of hym, my own swete son,
Ande sey, as he seyde, in yowur trobyll and aduersyte:
*Dominus dedit, Dominus abstulit, sicut sibi placuit; sit nomen Domini benedictum!*[5]

More-ouer, in specyall I gyue yow in charge, —
Be-ware of New-gyse, Now-a-days, and Nought!
Nyse in ther a-ray, in language thei be large.
To perverte thi[6] condycyouns all ther menys[7] xall be sowte.
Gode son, intyrmyse[1] yowur sylff not in ther cumpeny!
Thei harde not a masse thi[s] twelmonyth, I dare well say!
Gyff them non audyence; thei wyll tell yow many a lye.
Do truly yowur labure, and kepe yowur haly day.

Be-ware of Tytivillus[2] (fo[r] he lesyth no wey),
That goth in-vysybull and wyll not be sen;
He wyll ronde[3] in yowur ere, and cast a nett[4] be-for yowur eyn.
He ys worst of them all! Gode let hym neuer then![5]

Yf ye dysples Gode, aske mercy a-non,
Ellys Myscheff wyll be redy to brace[6] yow in hys brydyll.
Kysse me now, my dere darlynge! Gode sche[l]de yow from yowur fon!
Do truly yowur labure, and be neuer ydyll!
The blyssynge of Gode be with yow, — and with all thes worchypp[f]ull men! [*Exit.*]
MANKYNDE. Amen! for Sent Charyte, amen!

Now, blyssyde be Ihesu, my soull ys well sacyatt
With the mellyfluose doctryne of this worschyppfull man!
The rebellyn of my flesch, now yt ys superatt,[7]
Thankynge be [to] Gode of the connynge that I kan.[8]

Her wyll I sytt, and tytyll[9] in this papyr
The incomparable astat of my promycyon.[10] [*He writes.*]

[*To the audience.*]

Worschypfull souerence, I haue wretyn here

---

[1] Very weary.
[2] Iron in the fire.
[3] Affliction.
[4] Frailty.
[5] Job i, 21: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, as it was pleasing to him; blessed be the name of the Lord."
[6] MS. *ther*.
[7] Means.

[1] Mix.
[2] A common name in early plays for a devil.
[3] Whisper.
[4] Supposed to render him invisible.
[5] Thrive.
[6] Fasten.
[7] Conquered.
[8] The skill that I have.
[9] Write down.
[10] Promotion?

The gloryuse remembrance of my nobyll condycyon, 311

To haue remo[r]s and memory of my sylff. Thus wretyn yt ys
To defende me from all superstycyus charmys:
*Memento, homo, quod cinis es, et in cinerem reuerteris.*[1]
Lo! I ber on my bryst the bagge[2] of myn armys. 315

[*Enter New-gyse.*]

NEW-GYSE. The wether ys colde! Gode sende ws goode ferys![3]
*Cum sancto sanctus eris, et cum peruerso, peruerteris.*[4]
*Ecce quam bonum et quam jocundum,* quod the deull to the frerys.
*Habitare fratres in vnum.*[5] 319

MANKYNDE. I her a felow speke. With hym I wyll not mell.[6]
Thys erth with my spade I xall assay to delffe;
To eschew ydullnes I do yt myn own selffe.
I prey Gode sende yt hys fusyon![7] 323

[*He begins to dig. Enter Now-a-days and Nought, shouting to the audience.*]

NOW-A-DAYS. Make rom, sers, for we haue be longe![8]
We wyll cum gyf yow a Crystemes songe.

NOUGHT. Now I prey all the yemandry[9] that ys here
To synge with ws with a mery chere.

[*He sings a line at a time, which New-gyse and Now-a-days, leading the audience, sing after him.*]

*Yt ys wretyn with a coll,*[10] *yt ys wretyn with a cole.* 328

NEW-GYSE AND NOW-A-DAYS. *Yt ys wretyn with a colle, yt ys wretyn* [*with a cole*].

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .[1]

*All sing.*[2]

*Hoylyke, holyke, holyke! holyke, holyke, holyke!* 336

NEW-GYSE. Ey, Mankynde, Gode spede yow with yowur spade!
I xall tell yow of a maryage:
I wolde . . . . . . . . .[3]
Wer maryede junctly to-gether. 340

MANKYNDE. Hey yow hens, felouse, with bredynge![4]
Leue yowur derysyon and yowur japynge![5]
I must nedis labure; yt ys my lyvynge.

NOW-A-DAYS. What, ser? we came but lat hethyr. 344

Xall all this corn grow here
That ye xall haue the nexte yer?
Yf yt be so, corn hade nede be dere,
Ellys ye xall haue a pore lyffe. 348

NOUGHT. A-lasse, goode fadere, this labor fretyth[6] yow to the bone!
But for yowur croppe I take grett mone:
Ye xall neuer spende yt a-lonne:
I xall assay to geett yow a wyffe. 352

How many acres suppose ye here by estymacyon?

NEW-GYSE. Ey, how ye turne the erth wppe and down!
I haue be in my days in many goode town,
Yett saw I neuer such a-nother tyllynge!

MANKYNDE. Why stonde ye ydyll? Yt ys pety that ye were born! 357

NOW-A-DAYS. We xall bargen with yow, and nother moke[7] nor scorne:
Take a goode carte in herwest, and lode yt with yowur corne,
Ande what xall we gyf yow for the levynge? 360

---

[1] "Remember, O man, that thou art ashes, and to ashes thou shalt return." Cf. Job xxxiv, 15.

[2] Badge.

[3] Fires.

[4] Psalms xviii, 26 (Authorized Version): "With the pure thou wilt show thyself pure; and with the froward thou wilt shew thyself froward."

[5] Psalms cxxxiii, 1 (Authorized Version): "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

[6] Speak.

[7] Fruition.

[8] Apparently the actors have to pass through the audience to reach their platform.

[9] Yeomen, folk.

[10] Coal.

[1] The song is unprintable.

[2] MS. *Cantant omnes.*

[3] Unprintable.

[4] Politeness.

[5] Mocking.

[6] Consumeth.

[7] Mock.

Nought. He ys a goode starke[1] laburrer! He wolde fayn do well!
He hath mett with the goode man Mercy in a schroude sell.[2]
For all this, he may haue many a hungry mele.
Yit, woll ye se, he ys polytyke:
Here xall be goode corn; he may not mysse yt;
Yf he wyll haue reyn,[3] he may ouer-pysse yt;
Ande yf he wyll haue compass[t]e,[4] he may ouer-blysse yt
A lytyll with hys ers lyke.

Mankynde. Go and do yowur labur! Gode lett yow neuer the![5]
Or with my spade I xall yow dynge,[6] by the Holy Trinyte!
Haue ye non other man to moke but euer me?
Ye wolde haue me of yowur sett?
Hye yow forth lyuely, for hens I wyll yow dryffe!

*[He beats them with his spade.]*

New-gyse. A-las, my jewelles! I xall be schent[7] of my wyff!
Now-a-days. A-lasse! and I am lyke neuer for to thryue,
I haue such a buffett.

Mankynde. Hens I sey, New-gyse, Now-a-days, and Nowte!
Yt was seyde be-forn all the menys xull[d] be sought
To perverte my condycions and brynge me to nought.
Hens, thevys! Ye haue made many a lesynge.[8]
Nought. Marryde[9] I was for colde, but now am I warme!
Ye are ewyll avysyde, ser, for ye haue done harme.
By cokkys body sakyrde,[10] I haue such a peyn in my arme
I may not chonge a man a ferthynge.

*[New-gyse, Now-a-days, and Nought start out.]*

Mankynde *[kneels]*. Now I thanke Gode, knelynge on my kne —
Blyssyde be hys name! he ys of hye degre —
By the ayde[1] of hys grace that he hath sente me
iij of myn enmys I haue putt to flyght.

*[Holds up his spade.]*

Yit this instrument, souerens, ys not made to defende.
Dauide seyth, *nec in hasta, nec in gladio, saluat Dominus.*[2]
Nought *[over his shoulder]*. No, mary, I be-schrew yow, yt ys *in spadibus!*
Therfor Crystis curse cum on yowur hedybus
To sende yow lesse myght! *[Exiant.*

Mankynde. I promytt yow thes felouse wyll no more cum here,
For summe of them, certenly, were summewhat to nere.
My fadyr Mercy a-vysyde me to be of a goode chere,
Ande a-gayn my enmys manly for to fyght.

I xall convycte[3] them, I hope, euerychon!
Yet I say amysse; I do yt not a-lone:
With the helpe of the grace of Gode I resyst my fon[4]
Ande ther malycyuse herte.
With my spade I wyll departe, my worschypp[f]ull souerence,
Ande lyue euer with labure, to corecte my insolence.
I xall go fett corn for my londe. I prey yow of pacyence;
Ryght sone I xall reverte.[5]

*[He goes out to get corn to plant.]*

*[Enter Myschief.]*

Myscheff. A-las, a-lasse! that euer I was wrought!
A-lasse the whyll, I [am] wers then nought!

---

[1] Strong. [2] A bad time. [3] Rain. [4] Compost. [5] Thrive. [6] Beat. [7] Punished. [8] Lie. [9] Marred. [10] By God's body consecrated.

[1] MS. *sysyde*, the first two, or possibly three, letters crossed through.

[2] "The Lord saveth neither with the spear, nor with the sword." Quoted, but incorrectly, from the Vulgate, Regum i, 47.

[3] Conquer. [4] Foes. [5] Return.

Sythyn I was here, by hym that me bought,
I am wtterly on-don!
I, Myscheff, was here at the begynnynge of the game,
Ande arguyde with Mercy — Gode gyff hym schame!
He hath taught Mankynde, wyll I haue be vane,[1]
To fyght manly a-geyn hys fon.

For with hys spade, that was hys wepyn,
New-gyse, Now-a-days, Nought, hath [he] all to-beten.
I haue grett pyte to se them wepyn.
Wyll ye lyst? I here them crye.

*They cry,*[2] [*and Myschief calls to them.*]

A-lasse! a-lasse! Cum hether! I xall be yowur borow.[3]
A-lac, a-lac! vene, vene![4] cum hethere with sorowe!

[*Enter New-gyse, Now-a-days, and Nought, crying.*]

Pesse, fayer babys! Ye xall haue a nappyll[5] — to-morow.
Why grete ye so, why?

**New-gyse.** A-lasse, master! a-lasse, my privyte!
**Myscheff.** A! wher? A-lake![6] fayer babe, ba me!
Abyde to sone;[7] I xall yt se.
**Now-a-days.** Here, here! se my hede, goode master!
**Myscheff.** Lady, helpe! Sely[8] darlynge, vene, vene!
I xall helpe the of thi peyn;
I xall smytt of thi hede, and sett yt on agayn.
**Nought.** By Owur Lady, ser, a fayer playster!

Wyll ye of with hys hede? Yt ys a schreude charme!
As for me, I haue non harme.
I were loth to for-bere myn arme.
Ye, pley! *In nomine patris,*[9] choppe!
**New-gyse.** Ye xall not choppe my jewellys, and I may!
**Now-a-days.** Ye, Cristis crose! wyll ye smyght my hede a-wey?
Ther, wher, on and on? Oute! ye xall not assay!
I myght well be callyde a foppe.

**Myscheff.** I kan choppe yt of and make yt a-gayn.
**New-gyse.** I hade a schreude recumbentibus,[1] but I fele no peyn.
**Now-a-days.** Ande my hede ys all saue and holl agayn. —
Now, towchynge the mater of Mankynde,
Lett ws haue an interleccyon,[2] sythen ye be cum hethere.
Yt were goode to haue an ende.

**Myscheff.** How, how! a mynstrell! Know ye ony out?[3]
**Nought.** I kan pype in a Walsyngham wystyll, I, Nought, Nought.
**Myscheff.** Blow a-pase, and thou xall brynge hym in with a flewte.

[*There is an explosion of powder, and Titivillus shouts within.*]

**Tytivillus.** I com, with my leggis vndur me!
**Myscheff.** How, New-gyse, Now-a-days! herke or I goo!
When owur hedis wer to-gethere I spake of *si dedero.*[4]
**New-gyse.** Ye! go thi wey! We xall gather mony on-to —
Ellys ther xall no man hym se.

[*To the audience.*]

Now gostly to owur purpos, worschypfull souerence,
We intende to gather mony, yf yt plesse yowur neclygence,
For a man with a hede that [is] of grett omnipotens —
**Now-a-days.** Kepe yowur tayll, in goodnes, I prey yow, goode brother!
He ys a worschypp[f]ull man, sers, sauynge yowur reuerens!

---

[1] Been idle.
[2] MS. *Clamant.*
[3] Protector.
[4] Come.
[5] An apple.
[6] Alack!
[7] Wait a moment
[8] Pitiful, poor.
[9] "In the name of the Father."

[1] A knockdown blow.
[2] Consultation.
[3] Aught.
[4] "If I paid" (i.e. spoke of a collection of money).

He louyth no grotis, nor pens, or to-pens:
Gyf ws rede reyallys,[1] yf ye wyll se hys abhomynabull presens!
New-gyse. Not so! Ye that mow[2] not pay the ton, pay the tother!

*[They descend, and begin to take up a collection.]*

At the goode man of this house[3] fyrst we wyll assay.
Gode blysse yow, master! Ye say as yll, yet ye wyll not sey "nay."
Lett ws go by and by. And do them pay!
Ye pay all a-lyke. Well mut ye fare!

*[The collecting of money over, they return to the stage.]*

Nough[t]. I sey, New-gyse, Now-a-days, *estis vos pecuniatus?*[4]
I haue cryede a fayer wyll, I beschrew yowur patus![5]

*[Now-a-days turns to call in Titivillus.]*

Now-a-days. *Ita vere, magister!*[6] cumme forth now yowur gatus![7]
He ys a goodly man, sers: make space! and be ware!

*[Enter Titivillus, horribly arrayed like a devil, with a net in his hand.]*

Titivillus. *Ego sum dominancium dominus,*[8] and my name ys Titivillus.
Ye that haue goode hors, to yow I sey, *caueatis!*[9]
Here ys an abyll felyschyppe to tryse hym out at yowur gatis.[10]

*He speaks to New-gyse.*[11]

*Ego probo sic.*[12] Ser New-gys, lende me a peny.
New-gyse. I haue a grett purse, ser, but I haue no monay;
By the masse, I fayll ij farthyngis of an halpeny;
Yit hade I ten pounds[13] this nyght that was.

*He speaks to Now-a-days.*[1]

Tityuillus. What ys in thi purse? thou art a stout felow.

Now-a-days. The deull haue [the][2] qwyll![3] I am a clen jentyllman.
I prey Gode I be neuer wers storyde[4] then I am.
Yt xall be otherwyse, I hope, or this nyght passe.

*He speaks to Nought.*[5]

Tytivillus. Herke now! I say thou hast many a peny?
Nought. *No[n] nobis, dominie; non nobis,*[6] by Sent Denny!
The deull may daunce in my purse for ony peny;
Yt ys as clen as a byrdis ars.

Titivillus. Now I sey yet a-geyn *caueatis!*
Her ys an abyll felyschyppe to tryse hem out of yowur gatis.
Now I sey, New-gyse, Now-a-days, and Nought,
Go and serche the contre! anon that [yt][7] be sowghte,
Summe here, summe ther, what yf ye may cache owghte.[8]

Yf ye fayll of hors, take what ye may ellys!
New-gyse. Then speke to Mankynde for the recumbentibus[9] of my jewellys.
Now-a-days. Remembre my brokyn hede in the worschyppe of the v. vowellys.[10]
Nought. Ye, goode ser, and the sytyca[11] in my arme!
Tityuillus. I know full well what Mankynde dyde to yow;
Myschyff hat informyde [me] of all the matere thorow.

---

[1] Royals, gold coins.
[2] May.
[3] Apparently the host of the inn.
[4] "Are you monied?"
[5] Pate, head.
[6] "Yea truly, Master."
[7] Gate, door.
[8] "I am the lord of lords."
[9] Beware.
[10] To snatch them out at your gates.
[11] MS. *Loquitur ad New-gyse.*
[12] "I will try him this way."
[13] MS. $X^{li}$.

[1] MS. *Loquitur ad Now-a-days.*
[2] Added by M.
[3] Lot, set? (E.E.T.S.) *Qy.* qwytt.
[4] Stored (with money).
[5] MS. *Loquitur ad Nought.*
[6] "Not unto us, O lord, not unto us."
[7] Added by M.
[8] Catch (steal) anything.
[9] Knockdown blow.
[10] The five vowels.
[11] Sciatica.

I xall venge yowur quarell, I made Gode a-vow.
Forth! and espye were ye may do harme!
Take W[illiam] Fyde,[1] yf ye wyll haue ony mo.
I sey, New-gyse, wether art thou avysyde to go?

**Nev-gyse.** Fyrst I xall be-gyn at M[aster] Huntyngton of Sanston;
Fro thens I xall go to Wylliam Thurlay of Hanston,
Ande so forth to Pycharde of Trumpyngton:
I wyll kepe me to thes iij.
**Now-a-days.** I xall goo to Wyllyham Baker of Walton,
To Rycherde Bollman of Gayton,
I xall spare master Woode of Fullburn;
He ys a *noli me tangere!* [2]

**Nought.** I xall goo to Wyllyam Patryke of Massyngham;
I xall spare master Alyngton of Botysam,
Ande Hamonde of Soffeham.
Felous, cum forth! and go we hens to-gethyr,
For drede of *in manus tuas*, qweke.[3]
**Neu-gyse.** Syth we xall go, lett ws se well ware and wether;
Yf we may be take, we com no more hethyr.
Lett ws con well owur neke verse,[4] that we have not a cheke.

**Tityvillus.** Goo yowur wey, a deull wey! Go yowur wey, all!
I blysse yow with my lyfte honde![5] Foull yow be-fall!
Com a-gayn, I werne, as sone as I yow call,
A[nd] brynge yowur a-vantage in-to this place.

[*Exeunt Mischief, New-gyse, Now-a-days, and Nought.*]

To speke with Mankynde I wyll tary here this tyde,
Ande assay hys goode purpose for to sett a-syde.
The goode man Mercy xall no lenger be hys gyde;
I xall make hym to dawnce a-nother trace![1]

Euer I go invysybull — yt ys my jett;[2]
Ande be-for hys ey, thus I wyll hange my nett
To blench hys syght. I hope to haue hys fote mett,[3]
To yrke[4] hym of hys labur I xall make a frame:[5]
Thys borde xall be hyde wndur the erth preuely;
Hys spade xall entur, I hope, ouer redyly;[6]
Be then[7] he hath assayde, he xall be very angry,
Ande lose hys pacyens, peyn of schame.

[*He puts a board under the earth that Mankind is tilling.*]

I xall menge[8] hys corne with drawk and with durnell;[9]
Yt xall not be lyke to sow nor to sell.
Yondyr he commyth. I prey of cownsell.
He xall wene grace were wane.[10]

[*Enter Mankind with a sack of corn.*]

**Mankynde.** Now Gode, of hys mercy, sende ws of hys sonde![11]
I haue brought seed her to sow with my londe;
Qwyll I ouer dylew yt,[12] here yt xall stonde.

[*He sets the corn down, and Titivillus goes out with it. Mankind takes up his spade.*]

*In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti,*[13] now I wyll be-gyn.

---

[1] This and the following allusions are doubtless "local hits." All the towns mentioned lie within a short distance from Cambridge.
[2] "Touch me not," an irascible fellow.
[3] "Into thy hands" quick. Possibly the allusion is to the hands of the sheriff.
[4] Neck-verse, the first verse of the fifty-first Psalm, by citing which a person condemned to death might claim right of clergy in order to avoid the gallows.
[5] Left hand. Devils and witches were supposed to use the left hand, especially in incantations and "blessings."

[1] Dance.
[2] Fashion.
[3] Caught (E.E.T.S.). Manly prints *wett*, which seems correct.
[4] Disgust.
[5] A frame of wood.
[6] Manly emends *on-readily.*
[7] By the time that.
[8] Mix.
[9] The names of certain weeds; the "thorns and thistles" of Genesis iii, 18.
[10] Think grace were lacking.
[11] Message.
[12] While I dig it over?
[13] "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit."

[*Tries to dig; his spade strikes the board.*]

Thys londe ys so harde yt makyth wnlusty and yrke.[1]
I xall sow my corn at wyntur and lett Gode werke.

[*He turns to get his sack of corn.*]

A-lasse! my corn ys lost! Here ys a foull werke!
I se well, by tyllynge lytyll xall I wyn.

[*He throws his spade down in anger.*]

Here I gyf wppe my spade, for now and for euer!
To occupye my body I wyll not put me in deuer![2]

*Here Titivillus goth out with the spade.*

I wyll here my ewynsonge[3] here or I dysseuer.[4]
Thys place I assynge as for my kyrke;[5]
Here, in my kerke, I knell on my kneys.

[*He kneels, and with his beads begins to say the Lord's Prayer.*]

*Pater noster, qui es in celis,* [*etc.*]

[*Re-enter Titivillus.*]

Tytyvillus. I promes yow I haue no lede on my helys!
I am here a-geyn to make this felow yrke.

Qwyst![6] pesse! I xall go to hys ere, and tytyll[7] ther-in.

[*He approaches Mankind, and whispers in his ear.*]

"A schorte preyere thyrlyth hewyn.[8]
Of thi preyere blyn.[9]
Thou art holyer then euer was ony of thi kyn.
A-ryse and avent thee! nature compellys."

[*Mankind rises, and addresses the audience.*]

Mankynde. I wyll in-to thi yerde, souerens, and cum a-geyn sone;
For drede of the colyke and eke of the ston
I wyll go do that nedis must be don.
My bedis xall be here for who-summ euer wyll cumme. [*Exiat.*

Tityuillus. Mankynde was besy in hys prayere, yet I dyde hym aryse;
He is conveyde (be Cryst!) from hys dyvyn seruyce.
Whether ys he, trow ye? I-wysse I am wondur wyse!
I haue sent hym forth to schyte lesynges.
Yff ye haue ony syluer, in happe pure brasse,
Take a lytyll pow[d]er of Parysch[1] and cast ouer hys[2] face,
Ande ewyn in the howll-flyght[3] let hym passe.
Titivillus kan lerne yow many praty thyngis!

I trow Mankynde wyll cum a-geyn son,
Or ellys, I fer me, ewynsonge wyll be don.
Hys bedis xall be trysyde[4] a-syde, and that a-non.
Ye xall [se][5] a goode sport, yf ye wyll a-byde.
Mankynde cummyth a-geyn: well fare he!
I xall answere hym *ad omnia quare;*[6]
Ther xall be sett a-broche a clerycall mater;
I hope, of hys purpose to sett hym a-syde.

[*Re-enter Mankind.*]

Mankynde. Ewynsonge hath be in the saynge, I trow, a fayer wyll!
I am yrke of yt: yt ys to longe be on myle.
Do wey! I wyll no more so oft on the chyrche-style;[7]
Be as be may, I xall do a-nother.
Of labure and preyer, I am nere yrke of both;
I wyll no more of yt, thow Mercy be wroth!
My hede ys very heuy, I tell yow for soth;

---

[1] Troublesome.
[2] Hardship.
[3] Evensong.
[4] Depart.
[5] Church.
[6] Whist (be silent)!
[7] Whisper.
[8] Pierces heaven.
[9] Cease.

[1] Paris powder.
[2] Its (the coin's).
[3] Owl-flight (the dark).
[4] Thrown.
[5] Added by M.
[6] "At every why."
[7] Stile in the churchyard.

I xall slepe full my bely,[1] and he were my brother.

[*Goes to sleep and snores.*]

Tityvillus [*to the audience*]. Ande euer ye dyde, for me kepe now yowur sylence!
Not a worde, I charge yow, peyn of xl pens!
A praty game xall be scheude yow, or ye go hens.
Ye may here hym snore; he ys sade a-slepe!
Qwyst! pesse! the Deull ys dede! I xall goo ronde[2] in hys ere.

[*He approaches Mankind, and whispers in his ear.*]

"A-lasse, Mankynde! a-lasse! Mercy stown a mere![3]
He ys runn a-way fro hys master, ther wot no man where.
More-ouer, he stale both a hors and a nete.[4]

But yet I herde sey he brake hys neke as he rode in Fraunce;
But I thynke he rydyth ouer the galous[5] to lern for to daunce,
By-cause of hys theft. That ys hys gouernance!
Trust no more on hym; he ys a marryde man!
Mekyll sorow with thi spade be-forn thou hast wrought.
A-ryse, and aske mercy of Neu-gyse, Now-a-days, and Nought!
Thei cum. A-vyse thee for the best. Lett ther goode wyll be sought.
Ande thi own wyff [be]brethell,[6] and take thee a lemman."[7]

[*To the audience.*]

For well, euerychon! for I haue don my game,
For I haue brought Mankynde to myscheff and to schame.

[*Exit Titivillus. Mankind awakes.*]

Mankynde. Whope! who! Mercy hath brokyn hys nekekycher,[1] a-vows!
Or he hangyth by the neke hye wpp on the gallouse!
A-dew, fayer mastere! I wyll hast me to the ale-house,
Ande speke with New-gyse, Now-a-days and Nought,
A[nd] geett me a lemman with a smattrynge[2] face.

[*Enter New-gyse running, with a broken rope about his neck.*]

New-gyse. Make space! for Cokkes body sakyrde, make space!
A ha! well on ron! Gode gyff hym ewyll grace!
We were nere Sent Patrykes wey, by hym that me bought;

I was twychyde[3] by the neke; the game was be-gunne;
A grace was, the halter brast asondur — *Ecce signum!*

[*He holds up the broken rope.*]

The halff ys a-bowte my neke. We hade a nere rune!
"Be-ware," quod the goode wyff when sche smot of here husbondis hede, "be-ware!"
Myscheff ys a convicte, for he coude[4] hys neke-verse,
My body gaff a swynge when I hynge wpp-on the casse.[5]
A-lasse! he wyll hange such a lygh[t]ly[6] man, and a fers,
For stelynge of an horse! I prey Gode gyf hym care!

Do wey[7] this halter! What deull doth Mankynde here, with sorow!
A-lasse, how my neke ys sore! I make a-vowe!
M[ankynde]. Ye be welcom, New-gyse! Ser, what chere with yow?

---

[1] My belly full.
[2] Whisper.
[3] Hath stolen a mare.
[4] Ox.
[5] Gallows.
[6] Be-brothel, put to the brothel?
[7] Sweetheart, mistress.

[1] Neckerchief (i.e. neck).
[2] Ready for kissing? (*N.E.D.*)
[3] Twitched.
[4] Knew.
[5] Frame of the gibbet?
[6] Likely.
[7] Take off.

New-gyse. Well, ser; I haue no cause to morn!
M[ankynde]. What was ther abowte yowur neke, so Gode yow a-mende?
New-gyse. In feyth, Sent Audrys holy bende.[1]
I haue a lytyll dyshes,[2] as yt plesse Gode to sende,
With a runnynge rynge-worme.[3]

[*Enter Now-a-days laden with church plate.*]

Now-a-days. Stonde a rom, I prey the, brother myn!
I haue laburyde all this nyght; wen xall we go dyn?
A chyrche her be-syde xall pay for ale, brede, and wyn.
Lo, here ys stoff wyll serue!
New-gyse. Now, by the holy Mary, thou art bettur marchande then I!

[*Enter Nought.*]

Nought. A-vante, knawys! lett me go by!
I kan not geet, and I xulde sterue.[4]
[. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .[5] ]

[*Enter Mischief running, with broken fetters on his arms.*]

Myscheff. Here cummyth a man of armys! Why stonde ye so styll?
Of murdur and man-slawter I haue my bely fyll.
Now-a-days. What, Myscheff, haue ye bene in presun, and yt be yowur wyll?
Me semyth ye haue scoryde[6] a peyr of fetters.
Myscheff. I was chenyde by the armys — lo! I haue them here —
The chenys I brast asundyr, and kyllyde the jaylere,
Ye, ande hys fayer wyff halsyde[7] in a cornere.
A! how swetly I kyssyde tho swete mowth of hers!

When I hade do, I was myn owghun bottler;
I brought a-wey with me both dysch and dublere.[1]
Here ys a-now for me; be of goode chere!
Yet well fare the new chesance![2]
Mankynde. I aske mercy of New-gyse, Now-a-days, and Nought.
Onys with my spade I remembur that I faught:
I wyll make yow a-mendis yf I hurt yow ought,
Or dyde ony grevaunce.

New-gyse. What a deull lykyth[3] thee to be of this dysposycyon?
Mankynde. I drempt Mercy was hange — this was my vysyon —
Ande that to yow iij I xulde haue recors and remocyon.[4]
Now I prey yow hertyly of yowur goode wyll.
I crye you mercy of all that I dyde a-mysse.
Now-a-days [*aside*]. I sey, New-gys, Nought! Tytivillus made all this:
As sekyr[5] as Gode ys in hewyn, so yt ys!
Nought. Stonde wppe on yowur feet! why stonde ye so styll?

New-gyse. Master Myscheff, we wyll yow exort
Mankyndis name in yowur bok for to report.
Myscheff. I wyll not so; I wyll sett a corte.
A! do yt forma jurys, dasarde![6]

*Now-a-days, mak proclamacyon.*

Now-a-days. "Oy-yt! Oy-yit! Oyet![7]
All maner of men and comun women,
To the cort of Myschyff othere cum or sen!
Mankynde xall retorn; he ys one of owur men."
Myscheff. Nought, cum forth! Thou xall be stewerde.[8]

New-gyse. Master Myscheff, hys syde gown may be solde;

---

[1] Band (rope). [2] Disease.
[3] Ring-worm (alluding to his sore neck).
[4] Get, if I should starve.
[5] Apparently a lacuna in the MS.
[6] Scoured, polished (by wearing). [7] Embraced.

[1] Dish and plate.
[2] Bargain. [3] Pleaseth.
[4] Removing. [5] Sure.
[6] Do it in legal form, fool! [7] Oyes.
[8] Steward of the Manor. The scene is a parody on the proceedings in a manor-court.

He may haue a jakett ther-of, and mony tolde.[1]
Mankynde. I wyll do for the best, so I haue no colde.

[*He takes off his gown.*]

Holde, I prey yow, and take yt with yow;
Ande let me haue yt a-geyn in ony wyse!

*Nought is busy writing.*[2]

New-gyse. I promytt yow a fresch jakett after the new gyse.
Mankynde. Go and do that longyth to yowur offyce;
A[nd] spare that ye may!

[*New-gyse goes out with Mankind's coat. Nought hands what he has written to Mischief.*]

Nought. Holde, master Myscheff, and rede this!
Myscheff. Here ys — "*blottybus in blottis, Blottorum blottibus istis.*"
I be-schrew yowur erys, a [3] fayer hande!
Now-a-days. Ye! yt ys a goode renny[n]ge fyst;
Such an hande may not be myst.
Nought. I xulde haue don bettur, hade I wyst.
Myscheff. Take hede, sers, yt stonde you on hande!

[*He reads the document.*]

"*Curia tenta generalis,*" [4]
In a place ther goode ale ys,
"*Anno regni regitalis*
*Edwardi millateni.*" [5]
On yestern day, in Feuerere, the yere passyth fully.
As Nought hath wrytyn; here ys owur tulli,[6]
"*Anno regni regis nulli.*" [7]

Now-a-days. What, how, New-gyse! Thou makyst moche [taryynge].[8]
That jakett xall not be worth a ferthynge.

[*Re-enter New-gyse with Mankind's gown much abbreviated.*]

New-gyse. Out of my wey, sers, for drede of fyghtynge!
Lo! here ys a feet tayll,[1] lyght to leppe a-bowte!
Nought. Yt ys not schapyn worth a morsell of brede!
Ther ys to moche cloth; yt weys as ony lede.
I xall goo and mende yt, ellys I wyll lose my hede.
Make space, sers! lett me go owte!

[*Nought goes out with the gown.*]

Myscheff. Mankynde, cum hether! God sende yow the gowte!
Ye xall goo to all the goode felouse in the cuntre a-boute;
On-to the goode wyff, when the goode man ys owte.
"I wyll," say ye!
Mankynde. I wyll, ser.
New-gyse. There arn but sex dedly synnys: lechery ys non,
As yt may be verefyede be ws brethellys euerychon.[2]
Ye xall goo robbe, stell, and kyll, as fast as ye may gon.
"I wyll," sey ye!
M[ankynde]. I wyll, ser.

Now-a-days. On Sundays, on the morow, erly be tyme,
Ye xall with ws to the alle-house erly to go dyne,
A[nd] for-ber masse and matens, owres and prime.[3]
"I wyll," sey ye!
M[ankynde]. I wyll, ser.
Myscheff. Ye must haue be yowur syde a longe *da pacem*,[4]
As trew men ryde be the wey, for to on-brace [5] them;
Take ther money, kytt ther throtes! thus ouer-face [6] them.
"I wyll," sey ye!
Mankynde. I wyll, ser.

---

[1] Counted.
[2] MS. *Nought scri.*
[3] MS. *&.*
[4] "The general heading of the record of Manorial-Court proceedings." J. Herbert. (E.E.T.S.)
[5] "In the regnal year of King Edward, one thousand."
[6] Quarrel, brawl?
[7] "In the regnal year of King Nobody."
[8] Added by M.

[1] Fine tail.
[2] Everyone.
[3] Church services.
[4] "Give-peace," a dagger.
[5] Unbrace.
[6] Overcome.

[*Re-enter Nought, with Mankind's gown cut into a ridiculously short jacket.*]

Nought. Here ys a joly jakett! How sey ye?
New-gyse. Yt ys a goode jake[t] of fence [1] for a mannys body!

[*They put it on Mankind.*]

Hay, doog! [2] hay, whoppe! whoo! go yowur wey lyghtly!
Ye are well made for to ren.

[*Enter Mercy at a distance.*]

Myscheff. Tydyngis, tydyngis! I haue a-spyede on!
Hens with yowur stuff! Fast we were gon!
I be-schrew the last xall com to hys hom!

*Let all say:* [3]

[All.] Amen!

Mercy. What, how, Mankynde! Fle that felyschyppe, I yow prey!
Mankynde. I xall speke with [thee] a-nother tyme; to morn, or the next day.
We xall goo forth to-gether to kepe my faders yer-day.[4]
A tapster! a tapster! stow, statt, stow!
Myscheff. A myscheff go with here! I haue a foull fall.
Hens, a-wey fro me! or I xall be-schyte yow all.
New-gyse. What, how! ostler, hostler! lende ws a foot-ball!
Whoppe, whow! a-now, a-now, a-now, a-now!

[*Exeunt all, including Mankind.*]

Mercy. My mynde ys dyspersyde! My body tir-trymmelyth as the aspen leffe!
The terys xuld trekyll down by my chekys, were not yowur reuerrence.
Yt were to me solace, the cruell vysytacyon of deth.
With-out rude be-hauer I kan [not] [5] expresse this inconvenyens;
Wepynge, sythynge, and sobbynge, were my suffycyens; [1]
All naturall nutriment to me as caren ys odybull; [2]
My inwarde afflixcyon yeldyth me tedyouse wn-to yowur presens;
I kan not bere yt ewynly, that mankynde ys so flexibull.

Man, on-kynde wher-euer thou be! for all this world was not apprehensyble
To dyscharge thin orygynall offence, thraldam, and captyuyte,
Tyll Godis own welbelouyde Son was obedient and passyble.
Euery droppe of his bloode was schede to purge thin iniquite.
I dyscomende and dysalow this oftyn imutabylyte;
To euery creature thou art dyspectuose and odyble.[3]
Why art thou so on-curtess, so inconsyderatt? A-lasse! who [4] ys me!
As the fane [5] that turnyth with the wynde, so thou art conuertyble.[6]

In trust ys treson; this promes ys not credyble;
Thys peruersyose ingratytude I can not rehers.
To go ouer to all the holy corte of hewyn thou art despectyble,
As a nobyll versyfyer makyth mencyon in this verse:
*Lex et natura, Christus et omnia iura*
*Damnant in-gratum; lugetur eum fore natum.*[7]

O goode Lady and Mother of Mercy, haue pety and compassyon
Of the wrechydnes of Mankynde that ys so wanton and so frayll!
Lett Mercy excede Justice, dere Mother! A[d]mytt this supplycacyon —
Equyte to be leyde ouer party,[8] and Mercy to prevayll.

---

[1] Coat of mail (or of defence against the cold?).
[2] A corruption of "God," used as a vulgar oath.
[3] MS. *dicant omnes.*
[4] Anniversary (usually a service for the dead).
[5] Added by M.

[1] Sustenance, food.
[2] Carrion is hateful.
[3] Contemptible and odious.
[4] Woe.
[5] Weather-vane.
[6] Changeable.
[7] "Law and nature, Christ and all justice condemn the ingrate; he will be sorry that he was born."
[8] To be overcome somewhat?

To sensuall lyvynge ys reprouable that ys now-a-days,
As be the comprehence of this mater yt may be specyfyede.
New-gyse, Now-a-days, Nought, with ther allectuose[1] ways
They haue pervertyde Mankynde, my swet sun, I haue well espyede.

A! with thes cursyde caytyfs, and I may, he xall not long indure.
I, Mercy, hys father gostly,[2] wyll procede forth, and do my propyrte.[3]
Lady, helpe! This maner of lyvynge ys a detestabull plesure;
*Vanitas vanitatum*, all ys but a vanyte.

Mercy xall neuer be convicte of his oncurtes condycyon;
With wepynge terys, be nyghte and be day, I wyll goo, and neuer sesse.
Xall I not fynde hym? Yes, I hope. Now Gode be my proteccyon!

[*He calls aloud.*]

My predylecte son, wher be ye? Mankynde! *vbi es?*[4]

[*Exit Mercy crying "Ubi es?" Enter Mischief.*]

**Myscheff.** My prepotent father, when ye sowpe,[5] sowpe owt yowur messe.
Ye are all to-gloryede[6] in yowur termys; ye make many a lesse.[7]
Wyll ye here? He cryeth euer "Mankynde, *vbi es?*"

[*Enter New-gyse, Now-a-days, and Nought.*]

**New-gyse.** *Hic, hyc! hic, hic! hic, hic! hic, hic!*[8]
That ys to say, here! here! here! ny dede in the cryke.[9]
Yf ye wyll haue hym, goo and syke, syke, syke![10]
Syke not ouer longe, for losynge of yowur mynde!

**Now-a-days.** Yf ye wyll haue Mankynde — how, *domine, domine, domine!* —
Ye must speke to the schryue[1] for a *cepe coppus*,[2]
Ellys ye must be fayn to retorn with *non est inventus.*[3]
How say ye, ser? my bolte ys schott.

**Nought.** I am doynge of my nedyngis: be ware how ye schott!
Fy, fy, fy! I haue fowll a-rayde my fote.
Be wyse for schotynge with yowur takyllys,[4] for, Gode wott,
My fote ys fowly ouer-schett.

**Myscheff.** A parlement! a parlement![5] Cum forth, Nought, be-hynde!
A cownsell be-lyue![6] I am a-ferde Mercy wyll hym fynde.
How say ye? and what sey ye? How xall we do with Mankynde?

**Neu-gyse.** Tysche! a flyes weynge![7] Wyll ye do well?
He wenyth[8] Mercy were honge for stelynge of a mere.
Myscheff, go sey to hym that Mercy sekyth euerywere;
He wyll honge hym selff, I wndyrtake, for fere.

**Myscheff.** I assent ther-to; yt ys wyttyly seyde, and well.

**Now-a-days.** I-wyppe yt in thi cote;[9] a-non yt wer don.
Now, Sent Gabryellis modyr saue the clothes of thi schon![10]
All the bokys in the worlde, yf thei hade be wndon,
Kowde not a cownselde ws bett.

*Here*[11] *exit Myscheff.* [*He returns leading Mankind, now a victim of despair.*]

**Myscheff.** How, Mankynde! cumm and speke with Mercy! He ys here fast by.

**Mankynde.** A roppe! a rope! a rope! I am not worthy!

---

[1] Alluring. [2] Spiritual. [3] Peculiar task.
[4] "Where art thou?" [5] Sup.
[6] Exceedingly glorified. Manly emends to *to-glosyede.*
[7] Lying. [8] Here. [9] Creek. [10] Seek.

[1] Sheriff. [2] "Take his body," a legal phrase.
[3] "He is not found," a legal phrase.
[4] Tackles (bow and arrows, E.E.T.S.); but possibly an obscene pun.
[5] Consultation. [6] Quickly.
[7] A fly's weight (a trifle). [8] Thinketh.
[9] Put it quickly in thy coat (i.e. hide the rope?).
[10] Shoes. [11] MS. *hic.*

**Myscheff.** A-non, a-non, a-non! I haue yt here redy;
With a tre also that I haue gett.

[*They produce a rope, and also a gallows-tree.*]

Holde the tre, Now-a-days! Nought, take hede, and be wyse!
**Neu-gyse.** Lo, Mankynde, do as I do. This ys thi new gyse.[1]
Gyff[2] the roppe just to thy[3] neke: this ys myn a-vyse.

[*New-gyse adjusts the rope about his own neck. Mercy enters at a distance.*]

**Myscheff.** Helpe thi sylff, Nought! lo, Mercy ys here!
He skaryth ws with a bales;[4] we may no lengere tary.

[*They run away. New-gyse, in his haste forgetting the rope, hangs himself.*]

**New-gyse.** Qweke, qweke, qweke![5] A-lass, my thrott! I beschrew yow, mary!
A, Mercy! Crystis coppyde[6] curse go with yow, and Sent Dauy!

[*They return and release him.*]

A-lasse, my wesant![7] Ye wer sumwhat to nere.

*Exiant* [*all save Mankind, who falls in despair on the floor. Mercy ascends the stage, and addresses him.*]

**Mercy.** A-ryse, my precyose redempt son! Ye be to me full dere.
He ys so tymerouse; me semyth hys vytall spryt doth expy[re].
**Mankynde.** Alasse! I haue be so bestyally dysposyde I dare not a-pere.
To se yowur solaycyose[8] face I am not worthy to dysyer.

**Mercy.** Yowur crymynose[9] compleynt wondyth my hert as a lance!
Dyspose yowur sylff mekly to aske mercy, and I wyll assent.
Yelde me nethyr golde nor tresure, but yowur humbyll obeysyance,
The voluntary subieccyon of yowur hert, and I am content.

**Mankynde.** What! aske mercy yet onys a-gayn? Alas, yt were a wyld petycyn!
Ewyr to offend and euer to aske mercy, that ys a puerilite.
Yt ys so abhomminabell to rehers my werst transgrescion;
I am not worthy to hawe mercy, be no possibilite!

**Mercy.** O Mankend, my singler solas, this is a lamentabyll excuse.
The dolorus feris[1] of my hert, how thei begyn to a-mownte!
O blyssed[2] Ihesu, help thou this synfull synner to redeme!
*Nam hec est mutacio dextre Excelsi: vertit Impios, et non sunt.*[3]

A-ryse and aske mercy, Mankend, and be associat to me!
Thy deth schall be my hewynesse: alas! tys pety yt schuld be thus.
Thy obstinacy wyll exclude [thee] fro the glorius perpetuite.
Yet, for my lofe, ope thy lyppys, and sey "*miserere mei, Deus!*"[4]

**Mankend.** The egall justyse of God wyll not permytte sych a synfull wrech
To be rewyvyd and restoryd a-geyn. Yt were impossibyll!
**Mercy.** The justice of God wyll as I wyll, as hym sylfe doth precyse:[5]
*Nolo mortem peccatoris, inquit,*[6] and yff he wyll [be][7] reducyble.

**Mankend.** Than mercy, good Mercy! What ys a man wyth-owte mercy?

---

[1] New-gyse attempts to show him the latest fashion in suicide by hanging.
[2] Adjust.
[3] MS. *pye;* corr. by M.
[4] A scourge.
[5] Queak (sound of choking).
[6] Huge.
[7] Throat.
[8] Solace-giving.
[9] Marked by crime.

[1] Fires.
[2] MS. *pirssie;* emend. by M.
[3] "For this is the change of the right hand of the Most High: he overthrows the wicked, and they are not." Cf. in the Vulgate, Psalmi lxxvi, 11, and Proverbia xii, 7.
[4] "Have mercy on me, O God." Psalms lxi, i.
[5] Precisely determine.
[6] "I do not wish the death of sinners, he said." Cf. Ezekiel xxxiii, 11.
[7] Added by M.

Lytyll ys our parte of paradyse were mercy ne were.[1]
Good Mercy, excuse the ineuytabyll obieccion of my gostly enmy:
The prowerbe seyth "the trewth tryith the sylfe." Alas! I hawe mech care.[2]

Mercy. God wyll not make yow preuy onto hys last iugement.
Justyce and equite xall be fortyfyid, I wyll not denye.
Trowthe may not so cruelly procede in hys streyt[3] argument,
But that Mercy schall rewle the mater with-owte controuersye.

Aryse now, and go with me in thys deambulatorye![4]
Inclyne yowyr capacite! My doctrine ys conuenient.
Synne not in hope of mercy! That ys a cryme notary;[5]
To truste ouermoche in a prince, yt ys not expedient.

In hope, when ye syn, ye thynke to haue mercy: be-ware of that awenture![6]
The good Lord seyd to the lecherus woman of Chanane,[7] —
The holy gospell ys the awtorite, as we rede in scrypture, —
"*Vade! et iam amplius noli peccare.*"[8]

Cryst preseruyd this synfull woman takyn in a-wowtry:[9]
He seyde to here theis wordis, "Go, and syn no more!"
So to yow: "Go, and syn no more!" Be-ware of weyn[10] confidens of mercy;
Offend not a prince on trust of hys fauour, as I[11] seyd before.
Yf ye fele your sylfe trappyd in the snare of your gostly enmy,
Aske mercy a-non; be-ware of the contynnance![12]
Whyll a wond[1] ys fresch, yt ys prowyd curabyll be surgery,
That, yf yt procede ouyrlonge, yt ys cawse of gret grewance.

Mankend. To aske mercy and to haue, this ys a lyberall possescion.
Schall this expedycius petycion euer be alowyd, as ye hawe in syght?
Mercy. In this present lyfe mercy ys plente, tyll deth makyth hys dywysion;
But, whan ye be go, *vsque ad minimum quadrantem*[2] ye scha[ll] rekyn this ryght.

Aske mercy, and hawe, whyll the body with the sow[l]e hath hys annexion;
Yf ye tary tyll your dyscesse, ye may hap of your desyre to mysse.
Be repentant here! Trust not the owur of deth! Thynke on this lessun:
"*Ecce nunc tempus acceptabile! ecce nunc dies salutis!*"[3]

All the wertu in the wor[l]d yf ye myght comprehend,
Your merytis were not premyabyll[4] to the blys a-bowe.
Not to the holest[5] [is] joy of hewyn, of your proper efforte to ascend;
With Mercy ye may, I tell yow no fabyll, scrypture doth prewe.

Mankend. O Mercy, my suatius[6] solas and synguler recreatory,[7]
My predilecte specyall! ye are worthy to hawe my lowe;[8]
For, wyth-owte deserte, and menys supplicatorie,
Ye be compacient[9] to my inexcusabyll reprowe.

A! yt swemyth[10] my hert to thynk how onwysely I hawe wroght.
Tytiuilly, that goth invisibele, hynge hys nett be-fore my eye,

---

[1] No protection (or no where, lacking).
[2] Much care.
[3] Strict.
[4] Place to walk in.
[5] A notable crime.
[6] Peril.
[7] Canaan?
[8] "Go! and now sin no more." John viii, 11.
[9] Adultery.
[10] Vain.
[11] MS. *he;* corr. by M.
[12] Continuance in it.

[1] Wound.
[2] "Up to the last farthing."
[3] "Behold, now is the accepted time! behold, now is the day of salvation!" II Corinthians vi, 2.
[4] Deserving of reward.
[5] The most perfect.
[6] Sweet.
[7] Source of comfort.
[8] Have my love.
[9] Compassionate
[10] Maketh to swim.

And by hys fantasticall visionys sedociusly[1] sowght,
Be New-gyse, Now-a-dayis, Nowght, causyd me to obey.

**Mercy.** Mankend, ye were obliuyows of my doctrine manyterye![2]
I seyd be-fore Titiuilly wold a-say yow a bronte.[3]
Be-ware fro hens-forth of hys fablys delusory!
The prowerbe seyth "*Jacula prefata minus ledunt.*"[4]

Ye hawe iij aduersaryis, he ys master of hem all, —
That ys to sey, the World, the Flesch and the Fell;[5]
The New-gyse, Now-a-dayis, Nowgth, the "world" we may hem call;
And propy[r]lly Titiuilly syngnyfyes the fend of helle;

The Flesch — that ys the vnclene concupiscens of your body.
These be your iij gostly enmyis, in whom ye haue put your confidens.
Thei browt yow to Myscheffe to conclude your temperall glory,
As yt hath be schewyd[6] before this worschypp[f]yll audiens.

Remembyr how redy I was to help yow: fro swheche[7] I was not dangerus;
Wherfore, good sunne, absteyne fro syn euer-more after this!
Ye may both saue and spyll[8] yowur sowle that ys so precyus;
*Libere welle, libere welle!*[9] God may not deny, i-wys.

Beware of Titiuilly with hys net, and of all his enuyus will,
Of your synfull delectacion that grewyth your gostly substans.
Your body ys your enmy; let hym not haue hys wyll!
Take your lewe[1] whan ye wyll! God send yow good perseuerans!

[**Mankynde.**] Syth I schall departe, blyse me, fader, her! Then I go.
God send ws all plente of hys gret mercy!

[*He kneels, and Mercy blesses him.*]

**Mercy.** *Dominus custodi[a]t te*[2] *ab omni malo!*[3]
*In nomine Patris, et Filij, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen!*

*Here Mankind goes out.*[4]

Wyrschep[f]yll sofereyns, I hawe do my propirte:
Mankynd ys delіueryd by my suuerall patrocynye.[5]
God preserue hym fro all wyckyd captiuite,
And send hym grace hys sensuall condicions to mortifye!

Now, for hys lowe that for vs receywyd hys humanite,
Serche your condicyons with dew examinacion!
Thynke and remembyr, the world ys but a wanite,[6]
As yt ys prowyd daly by d[i]uerse transmutacyon.[7]

Mankend ys wrechyd; he hath sufficyent prowe;
There-fore God [kepe][8] yow all *per suam misericordiam.*[9]
That ye may be pleyseris[10] with the angellis a-bowe,
And hawe to your porcyon *vitam eternam.*[11] Amen!

*Fynis.*

---

[1] Sedulously?
[2] Admonitory.
[3] Brunt, attack.
[4] "A dart fore-announced wounds less."
[5] Devil. MS. "*the Dewell, the World, the Flesh, and the Fell.*" Apparently the scribe wrote *Dewell* (Devil) in error, and forgot to erase it.
[6] Showed.
[7] From such.
[8] Destroy.
[9] "Freely wish."

[1] Leave.
[2] MS. *custodit se;* corr. by M.
[3] "May the Lord preserve thee from all evil."
[4] MS. *hic exit Mankende.*
[5] Individual patronage.
[6] Vanity.
[7] Changes.
[8] Added by M. (*qy.* save)
[9] "Through his mercy."
[10] Sharers in pleasure?
[11] "Life everlasting."

# WYT AND SCIENCE[1]

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

**Wyt**, a student.
**Lady Science**, whom he seeks to wed.
**Reason**, her father.
**Experience**, her mother.
**Instruction.**
**Study.**
**Dylygence.**
**Honest Recreation.**
**Confydence.**
**Tediousness.**
**Idleness.**
**Ignorance.**
**Shame.**
**Cumfort.**
**Quycknes.**
**Strength.**
**Fame.**
**Ryches.**
**Favor.**
**Woorshyp.**]

[*The manuscript is defective at the beginning. Wyt has asked the hand of Lady Science from her father, Reason. Reason has given his consent to the match, on certain conditions, namely that he overcome Tediousness, and that he make a journey to Mount Parnassus. In conclusion Reason presented Wyt with the Glass of Reason.*]

[**Wyt.** . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .]
**Reason.** Then in remembrance of Reson hold yee —
A glas of Reson, wherein beholde yee
Youre-sealfe to youre-selfe. Namely when ye
Cum neere my dowghter, Science, then see
That all thynges be cleane and trycke abowte ye,
Least of sum sloogyshnes she myght dowte ye.
Thys glas of Reason shall show ye all;
Whyle ye have that, ye have me, and shall.
Get ye foorth, now! Instruccion, farewell!
**Instr.**[1] Syr, God keepe ye!
**Reason.** And ye all from parell!

*Heere all go out save Resone.*

If anye man now marvell that I
Woolde bestowe my dowghter thus baselye,
Of truth I, Reson, am of thys mynde:
Where partyes together be enclynde
By gyftes of graces to love ech other,
There let them joyne the tone wyth the toother.
Thys Wyt such gyftes of graces hath in hym
That makth my dowghter to wysh to wyn hym:
Yoong, paynefull, tractable and capax,[2] —
Thes be Wytes gyftes whych Science doth axe.
And as for her, as soone as Wyt sees her,
For all the world he woold not then leese her.
Wherfore, syns they both be so meete matches

---

[1] The manuscript gives in the margins the names of each speaker in full and variously spelled. I follow Manly's use of abbreviated catch-names.
[2] Capable.

---

[1] *Wyt and Science* is an example of the morality adapted in later times to other themes than the salvation of man, and to performance in halls before small and select audiences. Of such allegorical "interludes" there is a notable group dealing with topics of school interest; I have chosen the present play as, on the whole, the best and most representative of its type. The author, John Redford, was Master of the singing boys at St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and it is quite likely that he wrote the play to be acted by his boys. The date of its composition cannot be definitely fixed; it was certainly written before the death of Queen Katherine Parr, 1548 (see line 1098), and probably we should not be far wrong if we guessed 1530.

The manuscript is found in a commonplace-book (now the property of the British Museum) containing in addition to this play some musical sketches, numerous poems and songs by various authors, and brief fragments of two other unnamed moralities. I have based the present text on Halliwell's careful edition prepared for the Shakespeare Society, 1848, compared with the photographic facsimile of the manuscript issued by J. S. Farmer. I have also made use of Manly's edition, *Specimens*, 1896, based on Halliwell, and of Farmer's edition in "*Lost*" *Tudor Plays*, 1907. I have, of course, modernized the punctuation, and added, in brackets, stage directions. Unfortunately the manuscript has lost a page or more at the beginning.

To love ech other, strawe for the patches
Of worldly mucke! Syence hath inowghe
For them both to lyve. Yf Wyt be throwhe[1]
Stryken in love, as he synes[2] hath showde,
I dowte not my dowghter well bestowde.
Thende of hys jornay wyll aprove all.
Yf Wyt hold owte, no more proofe can fall;
And that the better hold out he[3] may,
To refresh my soone, Wyt, now by the way
Sum solas for hym I wyll provyde.
An honest woman dwellth here besyde,
Whose name is cald Honest Recreacion.
As men report, for Wytes consolacion
She hath no peere; yf Wyt were halfe deade,
She cowld revyve hym, — thus is yt sed.
Wherfore, yf monye or love can hyre her,
To hye after Wyt I wyll desyre her.
[*Exit.*]

*Confydence cumth in with a pycture of Wyt.*

[Conf.] Ah! syr, what tyme of day yst, who can tell?
The day ys not far past, I wot well,
For I have gone fast, and yet I see
I am far from where as I wold be.
Well, I have day inowgh yet, I spye;
Wherfore, or I pas hens, now must I
See thys same token heere, a playne case,
What Wyt hath sent to my ladyes grace.

[*Holds the picture up to the audience.*]

Now wyll ye see? a goodly pycture
Of Wyt hymsealfe, hys owne image sure, —
Face, bodye, armes, legges, both lym and joynt, —
As lyke hym as can be, in every poynt;
Yt lakth but lyfe. Well I can hym thanke,
Thys token in-deede shall make sum cranke;[4]
For, what wyth thys pycture so well faverde,
And what wyth those sweete woordes so well saverd
Dystyllyng from the mowth of Confydence, —
Shall not thys apese the hart of Science?
Yes, I thanke God, I am of that nature
Able to compas thys matter sure,
As ye shall see now, who lyst to marke yt,
How neately and feately[1] I shall warke yt.
[*Exit.*]

*Wyt cumth in without Instruccion, with Study, &c.*

[Wyt.] Now, syrs, cum on. Whyche is the way now?
Thys way or that way? Studye, how say you?

[*Study ponders.*]

Speake, Dylygence, whyle he hath bethowghte hym.
Dyl. [*points*]. That way, belyke; most usage hath wrowht hym.[2]
Stud. Ye, hold your pease! Best we here now stay
For Instruccion. I lyke not that waye.
Wyt. Instruccion, Studye! I weene we have lost hym.

*Instruccion cumth in.*

[Instr.] Indeade, full gently abowte ye have tost hym!
What mene you, Wyt, styll to delyghte
Runnynge before thus, styll owt of syghte,
And therby out of your way now quyghte?
What doo ye here, excepte ye woold fyghte?
Cum back agayne, Wyt, for I must choose ye
An esyer way then thys, or ells loose ye.
Wyt. What ayleth thys way? Parell[3] here is none.
Instr. But as much as your lyfe standth upon!
Youre enmye, man, lyeth heere before ye, —
Tedyousnes, to brayne or to gore ye!
Wyt. Tedyousnes? Doth that tyrant rest
In my way now? Lord, how am I blest
That occacion so nere me sturres
For my dere hartes sake to wynne my spurres!
Ser, woold ye fere me with that fowle theeafe,
Wyth whome to mete my desyre is cheafe?

---

[1] Through.
[2] Signs, indications.
[3] MS. *ye;* corr. by M.
[4] Merry, sprightly.

[1] Finely.
[2] It, the way.
[3] Peril.

**Instr.** And what woold ye doo, — you havyng nowghte
For your defence? For thowgh ye have cawghte[1]
Garmentes of Science upon your backe,
Yet wepons of Science ye do lak.
**Wyt.** What wepons of Science shuld I have?
**Instr.** Such as all lovers of ther looves crave, —
A token from Ladye Science, wherbye
Hope of her favor may spryng, and therbye
Comforte, whych is the weapon dowteles
That must serve youe agaynst Tedyousnes.
**Wyt.** Yf Hope or Comfort may be my weapen,
Then never with Tedyousnes mee threten;
For, as for hope of my deere hartes faver —
And therby comfort — inowghe I gather.
**Instr.** Wyt, here me! Tyll I see Confydence
Have browght sum token from Ladye Science,
That I may feele that she favorth you,
Ye pas not thys way, I tell you trew.
**Wyt.** Whych way than?
**Instr.** A playner way, I told ye,
Out of danger from youre foe to hold ye.
**Wyt.** Instruccion, here me! Or[2] my swete hart
Shall here that Wyt from that wreche shall start
One foote, thys bodye and all shall cracke!
Foorth I wyll, sure, what-ever I lacke!
**Dyl.** Yf ye lacke weapon, syr, here is one.
**Wyt.** Well sayde, Dylygence, thowe art alone!
How say ye, syr; is not here weapon?
**Instr.** Wyth that weapon your enmy never threton,
For wythowt the returne of Confydence
Ye may be slayne, sure, for all Dylygence.
**Dyl.** God, syr! and Dylygence, I tell you playne,
Wyll play the man or[2] my master be slayne!
**Instr.** Ye; but what! sayth Studye no wurde to thys?
**Wyt.** No, syr. Ye knowe Studyes ofyce is
Meete for the chamber, not for the feeld.
But tell me, Studye, wylt thow now yeld?
**Stud.** My hed akth sore; I wold wee returne!
**Wyt.** Thy hed ake now? I wold it were burne!
Cum on! Walkyng may hap to ese the.
**Instr.** And wyll ye be gone, then, wythout mee?
**Wyt.** Ye, by my fayth; except ye hy ye after,
Reson shall know yee are but an hafter.[1]

*Exceat Wyt, Study, and Dylygence.*

**Instr.** Well, go your way! Whan your father Reson
Heerth how ye obay me at thys season,
I thynke he wyll thynke hys dowghter now
May mary another man for you.
When wytes stand so in ther owne conceite,
Best let them go, tyll pryde at hys heyghte
Turne and cast them downe hedlong agayne,
As ye shall see provyd by thys Wyt playne.
Yf Reson hap not to cum the rather,[2]
Hys owne dystruccion he wyll sure gather.
Wherefore to Reson wyll I now get me,
Levyng that charge whereabowt he set mee.

*Exceat Instruccion. Tedyousnes cumth in with a vyser over hys hed, [and a club in his hand].*

[**Tedy.**] Oh the body of me!
  What kaytyves be those
That wyll not once flee
  From Tediousnes nose,
But thus dysese[3] me
  Out of my nest,
When I shoold ese mee
  Thys body to rest!
That Wyt, that vylayne,
  That wrech, — a shame take hym! —
Yt is he playne
  That thus bold doth make hym,
Wythowt my lycence
  To stalke by my doore
To that drab, Syence,
  To wed that whore!

---

[1] Received, got.
[2] Ere.

[1] Wrangler, dodger.
[2] More quickly.
[3] Disturb.

But I defye her.[1]
And for that drabes sake,
Or Wyt cum ny her,
The knaves hed shall ake!
Thes bones, this mall,[2]
Shall bete hym to dust
Or that drab shall
Once quench that knaves lust!
But, hah! mee thynkes
I am not halfe lustye;
Thes jo[y]ntes, thes lynkes,[3]
Be ruffe[4] and halfe rustye;
I must go shake them,
Supple to make them!

[*He swings his club.*]

Stand back, ye wrechys!
Beware the fechys[5]
Of Tediousnes,
Thes kaytyves to bles!
Make roome, I say!
Rownd evry way!
Thys way! That way!
What care I[6] what way?
Before me, behynd me,
Rownd abowt wynd me!
Now I begyn
To swete in my skin.
Now am I nemble
To make them tremble.
Pash[7] hed! pash brayne!
The knaves are slayne,
All that I hyt!
Where art thow, Wyt?
Thow art but deade!
Of goth thy hed
A[t] the fyrst blow!
Ho, ho! ho, ho! [*Sits down.*]

*Wyt spekyth at the doore.*

[Wyt.] Studye!
Stud. Here, syr!
Wyt. How? doth thy hed ake?
Stud. Ye, God wot, syr, much payne I do take!
Wyt. Dylygens!
Dyl. Here, syr! here!
Wyt. How dost thow?
Doth thy stomak[1] serve the to fyght now?
Dyl. Ye, syr, wyth yonder wrech, — a vengans on hym! —
That thretneth you thus. Set evyn upon hym!
Stud. Upon hym, Dylygence? Better nay!
Dyl. Better nay, Studye? Why shoold we fray?[2]
Stud. For I am wery; my hed akth sore.[3]
Dyl. Why, folysh Studye, thow shalt doo no more
But ayde my master wyth thy presens.
Wyt. No more shalt thow nether, Dylygence.
Ayde me wyth your presence, both you twayne,
And, for my love, myselfe shall take payne!
Stud. Syr, we be redye to ayde you so.
Wyt. I axe no more, Studye. Cum then; goe!

[*They advance.*]

*Tedyiousnes rysyth up.*

[Tedy.] Why, art thow cum?
Wyt. Ye, wrech, to thy payne!
Tedi. Then have at the!
Wyt. Have at the, agayne!

*Here Wyt fallyth downe and dyeth.*

Tedi. Lye thow there! Now have at ye, kaytyves!

[*Study and Diligence flee.*]

Do ye fle, ifayth? A! horeson theves!
By Mahowndes[4] bones, had the wreches taryd,
Ther neckes wythowt hedes they showld have caryd!
Ye, by Mahowndes nose, myght I have patted[5] them,
In twenty gobbetes[6] I showld have squatted[7] them,
To teche the knaves to cum neere the snowte
Of Tediousnes! Walke furder abowte.

---

[1] MS. *here;* corr. by M.
[2] Club.
[3] Joints of the body.
[4] Rough.
[5] *N.E.D.* defines as "stratagems"; but apparently the meaning is "strokes," "sweeps."
[6] So the MS. H. prints *What cares what;* M. suggests *What care I*, or *Who cares.*
[7] Dash to pieces.

[1] Courage, inclination.
[2] Be frightened.
[3] This, and the two preceding lines, heavily crossed through in the MS.
[4] Mahomet's.
[5] Struck (with his club).
[6] Pieces of raw flesh.
[7] Smashed, squashed.

I trow now they wyll! And as for thee,
Thow wylt no-more now troble mee.
Yet, lest the knave be not safe inowghe,
The horeson shall bere me another kuffe.

[*Strikes him with his club.*]

Now ly styll, kaytyv, and take thy rest,
Whyle I take myne in myne owne nest.

*Exceat Tedy*[*ousnes*].

*Here cumth in Honest Recreacion, Cumfort, Quycknes, and Strenght, and go and knele abowt Wyt,* [*singing as follows*]:[1]

*When travelles grete*[2] *in matters thycke*
*Have duld your wyttes and made them sycke,*
*What medson than*[3] *your wyttes to quycke?*[4]
*Yf ye wyll know, the best phisycke*
*Is to geve place to Honest Recreacion.*
*Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion!*

*Where is that Wyt that we seeke than?*
*Alas, he lyeth here pale and wan!*
*Helpe hym at once now, yf we can.*
*O Wyt, how doest thow? Looke up, man!*
*O Wyt, geve place to Honest Recreacion.*
*Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion!*

*After place gyvyn, let eare obay.*
*Gyve an eare, O Wyt, now we the pray;*
*Gyve eare to that we syng and say;*
*Gyve an eare, and healp wyll cum strayghteway;*
*Gyve an eare to Honest Recreacion.*
*Gyve an ere, now, for thy consolacion!*

*After eare gyvyn, now gyve an eye.*
*Behold thy freendes abowte the lye:*
*Recreacion I, and Comfort I,*
*Quicknes am I, and Strength herebye.*
*Gyve an eye to Honest Recreacion;*
*Gyve an eye, now, for thy consolacion!*

*After eye gyvyn, an hand gyve ye.*
*Gyve an hand, O Wyt, feele that ye see;*
*Recreacion feele, feele Comfort fre,*
*Feele Quicknes here, feale Strength to the!*
*Gyve an hand to Honest Recreacion;*
*Gyve an hand, now, for thy consolacion!*

*Upon his feete woold God he were!*
*To rayse hym now we neede not fere.*
*Stay you hys handes, whyle we hym*[1] *bere.*
*Now all at once upryght him rere!*
*O Wyt, gyve place to Honest Recreation;*
*Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion!*

*And at the last verce reysyth hym up upon hys feete, and so make an end. And than Honest Recreacion sayth as folowyth:*[2]

HON. REC. Now, Wyt, how do ye? Wyll ye be lustye?
WYT. The lustier for you needes be must I.
HON. REC. Be ye all hole yet after your fall?
WYT. As ever I was, thankes to you all.

*Reson cummth in, and sayth as folowyth:*

[RESON.] Ye myght thanke Reson that sent them to ye;
But syns the[y] have done[3] that the[y] shoold do ye,
Send them home, soonne, and get ye forwarde.
WYT. Oh father Reson, I have had an hard
Chance synce ye saw me!
RESON.[4] I wot well that.
The more to blame ye, when ye wold not
Obay Instruccion, as Reson wyld ye.
What marvell thowgh Tedyousness had kyld ye?
But let pas now, synce ye ar well agayne.
Set forward agayne Syence to attayne!
WYT. Good father Reson, be not to hastye.

---

[1] The song is found, with two others, in the same MS. volume, but quite apart from the play. It is labeled: "The fyrst song in the play of Science." I have inserted it here, where it obviously belongs, although to do so I have had to break the stage direction into two parts. H. and M. treat the title-heading of the song as, apparently, a part of the text of the song.

[2] Labors great. [3] Then. [4] Enliven.

[1] MS. *here;* corr. by M.

[2] This is a part of the stage-direction which precedes the song here inserted.

[3] The MS. has the word *done,* though H. omits it, and M. supplies in brackets *do.*

[4] In the margin below this word the MS. has *cumth in.*

In honest cumpany no tyme wast I.
I shall to youre dowghter all at leyser.
Reson. Ye, Wyt, is that the grete love ye rayse[1] her?
I say, yf ye love my dowghter Science,
Get ye foorth at once, and get ye hence.

*Here Comfort, Quiknes and Strength go out.*[2]

Wyt. Nay, by Saynt George, they go not all yet!
Reson. No? Wyll ye dysobey Reson, Wyt?
Wyt. Father Reson, I pray ye content ye,
For we parte not yet.
Reson. Well, Wyt, I went[3] ye
Had bene no such man as now I see.
Fare-well! *Exceat.*
Hon. Rec. He ys angry.
Wyt. Ye, let hym be!
I doo not passe![4]
Cum now, a basse![5]
Hon. Rec. Nay, syr, as for bassys,
From hence none passys
But as in gage
Of mary-age.
Wyt. Mary, evyn so.
A bargayne, lo!
Hon. Rec. What! wythout lycence
Of Ladye Science?
Wyt. Shall I tell you trothe?
I never lovde her.
Hon. Rec. The common voyce goth
That mariage ye movd her.
Wyt. Promyse hath she none.
Yf we shalbe wone,
Wythout mo wurdes grawnt![6]
Hon. Rec. What! upon this soodayne?
Then myghte ye playne
Byd me avawnt!
Nay, let me see
In honeste
What ye can doo
To wyn Recreacion.
Upon that probacion
I grawnt therto.
Wyt. Small be my dooinges,
But apt to all thynges
I am, I trust.
Hon. Rec. Can ye dawnce than?
Wyt. Evyn as I can,
Prove me ye must.
Hon. Rec. Then for a whyle
Ye must excyle[1]
This garment cumbryng.[2]
Wyt. In-deede, as ye say,
This cumbrus aray
Woold make Wyt slumbryng.
Hon. Rec. Yt is gay geere.[3]
Of Science cleere,
Yt seemth her aray.
Wyt. Whose-ever it were,
Yt lythe now there! [*Throws off his gown.*]
Hon. Rec. Go to, my men, play!

*Here they dawnce; and in the mene-whyle Idellnes cumth in and sytth downe; and when the galyard*[4] *is doone, Wyt sayth as folowyth, and so falyth downe in Idellnes lap.*

Wyt. Sweete hart, gramercys!
Hon. Rec. Why, whether now? Have ye doone, synce?
Wyt. Ye, in fayth, with wery bones ye have possest me;
Among thes damselles now wyll I rest me.
Hon. Rec. What, there?
Wyt. Ye, here; I wylbe so bold.
Idle. Ye, and wellcum, by hym that God sold!
Hon. Rec. Yt ys an harlot, may ye not see?
Idle. As honest a woman as ye be!
Hon. Rec. Her name is Idlenes. Wyt, what mene you?
Idle. Nay, what meane you to scolde thus, you quene, you?
Wyt. Ther, go to! Lo now, for the best game!
Whille I take my ese, youre toonges now frame!
Hon. Rec. Ye, Wyt; by youre fayth, is that youre facion?
Wyll ye leave me, Honest Recreacion,
For that common strumpet, Idellnes,
The verye roote of all vyciousnes?

---

[1] Bear?
[2] The scribe first wrote *Al go out save Honest*, then squeezed in below the stage-direction as here printed.
[3] Thought.
[4] Care.
[5] Kiss.
[6] Grant.

[1] Get rid of.
[2] H. prints *cum bryng*, but MS. has *cumbryng*.
[3] Apparel.
[4] A quick lively dance. The first allusion recorded in *N.E.D.* is dated 1533; but the passage indicate that the dance was then well known.

Wyt. She sayth she is as honest as ye.
Declare yourselves both now as ye be!
Hon. Rec. What woolde ye more for my declaracion
Then evyn my name, Honest Recreacion?
And what wold ye more her to expres
Then evyn her name, to, Idlenes —
Dystruccion of all that wyth her tarye?
Wherfore cum away, Wyt; she wyll mar ye!
Idel. Wyll I mar hym, drabb, thow calat,[1] thow,
When thow hast mard hym all-redye now?
Cawlyst thow thysealfe Honest Recreacion,
Ordryng a poore man after thys facion,
To lame hym thus and make his lymmes fayle
Evyn wyth the swyngyng there of thy tayle?
The dyvyll set fyre one the! for now must I,
Idlenes, hele hym agayne, I spye.
I must now lull hym, rock hym, and frame hym
To hys lust agayne, where thow dydst lame hym.
Am I the roote, sayst thow, of vyciousnes?
Nay, thow art roote of all vyce dowteles!
Thow art occacion, lo! of more evyll
Then I, poore gerle, — nay, more then the dyvyll!
The dyvyll and hys dam can not devyse
More devlyshnes then by the[e] doth ryse.
Under the name of Honest Recreacion,
She, lo! bryngth in her abhominacion!
Mark her dawnsyng, her maskyng, and mummyng.
Where more concupyscence then ther cummyng?
Her cardyng,[2] her dycyng, dayly and nyghtlye —
Where fynd ye more falcehod then there? Not lyghtly!
Wyth lyeng and sweryng by no poppetes,[3]
But teryng God in a thowsand gobbetes.
As for her syngyng, pypyng and fydlyng,
What unthryftynes therin is twydlyng![4]
Serche the tavernes and ye shall here cleere
Such bawdry as bestes wold spue to heere.
And yet thys is kald Honest Recreacion,
And I, poore Idlenes, abhomynacion!
But whych is wurst of us twayne, now judg, Wyt.
Wyt. Byrladye, not thow, wench, I judge yet.

[*While Honest Recreation appeals to him, Wyt falls asleep in the lap of Idleness.*]

Hon. Rec. No? Ys youre judgment such then that ye
Can neyther pe[r]seve that best, how she
Goth abowte to dyceve you, nor yet
Remembre how I savyd youre lyfe, Wyt?
Thynke you her meete wyth mee to compare
By whome so manye wytes curyd are?
When wyll she doo such an act as I dyd,
Savynge your lyfe when I you revyved?
And as I savyd you, so save I all
That in lyke jeoperdy chance to fall.
When Tediousnes to grownd hath smytten them,
Honest Recreacion up doth quyken them
Wyth such honest pastymes, sportes or games
As unto myne honest nature frames,
And not, as she sayth, with pastymes suche
As be abusyd lytell or muche;
For where honest pastymes be abusyd,
Honest Recreacion is refused;
Honest Recreacion is present never
But where honest pastymes be well usyd ever.
But in-deede Idlenes, she is cawse
Of all such abuses; she, lo! drawes
Her sort to abuse myne honest games,
And therby full falsly my name defames.
Under the name of Honest Recreacion
She bryngth in all her abhomynacion,
Dystroyng all wytes that her imbrace,
As youre-selfe shall see wythin short space.
She wyll bryng you to shamefull end, Wyt,
Except the sooner from her ye flyt.
Wherefore cum away, Wyt, out of her pawse!
Hence, drabb! Let hym go out of thy clawse!
Idle. Wyll ye get ye hence? or, by the mace,

---

[1] Strumpet.
[2] Card-playing.
[3] Idols.
[4] Being busy about trifles.

Thes clawes shall clawe you by youre drabbes face!
Hon. Rec. Ye shall not neade. Syns Wyt lyethe as wone
That neyther heerth nor seeth, I am gone.
*Exceat.*
Idle. Ye, so? fare-well! And well fare thow, toonge!
Of a short pele this pele was well roong, —
To ryng her hence, and hym fast asleepe
As full of sloth as the knave can kreepe!
How, Wyt! awake! How doth my babye?
*Neque vox neque sensus*,[1] byr Ladye!
A meete man for Idlenes, no dowte.
Hark my pygg! How the knave dooth rowte![2]
Well, whyle he sleepth in Idlenes lappe,
Idlenes marke on hym shall I clappe.
Sum say that Idlenes can not warke;[3]
But those that so say, now let them marke!
I trowe they shall see that Idlenes
Can set herséalfe abowt sum busynes;
Or, at the lest, ye shall see her tryde,
Nother idle nor well ocupyde.

[*She blackens his face.*][4]

Lo! syr, yet ye lak another toye!
Wher is my whystell to call my boye?

*Here she whystleth, and Ingnorance cumth in,* [*dressed in a fool's coat, and a cap with large ears and a coxcomb.*]

[Ingn.] I cum! I cum!
Idle. Coomme on, ye foole!
All thys day or ye can cum to scoole?
Ingn. Um! mother wyll not let me cum.
Idle. I woold thy mother had kyst thy bum!
She wyll never let the thryve, I trow.
Cum on, goose! Now, lo! men shall know
That Idlenes can do sumwhat; ye,
And play the scoolemystres, to, yf neade bee.
Mark what doctryne by Idlenes cummes!
Say thy lesson, foole.
Ingn. Upon my thummes?
Idel. Ye, upon thy thummes. Ys not there thy name?
Ingn. Yeas.
Idle. Go to, than; spell me that same.
Where was thou borne?[1]
Ingn. Chwas i-bore in Ingland, mother sed.
Idle. In Ingland?
Ingn. Yea.
Idle. And whats half "Ingland"?

[*Pointing to her thumb and first finger.*]

Heeres "ing," and heeres "land." Whats tys?
Ingn. Whats tys?
Idel. Whats tys, horeson? whats tys?
Heeres "ing," and heeres "land." Whats tys?
Ingn. Tys my thum.
Idel. Thy thum? "Yng," horeson, "ing," "ing"!
Ingn. Yng, yng, yng, yng.
Idel. Foorth! Shall I bete thy narse, now?
Ingn. Um-m-m-m —
Idel. Shall I not bete thy narse, now?
Ingn. Um-m-m —
Idel. Say "no," foole, say "no."
Ingn. Noo, noo, noo, noo, noo!
Idel. Go to, put together: "yng."
Ingn. "Yng."
Idel. "No."
Ingn. "Noo."
Idel. Forth now! What sayth the dog?
Ingn. Dog barke.
Idle. Dog barke? Dog ran, horeson, dog ran!
Ingn. Dog ran, horson, dog ran, dog ran.
Idel. Put together: "ing."
Ingn. "Yng."
Idel. "No."
Ingn. "Noo."
Idel. "Ran."
Ingn. "Ran."
Idle. Foorth now; what seyth the goose?
Ingn. Lag! lag!
Idle. "Hys," horson, "hys"!
Ing[n]. Hys, hys-s-s-s-s.

---

[1] "Neither voice nor feeling."
[2] Snore.
[3] Work.
[4] Cf. lines 802–20.

[1] From this point to line 542 I have not tried to treat the text as verse, but have set it exactly as it appears in the MS. It seems to me to be intended as prose. I have made the line numbering conform to the lines in the manuscript.

Idle. Go to, put together: "Ing."
Ingn. "Ing."
Idle. "No."
Ingn. "Noo."
Idle. "Ran."
Ingn. "Ran."
Idle. "Hys."
Ing[n]. "Hys-s-s-s-s-s-s."
Idle. No[w], who is a good boy?
Ingn. I, I, I, I, I, I.
Idle. Go to, put together: "Ing."
Ingn. "Ing."
Idle. "No."
Ingn. "Noo."
Idel. "Ran."
Ingn. "Ran."
Idel. "His."
Ingn. "Hys-s-s-s-s-s."
Idel. "I."
Ingn. "I."
Idel. "Ing-no-ran-his-I."
Ingn. "Ing-no-ran-hys-s-s-s."
Idle. "I."
Ingn. "I."
Idel. "Ing."
Ingn. "Ing."
Idel. Foorth!
Ingn. "Hys-s-s-s."
Idel. Ye! "No," horeson, "no"!
Ingn. "Noo, noo, noo, noo"!
Idle. "Ing-no."
Ingn. "Ing-noo."
Idle. Forth now!
Ingn. "Hys-s-s-s-s."
Idel. Yet agayne! "Ran," horeson, "ran," "ran."
Ingn. "Ran, horson, ran, ran."
Idle. "Ran," say!
Ingn. "Ran-say."
Idle. "Ran," horson!
Ingn. "Ran, horson!"
Idle. "Ran"!
Ingn. "Ran."
Idle. "Ing-no-ran."
Ingn. "Ing-no-ran."
Idel. Foorth, now. What sayd the goose?
Ingn. Dog barke.
Idle. Dog barke? "Hys," horson, "hys-s-s-s-s-s."
Ingn. "Hys-s-s-s-s-s-s."
Idle. "I."
Ingn. "I." [1]
Idle. "Ing-no-ran-hys-I."
Ingn. "Ing-no-ran-hys-s-s-s-s." [2]
Idle. "I."
Ingn. "I."
Idle. How sayst, now, foole? Is not there thy name?
Ingn. Yea.
Idle. Well than; can [3] me that same!
What hast thow lernd?
Ingn. Ich can not tell.
Idle. "Ich can not tell"? thou sayst evyn very well,
For yf thow cowldst tell then had not I well
Towght the thy lesson which must be tawghte, —
To tell all when thow canst tell ryghte noght.
Ingn. Ich can my lesson.
Idle. Ye; and therfore
Shalt have a new cote, by God I swore!
Ingn. A new cote?
Idle. Ye, a new cote by-and-by.[4]
Of wyth thys old cote; "a new cote" crye!
Ingn. [*shouting*]. A new cote! A new cote! A new cote!
Idle. Pease, horson foole!
Wylt thow wake hym now? Unbuttun thy cote, foole!
Canst thow do nothyng? [5]
Ingn. I note [6] how choold be.
Idle. "I note how choold be"! A foole betyde the!
So wysly hyt spekyth. Cum on now. Whan!
Put bak thyne arme, foole!
Ingn. Put backe?

[*She takes the fool's coat from Ignorance's back.*]

Idle. So, lo! Now let me see how thys geere

---

[1] H. omits this line; but though it is faint in the MS. it can be clearly read in Farmer's photographic facsimile. Since it is necessary to the sense, I have restored it to the printed text.

[2] Originally the scribe wrote *Ing-no-ran-hys-I-sss*, but corrected to the form printed above. H. ignored the correction, though it is clearly necessary to the sense.

[3] Study by repetition.

[4] At once.

[5] MS. has the speech of Idleness as two lines; corr. by M.

[6] Know not.

Wyll trym this jentel-man that lyeth heere, —
Ah! God save hyt, so sweetly hyt doth sleepe! —
Whyle on your back thys gay cote can creepe,
As feete [1] as can be for this one arme.
Ingn. Oh! cham a-cold.

[*Puts Wyt's gown of learning on Ingnorance.*]

Idle. Hold, foole! keepe the warme.
And cum hyther; hold this hed here. Softe now, for wakyng!
Ye shall see wone here browght in such takynge
That he shall soone scantlye knowe hymsealfe.
Heere is a cote as fyt for this elfe
As it had bene made evyn for thys bodye.

[*Puts Ingnorance's coat on Wyt.*]

So! It begynth to looke lyke a noddye!
Ingn. Um-m-m-m —
Idle. What aylest now, foole?
Ingn. New cote is gone!
Idle. And why is it gone?
Ingn. 'Twool not byde on.
Idle. "Twool not byde on?" 'Twoold, if it cowlde!
But marvell it were that byde it shoold, —
Sciens garment on Ingnorance bak!

[*Looking at Wit.*]

But now lets se, syr; what do ye lak?
Nothyng but evin to bukell heere this throte,
So well this Wyt becumthe a fooles cote!
Ingn. He is I now!
Idle. Ye; how lykste hym now?
Is he not a foole as well as thow?
Ingn. Yeas.
Idle. Well, than, won foole keepe another!
Geve me this, and take thow that brother.

[*Sets Ignorance's cap on Wit's head.*]

Ingn. Um-m —
Idle. Pyke the home, go!
Ingn. Chyll go tell my moother!
Idle. Yea, doo!

[*Exit Ignorance.*]

But yet to take my leve of my deere, lo!
Wyth a skyp or twayne, heere lo! and heer lo!
And heere agayne! and now this heele
To bles his weake brayne! Now are ye weele,
By vertu of Idellnes blessyng toole,
Conjurd from Wyt unto a starke foole!
[*Exit.*]

*Confydence cumth in with a swoord by his syde, and sayth as folowyth:*

[Conf.] I seake and seake, as won on no grownde
Can rest, but lyke a masterles hownde
Wandryng all abowt seakyng his master.
Alas! jentle Wyt, I feare the fasster
That [1] my tru servyce clevth unto thee,
The slacker thy mynd cleevth unto mee!
I have doone thye message in such sorte
That I not onlye, for thy comfort
To vanquishe thyne enmy have browght heere
A swoord of comfort from thy love deere,
But also, furder, I have so enclynd her
That upon my wurdes she hath assynd her
In her owne parson [2] half-way to meete thee,
And hytherward she came for to greete thee.
And sure, except she be turned agayne,
Hyther wyll she cum or [3] be long, playne,
To seake to meate the heere in this cost.[4]
But now, alas! thy-selfe thow hast lost,
Or, at the least, thow wylt not be fownd.
Alas! jentle Wyt, how doost thow woonde
Thy trusty and tru servant, Confydence,
To lease my credence to Ladye Science!
Thow lesyst me, to; for yf I can not
Fynd the shortly, lenger lyve I ma not,
But shortly get me evyn into a corner
And dye for sorowe throwhe such a scorner!
*Exceat.*

*Here the[y] cum in with vyols.*

Fame. Cum syrs, let us not dysdayne to do
That the World hath apoynted us too.

---

[1] Fine.

[1] H. prints *Thy;* M. changes to *That* in text, but observes in a footnote "perhaps it would be better to read *Thys.*" The MS. clearly reads *That.*

[2] Person. [3] Ere. [4] Place.

**Favor.** Syns to serve Science the World hath sent us,
As the World wylth[1] us, let us content us.
**Ryches.** Content us we may, synce we be assynde
To the fayrest lady that lyvth, in my mynde!
**Woorshyp.** Then let us not stay here muet and mum,
But tast we thes instrumentes tyll she cum.

*Here the[y] syng "Excedynge Mesure."* [2]

*Exceedyng mesure, wyth paynes continewall,*
*Langueshyng in absens, alas! what shall I doe,*
*Infortunate wretch, devoyde of joyes all,*
*Syghes upon syghes redoublyng my woe,*
*And teares downe fallyng fro myne eyes toe?*
*Bewty wyth truth so doth me constrayne*
*Ever to serve where I may not attayne!*

*Truth byndyth me ever to be true,*
*How-so-that fortune faverth my chance.*
*Duryng my lyfe none other but you*
*Of my tru hart shall have the governance!*
*O good swete hart, have you remembrance*
*Now of your owne, whych for no smart*
*Exyle shall yow fro my tru hart!*

[*During the song, Experyence and Science have entered.*]

**Exper.** Dowghter, what meanyth that ye dyd not syng?
**Science.** Oh mother, for heere remaynth a thynge!
Freendes, we thanke you for thes your plesures,
Takyn on us as chance to us measures.
**Woorshyppe.** Ladye, thes our plesures, and parsons too,
Ar sente to you, you servyce to doo.
**Fame.** Ladye Science, to set foorth your name,
The World to wayte on you hath sent me, Fame.
**Favor.** Ladye Science, for your vertues most plentye,
The World, to cherysh you, Favor hath sent ye.
**Ryches.** Lady Science, for youre benefytes knowne,
The World, to mayntayne you, Ryches hath thrown.
**Woorshyp.** And, as the World hath sent you thes three,
So he sendth mee, Woorshypp, to avawnce your degre.
**Science.** I thank the World; but cheefly God be praysed,
That in the World such love to Science hath raysed!
But yet, to tell you playne, ye iiij ar suche
As Science lookth for lytell nor muche;
For beyng, as I am, a lone wooman,
Neede of your servyce I nether have nor can.
But, thankyng the World, and you for your payn,
I send ye to the World evyn now agayne.
**Woorshyppe.** Why, ladye, set ye no more store by mee,
Woorshypp? Ye set nowght by yourselfe, I se!
**Fame.** She setthe nowght by Fame; wherby I spye her, —
She carethe not what the World sayth by her.
**Favor.** She setthe nowght by Favor; wherby I trye her, —
She caryth not what the World sayth or dooth by her.
**Ryches.** She setth nowght by Ryches; whych dooth showe
She careth not for the World. Cum, let us goe!

[*Exeunt Woorship, Fame, Favor, and Ryches.*]

**Science.** In-deede, smalle cawse gevyn to care for the Worldes favering,
Seeyng the wyttes of Worlde be so waveryng.
**Exper.** What is the matter, dowghter, that ye
Be so sad? Open your mynd to mee.
**Science.** My marvell is no les, my good moother,
Then my greefe is greate, to see, of all other,

---

[1] Commands.
[2] The song is not given in the play, but appears with the other songs in another part of the manuscript volume. It is labeled "The ij Song." I have inserted it here in its proper place.

The prowde scorne of Wyt, soone to Dame Nature,
Who sent me a pycture of hys stature
Wyth all the shape of hymselfe there openyng,
Hys amorous love therby betokenyng,
Borne toward me in abundant facion;
And also, furder, to make ryght relacion
Of this hys love, he put in commyshion
Such a messenger as no suspicion
Cowld growe in mee of hym, — Confydence.
Exper. Um!
Syence. Who, I ensure ye, wyth such vehemence,
And faythfull behavoure in hys movynge,
Set foorth the pyth [1] of hys masters lovynge
That no lyvyng creature cowld conjecte
But that pure love dyd that Wyt dyrect.
Exper. So?
Science. Now, this beinge synce the space
Of three tymes sendyng from place to place
Betwene Wyt and hys man, I here no more
Nether of Wyt, nor his love so sore.
How thynk you by thys, my nowne deere mother?
Exper. Dowghter, in this I can thynke none oother
But that it is true — thys proverbe old:
"Hastye love is soone hot and soone cold!"
Take hede, dowghter, how you put youre trust
To lyght lovers to hot at the furst.
For had this love of Wyt bene growndyd,
And on a sure fowndashyon fowndyd,
Lytell voyde tyme wold have bene betwene ye
But that this Wyt wolde have sent or seene ye.
Science. I thynke so.
Exper. Ye, thynke ye so or no,
Youre mother, Experience, proofe shall showe
That Wyt hath set hys love — I dare say
And make ye warrantyse — another way.

*Wyt cumth before* [*in his fool's coat and coxcomb, and with his face blackened.*]

[Wyt.] But your warrantyse warrant no trothe!
Fayre ladye, I praye you be not wrothe
Tyll you here more; for, deere Ladye Science,
Had your lover, Wyt, — ye[a], or Confydence,
Hys man, — bene in helth all this tyme spent,
Long or this tyme Wyt had cumme or sent.
But the trothe is they have bene both sykke,
Wyt and hys man, ye and wyth paynes thycke
Bothe stayde by the way, so that your lover
Could neyther cum [1] nor send by none other.
Wherefore, blame not hym, but chance of syknes.
Science. Who is this?
Exper. Ingnorance, or his lykenes.
Science. What! the common foole?
Exper. Yt is much lyke hym.
Science. By my soothe, his toong servth him now trym!
What sayst thow, Ingnorance? Speak agayn!
Wyt. Nay, ladye, I am not Ingnorance, playne,
But I am your owne deere lover, Wytt,
That hath long lovd you, and lovth you yet.
Wherefore, I pray the now, my nowne swetyng,
Let me have a kys at this our meetyng.

[*Tries to kiss her.*]

Science. Ye, so ye shall anone, but not yet!
Ah, syr, this foole here hath got sum wyt!
Fall you to kyssyng, syr, now-a-dayes?
Your mother shall charme you. Go your wayes!
Wyt. What nedth all this, my love of long growne?
Wyll ye be so strang to me, your owne?
Youre aquayntance to me was thowht esye; [2]
But now your woordes make my harte all quesye,

---

[1] Vigor, force.

[1] H. says the MS. has *cumne*, but the reading is clearly *cum*.
[2] Easy, conducive to pleasure.

Youre dartes at me so strangely be shott.
Science. Heere ye what termes this foole here hath got?
Wyt. Well I perseve my foolyshnes now;
Indeede, ladyes no dasterdes alowe.
I wylbe bolde wyth my nowne darlyng!
Cum now, a bas, my nowne proper sparlyng!

[*Tries again to kiss her.*]

Science. What wylt thow, arrand foole?
Wyt. Nay, by the mas,
I wyll have a bas or I hence pas!
Science. What wylt thow, arrande foole? Hence, foole, I say!
Wyt. What! nothyng but "foole" and "foole" all this day?
By the mas, madam, ye can no good.
Science. Art a-sweryng, to? Now, by my hood,
Youre foolyshe knaves breeche vj strypes shall bere!
Wyt. Ye, Godes bones! "foole" and "knave," to? Be ye there?
By the mas, call me foole once agayne,
And thow shalt sure call a blo or twayne.[1]
Exper. Cum away, dowghter; the foole is mad.
Wyt. Nay, nor yet nether hence ye shall gad!
We wyll gre better, or ye pas hence.
I praye the now, good swete Ladye Science,
All this strange maner now hyde and cover,
And play the goodfelowe wyth thy lover!
Science. What goodfelowshyppe wold ye of me,
Whome ye knowe not, nether yet I knowe ye?
Wyt. Know ye not me?
Science. No; how shoold I know ye?
Wyt. Dooth not my pycture my parson shoow ye?
Science. Your pycture?
Wyt. Ye, my picture, ladye,
That ye spake of. Who sent it but I?
Science. Yf that be youre pycture, then shall we
Soone se how you and your pycture agree.
Lo, here! the pycture that I named is this.
Wyt. Ye, mary, myne owne lykenes this is.
You havyng this, ladye, and so lothe
To knowe me, whych this so playne showthe!
Science. Why, you are nothyng lyke, in myne eie.
Wyt. No? [*To Experience.*] How say ye?
Exper. As she sayth, so say I.
Wyt. By the mas, than are ye both starke blynde!
What dyference betwene this and this can ye fynd?
Exper. Marye, this is fayer, plesant, and goodlye,
And ye are fowle, dysplesant, and uglye.
Wyt. Mary, avawnt, thow fowle ugly whoore!
Science. So, lo! now I perseve ye more and more.
Wyt. What! perseve you me, — as ye wold make me, —
A naturall foole?
Science. Nay, ye mystake me;
I take ye for no foole naturall,
But I take ye thus, — shall I tell all?
Wyt. Ye, marye, tell me youre mynd, I pray ye,
Wherto I shall trust. No more delay ye.
Science. I take ye for no naturall foole,
Browght up among the innocentes scoole,
But for a nawgty vycious foole,
Browght up wyth Idellnes in her scoole.
Of all arrogant fooles thow art one!
Wyt. Ye! Goges bodye!
Exper. Cum, let us be gone!

[*Exeunt Experyence and Science.*]

Wyt. My swerd! Is yt gone? A vengeance on them!
Be they gone, to, and ther hedes upon them?
But, prowde quenes, the dyvyll go wyth you both!
Not one poynt of curtesye in them gothe.
A man is well at ease by sute to payne him
For such a drab, that so doth dysdayne hym!
So mokte, so lowted,[1] so made a sot,

---

[1] Call (upon your head) a blow or two.

[1] Flouted, mocked.

Never was I erst synce I was begot!
Am I so fowle as those drabes wold make me?
Where is my glas that Reson dyd take[1] me?
Now shall this glas of Reson soone trye me
As fayre as those drabes that so doth belye me.

[*He looks in the glass.*]

Hah! Goges sowle! What have we here? A dyvyll?
This glas, I se well, hath bene kept evyll.

[*Cleans the glass, and looks again.*]

Goges sowle! a foole! a foole, by the mas!
What a very vengeance aylth this glas?
Other this glas is shamefully spotted,
Or els am I to shamefully blotted!
Nay, by Goges armes, I am so, no dowte!
How loke ther facis heere rownd abowte?

[*He holds the glass up to the audience.*]

All fayre and cleere they, evrychone;
And I, by the mas, a foole alone,
Deckt, by Goges bones, lyke a very asse!
Ingnorance cote, hoode, eares, — ye, by the masse,
Kokescome and all. I lack but a bable![2]
And as for this face, [it] is abhominable,
As black as the devyll! God, for his passion!
Where have I bene rayde[3] affter this fassyon?
This same is Idlenes, — a shame take her!
This same is her wurke, — the devill in hell rake her!
The whoore hath shamd me for-ever, I trow!
I trow? Nay verely, I knowe!
Now it is so — the stark foole I playe
Before all people. Now see it I maye.
Evrye man I se lawhe[4] me to scorne.
Alas, alas, that ever I was borne!
Yt was not for nowght, now well I se,
That those too ladyes dysdayned me.
Alas! Ladye Science, of all oother —
How have I rayled on her and her moother!
Alas! that lady I have now lost
Whome all the world lovth and honoryth most!
Alas! from Reson had I not varyd,
Ladye Science or this I had maryd!
And those fower gyftes which the World gave her
I had woon, to, had I kept her favor;
Where now, in-stede of that lady bryght
Wyth all those gallantes seene in my syght, —
Favor, Ryches, ye, Worshyp and Fame, —
I have woone Hatred, Beggry and Open Shame.

*Shame cumth in wyth a whyppe,* [*followed by Reason.*]

Wyt. Out upon the, Shame! What doost thowe heere?
Reson. Mary, I, Reason, bad hym heere appeere.
Upon hym, Shame! wyth stryppes inow smitten,
While I reherce his fawtes herein wrytten:

[*He reads from a paper.*]

Fyrst, he hath broken his promyse formerly
Made to me, Reson, my dowghter to marye;
Nexte, he hath broken his promyse promisyd
To obay Instruccion, and him dyspised;
Thurdlye, my dowghter Science to reprove,
Upon Idlenes he hath set his love;
Forthlye, he hath folowed Idellnes scoole
Tyll she hath made him a verye stark foole;
Lastlye, offendyng both God and man,
Sweryng grete othes as any man can,
He hath abused himselfe, to the grete shame
Of all his kynred and los of his good name.
Wherfore, spare him not, Shame! Bete him well there!
He hath deservyd more then he can beare.

*Wyt knelith downe.*

[Wyt.] Oh father Reson, be good unto me!
Alas, thes strypes of Shame will undo me!
Reson. Be still a while, Shame! Wyt, what sayst thow?
Wyt. Oh syr, forgeve me, I beseech you!
Reson. Yf I forgeve the thy ponyshment,
Wylt thow than folow thy fyrst entent

---

[1] Give. [2] Bauble. [3] Arrayed. [4] Laugh.

And promyse made, my dowghter to marye?
Wyt. Oh syr, I am not woorthy to carye
The dust out where your dowghter shoold syt.
Reson. I wot well that! But yf I admyt
The, unwoorthy, agayne to her wooer,
Wylt thow then folow thy sewte unto her?
Wyt. Ye, syr, I promyse you, while lyfe enduryth.
Reson. Cum neere, masters; heere is wone ensuryth [1]
In woordes to becum an honest man!

*Here cumth Instruccion, Studye, and Diligens in.*

Take him, Instruccion; do what ye can.
Instr. What! to the purpose he went before?
Reson. Ye, to my dowghter prove him once more.
Take him, and trym hym in new aparell,
And geve that to Shame there to his farewell.[2]
Instr. Cum on your way, Wyt. Be of good cheere!
After stormy clowdes cumth wether clere!

*Instrucion, Study, Wyt, and Dyligens go out.*

Reson. Who lyst to marke now this chance heere doon,
May se what Wyt is wythout Reson.
What was this Wyt better then an asse
Being from Reson strayde as he was?
But let pas now, synce he is well poonyshyd,
And thereby, I trust, meetely well monyshyd.[3]
Ye, and I lyke him never the wurs, I,
Thowgh Shame hath handled hym shamefullye;
For, lyke as, yf Wyt had prowdly bent hym
To resyst Shame to make Shame absent hym,[4]
I wold have thowght than that Wyt had bene —
As the sayeng is, and daylye seene —
"Past shame once, and past all amendment":
So, contra[r]ye, syns he dyd relent
To Shame when Shame ponysht him evyn yll,
I have, I say, good hope in him styll.
I thynke, as I thowght, — yf joyne thei can, —
My dowghter wel bestowd on this man.
But all the dowte now is to thynke how
My dowghter takth this. For, I may tell yow,
I thynk she knew this Wyt, evyn as weele
As she seemd heere to know him no deele;
For lak of knoledge in Science there is none;
Wherfore, she knew him; and therupon
His mysbehavor perchance evyn strykyng
Her hart agaynst him,[1] she now myslykyng, —
As women oft-tymes wylbe hard-hartyd, —
Wylbe the stranger to be revertyd.[2]
This must I helpe. Reson must now walke,
On Wytes part wyth my Science to talke.
A neere way to her know I, wherebye
My soonnes cummyng prevent now must I.
Perchance I may bryng my dowghter hyther;
Yf so, I dowght not to joyne them together.

*Exceat Reson. Confydence cumth in.*

[Conf.] I thanke God, yet at last I have fownd hym!
I was afrayde sum myschance had drownd him, —
My master, Wyt, wyth whome I have spoken,
Ye, and deliverd token for token,
And have anoother to Science agayne, —
A hart of gold, syngnifyeng playne
That Science hath wun Wytes hart forever.
Whereby I trust, by my good endever
To that good ladye, so sweete and so sortly,[3]
A maryage betwene them ye shall see shortlye.

*Confydens exceat. Instruccion cumth in wyth Wyt, Study, and Dylygence.*

[Instr.] Lo! syr, now ye be entryd agayne

---

[1] Pledgeth himself.
[2] Payment on leaving?
[3] Admonished.
[4] Withdraw himself.

[1] Causing her heart to turn against him.
[2] The harder to be made to return (after estrangement).
[3] Appropriate (*N.E.D.*).

Toward that passage where dooth remayne
Tedyousnes, your mortall enmy.
Now may ye choose whether ye wyll trye
Your handes agayne on that tyrant stowte,
Or els, walkyng a lytell abowte —
Wyt. Nay; for Godes pashion, syr, let me meete him!
Ye se I am able now for to greete him.
This sword of cumfort, sent fro my love,
Upon her enmy needes must I proove!
Instr. Then foorth there; and turne on your ryght hand
Up that mownt before ye shall see stand.
But heere ye! Yf your enmye chance to ryse,
Folowe my owncell in anye wyse:
Let Studye and Dyligence flee ther towche,[1] —
The stroke of Tediousnes, — and then cowche
Themselves, as I told ye, — ye wot how.[2]
Wyt. Ye, syr, for that how, marke the proofe now!

[*Wyt, with drawn sword, and attended by Study and Dylygence, proceeds to the Mount.*]

Instr. To mark it, indeede, here wyll I abyde,
To see what chance of them wyll betyde;
For heere cumth the pyth,[3] lo! of this iornaye.
That mowntayne, before which they must assaye,
Is cald in Laten *Mons Pernassus;*
Which mowntayne, as old auctors dyscus,
Who attaynth ones[4] to sleepe on that mownt,
Ladye Science his owne he may cownt.
But, or he cum there, ye shall see fowght
A fyght with no les polycye wrowght
Then strenghth, I trow, — if that may be praysed.
Tedi. [*within.*] Oh! ho! ho!
Instr. Hark!
Tedi. [*entering.*] Out, ye kaytyves!
Instr. The feend is raysyd!
Tedi. Out, ye vilaynes! Be ye cum agayne?
Have at ye, wretches! [*Rushes at them.*]
Wyt [*aside*]. Fle, syrs, ye twayne!

[*Study and Dylygence flee.*]

Tedi. Thei fle not far hens!

[*Tediousness pursues them, but is attacked by Wyt.*]

Dyli. Turne agayne, Studye!
Studye. Now, Dylygence!
Instr. Well sayde! Hold fast now!
Studye. He fleeth!
Dyli. Then folowe!

[*Tediousness flees, beaten in by Wyt; Study and Dylygence follow.*]

Instr. Wyth his owne weapon now wurke him sorow!
Wyt lyth at reseyte![1]
Tedi. [*within.*] Oh! ho! ho! *Dyeth.*
Instr. Hark! he dyeth!
Where strength lakth, policye ssupplieth.

*Heere Wyt cumth in and bryngth in the hed upon his swoorde, and sayth as folowyth:*

Wyt. I can ye thanke, syrs; this was well doone!
Studye. Nay, yours is the deede!
Dyli. To you is the thank!
Instr. I can ye thank, all; this was well doone!
Wyt. How say ye, man? Is this feelde well woonne?

*Confydence cumth running in.*

[Conf.] Ye, by my fayth, so sayth your deere hart.
Wyt. Why where is she, that here now thow art?
Conf. Upon yonder mowntayne, on hye,
She saw ye strike that hed from the bodye;
Wherby ye have woonne her, bodye and all!
In token whereof reseve heere ye shall
A gowne of knoledge, wherin you must
Reseve her here strayght.
Wyt. But sayst thow just?
[Conf.][2] So just I say that, except ye hye ye,

---

[1] Blow.

[2] Instruction has devised some "polycye" by means of which Wyt is to overcome Tediousness.

[3] Important part.

[4] Once.

[1] A hunting term. To take up a position waiting for hunted game.

[2] Though the MS. indicates another speaker, no name is prefixed. Supplied by H.

Or ye be redye she wylbe by ye.
**Wyt.** Holde! Present unto her this hed heere,
And gyve me warning when she cumth nere.

[*Exit Confydence.*]

Instruccion, wyll ye helpe to devyse
To trim this geere now in the best wyse?
**Instr.** Geve me that gowne, and cum wyth me, all!
**Dyli.** Oh, how this gere to the purpose dooth fall!

*Confidens cumth running in.*

[**Conf.**] How, master, master! Where be ye now?
**Wyt.** Here, Confydence; what tydynges bryngst thow?
**Conf.** My ladye at hand heere dooth abyde ye.
Byd her wellcum! What! do ye hide ye?

*Here Wyt, Instruccion, Studye, and Diligence syng "Wellcum, my nowne," and Syence, Experience, Reson and Confidence cum in at l*[*eft*]*, and answer evre second verse:* [1]

**Wyt and his Cumpane:**
*O ladye deere,*
*Be ye so neere*
*To be knowne?*
*My hart yow cheere*
*Your voyce to here.*
*Wellcum, myne owne!*

**Science and hir Cumpanye:**
*As ye rejoyse*
*To here my voyce*
*Fro me thus blowne,*
*So in my choyce*
*I show my voyce*
*To be your owne.*

**Wyt and his Cumpanye:**
*Then drawe we neere*
*To see and heere*
*My love long growne!*
*Where is my deere?*
*Here I apeere*
*To see myne owne.*

**Science and hir Cumpanye:**
*To se and try*
*Your love truly*
*Till deth be flowne,*
*Lo! here am I,*
*That ye may spie*
*I am your owne.*

**Wyt and his Cumpanye:**
*Then let us meete,*
*My love so sweete,*
*Halfe-way heere throwne!*

**Siens and hir Cumpanye:**
*I wyll not sleete* [1]
*My love to greete.*
*Wellcum, myne owne!*

**Wyt and his Cumpanye:**
*Wellcum, myne owne!*

**All** *sing:*
*Wellcum, myne owne!*

*And when the song is doone, Reson sendyth Instruccion, Studye, and Dyligence, and Confidens out; and then, standyng in the myddell of the place, Wyt sayth as folowyth:*

**Wyt.** Wellcum, myne owne, wyth all my hole harte,
Whych shalbe your owne till deth us depart! [2]
I trust, ladye, this knot evyn syns knyt.
**Science.** I trust the same; for syns ye have smitt
Downe my grete enmye, Tedyousnes,
Ye have woon me for-ever, dowghtles, —
Althowgh ye have woon a clogg [3] wyth-all!
**Wyt.** A clogg, sweete hart? What?
**Science.** Such as doth fall
To all men that joyne themselves in mariage, —
In kepyng ther wyves. A carefull cariage!
**Wyt.** Careful? Nay, ladye, that care shall imploye
No clogg, but a key of my most joye.
To kepe you, swete hart, as shall be fyt,
Shalbe no care, but most joy to Wyt!
**Science.** Well, yet I say, — marke well what I saye! —

---

[1] The song is not given in the play, but is found with the other two songs in another part of the manuscript volume. It is labeled "The thyrd song," and has the title "Wellcum, myne owne, Wellcum myne owne." M., following H., prints this title in two lines and, apparently, as a part of the song itself.

[1] Slight?
[2] Separate (an echo of the marriage ceremony).
[3] Encumbrance.

My presence brynghth you a clogg, no naye,
Not in the kepynge of me onelye,
But in the use of Science cheeflye;
For I, Science, am in this degree, —
As all, or most part, of woomen bee:
Yf ye use me well, in a good sorte,
Then shall I be youre joy and comfort;
But yf ye use me not well, then dowt me,
For, sure, ye were better then wythout me!
Wyt. Why, ladye, thinke you me such a wyt,
As being avansyd by you, and yet
Wold mysuse ye? Nay, yf ye dowt that,
Heere is wone lovth thee more then sumwhat, —
Yf Wyt mysuse ye at any season,
Correct me then your owne father, Reson.
Reson. Ho, dowghter, can ye desyre any more?
What neede thes dowtes? Avoyde them, therfore!
Exper. Byrlakyn, syr, but, under your favor,
This dowgt our dowghter doth well to gather
For a good warnyng now at begynnynge
What Wyt in the end shall looke for in wynning;
Whych shalbe this, syr: yf Science here,
Whych is Godes gyft, be usyd meere
Unto Godes honor, and profyt both
Of you and your neybowre,[1] — whych goth
In her, of kynd,[2] to do good to all, —
This seene to, Experience, I, shall
Set you forth, Wyt, by her to imploye
Doble encrece to your doble joye;
But yf you use her contrarywyse
To her good nature, and so devyse
To evyll effectes to wrest and to wry her,
Ye, and cast her of, and set nowght by her,
Be sure I, Experience, shall than
Declare you so before God and man
That thys talent [3] from you shalbe taken
And you ponysht for your gayne forsaken.
Wyt. "Once warnd,[4] half-armd," folk say, namely whan
Experience shall warne a man, than
Tyme to take heede! Mother Experience,
Towchyng youre dowghter, my deere hart, S[c]iens,
As I am sertayne that to abuse her
I brede myne owne sorow, and well to use her
I encrece my joy; and so to make yt
Godes grace is redye yf I wyll take yt.
Then, but [1] ye cownt me no wyt at all,
Let never thes dowtes into your hed fall;
But, as yourself, Experience, cleryng
All dowtes at lenght, so, tyll tyme aperyng,
Trust ye wyth me in God. And, swete hart,
Whyle your father Reson takth wyth[2] parte,
To reseve Godes grace as God shall send it,
Dowte ye not our joy, tyll lyves end end [3] yt!
Science. Well, than, for the end of all dowtes past,
And to that end whiche ye spake of last:
Among our weddyng matters heere rendryng,
Thend of our lyves wold be in remembryng;
Which remembrance, Wyt, shall sure defend ye
From the mysuse of Science, and send ye [4]
The gayne my mother to mynd did call, —
Joy wythout end. That wysh I to all!

Reson. Well sayd! And as ye, dowghter, wyshe it,
That joy to all folke in generall,
So wysh I, Reson, the same. But yet
Fyrst in this lyfe wysh I here to fall
To our most noble Kyng and Quene in especiall,
To ther honorable Cowncell, and then to all the rest,
Such joy as long may rejoyse them all best![5]

*All say* Amen.

*Heere cumth in fowre wyth violes and syng, "Remembre me,"* [6] *and at the last quere all make cur[t]sye, and so goe forth syngyng.*

*Thus endyth the Play of Wyt and Science, made by Master Jhon Redford.*

*Finis.*

---

[1] Neighbor. [2] By nature.
[3] The reference is to the parable of the talents.
[4] H. *warne;* M. *warne[d]*. The MS. is clearly *warnd.*

[1] Unless. [2] With.
[3] In MS., but crossed through, obviously by mistake.
[4] MS. *you;* corr. by M.
[5] It was customary for actors at the end of a play to utter a prayer for the sovereign and his council.
[6] The song is not given in the MS.

# VIII

# FOLK PLAYS

# ROBIN HOOD AND THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM [1]

## [Scene I.]

[*Enter Sir Guy of Gisborne and the Sheriff of Nottingham.*]

[Sir Guy.] Syr Sheryffe, for thy sake
Robyn Hode wull Y take.
[Sheriff.] I wyll the gyffe golde and fee [1]
This be-heste [2] thou holde me.

## [Scene II.]

[*Sir Guy approaches Robin Hood.*]

[Sir Guy.] Robyn Hode, ffayre and fre,
Vndre this lynde [3] shote we.
[Robin.] With the shote Y wyll
Alle thy lustes to full-fyll.
[Sir Guy.] [*Shoots.*] Have at the pryke! [4]
[Robin.] [*Shoots.*] And Y cleue the styke!

[*Robin Hood wins.*]

[Sir Guy.] Late vs caste the stone.
[Robin.] I graunte well, be Seynt Iohn!

[*They cast the stone, and again Robin Hood wins.*]

[Sir Guy.] Late vs caste the exaltre.
[Robin.] Have a foote be-fore the!

[*They wrestle; Robin throws the knight.*]

[Robin.] Syr Knyght, ye haue a falle!
[Sir Guy.] And I the, Robyn, qwyte [5] shall.
Owte on the! I blowe myn horne!

[1] Money. [2] Promise. [3] Linden tree.
[4] Target. [5] Pay back.

[*Sir Guy starts to blow his horn, but Robin Hood halts him.*]

[Robin.] Hit ware better be vn-borne!
Lat vs fyght at ottraunce.[1]
[Sir Guy.] He that fleth, God gyf hym myschaunce!

[*They fight with swords. At last Robin Hood slays Sir Guy.*]

[Robin.] Now I haue the maystry here!
Off I smyte this sory swyre.[2]
This knyghtys clothis wolle I were,
And in my hode his hede woll bere.

[*Robin disguises himself in Sir Guy's clothes, and, taking with him the severed head, goes out.*]

## [Scene III.]

[*The Sheriff has attacked Robin Hood's men with success. Little John, hurrying towards the scene of the conflict, meets Scarlet.*]

[Little John.] Welle mete, felowe myn!
What herst thou of gode Robyn?
[Scarlet.] Robyn Hode and his menye [3]
With the Sheryffe takyn be.
[Little John.] Sette on foote with gode wyll,
And the Sheryffe wull we kyll.

[*They stand together, watching the fight.*]

[Scarlet.] Be-holde wele Frere Tuke
Howe he dothe his bowe pluke!

[1] To the death. [2] Neck. [3] Followers.

---

[1] This fragment of a Robin Hood play (the earliest text we have preserved) is found on the upper half of a leaf originally pasted at the end of some folio volume. On the verso of the leaf are accounts of quarterly payments for house rent extending, apparently, from May, 1475, to August, 1476 (one is dated November 7, 1475). It is likely that the text of the Robin Hood play was written at a still earlier date; but even if the record of house-rent payments preceded, the handwritings on the two sides of the leaf, as Greg observes, are "obviously contemporary, and the entries can hardly be separated by more than a few years." The history of the manuscript makes it probable that the leaf was once in the possession of William Paston, second Earl of Yarmouth; and in one of the Paston letters, April 16, 1473, we discover that Sir John Paston had a certain man named Woode in his employ "thys iij yer to pleye Seynt Jorge [George], and Robyn Hod and the Sheryff off Notyngham." Greg, agreeing with Child and Chambers, writes: "There can be little question . . . that this last piece is none other than the play to which our fragment belongs."

I have reproduced the text from that issued by Greg, with facsimile, in The Malone Society's *Collections*, i, 117, and have taken advantage of both Manly's and Greg's dramatic reconstruction, though the punctuation and the stage-directions are my own. The fragment ends before the climax of the play has been reached; but the story is well-known in the ballad of Guy of Gisborne. I have added, with some changes, Greg's completion based on the ballad.

*[The Sheriff and his men overcome the outlaws, and bind Friar Tuck and the rest. Entering with the prisoners, they spy Little John and Scarlet.]*

[SHERIFF.] Yeld yow, syrs, to the Sheryffe,
Or elles shall your bowes clyffe.

*[Little John and Scarlet yield, and are bound.]*

[LITTLE JOHN.] Now we be bownden alle in same!
Frere [T]uke, this is no game.[1]
[SHERIFF.] Co[m]e thou forth, thou fals outlawe;
Thou shall [be] hangyde and y-drawe!
[FRIAR TUCK.] Now[e], allas, what shall we doo?
We [m]oste to the prysone goo.
[SHERIFF.] Opy[n] the yatis[2] faste anon,
An[d la[te] theis thevys ynne gon.[3]

*[Robin enters disguised as Sir Guy.]*

[ROBIN.] Holde[4] thou here, syr Sheryffe,
Robyns hede, by my lyffe!

*[He presents the severed head.]*

[SHERIFF.] Now, take thou golde and fee!
Syr Gwye, wellcume mote thou be!
[ROBIN.] Golde and fee wylle I none,
But yon outlawe alone.

*[He points to Little John.]*

[SHERIFF.] Take hym lyghtlie to thy wylle,
Thogh thou hys lyffe spille.

*[Robin goes to Little John, reveals himself to him, cuts his bonds, and, thrusting a bow into his hands, whispers:]*

[ROBIN.] Now haue this bow intill thy honde.
By thy syde I take my stonde!

*[They draw upon the Sheriff.]*

[SHERIFF.] Owt alas! we be fordone![1]
Robin Hode is vs vpon!

*[The Sheriff and his men start to run away.]*

[LITTLE JOHN.] Now do they runne for drede.
Syr Sheryffe, thou art but dede!

*[Little John shoots; the Sheriff falls.]*

[FRIAR TUCK.] By Chryst, this was welle wroght.
Gode Robyn hath his menye boght![2]

---

[1] Jest.
[2] Doors.
[3] At this point the fragment ends.
[4] Take, receive.

[1] Ruined.
[2] Followers saved.

# ROBIN HOOD AND THE FRIAR[1]

## Here beginnethe the playe of Robyn Hoode, verye proper to be played in Maye games.

### [Scene I.]

[*Enter Robin Hood and his men, dressed in Kendal green.*]

Robyn Hode. Now stand ye forth, my mery men all,
And harke what I shall say!
Of an adventure I shal you tell,
The which befell this other day:
As I went by the hygh-way,
With a stoute frere I met,
And a quarter-staffe in his hande;
Lyghtely to me he lept,
And styll he bade me stande.
There were strypes two or three,
But I can not tell who had the worse;
But well I wote the horeson lepte within me,
And fro me he toke my purse.
Is there any of my mery men all
That to that frere wyll go,
And bryng him to me forth-withall,
Whether he wyll or no?

Lytell Iohn. Yes, mayster, I make God avowe,
To that frere wyll I go,
And bryng him to you,
Whether he wyl or no. [*Exeunt.*]

### [Scene II.]

[*Enter Friar Tucke in a long coat, leading three dogs by a string.*]

Fryer Tucke. *Deus hic! Deus hic!* God be here!
Is not this a holy worde for a frere?
God save all this company!
But am not I a iolly fryer?
For I can shote both farre and nere,
And handle the sworde and buckler —
And this quarter-staffe also.
If I mete with a gentylman or yeman,
I am not afrayde to loke hym upon,
Nor boldly with him to carpe;
If he speake any wordes to me,
He shall have strypes two or thre
That shal make his body smarte!
But, maister[s], to shew you the matter
Wherfore and why I am come hither,
In fayth, I wyl not spare:
I am come to seke a good yeman,
In Bernisdale men sai is his habitacion,
His name is Robyn Hode.
And if that he be better man than I,
His servaunt wyll I be, and serve him truely;
But if that I be better man than he,
By my truth, my knave shall he be,
And leade these dogges all three!

[*Robin enters and seizes him by the throat.*]

Robyn Hode. Yelde the, fryer in thy long cote!

Fryer Tucke. I beshrew thy hart, knave! Thou hurtest my throt[e].

[*Shakes him off.*]

Robyn Hode. I trowe, fryer, thou beginnest to dote!
Who made the so malapert and so bolde
To come into this forest here
Amonge my falowe-dere?

Fryer. Go louse the, ragged knave!
If thou make mani wordes, I will geve the on the eare,
Though I be but a poore fryer.
To seke Robyn Hode I am com here,
And to him my hart to breke.

Robyn Hode. Thou lousy frer, what wouldest thou with hym?

---

[1] Appended to *Gest of Robin Hood*, printed by William Copland, without date, but apparently between 1553 and 1569. I have based the text on the careful reprint by W. W. Greg in The Malone Society's *Collections*, 1909, i, 125, and have compared this with Manly's reprint, *Specimens*, 1896. Copland gives two texts carelessly run together as one; the second text, dealing with Robin Hood and the Potter, is a mere fragment, breaking off in the middle of the action, a fact which led Greg plausibly to suggest "that Copland (or some predecessor) printed from a copy of an earlier edition which had lost a leaf or more at the end." I have omitted the fragment.

He never loved fryer, nor none of freiers kyn.
FRYER. Avaunt, ye ragged knave,
Or ye shall have on the skynne!
ROBYN HODE. Of all the men in the morning thou art the worst;
To mete with the I have no lust,
For he that meteth a frere, or a fox, in the morning,
To spede ill that day he standeth in ieoperdy:[1]
Therfore I had lever[2] mete with the devil of hell —
Fryer, I tell the as I thinke —
Then mete with a fryer, or a fox,
In a mornyng or I drynke.
FRYER. Avaunt, thou ragged knave! this is but a mock.
If you make mani words, you shal have a knock.
ROBYN HODE. Harke, frere, what I say here:
Over this water thou shalt me bere, —
The brydge is borne away.
FRYER. To say naye I wyll not —
To let the of thine oth it were great pitie and sin —
But, up on a fryers backe, and have even in!
ROBYN HODE. Nay, have over!

[*Robin Hood gets on Friar Tuck's back; the Friar wades into the stream, and stops.*]

FRYER. Now am I, frere, within, and thou, Robin, without.
To lay the here I have no great doubt.

[*He drops him in the water, and wades out.*]

Now am I, frere, without, and thou, Robyn, within![3]
Lye ther, knave! Chose whether thou wilte sinke or swym.
ROBYN HODE. Why, thou lowsy frere! what hast thou done?
FRYER. Mary, set a knave over the shone.[4]
ROBYN HODE. Therfore thou [shalt] abye.[5]

[*Robin Hood draws, and rushes at the Friar.*]

FRYER. Why, wylt thou fyght a plucke?[1]
ROBYN HODE. And God send me good lucke!
FRYER. Than have a stroke for Fryer Tucke!

[*They fight. Robin Hood is unable to get the better of the Friar.*]

ROBYN HODE. Holde thy hande, frere, and here me speke!
FRYER. Say on, ragged knave!
Me semeth ye begyn to swete.
ROBYN HODE. In this forest I have a hounde,
I wyl not give him for a hundreth pound;
Geve me leve my horne to blowe,
That my hounde may knowe.
FRYER. Blowe on, ragged knave, without any doubte,
Untyll bothe thyne eyes starte out!

[*Robin Hood blows his horn, and his men rush in.*]

Here be a sorte of ragged knaves come in,
Clothed all in Kendale grene;
And to the they take their way nowe.
ROBYN HODE. Peradventure they do so.
FRYER. I gave the leve to blowe at thy wyll,
Now give me leve to whistell my fyll.
ROBIN HODE. Whystell, frere, evyl mote thou fare!
Untyll bothe thyne eyes stare.[2]

[*The Friar whistles, and his men rush in.*]

FRYER. Now, Cut and Bause!
Breng forth the clubbes and staves,
And downe with those ragged knaves!

[*They fight with clubs and staves. Robin Hood and his men are unable to overcome Friar Tuck and his men.*]

ROBYN HODE. How sayest thou, frere? Wylt thou be my man,
To do me the best servyse thou can?
Thou shalt have both golde and fee;

---

[1] An old proverb.
[2] Rather.
[3] The original text reads: "Now art thou, Robyn, without, and I, frere, within." I follow Child's correction.
[4] Shoes.
[5] Pay for.

[1] Bout.
[2] Original text reads "starte"; corrected by Manly.

[*He leads forward Maid Marian.*]

And also here is a lady free;
I wyll geve her unto the,
And her chapplayn I the make
To serve her for my sake.

[*The Friar throws his arms about her.*]

**Fryer.** Here is an huckle-duckle
An inch above the buckle!
She is a trul of trust
To serve a frier . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .[1]

[*Turning to his men.*]

Go home, ye knaves, and lay crabbes in the fyre,
For my lady and I will daunce in the myre
For veri pure ioye!

---

[1] Lines omitted by the present editor.

# SHETLAND SWORD DANCE[1]

## PERSONÆ DRAMATIS[2]

[St. George, of England, the master.
St. James, of Spain.
St. Denis, of France.
St. David, of Wales.
St. Patrick, of Ireland.
St. Anthony, of Italy.
St. Andrew, of Scotland.]

### Words used as a Prelude to the Sword-Dance.

*Enter Master, in the character of Saint George.*

Brave gentles all within this boor,[1]
If ye delight in any sport,
Come see me dance upon this floor,
Which to you all shall yield comfort.
Then shall I dance in such a sort
As possible I may or can.
You minstrel man, play me a Porte,[2]
That I on this floor may prove a man.

*He bows, and dances in a line.*

Now have I danced with heart and hand,
Brave gentles all, as you may see,
For I have been tried in many a land,
As yet the truth can testify;
In England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Italy, and Spain,
Have I been tried with that good sword of steel.

*Draws, and flourishes.*

Yet I deny that ever a man did make me yield;
For in my body there is strength,
As by my manhood may be seen;
And I, with that good sword of length,
Have oftentimes in perils been;
And over champions I was king;
And by the strength of this right hand
Once on a day I kill'd fifteen,
And left them dead upon the land.
Therefore, brave minstrel, do not care,
But play me a Porte most light,
That I no longer do forbear,
But dance in all these gentles' sight.
Although my strength makes you abased,
Brave gentles all, be not afraid,
For here are six champions with me, staid;
All by my manhood I have raised.

*He dances.*

Since I have danced, I think it best
To call my brethren in your sight,
That I may have a little rest;
And they may dance with all their might,
With heart and hand, as they are knights,
And shake their swords of steel so bright,
And show their main strength on this floor.
For we shall have another bout
Before we pass out of this boor.
Therefore, brave minstrel, do not care
To play to me a Porte most light,
That I no longer do forbear,
But dance in all these gentles' sight.

*He dances; and then introduces his Knights as under:*

Stout James of Spain, both tried and stour,

[1] Bower.
[2] A lively tune.

---

[1] From a note inserted in Scott's *The Pirate*, 1821, and reprinted, with other material, by E. K. Chambers, *The Mediæval Stage*, ii, 271. It is stated that "the manuscript from which the above was copied was transcribed from *a very old* one, by Mr. William Henderson, jun., of Papa Stour, in Zetland. Mr. Henderson's copy is not dated, but bears his own signature, and, from various circumstances, it is known to have been written about the year 1788." The date of the original manuscript is not indicated. In Sir Walter Scott's *Diary* for August 7, 1814, we read: "At Scalloway my curiosity was gratified by an account of the sword-dance, now almost lost, but still practised in the Island of Papa, belonging to Mr. Scott . . . . Some rude couplets are spoken (in *English* not *Norse*), containing a sort of panegyric upon each champion as he is presented. They then dance a sort of cotillion, as the ladies described it, going through a number of evolutions with their swords."

[2] Though this heading appears in the manuscript, the names are omitted, possibly because they were those of the famous Seven Champions of Christendom.

Thine acts are known full well indeed;
*[St. James advances.]*
And champion Dennis, a French knight,
Who stout and bold is to be seen;
*[St. Denis advances.]*
And David, a Welshman born,
Who is come of noble blood;
*[St. David advances.]*
And Patrick also, who blew the horn,
An Irish knight, amongst the wood;
*[St. Patrick advances.]*
Of Italy brave Anthony the good,
And Andrew of Scotland king.
*[St. Anthony and St. Andrew advance.]*

[Saint James.[1]] Saint George of England, brave indeed,
Who to the Jews wrought muckle tinte,[2]
Away with this! Let us come to sport,
Since that ye have a mind to war.
Since that ye have this bargain sought,
Come, let us fight, and do not fear.
[Saint George.] Therefore, brave minstrel, do not care
To play to me a Porte most light,
That I no longer do forbear,
But dance in all these gentles' sight.

*He dances, and advances to James of Spain.*

[Saint George.] Stout James of Spain, both tried and stour,
Thine acts are known full well indeed.
Present thyself within our sight,
Without either fear or dread.
Count not for favour or for feid,[3]
Since of thy acts thou hast been sure.
Brave James of Spain, I will thee lead
To prove thy manhood on this floor.

*James dances.*

[Saint George.] Brave champion Dennis, a French knight,
Who stout and bold is to be seen,
Present thyself here in our sight,
Thou brave French knight,
Who bold hast been;
Since thou such valiant acts hast done,
Come let us see some of them now.
With courtesy, thou brave French knight,
Draw out thy sword of noble hue.

*Dennis dances, while the others retire to a side.*

[Saint George.] Brave David a bow must string, and with awe
Set up a wand upon a stand,
And that brave David will cleave in twa.[1]

*David dances solus.*

[Saint George.] Here is, I think, an Irish knight,
Who does not fear, or does not fright.
To prove thyself a valiant man,
As thou hast done full often bright,
Brave Patrick dance, if that thou can.

*He dances.*

[Saint George.] Thou stout Italian, come thou here!
Thy name is Anthony, most stout.
Draw out thy sword that is most clear,
And do thou fight without any doubt;
Thy leg thou shake, thy neck thou lout,[2]
And show some courtesy on this floor.
For we shall have another bout
Before we pass out of this boor.

*[He dances.]*

[Saint George.] Thou kindly Scotsman come thou here!
Thy name is Andrew of Fair Scotland.
Draw out thy sword that is most clear;
Fight for thy king with thy right hand;
And aye as long as thou canst stand
Fight for thy king with all thy heart,
And then, for to confirm his band,
Make all his enemies for to smart.

*He dances. Music begins.*

---

[1] No speaker's name is indicated in the manuscript.
[2] Much harm.
[3] Feud, enmity.

[1] Two.
[2] Bend.

## FIGUIR.

The six stand in rank, with their swords reclining on their shoulders.

The Master (Saint George) dances, and then strikes the sword of James of Spain, who follows George, then dances, strikes the sword of Dennis, who follows behind James. In like manner the rest — the music playing — swords as before.

After the six are brought out of rank, they and the Master form a circle, and hold the swords point and hilt. This circle is danced round twice.

The whole, headed by the Master, pass under the swords held in a vaulted manner. They jump over the swords. This naturally places the swords across, which they disentangle by passing under their right sword.

They take up the seven swords, and form a circle, in which they dance round.

The Master runs under the sword opposite, which he jumps over backwards. The others do the same. He then passes under the right-hand sword, which the others follow, in which position they dance, until commanded by the Master, when they form into a circle, and dance round as before.

They then jump over the right-hand sword, by which means their backs are to the circle, and their hands across their backs. They dance round in that form, until the Master calls "Loose!" when they pass under the right sword, and are in a perfect circle.

The Master lays down his sword, and lays hold of the point of James's sword. He then turns himself, James, and the others, into a clew. When so formed, he passes under out of the midst of the circle; the others follow. They vault, as before. After several other evolutions, they throw themselves into a circle, with their arms across the breast.

They afterwards form such figures as to form a shield of their swords,[1] and the shield is so compact that the Master and his knights dance alternately with this shield upon their heads. It is then laid down upon the floor. Each knight lays hold of their former points and hilts with their hands across, which disentangle by figuirs directly contrary to those that formed the shield.

This finishes the ballet.

---

[1] This is called a "glass" in the Revesby Sword Play; see p. 358.

## EPILOGUE.

Mars does rule; he bends his brows;
He makes us all agast.
After the few hours that we stay here
Venus will rule at last.
Farewell, farewell, brave gentles all,
That herein do remain!
I wish you health and happiness
Till we return again.

*Exeunt.*

# OXFORDSHIRE ST. GEORGE PLAY [1]

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

St. George of England.
King Alfred.
King Alfred's Queen.
King William.
Old King Cole, with a wooden leg.
Giant Blunderbore.
Little Jack.
The Old Dragon.
Old Doctor Ball.
Father Christmas.
The Merry Andrew.
Morres-men.

*All the mummers come in singing, and walk round the place in a circle, and then stand on one side.*

*Enter King Alfred and his Queen, arm in arm.*

I am King Alfred, and this here is my bride.
I've a crown on my pate and a sword by my side. *Stands apart.*

*Enter King Cole.*

I am King Cole, and I carry my stump.
Hurrah for King Charles! Down with old Noll's Rump! [1] *Stands apart.*

*Enter King William.*

I am King William of blessed me-mo-ry,
Who came and pulled down the high gallows-tree,
And brought us all peace and pros-pe-ri-ty. *Stands apart.*

*Enter Giant Blunderbore.*

I am Giant Blunderbore, fee, fi, fum!
Ready to fight ye all, — so I says, "Come!"

*Enter Little Jack [a small boy].*

And this here is my little man Jack.
A thump on his rump, and a whack on his back! *Strikes him twice.*
I'll fight King Alfred, I'll fight King Cole,
I'm ready to fight any mortal soul!
So here I, Blunderbore, takes my stand,
With this little devil, Jack, at my right hand,
Ready to fight for mortal life. Fee, fi, fum!

*The Giant and Little Jack stand apart.*

*Enter St. George [the leader of the dance].*

I am St. George of Merry Eng-land.
Bring in the morres-men, bring in our band.

*Morres-men come forward and dance to a tune from fife and drum. The dance being ended, St. George continues:*

These are our tricks, — ho! men, ho!
These are our sticks, — whack men so!

*Strikes the Dragon, who roars, and comes forward.*

*The Dragon speaks.*

Stand on head, stand on feet!
Meat, meat, meat for to eat!

*Tries to bite King Alfred.*

I am the Dragon, — here are my jaws!
I am the Dragon, — here are my claws!

---

[1] Apparently an allusion to Oliver Cromwell and the Rump Parliament.

[1] Printed by F. G Lee in *Notes and Queries*, 5 Series (1874), ii, 503, with the following comment: "The text of the play was taken down by myself from the lips of one of the performers in 1853. I first saw it acted in the Hall of the old Vicarage House at Thame, in the year 1839, by those whose custom it had been, from time immemorial, to perform it at the houses of the gentle-people of that neighborhood at Christmas, between St. Thomas's Day [December 21] and Old Christmas Eve, January 5. These performers (now long scattered, and all dead but one, as I am informed) claimed to be the 'true and legitimate successors' of the mummers who, in the previous centuries, constantly performed at the 'Whitsun' and 'Christmas Church Ales.' . . . The man from whom I took down the following in my Note-book had performed at Brill, in the year 1807, and his father had done the same at Thame Park in the previous century." In *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, 1907, Max Beerbohm gives a delightful account of an Oxfordshire Morris he had recently witnessed by chance "in a tiny village near Oxford." The text of a Worcestershire St. George Play may be found in *Notes and Queries*, 2 Series (1860), xi, 271, and of a Middlesex play, *Ibid.*, x, 466.

Meat, meat, meat for to eat!
Stand on my head, stand on my feet!

*Turns a summersault, and stands aside.*

*All sing, several times repeated:*

Ho! ho! ho!
Whack men so!

*The drum and fife sound. They all fight, and after general disorder, fall down.*

*Enter Old Dr. Ball.*

I am the Doctor, and I cure all ills,
Only gullup my portions,[1] and swallow my pills;
I can cure the itch, the stitch, the pox, the palsy, and the gout,
All pains within, and all pains without.
Up from the floor, Giant Blunderbore!

*Gives him a pill, and he rises at once.*

Get up, King! get up, Bride!
Get up, Fool! and stand aside.

*Gives them each a pill, and they rise.*

Get up, King Cole, and tell the gentlefolks all
There never was a doctor like Mr. Doctor Ball.
Get up, St. George, old England's knight!

*Gives him a pill.*

You have wounded the Dragon and finished the fight.

*All stand aside but the Dragon, who lies in convulsions on the floor.*

Now kill the Dragon, and poison old Nick;
At Yule-tyde, both o' ye, cut your stick!

*The Doctor forces a large pill down the Dragon's throat, who thereupon roars, and dies in convulsions.*

*Then enter Father Christmas.*

I am Father Christmas! Hold, men, hold!

[*Addressing the audience.*]

Be there loaf in your locker, and sheep in your fold,
A fire on the hearth, and good luck for your lot,
Money in your pocket, and a pudding in the pot!

*He sings:*

Hold, men, hold!
Put up your sticks;
End all your tricks;
Hold, men, hold!

*Chorus* (*all sing, while one goes round with a hat for gifts*).

Hold, men, hold!
We are very cold,
Inside and outside,
We are very cold.
If you don't give us silver,
Then give us gold
From the money in your pockets —

*Some of the performers show signs of fighting again.*

Hold, men, hold! [*etc.*]

*Song and chorus.*

God A'mighty bless your hearth and fold,
Shut out the wolf, and keep out the cold!
You gev' us silver, keep you the gold,
For 'tis money in your pocket. — Hold, men, hold!

*Repeat in chorus.*

God A'mighty bless, &c.

*Exeunt omnes.*

---

[1] A vulgarism for "potions."

# LEICESTERSHIRE ST. GEORGE PLAY[1]

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

1. Captain Slasher, *in military costume, with sword and pistol.*
2. King of England, *in robes, wearing the crown.*
3. Prince George, *King's son, in robes, and sword by his side.*
4. Turkish Champion, *in military attire, with sword and pistol.*
5. A Noble Doctor.
6. Beelzebub.
7. A Clown.

*Enter Captain Slasher.*

[Capt. S.] I beg your pardon for being so bold;
I enter your house, the weather's so cold.
Room! a room! brave gallants, give us room to sport;
For in this house we do resort,
Resort, resort, for many a day.
Step in, the King of England,
And boldly clear the way!

*Enter King of England.*

[King of E.] I am the King of England, that boldly does appear.
I come to seek my only son, — my only son is here.

*Enter Prince George.*

[Prince G.] I am Prince George, a worthy knight.
I'll spend my blood for England's right;
England's right I will maintain;
I'll fight for old England once again.

*Enter Turkish Knight.*

[Turk. Kn.] I am the Turkish Champion.[1]
From Turkey's land I come;
I come to fight the King of England
And all his noble men.

*Captain Slasher.*

[Capt. S.] In comes Captain Slasher.
Captain Slasher is my name,
With sword and pistol by my side.
I hope to win the game.

King of E. I am the King of England,
As you may plainly see.
These are my soldiers standing by me;
They stand by me your life to end;
On them doth my life depend.

Prince G. I am Prince George, the champion bold,
And with my sword I won three crowns of gold;
I slew the fiery dragon and brought him to the slaughter,
And won the King of Egypt's only daughter.

Turk. Kn. [*sneeringly*]. As I was going by St. Francis' School,
I heard a lady cry, "A fool! a fool!"
"A fool!" was every word.
"That man's a fool,
Who wears a wooden sword!"

[*Points to Prince George's sword.*]

Prince G. A wooden sword, you dirty dog!

[1] Probably an echo from the Crusades.

---

[1] Printed by William Kelly, *Notices Illustrative of the Drama and Other Popular Amusements*, 1865, p. 53. Kelly writes: "Among the most vivid of our boyish recollections some five and thirty years ago, is that of seeing parties of Mummers going about the town, from house to house, some of them wearing high conical caps of pasteboard, decorated with ribbons and gilt paper, and carrying wooden swords, a club, frying-pan. etc."; and he adds: "As the last traces of this ancient custom will be inevitably swept away in a very few years, we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity of placing before our readers the 'Mummers' Play' as performed in some villages near Lutterworth, at Christmas, 1863." One may find a vivid description of a very similar play, with Captain Slasher, Prince George, the Turkish Knight, and other characters, in Thomas Hardy's *The Return of the Native*, book ii, chapters iv and v.

My sword is made of the best of metal free.
If you would like to taste of it,
I'll give it unto thee.

[*He draws his sword.*]

Stand off! stand off! you dirty dog!
Or by my sword you'll die!
I'll cut you down the middle,
And make your blood to fly.

*They fight; Prince George falls, mortally wounded.*

King of E. Oh horrible! terrible! What hast thou done?
Thou hast ruin'd me! ruin'd me!
By killing of my only son!
Oh, is there ever a noble doctor to be found,
To cure this English champion
Of his deep and deadly wound?

*Enter Noble Doctor.*

[Doctor.] Oh yes, there is a noble doctor to be found,
To cure this English champion
Of his deep and deadly wound.

King of E. And pray what is your practice?
Doctor. I boast not of my practice; neither do I study in the practice of physic.
King of E. What can you cure?
Doctor. All sorts of diseases,
Whatever you pleases:
I can cure the itch, the pitch,
The phthisic, the palsy, and the gout;
And if the devil's in the man,
I can fetch him out.
My wisdom lies in my wig.
I torture not my patients with excations
Such as pills, boluses, solutions, and embrocations;
But by the word of command
I can make this mighty prince to stand.

King. What is your fee?
Doctor. Ten pounds, is true.
King. Proceed, noble doctor;
You shall have your due.

Doctor. Arise! arise! most noble prince, arise,
And no more dormant lay!
And with thy sword
Make all thy foes obey.

*The Prince arises.*

Prince G. My head is made of iron,
My body is made of steel,
My legs are made of crooked bones
To force you all to yield!

*Enter Beelzebub.*

Beel. In comes I, old Beelzebub;
Over my shoulder I carry my club,
And in my hand a frying-pan,
Pleased to get all the money I can.

*Enter Clown.*

Clown. In comes I, who's never been yet,
With my great head and little wit:
My head is great, my wit is small,
I'll do my best to please you all.

[*The Clown turns somersaults, etc., while Beelzebub collects money in his frying-pan.*]

*Song, all join.*

And now we are done, and must be gone,
  No longer will we stay here;
But, if you please, before we go,
  We'll taste your Christmas beer.
*Exeunt omnes.*

# THE REVESBY SWORD PLAY[1]

*Acted by a set of Plow Boys or Morris Dancers, in riband dresses, with swords, on October 20th, 1779, at Revesby Abbey, in Lincolnshire, the seat of the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart., P.R.S.*[2]

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

*Men.*

| | |
|---|---|
| The Fool | John Johnson. |
| Pickle Herring | Richd. Johnson. |
| Blue Breeches | Henry Johnson. |
| Pepper Breeches | John Tomlinson. |
| Ginger Breeches | Chas. Hodgson. |
| Mr. Allspice | Thos. Harness. |

*Women.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Cicely | John Fisher. |
| Fidler, *or* Mr. Musick Man | John Johnson, jun$^{r}$. |

The Plough Boys, or Morris Dancers.

*Enter Fool.*[1]

You gentle lords of honour,
Of high and low, I say,
We all desire your favour
For to see our pleasant play.

Our play it is the best, kind sirs,
That you would like to know;
And we will do our best, sirs,
And think it well bestowd.

Tho some of us be little,
And some of a middle sort,
We all desire your favour
To see our pleasant sport.

You must not look on our actions;
Our wits they are all to seek;
So I pray take no exceptions
At what I am a-going to speak.

We are come over the mire and moss;
We dance an Hobby Horse;[1]
A Dragon[2] you shall see,
And a wild Worm[3] for to flee.
Still we are all brave, jovial boys,
And takes delight in Christmas toys.[4]

We are come both for bread and beer,
And hope for better cheer,
And something out of your purse,[5] sir,
Which I hope you will be never the worse, sir.
Still we are all brave, jovial boys,
And takes delight in Christmas toys.

[1] The plow boys, in their enthusiasm, have combined several plays into one long performance; the first may be called the Morris Dance of the Hobby Horse, with a prologue, lines 1–28, and an epilogue, lines 60–65, in itself a complete text.

[1] The figure of a horse, usually made of canvas, fastened round the waist of the dancer, his own legs going through the body of the horse and enabling him to walk. This amusing device was nearly always employed in the morris dance.

[2] Possibly suggesting the dragon killed by St. George, in which case the rider of the Hobby Horse may be regarded as St. George himself.

[3] Dragon.

[4] Several references in this composite play show that certain of its elements were designed for performance at Christmas.

[5] For the custom of taking a collection, see pages 354, 356.

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[1] Printed by T. Fairman Ordish in *The Folk-Lore Journal*, vii (1889), 338, from a manuscript apparently written down at the time of the performance; John Brand, *Popular Antiquities*, 1813, i, 573, speaks of having "a copy" before him, and quotes some of the lines. Ordish calls the play *Morrice Dancers at Revesby;* I have adopted the title devised by Manly, and have also, for the most part, retained Manly's arrangement of certain lines as verse which appear as prose in the original. All additions to the manuscript as reproduced by Ordish I have set in square brackets.

[2] Brand, *Popular Antiquities*, i, 573.

[*Turning to the Fiddler.*]

Come now, Mr. Musick Man, play me my delight.

**Fidler.** What is that, old father?

**Fool.** Ah! boy, times is hard! "I love to have money in both pockets." [1]

**Fid.** You shall have it, old father.

**Fool.** Let me see it.

*The Fool then calls in his five sons; first Pickle Herring, then Blue Britches, then Ginger Britches, Pepper Britches, and last calls out:*

Come now, you Mr. Allspice!

*They foot it once round the room, and the man that is to ride the Hobby Horse goes out, and the rest sing the following song:*

[**All.**] Come in, come in, thou Hobby Horse,
And bring thy old fool at thy arse!
Sing tanter[a]day, sing tanter[a]day,
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down a!

[*Enter the Hobby Horse.*]

*Then The Fool and the Horse fights about the room, whilst the following song is singing by the rest:*

[**All.**] Come in, come in, thou bonny wild Worm!
For thou hast ta'en many a lucky turn.
Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down [a]!

[*Enter the Wild Worm.*]

*The wild Worm is only sprung three or four times, as the man walks round the room, and then goes out; and the Horse and The Fool fights again, whilst the following song is sung:*

[**All.**] Come in, come in, thou Dragon stout,[2]
And take thy compass round about!
Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down [a]!

Now you shall see a full fair fight
Between our old Fool and his right.
Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down [a]!

Now our scrimage is almost done;
Then you shall see more sport soon.
Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down [a]!

**Fool.** Up well hart,[1] and up well hind!
Let every man then to his own kind.
Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down [a]!

Come, follow me, merry men all!
Tho' we have made bold for to call,[2]
It is only once by the year
That we are so merry here.
Still we are all brave, jovial boys,
And takes delight in Christmas toys.

*Then they all foot it round the room and follows The Fool out.*

*They all re-enter, and lock their swords to make the glass;*[3] *The Fool running about the room.*

**Pickle Herring.** What is the matter now, father?

**Fool.** Why, I tell the[e] what, Pickle Herring. As a I was a-looking round about me through my wooden spectacles made of a great, huge, little, tiney bit of leather, placed right behind me, even before me, I thought I saw a feat[4] thing —

**P. H.** You thought you saw a feat thing? What might this feat thing be, think you, father?

---

[1] A popular old song, referred to in the sixteenth century.

[2] The manuscript does not note that a Dragon enters, although the Prologue seems to promise "A Dragon you shall see," as well as "a wild Worm." Probably the "Worm" and the "Dragon" are identical.

[1] Ordish *hark;* corrected by Manly.

[2] Clearly this stanza marks the end of the first text.

[3] See the *Shetland Sword Dance*, p. 352. The swords were locked together so that all might be lifted by the hilt of one.

[4] Fine.

Fool. How can I tell, boy, except I see it again?

P. H. Would you know it if you see it again?

Fool. I cannot tell thee, boy. Let me get it looked at.

*Pickle Herring, holding up the glass, says:*

[P. H.] Is this it, father?

*The Fool, looking round, says:*

[Fool.] Why, I protest, Pickle Herring, the very same thing! But what might thou call this very pretty thing?

P. H. What might you call it? You are older than I am.

Fool. How can that be, boy, when I was born before you?

P. H. That is the reason that makes you older.

Fool. Well, what dost thou call this very pretty thing?

P. H. Why, I call it a fine large looking-glass.

Fool. Let me see what I can see in this fine large looking-glass. Here's a hole through it. [*Looking through at Pickle Herring.*] I see, I see, and I see!

P. H. You see, and you see? And what do you see?

Fool. Marry, e'en a fool, just like the[e]!

P. H. It is only your own face in the glass.

Fool. Why, a fool may be mistain sometimes, Pickle Herring. But what might this fine large looking-glass cost the[e]?

P. H. That fine large looking-glass cost me a guinea.[1]

Fool. A guinea, boy? Why, I could have bought as good a one at my own door for three half-pence.

P. H. Why, fools and cuckolds has always the best luck!

Fool. That is as much to say thy father is one?

P. H. Why, you pass for one!

*The Fool, keeping the glass all the while in his hands, says:*

Fool. Why was thou such a ninnie,[2] boy, to go to ware [3] a guinea, to look for thy beauty where it never was? But I will shew thee, boy, how foolish thou hast wared a deal of good money.[1]

*Then The Fool flings the glass upon the floor, jumps upon it; then the dancers every one drawing out his own sword [from the glass], and The Fool dancing about the room; Pickle Herring takes him by the collar and says:*

[P. H.] Father, father, you are so merrylly disposed this good time there is no talking to you! Here is very bad news.

Fool. Very good news? I am glad to hear it! I do not hear good news every day.

P. H. It is very bad news!

Fool. Why, what is the matter now, boy?

P. H. We have all concluded to cut off your head.

Fool. Be mercyfull to me, a sinner![2] If you should do as you have said, there is no such thing. I would not lose my son Pickle Herring for fifty pounds.

P. H. It is your son Pickle Herring that must lose you. It is your head we desire to take off.

Fool. My head? I never had my head taken off in all my life!

P. H. You both must and shall.

Fool. Hold, hold, boy! Thou seem'st to be in good earnest! But I'll tell thee where I'll be buryed.

P. H. Why, where will you be buried but in the churchyard, where other people are buried?

Fool. Churchyard! I never was buried there in all my life!

P. H. Why, where will you be buried?

Fool. Ah, boy! I am often dry; I will be buried in Mr. Mirfin's ale-celler.[3]

P. H. It is such a place as I never heard talk off in all my life.

Fool. No, nor nobody else, boy.

P. H. What is your fancy to be buried there?

Fool. Ah, boy! I am oftens dry; and, when they come to fill the quart, I'll drink it off, and they will wonder what is the matter.

---

[1] One pound one shilling.

[2] Fool.

[3] Invest, spend.

[1] This seems to be broken-down verse.

[2] A Biblical echo, the prayer of the publican, Luke xviii, 13.

[3] Probably a local allusion.

P. H. How can you do so when you will be dead? We shall take your head from your body; and you will be dead.

Fool. If I must die, I will dye with my face to the light, for all you!

*Then The Fool, kneeling down, with the swords round his neck, says* [*to the audience*]:

[Fool.] Now, gentlemen, you see how ungratefull my children is grown! When I had them all at home, small, about as big as I am, I put them out to good learning: I put them to Coxcomb Colledge, and then to the University of Loggerheads; and I took them home again this good time of Christmas,[1] and I examin'd them all one by one, all together [2] for shortness. And now they are grown so proud and so presumptious they are a-going to kill their old father for his little means. So I must dye for all this?

P. H. You must dye, father.

Fool. And I will die for all the tother. But I have a little something; I will give it amongst you as far as it goes, and then I shall dye quietly.

P. H. I hope you will.

Fool. So, to my first son, Pickle Herring, —

I'll give him the roaned nag,
And that will make the rogue brag.

And to my second son, —

I'll give him the brindled cow.
. . . . . . . . . . . .[3]

And to my third son, —

I'll give him the sanded sow;
And hope I shall please you all enow.

And to my fourth son, —

I'll give him the great ruff dog,
For he always lives like a hog.

And to my fifth son, —

I'll give him the ram,
And I'll dye like a lamb.

*Then they draw their swords, and The Fool falls on the floor* [*as dead*], *and the dancers walk once round The Fool; and Pickle Herring stamps with his foot and The Fool rises on his knees again; and Pickle Herring says:*

[P. H.] How now, father?

Fool. How now, then, boy? I have another squeak for my life?

P. H. You have a many.

*Then, the dancers puting their swords round The Fool's neck again,*

Fool. So I must dye?

P. H. You must dye, father.[1]

Fool. Hold! I have yet a little something more to leave amongst you, and then I hope I shall dye quietly. So, to my first son, Pickle Herring, —

I'll give him my cap and my coat, —
A very good sute, boy.

And to my second son, —

I'll give him my purse and apparel,
But be sure, boys, you do not quarrel.

As to my other three,
My executors they shall be.

*Then, Pickle Herring, puting his hand to his sword,*

Fool. Hold, hold, boy! Now I submit my soul to God.

P. H. A very good thought, old father!

Fool. Mareham churchyard,[2] I hope, shall have my bones.

[*The Fool falls to the floor as dead.*]

*Then the dancers walk round The Fool with their swords in their hands; and Pickle Herring stamps with his foot and says:*

[P. H.] Heigh, old father!

Fool. Why, boy, since I have been out of this troublesome world I have heard so much musick of fiddles playing and bells ringing that I have a great fancy to go away singing. So, prithee, Pickle Her-

---

[1] The allusion points to a Christmas performance. Possibly the appearance of the plow boys at Revesby on October 20 was induced by some special occasion.

[2] Ordish *altogether;* corrected by Manly.

[3] A line seems to be lost.

[1] Apparently the dancers have run in a portion of the text of another play, thus necessitating a second killing of the Fool.

[2] This constitutes further evidence of a second text: cf. lines 148–60.

ring, let me have one of thy best songs.[1]
P. H. You shall have it, old father.
FOOL. Let me see it.

[*The dancers again put their swords about the Fool's neck.*]

*They sing.*

[SONS.] Good people all, I pray you now behold,
Our old Fool's bracelet is not made of gold,
But it is made of iron and good steel,
And unto death we'll make this old Fool yield.

[*The Fool sings.*]

FOOL. I pray forbear, my children small;
For, as I am lost as parent to you all,
O, let me live a while your sport for to advance,
That I may rise again and with you have a dance.

*The Sons sing.*

[SONS.] Now, old father, that you know our will,
That for your estate we do your body kill,
Soon after death the bell for you shall toll,
And wish the Lord he may receive your soul!

*Then The Fool falls down; and the dancers, with their swords in their hands, sings the following song:*

[SONS.] Good people all, you see what we have done:
We have cut down our father like the evening sun!
And here he lies all in his purple gore,
And we are afraid he never will dance [no] more.

*Fool rises from the floor and says:*

[FOOL.] No, no, my children! By chance you are all mistaen!
For here I find myself, I am not slain;
But I will rise, your sport then to advance,
And with you all, brave boys, I'll have a dance.

*Then the Foreman and Cicely dances down, and the other two couple stand their ground. After a short dance called "Jack, the brisk young Drummer," they all go out but The Fool, Fidler, and Cicely.*[1]

FOOL. Hear you, do you please to hear the sport of a fool?
CICELY. A fool? for why?
FOOL. Because I can neither leap, skip, nor dance, but cut a caper thus high.

[*He cuts capers while the dancers are changing costume.*]

Sound, music! I must be gon; the Lord of Pool draws nigh.

*Enter Pickle Herring.*

P. H. I am the Lord of Pool,
And here begins my measure,
And after me a fool,
To dance a while for pleasure
In Cupid's school.

FOOL. A fool, a fool, a fool,
A fool I heard thou say,
But more the other way,
For here I have a tool
Will make a maid to play,
Although in Cupid's school.
Come all away! [*Exit the Fool.*]

*Enter Blue Britches.*

BLUE B. I am the Knight of Lee,
And here I have a dagger,
Offended not to be.
Come in, thou needy beggar,
And follow me!

*Enter Ginger Britches.*

GINGER B. Behold, behold, behold
A man of poor estate!
Not one penny to infold!
. . . . . . . . . . . . . .[2]

---

[1] Possibly a portion of a third text is here introduced, necessitating the third death of the Fool.

[1] This, possibly, ends the second play, a sword play, the chief episode of which is the death of the Fool. The next play, beginning at line 266, is preceded by "capers" with which the Fool amuses the spectators while the dancers make a change of costume.

[2] A line seems to be lost. Possibly Ginger Britches and Pepper Britches originally appeared as Lazarus and Dives. The speech of Pepper Britches has been reduced to one line, doubtless through faulty memory.

*Enter Pepper Britches.*

PEPPER B. My money is out at use, or else I would.

*Enter Mr. Allspice.*

ALLSPICE. With a hack, a hack, a hack,
See how I will skip and dance
For joys that we have found!
Let each man take his chance,
And we will all dance round.

*Then they dance the sword dance which is called "Nelly's Gig." Then they run under their swords, which is called "Running Battle." Then three dancers dances with three swords, and the Foreman jumping over the swords. Then The Fool goes up to Cicely.*

FOOL [*rushing in.*] Here comes I that never come yet,
Since last time, lovy!
I have a great head but little wit.
Tho' my head be great and my wits be small,
I can play the fool for a while as well as [the] best of ye all.

My name is noble Anthony;
I am as meloncholly as a mantle-tree.
I am come to show you a little sport and activity,
And soon, too!
Make room for noble Anthony
And all his good company!

Drive out all these proud rogues, and let my lady and I have a parl![1]

[*He drives out all the dancers, and remains with Cicely.*][2]

CICELY. O, ye clown! what makes you drive out my men so soon?[3]

FOOL. O, pardon, madam, pardon! and I
Will never offend you more.
I will make your men come in as fast
As ever they did before.

CICELY. I pray you at my sight,
And drive it not till night,
That I may see them dance once more
So lovely in my sight.

FOOL. A-faith, madam, and so I will!
I will play the man
And make them come in
As fast as ever I can. —

But hold, gip, Mrs. Clagars!
How do you sell geese?
CICELY. Go, look, Mister Midgecock!
Twelve pence apiece.

FOOL. Oh, the pretty pardon!
CICELY. A gip for a frown!
FOOL. An ale-wife for an apparitor!
CICELY. A rope for a clown!
FOOL. Why, all the devise in the country
Cannot pull this down!

I am a valiant knight just come from [over] the seas:
You do know me, do you?
I can kill you ten thousand, tho' they be but fleas.
I can kill you a man for an ounce of mustard,
Or I can kill you ten thousand for a good custard.
I have an old sheep skin,
And I lap it well in,
Sword and buckler by my side, all ready for to fight!

Come out, you whores and gluttons all! for, had it not been in this country, I should not have shewen my valour amongst you. But sound, music! for I must be gone. [*Exit the Fool.*]

*Enter Pickle Herring.*

P. H. In, first and formost, do I come,
All for to lead this race,[1]
Seeking the country far and near
So fair a lady to embrace.

[*He advances to Cicely.*]

So fair a lady did I never see,
So comely in my sight,

---

[1] Conversation.

[2] This, possibly, marks the end of the third play, a sword play, in which the text has largely disappeared.

[3] This scene between the two clowns has the purpose of enabling the dancers to rest, or to change costume.

[1] Dance; *qy.* trace.

Drest in her gaudy gold
  And silver shining bright.

She has fingers long, and rings
  Of honor of beaten gold:
  My masters all, behold!
It is now for some pretty dancing time,
And we will foot it fine.

*[He dances once round with Cicely.]*

*[Enter Blue Britches.]*

**Blue B.** I am a youth of jollitree!
Where is there one like unto me?
My hair is bush'd very thick;
My body is like an hasel stick;

My legs they quaver like an eel;
My arms become my body weel;
My fingers they are long and small:
Am not I a jolly youth, proper and tall?

Therefore, Mister Musick Man,
  Whatsoever may be my chance,
It is for my ladie's love and mine,
  Strike up the morris dance.

*Then they foot it once round.*

*[Enter Ginger Britches.]*

**Ginger B.** I am a jolly young man of flesh, blood and bone;
Give eare, my masters all, each one,

And especially you, my lady dear!
  I hope you like me well.
Of all the gallants here
  It is I that doth so well.

Therefore, Mister Musick Man,
  Whatsoever may be my chance,
It is for my ladie's love and mine,
  Strike up the morris dance.

*Then they foot it round.*

*[Enter Pepper Britches.]*

**Pepper B.** I am my father's eldest son,
  And heir of all his land[s],
And in a short time, I hope,
  It will fall into my hands.

I was brought up at Lindsey Court
  All the days of my life.
Here stands a fair lady,
  I wish she was my wife.

I love her at my heart,
  And from her I will never start.
Therefore, Mr. Musick Man, play up my part.
**Fool** [*rushing in*]. And mine, too!

*Enter Allspice, and they foot it round. Pickle Herring, suter to Cicely, takes her by the hand, and walks about the room.*

**P. H.** Sweet Ciss, if thou wilt be my love,
  A thousand pounds I will give thee.
**Cicely.** No, you're too old, sir, and I am too young;
  And alas! old man, that must not be!

**P. H.** I'll buy the[e] a gown of violet blue,
  A petticoat imbroidered to thy knee;
Likewise my love to thee shall be true.
**Cicely.** But alas! old man, that must not be!

**P. H.** Thou shalt walk at thy pleasure, love, all the day,
  If at night thou wilt but come home to me;
And in my house bear all the sway.
**Cicely.** Your children they'll find fault with me.

**P. H.** I'll turn my children out of doors.
**Cicely.** And so, I fear, you will do me.
**P. H.** Nay, then, sweet Ciss, ne'er trust me more,
  For I never loved lass like the[e] before.[1]

*Enter Fool.*

**Fool.** No, nor behind, neither.
Well met, sweet Cis! Well over-ta'en!
**Cicely.** You are kindly wellcome, sir, to me.
**Fool.** I'll wipe my eyes, and I'll look again!
  Methinks, sweet Cis, I now the[e] see!

---

[1] Manly adopts Kittredge's emendation "before like thee"; and this may have been the original form of the line; but the plow boys doubtless altered the verse for the sake of the Fool's witticism in the line that follows.

CICELY. Raf, what has thou to pleasure me?
FOOL. Why, this, my dear, I will give the[e],
And all I have it shall be thine.
CICELY. Kind sir, I thank you heartelly.

P. H. [*to the Fool*]. Stand back! stand back, thou silly old swain!
This girl shall go with none but me.
FOOL. I will not!
P. H. Stand back! stand back! or I'll cleave thy brain!

*Then Pickle Herring goes up to Cis, and says:*

O, now, sweet Cis, I am come to thee!

CICELY. You are as wellcome as the rest,
Wherein you brag so lustilly.
FOOL. For a thousand pounds she loves me best!
I can see by the twinkling of her ee.[1]

P. H. I have store of gold, whereon I boast;
Likewise my sword, love, shall fight for the[e];
When all is done, love, I'll scour the coast,
And bring in gold for thee and me.

CICELY. Your gold may gain as good as I,
But by no means it shall tempt me;
For youthfull years and frozen age
Cannot in any wise agree.

*Then Blue Britches goes up to her, and says:*

[BLUE B.] Sweet mistress, be advised by me:
Do not let this old man be denyed,
But love him for his gold in store;
Himself may serve for a cloak, beside.

CICELY. Yes, sir, but you are not in the right.
Stand back! and do not council me!
For I love a lad that will make me laugh
In a secret place, to pleasure me.
FOOL. Good wench!

PICKLE HERRING. Love, I have a beard as white as milk.[2]
CICELY. Ne'er better for that, thou silly old man!
P. H. Besides, my skin, love, is soft as silk.
FOOL. And thy face shines like a dripping pan.

P. H. Rafe, what has thou to pleasure her?
FOOL. Why a great deal more, boy, than there's in the[e].
P. H. Nay then, old rogue, I thee defye.
CICELY. I pray, dear friends, fall not out for me!

P. H. Once I could skip, leap, dance, and sing;
Why will you not give place to me?
FOOL. Nay, then, old rogue, I thee defye;
For thy nose stands like a Maypole tree.

*Then goes up Ginger Breeches to Cisley and says:*

[GINGER B.] Sweet mistress, mind what this man doth say,
For he speaks nothing but the truth:
Look on the soldier, now I pray;
See, is not he a handsome youth?

CICELY. Sir, I am engaged to one I love,
And ever constant I will be,
There is nothing that I prize above.
P. H. For a thousand pounds, she's gone from me!
FOOL. Thou may lay two!

CICELY [*to Pickle Herring*]. Old father, for your reverend years,
Stand you the next man unto me;
Then, he that doth the weapon bear;
For I will have the hind man of the three!

FOOL [*to Pickle Herring*]. Old father, a fig for your old gold!
The soldier, he shall bear no sway!
But you shall see, and so shall we,
'Tis I that carries the lass away!

*Then the dancers takes hold of their swords, and foots it round the room; then every man makes his obeisance to the master of the house, and the whole concludes.*

FINIS.

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[1] Eye.
[2] An echo of the old Elizabethan song: "His head as white as milk"?

# IX

# FARCES

# THE PLAYE CALLED THE FOURE PP.[1]

## A NEWE AND A VERY MERY ENTERLUDE [2] OF

A PALMER.[3]
A PARDONER.[4]
A POTYCARY.[5]
A PEDLER.

*Made by* JOHAN HEEWOOD.

[*Enter the Palmer, with a palm leaf in his hand.*]

**PALMER.** Nowe God be here! Who kepeth this place?
Now, by my fayth, I crye you mercy!
Of reason I must sew for grace,
My rewdnes sheweth me no[w] so homely.[1]
Wherof your pardon axt, and wonne,
I sew you, as curtesy doth me bynde,
To tell thys whiche shalbe begonne
In order as may come beste in mynde.[2]
I am a palmer, as ye se,
Whiche of my lyfe much part hath spent
In many a fayre and farre countre,
As pylgrymes do of good intent.
At Hierusalem haue I bene
Before Chrystes blessed sepulture;
The Mount of Caluery haue I sene, —
A holy place, ye may be sure;
To Iosophat and Olyuete
On fote, God wote, I wente ryght bare, —
Many a salt tere dyde I swete
Before thys carkes coulde come there;
Yet haue I bene at Rome, also,
And gone the stacions all arow,[3]
Saynt Peters Shryne, and many mo
Then, yf I tolde, all ye do know, —
Except that there be any suche
That hath ben there and diligently
Hath taken hede and marked muche,
Then can they speke as muche as I.
Then at the Rodes also I was,
And rounde about to Amyas;
At Saynt Toncomber; and Saynt Tronion;
At Saynt Bothulph; and Saynt Anne of Buckston;
On the hylles of Armony,[1] where I see Noes arke;
With holy Iob; and Saynt George in Suthwarke;
At Waltam; and at Walsyngam;
And at the good Rood [2] of Dagnam;
At Saynt Cornelys; at Saynt Iames in Gales;
And at Saynt Wynefrydes Well in Walles;
At Our Lady of Boston; at Saynt Edmundes-byry;
And streyght to Saynt Patrykes Purgatory;
At Rydybone; and at the Blood of Hayles,
Where pylgrymes paynes ryght muche auayles;
At Saynt Dauys; and at Saynt Denis;
At Saynt Mathew; and Saynt Marke in Venis;
At Mayster Iohan Shorne; at Canterbury;

---

[1] Lacking in refinement.
[2] M. *myndy.*
[3] In succession.

[1] Armenia.
[2] Cross.

---

[1] The author, John Heywood, was born about 1497, was for a time a musician in the employ of the court, and later became master of an organization of singing boys, probably those connected with St. Paul's Cathedral. The boys of Pauls, we know, were very active in presenting plays; but whether Heywood wrote his farces for them (which seems likely) or for some troupe connected with the court we cannot say. The date of *The Four PP.* is about 1521–25; *Johan Johan*, and *The Weather* were written a little later.

I have reproduced the text from the earliest edition (M.) printed by Wyllyam Myddlyton about 1545 (photographic facsimile by J. S. Farmer, 1908). With this I have collated Manly's careful reprint in *Specimens*, 1896, from which I have taken a few emendations (recorded in footnotes), and have derived aid in my effort to modernize the punctuation and equip the play with stage-directions.

[2] Used at this time in the sense of "play," generally implying an amusing performance.

[3] One who spent his time traveling from shrine to shrine; having visited the Holy Land, he carried, as a sign thereof, a palm leaf in his hand.

[4] One licensed to sell papal pardons and indulgences. He was usually provided also with a stock of holy relics.

[5] Obviously in this case an itinerant vendor of medicines.

The Graet God of Katewade; at Kynge Henry;
At Saynt Sauyours; at Our Lady of Southwell;
At Crome; at Wylsdome; and at Muswell;
At Saynt Rycharde; and at Saynt Roke;
And at Our Lady that standeth in the Oke.
To these, with other many one,
Deuoutly haue I prayed and gone,
Prayeng to them to pray for me
Unto the Blessed Trynyte;
By whose prayers and my dayly payne
I truste the soner to obtay[n]e
For my saluacyon grace and mercy.
For, be ye sure, I thynke surely
Who seketh sayntes for Crystes sake —
And namely suche as payne do take
On fote to punyshe their [1] frayle body —
Shall therby meryte more hyely
Then by any thynge done by man.

[*The Pardoner with his packet of pardons and relics has entered while the Palmer is speaking.*]

Pardoner. And when ye haue gone as farre as ye can,
For all your labour and gostely entente
Yet welcome home as wyse as ye wente!
Palmer. Why, sir, dyspyse ye pylgrymage?
Pardoner. Nay, for God, syr! Then dyd I rage!
I thynke ye ryght well occupyed
To seke these sayntes on euery syde.
Also your payne I nat dysprayse it;
But yet I discomende your wit;
And, or [2] we go, euen so shall ye,
If ye in this wyl answere me:
I pray you, shew what the cause is
Ye wente al these pylgrymages.
Palmer. Forsoth, this lyfe I dyd begyn
To rydde the bondage of my syn;
For whiche these sayntes, rehersed or this,
I haue both sought and sene, i-wys,
Besechynge them to be recorde
Of all my payne vnto the Lorde
That gyueth all remyssyon
Upon eche mans contricyon.
And by theyr good mediacyon,
Upon myne humble submyssion,
I trust to haue in very dede
For my soule helth the better spede.
Pardonar. Nowe is your owne confessyon lyckely
To make your-selfe a fole quyckely!
For I perceyue ye wolde obtayne
No nother thynge for all your payne
But onely grace your soule to saue.
Nowe, marke in this what wyt ye haue
To seke so farre, and helpe so nye!
Euen here at home is remedy,
For at your dore my-selfe doth dwell,
Who coulde haue saued your soule as well
As all your wyde wandrynge shall do,
Though ye wente thryes to Iericho.
Nowe, syns ye myght haue spedde at home,
What haue ye wone by ronnyng at Rome?
Palmer. If this be true that ye haue moued,[1]
Then is my wyt in-dede reproued!
But let vs here fyrste what ye are.
Pardonar. Truly, I am a pardoner.
Palmer. Truely a pardoner, — that may be true,
But a true pardoner doth nat ensew!
Ryght selde [2] is it sene, or neuer,
That treuth and pardoners dwell together;
For, be your pardons neuer so great,
Yet them to enlarge [3] ye wyll nat let [4]
With suche lyes that oftymes, Cryste wot,
Ye seme to haue that ye haue nat.
Wherfore I went my-selfe to the selfe thynge [5]
In euery place, and, without faynynge,[6]
Had as muche pardon there assuredly
As ye can promyse me here doutefully.
Howe-be-it, I thynke ye do but scoffe.[7]
But yf ye hadde all the pardon ye speke [8] of,
And no whyt of pardon graunted
In any place where I haue haunted,
Yet of my labour I nothynge repent.
God hathe respect how eche tyme is spent;
And, as in his knowledge all is regarded,
So by his goodnes all is rewarded.
Pardonar. By the fyrste parte of this laste tale

---

[1] M. *thy*.
[2] Ere.

---

[1] Brought forward, propounded.
[2] Seldom.
[3] Magnify.
[4] Desist, forbear.
[5] Thing itself.
[6] Unfeignedly.
[7] M. *scofte*.
[8] M. *Kepe*.

It semeth you come late from the ale!
For reason on your syde so farre doth fayle
That ye leue [re]sonyng and begyn to rayle;
Wherin ye forget your owne parte clerely,
For ye be as vntrue as I;
And in one poynte ye are beyonde me,
For ye may lye by aucthoryte, —
And all that hath wandred so farre
That no man can be theyr controller.[1]
And, where ye esteme your labour so muche,
I say yet agayne my pardons be suche
That, yf there were a thousande soules on a hepe,
I wolde brynge them all to heuen as good chepe[2]
As ye haue brought your-selfe on pylgrymage
In the leste quarter of your vyage, —
Whiche is farre a thys syde heuen, by God!
There your labour and pardon is od,[3]
With smale cost, and without any payne,
These pardons bryngeth them to heuen playne.
Geue me but a peny, or two pens,
And as sone as the soule departeth hens,
In halfe an houre — or thre quarters at moste —
The soule is in heuen with the Holy Ghost!

[*The Potycary with his packet of medicines has entered during the Pardonar's speech.*]

Potycary. Sende ye any soules to heuen by water?
Pardoner. If we dyd, syr, what is the mater?
Potycary. By God, I haue a drye soule shulde thyther!
I praye you let our soules go to heuen togyther.
So bysy you twayne be in soules helth,
May nat a potycary come in by stelth?
Yes, that I wyll, by Saynt Antony!
And, by the leue of thys company,
Proue ye false knaues bothe, or we goo,
In parte of your sayenges, as thys, lo:[4]

[*To the Palmer.*]

Thou by thy trauayle thynkest heuen to gete;

[*To the Pardoner.*]

And thou by pardons and relyques countest no lete
To sende thyne owne soule to heuen sure,
And all other whome thou lyste to procure.
If I toke an accyon,[1] then were they blanke;
For, lyke theues, the knaues rob away my thanke.
All soules in heuen hauynge relefe,
Shall they thanke your craftes? Nay, thanke myn, chefe!
No soule, ye knowe, entreth heuen gate
Tyll from the bodye he be separate;
And whome haue ye knowen dye ho[ne]stlye
Without helpe of the potycary?
Nay, all that commeth to our handlynge, —
Except ye happe to come to hangynge —
That way, perchaunce, ye shall nat myster[2]
To go to heuen without a glyster![3]
But, be ye sure, I wolde be wo
If ye shulde chaunce[4] to begyle me so.
As good to lye with me a-nyght
As hange abrode in the mone lyght!
There is no choyse to fle my hande
But, as I sayd, into the bande.[5]
Syns of our soules the multitude
I sende to heuen, when all is vewed,
Who shulde but I, then, all-togyther
Haue thanke of all theyr commynge thyther?
Pardoner. If ye kylde a thousande in an houre space,
When come they to heuen dyenge from state of grace?
Potycary. If a thousande pardons about your neckes were teyd,
When come they to heuen yf they neuer dyed?
Palmer. Longe lyfe after good workes, in-dede,
Doth hynder mannes receyt of mede,[6]
And deth before one dewty done

---

[1] Tester as to facts; see lines 454–55.
[2] At as good a bargain.
[3] Different.
[4] Manly in error states that M. has *so*.

[1] Instituted legal proceedings.
[2] Need.
[3] Purge.
[4] M. *chaunge*.
[5] Hangman's rope.
[6] Reward.

May make vs thynke we dye to[o] sone.
Yet better tary a thynge, then haue it,
Then go to[o] sone and vaynly craue it.
Pardoner. The longer ye dwell in communicacion,
The lesse shall you lyke thys ymagynacyon;
For ye may perceyue euen at the fyrst chop
Your tale is trapt in such a stop
That, at the leste, ye seme worse then we.
Potycary. By the masse, I holde vs nought, all thre!

[*The Pedler with his pack on his back has entered in time to hear the last speech.*]

Pedler. By Our Lady, then haue I gone wronge!
And yet to be here I thought longe.
Potycary. Brother, ye haue gone wronge no w[h]yt.
I prayse your fortune and your wyt
That can dyrecte you so discretely
To plante you in this company:
Thou [a] palmer, and thou a pardoner,
I a potycary.
Pedler. And I a pedler!
Potycary. Nowe, on my fayth, full well matched![1]
Were the deuyll were we foure hatched?
Pedler. That maketh no mater, syns we be matched.
I coulde be mery yf that I catchyd
Some money for parte of the ware in my packe.
Potycary. What the deuyll hast thou there at thy backe?
Pedler. Why, dost thou nat knowe that every pedler[2]
In euery tryfull must be a medler?
Specyally in womens tryflynges, —
Those vse we chefe aboue all thynges.
Whiche thynges to se, yf ye be disposed,
Beholde what ware here is disclosed.

[*He opens his pack.*]

Thys gere sheweth it-selfe in suche bewte
That eche man thynketh it sayth: "Come, bye me!"
Loke, were your-selfe can lyke to be chooser,
Your-selfe shall make pryce, though I be looser!
Is here nothynge for my father Palmer?
Haue ye nat a wanton in a corner
For your walkyng to holy places?
By Cryste, I haue herde of as straunge cases!
Who lyueth in loue, or loue wolde wynne,
Euen at this packe he must begynne,
Where is ryght many a proper token,
Of whiche by name parte shall be spoken:
Gloues, pynnes, combes, glasses vnspottyd,
Pomanders, hookes, and lasses[1] knotted,
Broches, rynges, and all maner bedes,
Lace, rounde and flat, for womens hedes,
Nedyls, threde, thymbell[s], shers, and all suche knackes, —
Where louers be, no suche thynges lackes, —
Sypers,[2] swathbondes, rybandes, and sleuelaces,
Gyrdyls, knyues, purses, and pyncases.
Potycary. Do women bye theyr pyncases of you?
Pedler. Ye, that they do, I make God a-vow!
Potycary. So mot I thryue, then for my parte,
I be-shrewe thy knaues nakyd herte
For makynge my wyfeys pyncase so wyde!
The pynnes fall out; they can nat abyde.
Great pynnes must she haue, one or other;
Yf she lese one, she wyll fynde an-other!
Wherin I fynde cause to complayne, —
New pynnes to her pleasure, and my payne!
Pardoner. Syr, ye seme well sene in womens causes.
I praye you, tell me what causeth this,
That women, after theyr arysynge,
Be so longe in theyr apparelynge?
Pedler. Forsoth, women haue many lettes,[3]
And they be masked in many nettes,
As frontlettes, fyllettes, par[t]lettes and barcelettes;
And then theyr bonettes, and theyr poynettes.
By these lettes and nettes the lette is suche
That spede is small whan haste is muche.

---

[1] M. *watched.*
[2] M. *pedled.*

[1] Laces.
[2] Kerchiefs, hat-bands, etc., of cypress satin.
[3] Hindrances.

**Potycary.** An-other cause why they come nat forwarde,
Whiche maketh them dayly to drawe backwarde,
And yet is a thynge they can nat forbere —
The trymmynge and pynnynge vp theyr gere,
Specyally theyr fydlyng with the taylepyn;
And, when they wolde haue it prycke in,
If it chaunce to double in the clothe
Then be they wode[1] and swereth an othe;
Tyll it stande ryght, they wyll nat forsake it.
Thus, though it may nat, yet wolde they make it.
But be ye sure they do but defarre[2] it,
For, when they wolde make it, ofte tymes marre it.
But prycke them and pynne them as myche[3] as ye wyll,
And yet wyll they loke for pynnynge styll!
So that I durste holde[4] you a ioynt[5]
Ye shall neuer haue them at a full[6] poynt.
**Pedler.** Let womens maters passe, and marke myne!
What-euer theyr poyntes be, these poyntes be fyne.
Wherfore, yf ye be wyllynge to bye,
Ley downe money! Come of quyckely!
**Palmer.** Nay, by my trouth, we be lyke fryers:
We are but beggers, we be no byers.
**Pardoner.** Syr, ye maye showe your ware for your mynde,
But I thynke ye shall no profyte fynde.
**Pedler.** Well, though thys iourney[7] acquyte no coste,[8]
Yet thynke I nat my labour loste;
For, by the fayth of my body,
I lyke full well thys company.
Up shall this packe, for it is playne
I came not hyther al for gayne.
Who may nat play one day in a weke,
May thynke hys thryfte is farre to seke!
Deuyse what pastyme ye thynke beste,
And make ye sure to fynde me prest.[1]
**Potycary.** Why, be ye so vnyuersall
That you can do what-so-euer ye shall?
**Pedler.** Syr, yf ye lyste to appose[2] me,
What I can do then shall ye se.
**Potycary.** Than tell me thys: be ye perfyt in drynkynge?
**Pedler.** Perfyt in drynkynge as may be wysht by thynkyng!
**Potycary.** Then after your drynkyng, how? fall ye to wynkyng?
**Pedler.** Syr, after drynkynge, whyle the shot[3] is tynkynge,
Some hedes be swynking,[4] but myne wyl be synkynge,
And vpon drynkynge myne eyse wyll be pynkynge,[5]
For wynkynge[6] to drynkynge is alway lynkynge.[7]
**Potycary.** Then drynke and slepe ye can well do.
But, yf ye were desyred therto,
I pray you, tell me, can you synge?
**Pedler.** Syr, I haue some syght[8] in synginge.
**Potycary.** But is your brest any-thynge swete?
**Pedler.** What-euer my breste be, my voyce is mete.
**Potycary.** That answere sheweth you a ryght syngynge man!
Now what is your wyll, good father, than?
**Palmer.** What helpeth wyll where is no skyll?
**Pardoner.** And what helpeth skyll where is no wyll?[9]
**Potycary.** For wyll or skyll, what helpeth it
Where frowarde knaues be lackynge wyt?[10]
Leue of thys curyosytie;[11]
And who that lyste, synge after me!

*Here they synge.*[12]

**Pedler.** Thys lyketh[13] me well, so mot I the![14]

---

[1] Mad. [2] Defer. [3] M. *nyche.*
[4] Wager. [5] M. *soynt* (or *loynt*). [6] M. *fall.*
[7] M. *yourney*, which is a variant spelling for *journey*.
[8] Produce no profit.

[1] Ready. [2] Interrogate.
[3] Reckoning, bill. [4] M. *swymmyng.*
[5] Blinking. [6] Sleeping.
[7] Linking (associated with). [8] Skill.
[9] M. *Wyt.* [10] M. *Wyll.*
[11] Subtlety. [12] No song is given.
[13] Pleaseth. [14] So may I thrive.

Pardoner. So helpe me God, it lyketh nat me!
Where company is met and well agreed,
Good pastyme doth ryght well in-dede;
But who can set [1] in dalyaunce
Men set [2] in suche a variaunce
As we were set or ye came in?
Whiche stryfe thys man dyd fyrst begynne,

[*Points to the Palmer.*]

Allegynge that suche man as vse,
For loue of God, and nat [3] refuse,
On fot to goo from place to place
A pylgrymage, callynge for grace,
Shall in that payne with penitence
Obtayne discharge of conscyence, —
Comparynge that lyfe for the beste
Enduccyon [4] to our endles reste.
Upon these wordes our mater grewe;
For, yf he coulde auow them true,
As good to be a gardener
As for to be a pardoner.
But, when I harde hym so farre wyde,
I then aproched and replyed,
Sayenge this: that this indulgence,
Hauyng the forsayd penitence,
Dyschargeth man of all offence
With muche more profyt then this pretence.
I aske but two pens at the moste, —
I-wys, this is nat very great coste, —
And from all payne, without dyspayre, —
My soule for his, — kepe euen his chayre,[5]
And when he dyeth he may be sure
To come to heuen, euen at pleasure.
And more then heuen he can nat get,
How farre so-euer he lyste to iet.[6]
Then is hys payne more then hys wit
To wa[l]ke to heuen, syns he may syt!
Syr, as we were in this contencion,
In came thys daw [7] with hys inuencyon,

[*Points to the Potycary.*]

Reuilynge [8] vs, hym-selfe auauntynge,
That all the soules to heuen assendynge
Are most bounde to the potycary,
Bycause he helpeth most men to dye;
Before whiche deth he sayeth, in-dede,
No soule in heuen can haue hys mede.
Pedler. Why, do potycaries kyll men?
Potycary. By God, men say so now and then!
Pedler. And I thought ye wolde nat haue myst
To make men lyue as longe as ye lyste.
Potycary. As longe as we lyste? nay, longe as they can!
Pedler. So myght we lyue without you than.
Potycary. Ye, but yet it is necessary
For to haue a potycary;
For when ye fele your conscyens redy,
I can sende you to heuen quyckly.
Wherfore, concernynge our mater here,
Aboue these twayne I am best, clere.
And, yf ye [1] lyste to take me so,
I am content you, and no mo,
Shall be our iudge as in thys case,
Whiche of vs thre shall take the best place.
Pedler. I neyther wyll iudge the beste nor worste;
For, be ye bleste or be ye curste,
Ye know it is no whyt my sleyght [2]
To be a iudge in maters of weyght.
It behoueth no pedlers nor proctours [3]
To take on them iudgemente as doctours.
But yf your myndes be onely set
To worke for soule helthe, ye be well met,
For eche of you somwhat doth showe
That soules towarde heuen by you do growe.
Then, yf ye can so well agree
To contynue togyther all thre,
And all you thre obey on wyll,
Then all your myndes ye may fulfyll:
As, yf ye came all to one man
Who shulde goo pylgrymage more then he can,

[*To the Palmer.*]

In that ye, palmer, as debite,
May clerely dyscharge [4] hym, parde;

[*To the Pardoner.*]

And for all other syns, ones had contryssyon,
Your pardons geueth hym full remyssyon;

---

[1] M. *syt*. Manly suggests *fet* (fetch).
[2] M. *syt;* emend. suggested by Manly.
[3] M. *God nat and.*
[4] Induction, that which leads on to.
[5] Sit at ease.
[6] Strut, walk.
[7] Fool.
[8] M. *reuelynge.*

[1] M. *he.*
[2] M. may have *fleyght*, but the heavy inking makes certainty impossible.
[3] Minor university officials.
[4] M. *dyscharde.*

[*To the Potycary.*]

And then ye, mayster potycary,
May sende hym to heuen by-and-by.[1]
POTYCARY. Yf he taste this boxe nye aboute the pryme,[2]
By the masse, he is in heuen or euensonge tyme!
My craft is suche that I can ryght well
Sende my fryndes to heuen — and myselfe to hell.
But, syrs, marke this man, for he is wyse
Who [3] coulde deuyse suche a deuyce;
For yf we thre may be as one,
Then be we Lordes [4] euerychone, —
Betwene vs all coulde nat be myste
To saue the soules of whome we lyste.
But, for good order, at a worde,
Twayne of vs must wayte on the thyrde;
And vnto that I do agree,
For bothe you twayne shall wayt on me!
PARDONER. What chaunce is this that suche an elfe
Commaund two knaues, besyde hymselfe? [5]
Nay, nay, my frende, that wyll nat be;
I am to good to wayt on the!
PALMER. By Our Lady, and I wolde be loth
To wayt on the better on [6] you both!
PEDLER. Yet be ye sewer, for all thys dout,
Thys waytynge must be brought about.
Men can nat prosper, wylfully ledde;
All thynge decayeth [7] where is no hedde.
Wherfore, doutlesse, marke what I say:
To one of you thre, twayne must obey;
And, synnes ye can nat agree in voyce
Who shall be hed, there is no choyse
But to deuyse some maner thynge
Wherin ye all be lyke [8] connynge;
And in the same who can do beste,
The other twayne to make them preste
In euery thynge of hys entente
Holly to be at commaundement.
And now haue I founde one mastry
That ye can do in-dyfferently,
And is nother sellynge nor byenge,
But euyn only very lyenge!
And all ye thre can lye as well
As can the falsest deuyll in hell.
And, though afore ye harde me grudge
In greater maters to be your iudge,
Yet in lyeng I can [1] some skyll;
And, yf I shall be iudge, I wyll.
And, be ye sure, without flatery,
Where my consciens fyndeth the mastrye,
Ther shall my iudgement strayt be founde,
Though I myght wynne a thousande pounde.
PALMER. Syr, for lyeng, though I can do it,
Yet am I loth for to goo to it.
PEDLER [*to the Palmer*]. Ye haue nat cause to feare to be bolde,
For ye may be here vncontrolled.[2]

[*To the Pardoner.*]

And ye in this haue good auauntage,
For lyeng is your comen vsage.

[*To the Potycary.*]

And you in lyenge be well spedde,
For all your craft doth stande in falshed.

[*To all three.*]

Ye nede nat care who shall begyn,
For eche of you may hope to wyn.
Now speke, all thre, euyn as ye fynde:
Be ye agreed to folowe my mynde?
PALMER. Ye, by my trouth, I am contente.
PARDONER. Now, in good fayth, and I assente.
POTYCARY. If I denyed, I were a nody,
For all is myne, by Goddes body!

*Here the Potycary hoppeth.*

PALMER. Here were a hopper to hop for the rynge!
But, syr, thys gere goth nat by hoppynge.
POTYCARY. Syr, in this hopynge I wyll hop so well
That my tonge shall hop as well as my hele;
Upon whiche hoppynge I hope, and nat doute it,
To hope so that ye shall hope without [it].

---

[1] Immediately.
[2] The first hour of the day, beginning about six o'clock.
[3] M. *How.*
[4] Alluding to the Trinity
[5] M. assigns this and the preceding line to the Potycary, and gives the reading *Commaunded two knaues be, beside hym selfe.* I follow Dodsley's reading.
[6] Of.
[7] M. *decayed.*
[8] Equally.

[1] Have.
[2] Untested as to facts.

PALMER. Syr, I wyll neyther boste ne brawll,[1]
But take suche fortune as may fall;
And, yf ye wynne this maystry,
I wyll obaye you quietly.
And sure I thynke that quietnesse
In any man is great rychesse,
In any maner company,
To rule or be ruled indifferently.
PARDONER. By that bost thou semest a begger in-dede.
What can thy quyetnesse helpe vs at nede?
Yf we shulde starue, thou hast nat, I thynke,
One peny to bye vs one potte of drynke.
Nay, yf rychesse mygh[t]e rule the roste,[2]
Beholde what cause I haue to boste!

[*He opens his pack.*]

Lo, here be pardons halfe a dosyn.
For gostely [3] ryches they haue no cosyn;
And, more-ouer, to me they brynge
Sufficient succour for my lyuynge.
And here be relykes of suche a kynde
As in this worlde no man can fynde.
Knele downe, all thre, and, when ye leue kyssynge,
Who lyste to offer shall haue my blyssynge!

[*He holds up a relic.*]

Frendes, here shall ye se euyn anone
Of All-Hallows the blessyd iaw-bone, —
Kys it hardely, with good deuocion!
POTYCARY. This kysse shall brynge vs muche promocyon. —
Fogh! by Saynt Sauyour, I neuer kyst a wars!
Ye were as good kysse All-Hallows ars!
For, by All-Halows, me thynketh
That All-Halows breth stynkith.
PALMER. Ye iudge All-Halows breth vnknowen;
Yf any breth stynke, it is your owne.
POTYCARY. I knowe myne owne breth from All-Halows,
Or els it were tyme to kysse the galows.

[*He holds up another relic.*]

PARDONER. Nay, syrs, beholde, here may ye se
The great-toe of the Trinite.
Who to thys toe any money voweth,
And ones may role it in his moueth,
All hys lyfe after, I vndertake,
He shall be ryd of the toth-ake.
POTYCARY. I praye you, torne that relyke aboute!
Other the Trinite had the goute,
Or elles, bycause it is iii toes in one,
God made it muche as thre toes alone.
PARDONER.[1] Well, lette that passe, and loke vpon thys; —

[*He holds up another relic.*]

Here is a relyke that doth nat mys
To helpe the leste as well as the moste.
This is a buttocke-bone of Pentecoste!
POTYCARY. By Chryste, and yet, for all your boste,
Thys relyke hath be-shyten the roste!

[*Takes out another relic.*]

PARDONER. Marke well thys relyke, — here is a whipper! [2]
My frendes, vnfayned,[3] here is a slypper
Of one of the Seuen Slepers,[4] be sure.
Doutlesse thys kys shall do you great pleasure,
For all these two dayes it shall so ease you
That none other sauours shall displease you.
POTYCARY. All these two dayes! nay, all thys two yere!
For all the sauours that may come here
Can be no worse; for, at a worde,
One of the Seuen Slepers trode in a torde.
PEDLER. Syr, me thynketh your deuocion is but smal.
PARDONER. Small? mary, me thynketh he hath none at all!
POTYCARY. What the deuyll care I what ye thynke?
Shall I prayse relykes when they stynke?

[*Takes out another.*]

PARDONER. Here is an eye-toth of the Great Turke.

---

[1] Manly states in error that M. has *drawll*.
[2] Have full authority.
[3] Spiritual.

[1] M. assigns this speech to the Potycary.
[2] A thing that surpasses all others.
[3] Without feigning.
[4] M. *ssepers*.

Whose eyes be ones sette on thys pece of worke
May happely lese parte of his eye-syght,
But nat all tyll he be blynde out-ryght.
Potycary. What-so-euer any other man seeth,
I haue no deuocion [1] to Turkes teeth;
For, all-though I neuer sawe a greter,
Yet me thynketh I haue sene many better.

[*The Pardoner takes out a box.*]

Pardoner. Here is a box full of humble-bees
That stonge Eue as she sat on her knees
Tastynge the frute to her forbydden.
Who kysseth the bees within this hydden
Shall haue as muche pardon, of ryght,
As for any relyke he kyst thys nyght.
Palmer. Syr, I wyll kysse them, with all my herte.
Potycary. Kysse them agayne, and take my parte,
For I am nat worthy, — nay, lette be!
Those bees that stonge Eue shall nat stynge me!

[*The Pardoner holds up a flask.*]

Pardoner. Good frendes, I haue yet here in thys glas,
Whiche on the drynke at the weddynge was
Of Adam and Eue vndoutedly.
If ye honor this relyke deuoutly,
All-though ye thurste no whyt the lesse,
Yet shall ye drynke the more, doutlesse, —
After whiche drynkynge ye shall be as mete
To stande on your hede as on your fete.
Potycary. Ye, mary, now I can [2] ye thanke!
In presents of thys the reste be blanke.
Wolde God this relyke had come rather! [3]
Kysse that relyke well, good father!
Suche is the payne that ye palmers take
To kysse the pardon-bowle for the drynke sake.

[*He prays.*]

"O holy yeste,[4] that loketh full sowr and stale,
For Goddes body helpe me to a cuppe of ale!
The more I be-holde the, the more I thurste;
The oftener I kysse the, more lyke to burste!
But syns I kysse the so deuoutely,
Hyre me, and helpe me with drynke till I dye!"
What, so muche prayenge and so lytell spede?
Pardoner. Ye, for God knoweth whan it is nede
To sende folkes drynke; but, by Saynt Antony,
I wene he hath sent you to muche all-redy.
Potycary. If I haue neuer the more for the,
Then be the relykes no ryches to me,
Nor to thy-selfe, excepte they be
More benefycyall then I can se.

[*He opens his packet of medicines.*]

Rycher is one boxe of [t]his tryacle [1]
Then all thy relykes that do no myrakell.
If thou haddest prayed but halfe so muche to me
As I haue prayed to thy relykes and the,
Nothynge concernynge myne occupacion
But streyght shulde haue wrought in operacyon.
And, as in value, I pas you an ace.

[*He takes out a box.*]

Here lyeth muche rychesse in lytell space, —
I haue a boxe of rebarb here,
Whiche is as deynty as it is dere.
So helpe me God and hollydam,
Of this I wolde nat geue a dram [2]
To the beste frende I haue in Englandes grounde,
Though he wolde geue me xx pounde;
For, though the stomake do it abhor,
It pourget[h] you clene from the color,[3]
And maketh your stomake sore to walter,[4]
That ye shall neuer come to the halter.
Pedler. Then is that medycyn a souerayn thynge
To preserue a man from hangynge.

---

[1] M. *devacion* [2] Give. [3] Sooner. [4] Yeast.

[1] Treacle, a salve. [2] M. *deam*.
[3] Choler, bile. [4] Be upset.

[*He takes out another.*]

**Potycary.** If ye wyll taste but thys crome that ye se,
If euer ye be hanged, neuer truste me!

[*He holds up an ointment.*]

Here haue I diapompholicus, —
A speciall oyntement, as doctours discuse;
For a fistela or a canker
Thys oyntement is euen shot-anker,[1]
For this medecyn helpeth one and other,
Or bryngeth them in case that they nede no other.

[*Holds up a vial of syrup.*]

Here is syrapus de Byzansis, —
A lytell thynge is i-nough of this,
For euen the weyght of one scryppull [2]
Shall make you stronge as a cryppull.

[*Displays the rest.*]

Here be other: as, diosfialios,
Diagalanga, and sticados,
Blanka manna, diospoliticon,
Mercury sublyme, and metridaticon,
Pelitory, and arsefetita,
Cassy, and colloquintita.
These be the thynges that breke all stryfe
Betwene mannes sycknes and his lyfe.
From all payne these shall you deleuer,
And set you euen at reste for-euer!
Here is a medecyn — no mo lyke the same
Whiche comenly is called thus by name
Alikakabus or alkakengy, —
A goodly thynge for dogges that be mangy.
Suche be these medycynes that I can
Helpe a dogge as well as a man.
Nat one thynge here partycularly
But worketh vniuersally, —
For it doth me as muche good when I sell it
As all the byers that taste it or smell it.
Now, syns my medycyns be so specyall,
And in operacion so generall,
And redy to worke when-so-euer they shall,
So that in ryches I am principall,
Yf any rewarde may entreat ye,
I besech your mashyp [3] be good to me,
And ye shall haue a boxe of marmelade
So fyne that ye may dyg it with a spade.

**Pedler.** Syr, I thanke you; but your rewarde
Is nat the thynge that I regarde.
I muste, and wyll, be indifferent:
Wherfore procede in your intente.

**Potycary.** Nowe, yf I wyst [1] thys wysh no synne,
I wolde to God I myght begynne!

**Pardoner.** I am content that thou lye fyrste.

**Palmer.** Euen so am I; and say thy worste!
Now let vs here of all thy lyes
The greatest lye thou mayst deuyse,
And in the fewyst wordes thou can.

**Potycary.** Forsoth, ye be an honest man.

**Palmer.** There sayde ye muche! but yet no lye.

**Pardoner.** Now lye ye bothe, by Our Lady!
Thou lyest in bost of hys honestie,
And he hath lyed in affyrmynge the.

**Potycary.** Yf we both lye, and ye say true,
Then of these lyes your parte adew!
And yf ye wyn, make none auaunt;
For ye are sure of one yll seruaunte.

[*To the Palmer.*]

Ye may perceyue by the wordes he gaue
He taketh your mashyp but for a knaue.
But who tolde true, or lyed in-dede,
That wyll I knowe or we procede.
Syr, after that I fyrste began
To prayse you for an honest man,
When ye affyrmed it for no lye, —
Now, by our fayth, speke euen truely, —
Thought ye your affyrmacion true?

**Palmer.** Ye, mary, I! for I wolde ye knewe
I thynke my-selfe an honest man.

**Potycary.** What, thought ye in the contrary than?

**Pardoner.** In that I sayde the contrary,
I thynke from trouth I dyd nat vary.

**Potycary.** And what of my wordes?

**Pardoner.** I thought ye lyed.

**Potycary.** And so thought I, by God that dyed!

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[1] The chief and last reliance.
[2] Scruple.
[3] Mastership.

[1] Knew.

Nowe haue you twayne eche for hym-selfe layde
That none hath lyed ou[gh]t, but both truesayd;
And of vs twayne none hath denyed,
But both affyrmed, that I haue lyed:
Now syns [ye] both your trouth confes,
And that we both my lye so witnes
That twayne of vs thre in one agree, —
And that the lyer the wynner must be, —
Who coulde prouyde suche euydens
As I haue done in this pretens?

[*To the Pedler.*]

Me thynketh this mater sufficient
To cause you to gyue iudgement,
And to giue me the mastrye,
For ye perceyue these knaues can nat lye.
**Palmer.** Though nother of vs as yet had lyed,
Yet what we can do is vntryed;
For yet we haue deuysed nothynge,
But answered you and geuen hyrynge.
**Pedler.** Therfore I haue deuysed one waye
Wherby all thre your myndes may saye:
For eche of you one tale shall tell;
And whiche of you telleth most meruell [1]
And most vnlyke to be true,
Shall most preuayle, what-euer ensew.
**Potycary.** If ye be set in mervalynge,
Then shall ye here a meruaylouse thynge;
And though, in-dede, all be nat true,
Yet suer the most parte shall be new.

[*He begins his lie.*]

I dyd a cure, no lenger a-go
But *Anno Domini millesimo*,
On a woman, yonge and so fayre
That neuer haue I sene a gayre.
God saue all women from that lyknes!
This wanton had the fallen-syknes, —
Whiche by dissent came lynyally,
For her mother had it naturally.
Wherfore, this woman to recure
It was more harde ye may be sure.
But, though I boste my crafte is suche
That in suche thynges I can do muche,
How ofte she fell were muche to reporte;
But her hed so gydy and her helys [1] so shorte
That, with the twynglynge of an eye,
Downe wolde she falle euyn by-and-by.
But, or she wolde aryse agayne,
I shewed muche practyse, muche to my payne;
For the tallest [2] man within this towne
Shulde nat with ease haue broken her sowne.[3]
All-though for lyfe I dyd nat doute her,
Yet dyd I take more payne about her
Then I wolde take with my owne syster.
Syr, at the last I gaue her a glyster, —
I thrust a tampyon [4] in her tewell
And bad her kepe it for a iewell.
But I knewe it so heuy to cary
That I was sure it wolde nat tary;
For where gonpouder is ones fyerd
The tampyon wyll no lenger be hyerd.
Whiche was well sene in tyme of thys chaunce;
For, when I had charged this ordynaunce,
Sodeynly, as it had thonderd,
Euen at a clap losed her bumberd.
Now marke, for here begynneth the reuell: [5]
This tampion [6] flew x longe myle leuell,
To a fayre castell of lyme and stone, —
For strength I knowe nat suche a one, —
Whiche stode vpon an hyll full hye,
At fote wherof a ryuer ranne bye,
So depe, tyll chaunce had it forbyden,
Well myght the Regent [7] there haue ryden.
But when this tampyon on this castell lyght,
It put the castels so farre to flyght
That downe they came eche vpon other,
No stone lefte standynge, by Goddes Mother!
But rolled downe so faste the hyll
In suche a nomber, and so dyd fyll,
From botom to bryme, from shore to shore,
Thys forsayd ryuer, so depe before,
That who lyste nowe to walke therto,
May wade it ouer and wet no shoo.
So was thys castell layd wyde open
That euery man myght se the token.

---

[1] Marvelous.

[1] Heels.
[2] Stoutest, bravest.
[3] Swoon.
[4] M. *thampyon.*
[5] Merry-making.
[6] Manly states in error that M. has *tampton.*
[7] The name of a ship?

But — in a good houre maye these wordes be spoken! —
After the tampyon on the walles was wroken,[1]
And pece by pece in peces broken,
And she delyuered with suche violens
Of all her inconueniens,
I left her in good helth and luste.
And so she doth contynew, I truste!
Pedler. Syr, in your cure I can nothynge tell;
But to our purpose ye haue sayd well.
Pardoner. Well, syr, then marke what I can say!

[*He begins his lie.*]

I haue ben a pardoner many a day,
And done greater cures gostely
Then euer he dyd bodely;
Namely, thys one whiche ye shall here,
Of one departed within thys seuen yere, —
A frende of myne, and lykewyse I
To her agayne was as frendly, —
Who fell so syke so sodeynly
That dede she was euen by-and-by,[2]
And neuer spake with preste nor clerke,
Nor had no whyt of thys holy warke,
For I was thens, it coulde nat be;
Yet harde I say she asked for me.
But when I bethought me howe thys chaunced,
And that I haue to heuen auaunced
So many soules to me but straungers
And coude nat kepe my frende from daungers,
But she to dy so daungerously,
For her soule helth especyally, —
That was the thynge that greued me soo
That nothynge coulde release my woo
Tyll I had tryed euen out of hande[3]
In what estate her soule dyd stande.
For whiche tryall, shorte tale to make,
I toke thys iourney for her sake, —
Geue eare, for here begynneth the story! —
From hens I went to purgatory,
And toke with me thys gere in my fyste,
Wherby I may do there what I lyste.
I knocked, and was let in quyckly;
But, Lorde, how lowe the soules made curtesy!
And I to euery soule agayne
Dyd gyue a beck them to retayne,
And axed them thys question than:
Yf that the soule of suche a woman
Dyd late amonge them there appere.
Wherto they sayd she came nat here.
Then ferd I muche it was nat well.
Alas! thought I, she is in hell!
For with her lyfe I was so acqueynted
That sure I thought she was nat saynted.
With thys it chaunced me to snese;
"Christe helpe!" quoth a soule that ley for his fees.
"Those wordes," quoth I, "thou shalt nat lees!"[1]
Then with these pardons of all degrees
I payed hys tole, and set hym so quyght[2]
That strayt to heuen he toke his flyght.
And I from thens to hell that nyght,
To help this woman, yf I myght,
Nat as who sayth by authorite,[3]
But by the waye of entreate.
And fyrst [to] the deuyll that kept the gate
I came, and spake after this rate:
"All hayle, syr deuyll!" and made lowe curtesy.
"Welcome!" quoth he, thys smillyngly.
He knew me well. And I at laste
Remembred hym syns longe tyme paste,
For, as good happe wolde haue it chaunce,
Thys deuyll and I were of olde acqueyntaunce,
For oft in the play of Corpus Cristi
He hath[4] played the deuyll at Couentry.
By his acqueyntaunce and my behauoure
He shewed to me ryght frendly fauoure.
And — to make my returne the shorter —
I sayd to this deuyll: "Good mayster porter,
For all olde loue, yf it lye in your power,
Helpe me to speke with my lorde and your."
"Be sure," quoth he, "no tongue can tell
What tyme thou coudest haue come so well,
For thys daye Lucyfer fell, —
Whiche is our festyuall in hell.
Nothynge vnreasonable craued thys day
That shall in hell haue any nay.
But yet be-ware thou come nat in
Tyll tyme thou may thy pasporte wyn.

---

[1] Avenged.
[2] Immediately.
[3] At once.

[1] Lose (without reward).
[2] Free.
[3] M. *outhorite.*
[4] Manly has *had.*

Wherfore stande styll, and I wyll wyt[1]
Yf I can get thy saue-condyt."
He taryed nat, but shortely gat it,
Under seale, and the deuyls hande at it,
In ample wyse, as ye shall here.
Thus it began: "Lucyfere,
By the power of God chyefe deuyll of hell,
To all the deuyls that there do dwell,
And euery of them, we sende gretynge,
Under streyght[2] charge and commaundynge,
That they aydynge and assystent be
To suche a pardoner," — and named[3] me, —
"So that he may at lybertie
Passe saue without hys ieopardy
Tyll that he be from vs extyncte[4]
And clerely out of helles precincte.
And, hys pardons to kepe sauegarde,
We wyll they lye in the porters warde.
Geuyn in the fornes of our palys,[5]
In our hye courte of maters of malys,
Suche a day and yere of our reyne."
"God saue the deuyll!" quoth I, "for playne,[6]
I truste thys wrytynge to be sure."
"Then put thy truste," quoth he, "in euer,[7]
Syns thou art sure to take no harme."
Thys deuyll and I walket arme in arme,
So farre tyll he had brought me thyther
Where all the deuyls of hell togyther
Stode in a-ray in suche apparell
As for that day there metely fell:
Theyr hornes well gylt, theyr clowes[8] full clene,
Theyr taylles well kempt,[9] and, as I wene,
With sothery[10] butter theyr bodyes anoynted, —
I neuer sawe deuyls so well appoynted.
The mayster deuyll sat in his iacket,
And all the soules were playnge at racket.
None other rackettes they hadde in hande
Saue euery soule a good fyre-brande;
Wherwith they played so pretely
That Lucyfer laughed merely,
And all the resedew of the fendes[11]
Dyd laugh full well togytther lyke frendes.
But of my frende I sawe no whyt,
Nor durst nat axe for her as yet.
Anone all this rout was brought in silens,
And I by an vsher brought in presens.
Then to Lucyfer low as I coude
I knelyd. Whiche he so well alowde
That thus he beckte; and, by Saynt Antony,
He smyled on me well-fauoredly,
Bendynge hys browes, as brode as barnedurres,
Shakynge hys eares, as ruged as burres,
Rolynge hys yes,[1] as rounde as two bushels,
Flastynge[2] the fyre out of his nosethryls,
Gnashynge hys teeth so vaynglorousely
That me thought tyme to fall to flatery.
Wherwith I tolde, as I shall tell:
"O plesant pycture! O prince of hell!
Feutred[3] in fashyon abominable!
And syns that [it] is inestimable
For me to prayse the worthyly,
I leue of prays, vnworthy
To geue the prays, besechynge the
To heare my sewte, and then to be
So good to graunt the thynge I craue.
And, to be shorte, thys wolde I haue, —
The soule of one whiche hyther is flytted
Deliuered hens, and to me remitted.
And in thys doynge, though al be nat quyt,
Yet some parte I shall deserue it —
As thus: I am a pardoner,
And ouer soules, as a controller,
Thorough-out the erth my power doth stande,
Where many a soule lyeth on my hande,
That spede in maters as I vse them,
As I receyue them or refuse them;
Wherby, what tyme thy pleasure is,
Ye[4] shall requyre any part of thys, —
The leste deuyll here that can come thyther
Shall chose a soule and brynge hym hyther."
"Nowe," quoth the deuyll, "we are well pleased!
What is hys name thou woldest haue eased?"
"Nay," quoth I, "be it good or euyll,

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[1] Know. [2] M. *streygyt.* [3] M. *maned.*
[4] Passed away. [5] The furnace of our palace.
[6] Manly has *for, for playne.* M. has *playuẽ.*
[7] In practice. [8] Claws. [9] Combed.
[10] Meaning uncertain; Skeat suggests "Surrey."
[11] M. *frendes.*

[1] Eyes. [2] Flashing?
[3] Featured. [4] M. *I;* emend. by Manly.

My comynge is for a she deuyll."
"What calste her?" quoth he, "thou horson!"[1]
"Forsoth," quoth I, "Margery Coorson."
"Now, by our honour," sayd Lucyfer,
"No deuyll in hell shall witholde her!
And yf thou woldest haue twenty mo,
Were nat for iustyce, they shulde goo.
For all we deuyls within thys den
Haue more to do with two women
Then with all the charge we haue besyde.
Wherfore, yf thou our frende wyll be tryed,
Aply thy pardons to women so
That vnto vs there come no mo."
To do my beste I promysed by othe.
Whiche I haue kepte; for, as the fayth goth,
At these[2] dayes to heuen I do procure
Ten women to one man, be sure.
Then of Lucyfer my leue I toke,
And streyght vnto the mayster coke.
I was hadde into the kechyn,
For Margaryes offyce was ther-in.
All thynge handled there discretely, —
For euery soule bereth offyce metely, —
Whiche myght be sene to se her syt
So bysely turnynge of the spyt;
For many a spyt here hath she turned,
And many a good spyt hath she burned,
And many a spyt full hot[3] hath tosted
Before the meat coulde be halfe rosted.
And, or the meate were halfe rosted indede,
I toke her then fro the spyt for spede.
But when she sawe thys brought to pas,
To tell the ioy wherin she was,
And of all the deuyls, for ioy how they
Dyd rore at her delyuery,
And how the cheymes[4] in hell dyd rynge,
And how all the soules therin dyd synge,
And how we were brought to the gate,
And how we toke our leue therat, —
Be suer lacke of tyme sufferyth nat
To reherse the xx parte of that!
Wherfore, thys tale to conclude breuely,
Thys woman thanked me chyefly
That she was ryd of thys endles deth;
And so we departed on New-Market Heth.
And yf that any man do mynde her,
Who lyste to seke her, there shall he fynde her!

Pedler. Syr, ye haue sought her wonders well;
And, where ye founde her, as ye tell,
To here the chaunce ye founde in hell,
I fynde ye were in great parell.[1]

[*The Palmer begins his lie.*]

Palmer. His tale is all muche parellous;
But parte is muche more meruaylous.
As where he sayde the deuyls complayne
That women put them to suche payne
By theyr condicions so croked and crabbed,
Frowardly fashonde, so waywarde and wrabbed,
So farre in deuision, and sturrynge suche stryfe,
That all the deuyls be wery of theyr lyfe!
This in effect he tolde for trueth;[2]
Wherby muche maruell[3] to me ensueth,
That women in hell suche shrewes can be,
And here so gentyll, as farre as I se.
Yet haue I sene many a myle,
And many a woman in the whyle, —
Nat one good cytye, towne, nor borough
In Cristendom but I haue ben th[o]rough, —
And this I wolde ye shulde vnderstande:
I haue sene women v hundred thousande
[Wives and widows, maids and maryed,]
And oft with them haue longe tyme taryed,[4]
Yet in all places where I haue ben,
Of all the women that I haue sene,
I neuer sawe, nor knewe, in my consyens,
Any one woman out of paciens.

Potycary. By the masse, there is a great lye!

Pardoner. I neuer harde a greater, by Our Lady!

Pedler. A greater? nay, knowe ye any so great?

Palmer. Syr, whether that I lose or get,
For my parte, iudgement shall be prayed.[5]

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[1] M. *horyson.* [2] M. *thys.* [3] M. *hoth.*
[4] M. *cheynes,* which may be correct.

[1] Peril [2] M. *ttueth.* [3] M. *muruell.*
[4] M. *maryed;* Collier cites Allde's edition, 1569, as having *taried.* Obviously a line is missing; Manly plausibly suggests *Wives and widows, maid and married,* which would explain the printer's error of *maryed.* I have inserted Manly's suggestion in the text.
[5] Asked for.

Pardoner. And I desyer as he hath sayd.
Potycary. Procede, and ye shall be obeyed.
Pedler. Then shall nat iudgement be delayd.
Of all these thre, yf eche mannes tale
In Poules Churche-yarde [1] were set on sale
In some mannes hande that hath the sleyghte,[2]
He shulde sure sell these tales by weyght.
For, as they wey, so be they worth.
But whiche weyth beste? to that now forth!

[*To the Potycary.*]

Syr, all the tale that ye dyd tell
I bere in mynde; [*to the Pardoner*] and yours as well;
And, as ye sawe the mater metely,
So lyed ye bothe well and discretely.
Yet were your lyes with the lest, truste me!

[*To the Potycary.*]

For, yf ye had sayd ye had made fle
Ten tampyons, out of ten womens tayles,
Ten tymes ten myle, to ten castels or iayles,
And fyll ten ryuers, ten tymes so depe
As ten of that whiche your castell stones dyde kepe,[3] —

[*To the Pardoner.*]

Or yf ye ten tymes had bodely
Fet ten soules out of purgatory,
And ten tymes so many out of hell, —
Yet, by these ten bonnes,[4] I could ryght well
Ten tymes sonner all that haue beleued
Then the tenth parte of that he hath meued.[5]
Potycary. Two knaues before i lacketh ii knaues of fyue;
Then one, and then one, and bothe knaues a-lyue;
Then two, and then two, and thre at a cast;[6]
Thou knaue, and thou knaue, and thou knaue, at laste!
Nay, knaue, yf ye try me by nomber,
I wyll as knauyshly you accomber.[1]
Your mynde is all on your pryuy tythe,[2]
For all in ten me thynketh your wit lythe.[3]
Now ten tymes I beseche Hym that hye syttes
Thy wyfes x commaundementes [4] may serch thy v wittes;
Then ten of my tordes in ten of thy teth,
And ten on [5] thy nose — whiche euery man seth.
And twenty tymes ten this wyshe I wolde, —
That thou haddest ben hanged at ten yere olde!
For thou goest about to make me a slaue.
I wyll thou knowe yt [6] I am a gentylman, knaue!

[*Points to the Pardoner.*]

And here is an other shall take my parte.
Pardoner. Nay, fyrste I be-shrew your knaues herte
Or I take parte in your knauery!
I wyll speke fayre, by Our [7] Lady!
Syr, I beseche your mashyp to be
As good as ye can be to me.
Pedler. I wolde be glade to do you good,
And hym also, be he neuer so wood.[8]
But dout you nat I wyll now do
The thynge my consciens ledeth me to.
Both your tales I take farre impossyble,
Yet take I his fa[r]ther incredyble.
Nat only the thynge it-selfe alloweth it,
But also the boldenes therof auoweth it.

[*To the Potycary.*]

I knowe nat where your tale to trye,[9]

[*To the Pardoner.*]

Nor yours, but in hell or purgatorye;
But hys boldnes hath faced a lye
That may be tryed euyn in thys companye,
As, yf ye lyste, to take thys order:

[*He points to the audience.*]

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[1] The center of the book trade.
[2] The literary skill.
[3] Intercept.
[4] Holding up his ten fingers.
[5] Propounded.
[6] Reckoning.

[1] Overwhelm.
[2] Tithe (tenth) which he expected from the Palmer by way of reward.
[3] Lyeth.
[4] Finger-nails, claws.
[5] M. *of*.
[6] M. *yf*.
[7] M. *one*.
[8] Mad.
[9] M. *trye* (Manly says *crye*).

Amonge the women in thys border,
Take thre of the yongest and thre of the oldest,
Thre of the hotest and thre of the coldest,
Thre of the wysest and thre of the shrewdest,
Thre of the chastest and thre of the lewdest,[1]
Thre of the lowest and thre of the hyest,
Thre of the farthest and thre of the nyest,
Thre of the fayrest and thre of the maddest,
Thre of the fowlest and thre of the saddest, —
And when all these threes be had a-sonder,
Of eche thre, two, iustly by nomber,
Shall be founde shrewes — excepte thys fall,
That ye hap to fynde them shrewes all!
Hym-selfe for trouth all this doth knowe,
And oft hath tryed some of thys rowe;
And yet he swereth, by his consciens,
He neuer saw woman breke paciens!
Wherfore, consydered with true ententе,
Hys lye to be so euident,
And to appere so euydently
That both you affyrmed it a ly,
And that my consciens so depely
So depe hath sought thys thynge to try,
And tryed it with mynde indyfferent,
Thus I awarde, by way of iudgement, —
Of all the lyes ye all haue spent
Hys lye to be most excellent.
Palmer. Syr, though ye were bounde of equyte
To do as ye haue done to me,
Yet do I thanke you of your payne,
And wyll requyte some parte agayne.
Pardoner. Mary, syr, ye can no les do
But thanke hym as muche as it cometh to.
And so wyll I do for my parte:
Now a vengeaunce on thy knaues harte!
I neuer knewe pedler a iudge before,
Nor neuer wyll truste pedlynge-knaue more!

[*The Potycary, as though to fulfill the agreement of the wager, begins to courtesy to the Palmer.*]

What doest thou there, thou horson nody?
Potycary. By the masse, lerne to make curtesy!
Curtesy before, and curtesy behynde hym,
And then on eche syde — the deuyll blynde hym!
Nay, when I haue it perfytly,
Ye shall haue the deuyll and all of curtesy!
But it is nat sone lerned, brother,
One knaue to make curtesy to another.
Yet, when I am angry, that is the worste,
I shall call my mayster knaue at the fyrste.
Palmer. Then wolde some mayster perhappes clowt [1] ye!
But, as for me, ye nede nat doute ye;
For I had leuer be without ye
Then haue suche besynesse aboute ye.
Pardoner. So helpe me God, so were ye better!
What, shulde a begger be a ietter? [2]
It were no whyt your honestie
To haue vs twayne iet after ye.
Potycary. Syr, be ye sure he telleth you true.
Yf we shulde wayte,[3] thys wolde ensew:
It wolde be sayd — truste me at a worde —
Two knaues made curtesy to the [4] thyrde.
Pedler [*to the Palmer*]. Now, by my trouth, to speke my mynde, —
Syns they be so loth to be assyned,[5]
To let them lose I thynke it beste,
And so shall ye lyue beste in rest.
Palmer. Syr, I am nat on them so fonde [6]
To compell them to kepe theyr bonde.

[*To the Potycary and Palmer.*]

And, syns ye lyste nat to wayte on me,
I clerely of waytynge dyscharge ye.
Pardoner. Mary, syr, I hertely thanke you!
Potycary. And I lyke-wyse, I make God auowe!
Pedler. Now be ye all euyn as ye begoon;
No man hath loste, nor no man hath woon.
Yet in the debate wherwith ye began,
By waye of aduyse I wyll speke as I can:

[*To the Palmer.*]

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[1] This line is missing in M.; supplied by Collier from Allde's edition, 1569.

[1] Cuff heavily.
[2] Swaggerer, strutter.
[3] Attend as followers.
[4] Manly has *a*.
[5] Appointed (to the office of attending on the Palmer).
[6] Infatuated.

I do perceyue that pylgrymage
Is chyefe the thynge ye haue in vsage;
Wherto, in effecte, for loue of Chryst
Ye haue, or shulde haue, bene entyst.
And who so doth, with suche entent,
Doth well declare hys tyme well spent.

[*To the Pardoner.*]

And so do ye in your pretence,
If ye procure thus indulgence
Unto your neyghbours charytably
For loue of them in God onely. —
All thys may be ryght well applyed
To shew[1] you both well occupyed;
For, though ye walke nat bothe one waye,
Yet, walkynge thus, thys dare I saye:
That bothe your walkes come to one ende.
And so for all that do pretende,
By ayde of Goddes grace, to ensewe[2]
Any maner kynde of vertue:
As, some great almyse for to gyue,
Some in wyllfull pouertie to lyue,
Some to make hye-wayes and suche other warkes,
And some to mayntayne prestes and clarkes
To synge and praye for soule departed, —
These, with all other vertues well marked,
All-though they be of sondry kyndes,
Yet be they nat vsed with sondry myndes;
But, as God only doth all those moue,
So euery man, onely for His loue,
With loue and dred obediently
Worketh in these vertues vnyformely.
Thus euery vertue, yf we lyste to scan,
Is pleasaunt to God and thankfull to man;
And who that by grace of the Holy Goste
To any one vertue is moued moste,
That man, by that grace, that one apply,
And therin serue God most plentyfully!
Yet nat that one so farre wyde to wreste,
So lykynge the same to myslyke the reste;
For who so wresteth hys worke is in vayne.
And euen in that case I perceyue you twayne,
Lykynge your vertue in suche wyse
That eche others vertue you do dyspyse.
Who walketh thys way for God wolde fynde hym,
The farther they seke hym, the farther behynde hym.
One kynde of vertue to dyspyse another
Is lyke as the syster myght hange the brother.

Potycary. For fere lest suche parels to me myght fall,
I thanke God I vse no vertue at all!

Pedler. That is of all the very worste waye!
For more harde it is, as I haue harde saye,
To begynne vertue where none is pretendyd
Then, where it is begonne, the abuse to be mended.
How-be-it, ye be nat all to begynne;
One syne[1] of vertue ye are entred in:
As thys, I suppose ye dyd saye true,
In that ye sayd ye vse no vertue;
In the whiche wordes, I dare well reporte,
Ye are well be-loued of all thys sorte,
By your raylynge here openly
At pardons ond relyques so leudly.

Potycary. In that I thynke my faute nat great;
For all that he hath I knowe conterfete.

Pedler. For his, and all other that ye knowe fayned,
Ye be nother counceled nor constrayned
To any suche thynge in any suche case
To gyue any reuerence in any suche place;
But where ye dout the truthe, nat knowynge,
Beleuynge the beste, good may be growynge.
In iudgynge the beste, no harme at the leste,
In iudgynge the worste, no good at the beste.
But beste in these thynges, it semeth to me,
To take[2] no iudgement vpon ye;
But, as the Churche doth iudge or take them,
So do ye receyue or forsake them;
And so, be sure, ye can nat erre,
But may be a frutfull folower.

Potycary. Go ye before, and, as I am true man,
I wyll folow as faste as I can.

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[1] M. *shewell.*
[2] Follow.

[1] Sign.
[2] M. *make;* emend. by Manly.

PARDONER. And so wyll I; for he hath sayd so well,
Reason wolde we shulde folowe hys counsell.

[*The Palmer addresses the audience by way of Epilogue.*]

PALMER. Then to our reason God gyue vs his grace,
That we may folowe with fayth so fermely
His commaundementes, that we maye purchace
Hys loue, and so consequently
To byleue hys Churche faste and faythfully;
So that we may, accordynge to his promyse,
Be kepte out of errour in any wyse.
And all that hath scapet vs here by neglygence,
We clerely reuoke and forsake it.
To passe the tyme in thys without offence,
Was the cause why the maker dyd make it;
And so we humbly beseche you take it;
Besechynge Our Lorde to prosper you all
In the fayth of hys Churche Vniuersall!

FINIS.

Imprynted at London in Fletestrete at
the sygne of the George by Wyllyam
Myddylton.

# A MERY PLAY BETWENE JOHAN JOHAN, THE HUSBANDE, TYB, HIS WYFE, AND SYR JOHAN, THE PREEST[1]

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Johan Johan, the husband.
Tyb, his wife.
Syr Johan, the priest.]

*Johan Johan, the Husbande.*

God spede you, maysters, everychone!
Wote ye not whyther my wyfe is gone?
I pray God the dyvell take her!
For all that I do I can not make her
But she wyll go a gaddynge, very myche
Lyke an Anthony pyg, with an olde wyche[1]
Whiche ledeth her about hyther and thyther;
But, by Our Lady, I wote not whyther.
But, by goggis[2] blod, were she come home
Unto this, my house, by our lady of Crome,
I wolde bete her or that I drynke.
Bete her, quod a? yea, that she shall stynke!
And at every stroke lay her on the grounde,
And trayne her by the here[3] about the house rounde.
I am evyn mad that I bete her not nowe.
But I shall rewarde her hardly[4] well ynowe;
There is never a wyfe betwene heven and hell
Whiche was ever beten halfe so well.
Beten, quod a? Yea, but what and she therof dye?
Then I may chaunce to be hanged shortly.
And whan I have beten her tyll she smoke,
And gyven her many a C[1] stroke,
Thynke ye that she wyll amende yet?
Nay, by Our Lady, the devyll spede whyt!
Therfore I wyll not bete her at all.
And shall I not bete her? No shall?
Whan she offendeth and doth a-mys,
And kepeth not her house, as her duetie is?
Shall I not bete her, if she do so?
Yes, by cokkis[2] blood, that shall I do!
I shall bete her, and thwak her, I trow,
That she shall beshyte the house for very wo.
But yet I thynk what my neybour wyll say than.
He wyll say thus: "Whom chydest thou, Johan Johan?"
"Mary!" wyll I say, "I chyde my curst wyfe,
The veryest drab that ever bare lyfe,
Whiche doth nothying but go and come,
And I can not make her kepe her at home."
Than I thynke he wyll say by and by:[3]
"Walke her cote,[4] Johan Johan! and bete her hardely!"
But than unto hym myn answere shal be:
"The more I bete her, the worse is she:

---

[1] Witch. St. Anthony was the patron saint of swineherds, and was usually pictured with a pig for his page.
[2] God's.
[3] Drag her by the hair.
[4] With energy.

[1] A hundred.
[2] God's.
[3] At once.
[4] Give her a beating.

[1] Scholars have generally assigned this play to John Heywood, and internal evidence of style supports the attribution. There is no external evidence, however, to connect his name with the production, and one should not ignore the possibility of its having been written by some other member of the minstrel-playwright class.

I have reproduced the copy in the Pepys Collection, Magdalene College, Cambridge, of the earliest edition, printed by William Rastell, 1533. Charles Whittington edited the play for the Chiswick Press, about 1830, from a copy of the same edition in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. Mr. A. W. Pollard, in *Representative English Comedies*, 1903, reproduced the Chiswick text corrected by the copy in the Pepys Collection. Unless the variations are due to differences between these two original copies of Rastell's edition, Pollard's reprint is not quite as accurate as modern scholars could wish; I have not been able to see the Ashmolean copy. I have modernized the punctuation, the use of capitals, the use of the letters *u*, *v*, *i*, *j*, and have added in brackets stage-directions to help the reader in following the action.

And wors and wors make her I shall!"
He wyll say than: "Bete her not at all."
"And why?" shall I say; "this wolde be wyst,[1]
Is she not myne to chastice as I lyst?"
But this is another poynt worst of all, —
The folkis wyll mocke me whan they here me brall.
But, for all that, shall I let [2] therfore
To chastyce my wyfe ever the more,
And to make her at home for to tary?
Is not that well done? Yes, by Saynt Mary!
That is a poynt of an honest man
For to bete his wyfe well nowe and than.
Therfore I shall bete her, have ye no drede!
And I ought to bete her, tyll she be starke dede.
And why? By God, bicause it is my pleasure!
And if I shulde suffre her, I make you sure,
Nought shulde prevayle [3] me, nother staffe nor waster; [4]
Within a whyle she wolde be my mayster.
Therfore I shall bete her, by cokkes mother,
Both on the tone syde and on the tother,
Before and behynde — nought shall be her bote — [5]
From the top of the heed to the sole of the fote.
But, masters, for Goddis sake, do not entrete
For her whan that she shal be bete;
But, for Goddis passion, let me alone,
And I shall thwak her that she shall grone:
Wherfore I beseche you, and hartely you pray,
And I beseche you say me not nay,
But that I may beate her for this ones.
And I shall beate her, by cokkes bones,
That she shall stynke lyke a pole-kat!
But yet, by goggis body, that nede nat,
For she wyll stynke without any betyng;
For every nyght, ones she gyveth me an hetyng,[6]
From her issueth suche a stynkyng smoke
That the savour therof almost doth me choke.
But I shall bete her nowe, without fayle;
I shall bete her toppe and tayle,
Heed, shulders, armes, legges, and all,
I shall bete her, I trowe; that I shall!
And, by goggis boddy, I tell you trewe,
I shall bete her tyll she be blacke and blewe.
But where the dyvell trowe ye she is gon?
I holde a noble [1] she is with Syr Johan.
I fere I am begyled alway;
But yet, in fayth, I hope well nay.
Yet I almost enrage that I ne can
Se the behavour of our gentylwoman.
And yet, I thynke, thyther as she doth go,
Many an honest wyfe goth thyther also,
For to make some pastyme and sporte.
But than my wyfe so ofte doth thyther resorte
That I fere she wyll make me weare a fether.
But yet I nede not for to fere nether,
For he is her gossyp, that is he.
But abyde a whyle! yet let me se!
Where the dyvell hath our gyssypry [2] begon?
My wyfe had never chylde, doughter nor son.
Nowe if I forbede her that she go no more,
Yet wyll she go as she dyd before;
Or els wyll she chuse some other place,
And then the matter is in as yll case.
But, in fayth, all these wordes be in wast,
For I thynke the matter is done and past.
And whan she cometh home she wyll begyn to chyde;
But she shall have her payment-styk [3] by her syde!
For I shall order her, for all her brawlyng,
That she shall repent to go a catter-wawlyng.[4]

[*Tyb has entered during this speech.*]

TYB. Why, whom wylt thou beate, I say, thou knave?

JOHAN. Who, I, Tyb? None, so God me save.

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[1] Known. [2] Desist. [3] Avail.
[4] Club. [5] Remedy, help. [6] Heating.

[1] I wager a noble (a coin, 6*s.* 8*d.*).

[2] Gossipry, spiritual relationship, here referring to sponsorship at the baptism of a child.

[3] Beating.

[4] Go, like cats, on amorous expeditions.

Tyb. Yes, I harde the say thou woldest one bete.
Johan. Mary, wyfe, it was stokfysshe[1] in Temmes Strete,
Whiche wyll be good meate agaynst Lent.
Why, Tyb, what haddest thou thought that I had ment?
Tyb. Mary, me-thought I harde the bawlyng.
Wylt thou never leve this wawlyng?[2]
Howe the dyvell dost thou thy selfe behave?
Shall we ever have this worke, thou knave?
Johan. What! wyfe, howe sayst thou? was it well gest of me,
That thou woldest be come home in safete
As sone as I had kendled a fyre?
Come warme the, swete Tyb, I the requyre.
Tyb. O, Johan, Johan, I am afrayd, by this lyght,
That I shalbe sore syk this nyght.
Johan [*aside*]. By cokkis soule, nowe, I dare lay a swan
That she comes nowe streyght fro Syr Johan!
For ever whan she hath fatched of hym a lyk,[3]
Than she comes home, and sayth she is syk.
Tyb. What sayst thou?
Johan. Mary, I say
It is mete for a woman to go play
Abrode in the towne for an houre or two.
Tyb. Well, gentylman, go to, go to!
Johan. Well, let us have no more debate.
Tyb [*aside*]. If he do not fyght, chyde, and rate,
Braule, and fare as one that were frantyke,
There is nothyng that may hym lyke.[4]
Johan [*aside*]. If that the parysshe preest, Syr Johan,
Dyd not se her nowe and than,
And gyve her absolution upon a bed,
For wo and payne she wolde sone be deed.
Tyb. For goddis sake, Johan Johan, do the not displease;
Many a tyme I am yll at ease.
What thynkest nowe, am not I somwhat syk?
Johan [*aside*]. Nowe wolde to God, and swete Saynt Dyryk,
That thou warte in the water up to the throte,
Or in a burnyng oven red hote,
To se and I wolde pull the out!
Tyb. Nowe, Johan Johan, to put the out of dout,
Imagyn thou where that I was
Before I came home.
Johan. My percase,[1]
Thou wast prayenge in the Churche of Poules
Upon thy knees for all Chrysten soules.
Tyb. Nay.
Johan. Than if thou wast not so holy,
Shewe me where thou wast, and make no lye?
Tyb. Truely, Johan Johan, we made a pye,
I and my gossyp Margery,
And our gossyp the preest, Syr Johan,
And my neybours yongest doughter An.
The preest payde for the stuffe and the makyng,
And Margery she payde for the bakyng.
Johan [*aside*]. By cokkis lylly woundis,[2] that same is she
That is the most bawde hens to Coventre.
Tyb. What say you?
Johan. Mary, answere me to this:
Is not Syr Johan a good man?
[Tyb.] Yes, that he is.
Johan. Ha, Tyb, if I shulde not greve the,
I have somwhat wherof I wolde meve[3] the.
Tyb. Well, husbande, nowe I do conject
That thou hast me somewhat in suspect.
But, by my soule, I never go to Syr Johan
But I fynde hym lyke an holy man;
For eyther he is sayenge his devotion,
Or els he is goynge in processyon.
Johan [*aside*]. Yea, rounde about the bed doth he go,
You two together, and no mo;
And for to fynysshe the processyon,
He lepeth up, and thou lyest downe.

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[1] Dried fish, too hard to be cooked without beating.
[2] Squalling, noise-making.
[3] Pleasure.
[4] Compare to.

[1] Maybe (guess).
[2] By God's lovely wounds.
[3] Exhort, request.

Tyb. What sayst thou?
Johan. Mary, I say he doth well;
For so ought a shepherde to do, as I harde tell,
For the salvation of all his folde.
Tyb. Johan Johan!
[Johan]. What is it that thou wolde?
Tyb. By my soule I love thee too too! [1]
And I shall tell the, or I further go,
The pye that was made, I have it nowe here,
And therwith I trust we shall make good chere.
Johan. By kokkis body, that is very happy!
Tyb. But wotest who gave it?
Johan. What the dyvel rek [2] I?
Tyb. By my fayth, and I shall say trewe, than:
The Dyvell take me and it were not Syr Johan.
Johan. O, holde the peas, wyfe, and swere no more!
[*Aside.*] But I beshrewe both your hartes therfore.
Tyb. Yet peradventure, thou hast suspection
Of that that was never thought nor done.
Johan. Tusshe, wyfe, let all suche matters be.
I love thee well, though thou love not me.
But this pye doth nowe catche harme;
Let us set it upon the harth to warme.
Tyb. Than let us eate it as fast as we can.
But bycause Syr Johan is so honest a man,
I wolde that he shulde therof eate his part.
Johan. That were reason, I thee ensure.
Tyb. Than, syns that it is thy pleasure,
I pray the than go to hym ryght,
And pray hym come sup with us to nyght.
Johan [*aside*]. Shall he cum hyther? By kokkis soule, I was a-curst
Whan that I graunted to that worde furst!
But syns I have sayd it I dare not say nay,
For than my wyfe and I shulde make a fray;
But whan he is come, I swere by goddis mother,
I wold gyve the dyvell the tone to cary away the tother!
Tyb. What sayst?
Johan. Mary, he is my curate, I say,
My confessour, and my frende alway.
Therfore go thou and seke hym by and by,
And tyll thou come agayne, I wyll kepe the pye.
Tyb. Shall I go for him! Nay, I shrewe me than!
Go thou, and seke, as fast as thou can,
And tell hym it.
Johan. Shall I do so?
In fayth, it is not mete for me to go.
Tyb. But thou shalte go tell hym, for all that.
Johan. Than shall I tell hym, wotest [thou] [1] what?
That thou desyrest hym to come make some chere.
Tyb. Nay, that thou desyrest hym to come sup here.
Johan. Nay, by the rode, wyfe, thou shalt have the worshyp
And the thankes of thy gest that is thy gossyp.
Tyb [*aside*]. Full ofte, I se, my husbande wyll me rate
For this hether commyng of our gentyll curate.
Johan. What sayst, Tyb? Let me here that agayne.
Tyb. Mary, I perceyve very playne
That thou hast Syr Johan somwhat in suspect;
But, by my soule, as far as I conject,
He is vertuouse and full of charyte.
Johan [*aside*]. In fayth, all the towne knoweth better — that he
Is a hore-monger, a haunter of the stewes,
An ypocrite, a knave that all men refuse,
A lyer, a wretche, a maker of stryfe —
Better than they knowe that thou art my good wyfe.
Tyb. What is that that thou hast sayde?
Johan. Mary, I wolde have the table set and layde,
In this place or that, I care not whether.
Tyb. Than go to, brynge the trestels [2] hyther.

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[1] Exceedingly, overmuch.

[2] Care.

[1] Supplied by P.

[2] The table was a board set on trestles; when not in use, board and trestles were placed out of the way.

Johan.[1] Abyde a whyle, let me put of my gown!
But yet I am afrayde to lay it down,
For I fere it shal be sone stolen.
And yet it may lye safe ynough unstolen.
It may lye well here, and I lyst, —
But, by cokkis soule, here hath a dogge pyst!
And if I shulde lay it on the harth bare,
It myght hap to be burned or I were ware.

*[To one of the audience.]*

Therfore I pray you take ye the payne
To kepe my gowne tyll I come agayne.

*[Snatches it back.]*

But yet he shall not have it, by my fay;
He is so nere the dore he myght ron away.

*[To another one of the audience.]*

But bycause that ye be trusty and sure,
Ye shall kepe it, and it be your pleasure;
And bycause it is arrayde[2] at the skyrt,
Whyle ye do nothyng, skrape of the dyrt.

*[He turns to his wife.]*

Lo, nowe am I redy to go to Syr Johan,
And byd hym come as fast as he can.
[Tyb.] Ye, do so without ony taryeng.

*[As he reaches the door she calls him back.]*

But, I say, harke! thou hast forgot one thyng:
Set up the table, and that by and by.[3]

*[Johan returns and sets the boards on the trestles.]*

Nowe go thy ways.
Johan. I go shortly;
But se your candelstykkis be not out of the way.
Tyb [*as he reaches the door*]. Come agayne, and lay the table I say.

*[He returns and lays the table.]*

What! me thynkis, ye have sone don!
Johan. Nowe I pray God that his malediction
Lyght on my wyfe, and on the baulde[1] preest!
Tyb. Nowe go thy ways, and hye the! seest?

*[Johan starts out.]*

Johan. I pray to Christ, if my wyshe be no synne,
That the preest may breke his neck whan he comes in.
Tyb [*as he reaches the door*]. Now cum agayn!
Johan. What a myschefe wylt thou, fole!
Tyb. Mary, I say, brynge hether yender stole.
Johan. Nowe go to! A lyttell wolde make me
For to say thus: "A vengaunce take the!"

*[He brings her the stool.]*

Tyb. Nowe go to hym, and tell hym playn
That tyll thou brynge hym thou wylt not come agayn.
Johan. This pye doth borne here as it doth stande.

*[He starts out.]*

Tyb [*as he reaches the door*]. Go, washe me these two cuppes in my hande.

*[He washes the cups, and brings them to her.]*

Johan. I go, with "a myschyefe lyght on thy face!"
Tyb. Go, and byd hym hye hym a-pace;
And the whyle I shall all thynges amende.
Johan. This pye burneth here at this ende.
Understandest thou?
Tyb. Go thy ways, I say!
Johan. I wyll go nowe, as fast as I may.

*[Johan starts out.]*

Tyb [*as he reaches the door*]. How! come ones agayne: I had forgot.
Loke, and there be ony ale in the pot.
Johan. Nowe, a vengaunce and a very myschyefe

---

[1] R. assigns this speech to Johan, rightly, as it seems to me. Pollard assigns it to Tyb What has happened is that the marginal catch-names at lines 260 and 263 have been carelessly set by a printer confused by the paragraph signs.

[2] Soiled with dirt.

[3] Instantly.

[1] Bald (with shaven crown)

Lyght on the pylde[1] preest, and on my wyfe,
On the pot, the ale, and on the table,
The candyll, the pye, and all the rable,
On the trystels, and on the stole!
It is moche ado to please a curst fole.

[*He fills the pot with ale.*]

Tyb. Go thy ways nowe; and tary no more,
For I am a-hungred very sore.
Johan. Mary, I go.
Tyb [*as he reaches the door*]. But come ones agayne yet!
Brynge hyther that breade, lest I forget it.

[*He brings the bread.*]

Johan. I-wys, it were tyme for to torne
The pye; for, y-wys, it doth borne.
Tyb. Lorde! how my husbande nowe doth patter,
And of the pye styl doth clatter.
Go nowe, and byd hym come away;
I have byd the an hundred tymes to day.
Johan. I wyll not gyve a strawe, I tell you playne,
If that the pye waxe cold agayne —
Tyb. What! art thou not gone yet out of this place?
I had went[2] thou haddest ben come agayne in the space!
But, by cokkis soule, and I shulde do the ryght,
I shulde breke thy knaves heed to nyght.
Johan. Nay, than, if my wyfe be set a chydyng,
It is tyme for me to go at her byddyng.
There is a proverbe, whiche trewe nowe preveth:
"He must nedes go that the dyvell dryveth."

[*He arrives at the Priest's house.*]

How, mayster curate, may I come in
At your chamber dore without ony syn?

*Syr Johan, the preest.*

Who is there nowe that wolde have me?
What! Johan Johan! What newes with the?
Johan. Mary, Syr, to tell you shortly,
My wyfe and I pray you hartely,
And eke desyre you wyth all our myght,
That ye wolde come and sup with us to nyght.
Syr J. Ye must pardon me; in fayth I ne can.
Johan. Yes, I desyre you, good Syr Johan,
Take payne this ones. And, yet at the lest,
If ye wyll do nought at my request,
Yet do somwhat for the love of my wyfe.
Syr J. I wyll not go, for makyng of stryfe.
But I shall tell the what thou shalte do, —
Thou shalt tary, and sup with me or thou go.
Johan. Wyll ye not go than? Why so?
I pray you tell me, is there any dysdayne,
Or ony enmyte, betwene you twayne?
Syr J. In fayth, to tell the, betwene the and me,
She is as wyse a woman as any may be.
I know it well; for I have had the charge
Of her soule, and serchyd her conscyens at large.
I never knew her but honest and wyse,
Without any yvyll or any vyce,
Save one faut — I know in her no more —
And because I rebuke her now and then therfore,
She is angre with me, and hath me in hate.
And yet that that I do, I do it for your welth.[1]
Johan. Now God yeld it yow,[2] god master curate,
And as ye do, so send you your helth.
Ywys, I am bound to you a plesure.
Syr J. Yet thou thynkyst amys, peradventure,
That of her body she shuld not be a good woman.
But I shall tell the what I have done, Johan,
For that matter; she and I be somtyme aloft,
And I do lye uppon her many a tyme and oft
To prove her; yet could I never espy
That ever any dyd worse with her than I.

---

[1] Bald, shaven.
[2] Thought.

[1] Profit, advantage.
[2] Reward you for it.

Johan. Syr, that is the lest care I have of nyne,
Thankyd be God, and your good doctryne.
But, yf it please you, tell me the matter,
And the debate [1] betwene you and her.
Syr J. I shall tell the; but thou must kepe secret.
Johan. As for that, Syr, I shall not let.[2]
Syr J. I shall tell the now the matter playn:
She is angry with me, and hath me in dysdayn,
Because that I do her oft intyce
To do some penaunce, after myne advyse,
Because she wyll never leve her wrawlyng,[3]
But alway with the she is chydyng and brawlyng.
And therfore, I knowe, she hatyth my [4] presens.
Johan. Nay, in good feyth, savyng your reverens.
Syr J. I know very well she hath me in hate.
Johan. Nay, I dare swere for her, master curate.
[*Aside.*] But, was I not a very knave!
I thought surely, so God me save,
That he had lovyd my wyfe for to deseyve me.
And now he quytyth [5] hym-self; and here I se
He doth as much as he may, for his lyfe,
To stynte [6] the debate betwene me and my wyfe.
Syr J. If ever she dyd, or though[t] me any yll,
Now I forgyve her with my [7] fre wyll.
Therfore, Johan Johan, now get the home;
And thank thy wyfe, and say, I wyll not come.
Johan. Yet let me know now, good Syr Johan,
Where ye wyll go to supper than.
Syr J. I care nat greatly and I tell the.
On Saterday last I and ii or thre
Of my frendes made an appoyntement,
And agaynst this nyght we dyd assent
That in a place we wolde sup together.
And one of them sayd, [s]he wolde brynge thether
Ale and bread; and for my parte, I
Sayd that I wolde gyve them a pye, —
And there I gave them money for the makynge;
And an-other sayd, she wolde pay for the bakyng;
And so we purpose to make good chere
For to dryve away care and thought.
Johan. Than I pray you, Syr, tell me here,
Whyther shulde all this geare be brought?
Syr J. By my fayth, and I shulde not lye,
It shulde be delyvered to thy wyfe, the pye.
Johan. By God! it is at my house standyng by the fyre.
Syr J. Who bespake that pye? I the requyre.
Johan. By my feyth, and I shall not lye:
It was my wyfe, and her gossyp Margerye,
And your good masshyp callyd Syr Johan,
And my neybours yongest doughter An;
Your masshyp payde for the stuffe and makyng,
And Margery she payde for the bakyng.
Syr J. If thou wylte have me nowe, in faithe I wyll go.
Johan. Ye, mary, I beseche your masshyp do so.
My wyfe taryeth for none but us twayne;
She thynketh longe or I come agayne.
Syr J. Well nowe, if she chyde me in thy presens
I wylbe content, and take [it] [1] in pacyens.
Johan. By cokkis soule, and she ones chyde,
Or frowne, or loure, or loke asyde,
I shall brynge you a staffe, as myche as I may heve. [2]
Than bete her, and spare not! I gyve you good leve
To chastyce her for her shreude varyeng.[3]

[*They return to Johan's house.*] [4]

Tyb. The devyll take the for thy long taryeng!
Here is not a whyt of water, by my gowne,

---

[1] Contention, quarrel.
[2] Omit to do.
[3] Squalling (in quarrels).
[4] R. *me*.
[5] Freeth.
[6] R. *stynk*.
[7] R. *me*.

[1] Supplied by P.
[2] As big as I may lift.
[3] Wicked quarreling.
[4] Added by P.

To washe our handis that we myght syt downe.[1]
Go, and hye the as fast as a snayle,
And with fayre water fyll me this payle.
Johan. I thanke our Lorde of his good grace
That I can not rest longe in a place!
Tyb. Go, fetche water, I say, at a worde,
For it is tyme the pye were on the borde;
And go with a vengeance, and say thou art prayde.

[*Johan takes the pail and starts out.*]

Syr. J. A, good gossyp! is that well sayde?
Tyb. Welcome, myn owne swete harte!
We shall make some chere or we departe.[2]
Johan. Cokkis soule, loke howe he approcheth nere
Unto my wyfe! This abateth my chere.

[*Exit Johan with the pail.*]

Syr J. By God, I wolde ye had harde the tryfyls,
The toys, the mokkes, the fables, and the nyfyls,[3]
That I made thy husbande to beleve and thynke!
Thou myghtest as well into the erthe synke,
As thou coudest forbeare laughyng any whyle.
Tyb. I pray the, let me here parte of that wyle.[4]
Syr J. Mary, I shall tell the as fast as I can —
But peas! no more; yonder cometh thy good man.

[*Re-enter Johan.*]

Johan. Cokkis soule, what have we here!
As far as I sawe, he drewe very nere
Unto my wyfe.
Tyb. What, art come so sone?
Gyve us water to wasshe nowe; have done.

*Than he bryngeth the payle empty.*

Johan. By kockes soule, it was even nowe full to the brynk,
But it was out agayne or I coude thynke;
Wherof I marveled, by God Almyght.
And than I loked betwene me and the lyght,
And I spyed a clyfte, bothe large and wyde.
Lo, wyfe! here it is on the tone syde.
Tyb. Why dost not stop it?
Johan. Why, howe shall I do it?
Tyb. Take a lytle wax.
Johan. Howe shal I come to it?
Syr J. Mary, here be ii wax candyls, I say,
Whiche my gossyp Margery gave me yesterday.
Tyb. Tusshe, let hym alone; for, by the rode,
It is pyte to helpe hym, or do hym good.
Syr J. What! Johan Johan, canst thou make no shyfte?
Take this waxe, and stop therwith the clyfte.
Johan. This waxe is as harde as any wyre.
Tyb. Thou must chafe it a lytle at the fyre.
Johan. She that boughte the these waxe candelles twayne,
She is a good companyon certayn!

[*Johan goes to the fire to mend the pail.*]

Tyb. What, was it not my gossyp Margery?
Syr J. Yes; she is a blessed woman, surely.
Tyb. Nowe wolde God I were as good as she,
For she is vertuous, and full of charyte.
Johan [*aside*]. Nowe, so God helpe me, and by my holydome,[1]
She is the erranst baud betwene this and Rome.
Tyb. What sayst?
Johan. Mary, I chafe the wax,
And I chafe it so hard that my fyngers krakks.
But take up this py that I here torne;
And it stand long, y-wys, it wyll borne.
Tyb [*removing the pie*]. Ye, but thou must chafe the wax, I say.

---

[1] It was customary to wash the hands immediately before eating.
[2] Separate.
[3] Fictitious tales.
[4] Wile, stratagem.

[1] Anything sacred; much used in oaths.

[*Johan approaches the table.*]

Johan. Byd hym syt down, I the pray —
Syt down, good Syr Johan, I you requyre.
Tyb. Go, I say, and chafe the wax by the fyre,
Whyle that we sup, Syr Johan and I.
Johan. And how now! what wyll ye do with the py?
Shall I not ete therof a morsell?
Tyb. Go, and chafe the wax whyle thou art well!
And let us have no more pratyng thus.

[*Syr Johan starts to say grace.*]

Syr J. *Benedicite* —
Johan [*approaching*]. *Dominus.*
Tyb. Now go chafe the wax, with a myschyfe!
Johan. What! I come to blysse the bord, swete wyfe.
It is my custome now and than.
Mych good do it you, Master Syr Johan.
Tyb. Go chafe the wax, and here no lenger tary.

[*Johan returns to the fire.*]

Johan [*aside*]. And is not this a very purgatory —
To se folkis ete, and may not ete a byt?
By kokkis soule, I am a very wodcok.
This payle here, now a vengaunce take it!
Now my wyfe gyveth me a proud mok!
Tyb [*eating*]. What dost?
Johan. Mary, I chafe the wax here,
And I ymagyn to make you good chere —
[*Aside.*] That a vengaunce take you both as ye syt;
For I know well I shall not ete a byt.
But yet, in feyth, yf I myght ete one morsell,
I wold thynk the matter went very well.
Syr J. [*eating*]. Gossyp Johan Johan, now "mych good do it you!"
What chere make you, there by the fyre?
Johan. Master parson, I thank yow now,
I fare well inow after myne own desyre.
Syr J. What dost, Johan Johan, I the requyre?
Johan. I chafe the wax here by the fyre.
Tyb. Here is good drynk! and here is a good py!
Syr J. We fare very well, thankyd be Our Lady.
Tyb. Loke how the kokold chafyth the wax that is hard,
And, for his lyfe, daryth not loke hetherward.
Syr J. [*to Johan*]. What doth my gossyp?
Johan. I chafe the wax —
[*Aside.*] And I chafe it so hard that my fyngers krakks;
And eke the smoke puttyth out my eyes two:
I burne my face, and ray my clothys also,
And yet I dare not say one word;
And they syt laughyng yender at the bord.
Tyb. Now, by my trouth, it is a prety jape,[1]
For a wyfe to make her husband her ape.
Loke of Johan Johan, which maketh hard shyft
To chafe the wax, to stop therwith the clyft!
Johan [*aside*]. Ye, that a vengeaunce take ye both two,
Both hym and the, and the and hym, also!
And that ye may choke with the same mete
At the furst mursell that ye do ete.
Tyb. Of what thyng now dost thou clatter,[2]
Johan Johan? or whereof dost thou patter?
Johan. I chafe the wax, and make hard shyft
To stopt her-with of the payll the ryft.
Syr J. So must he do, Johan Johan, by my father kyn,
That is bound of wedlok in the yoke.
Johan [*aside*]. Loke how the pyld preest crammyth in;
That wold to God he myght therwith choke!
Tyb. Now, Master Parson, pleasyth your goodnes
To tell us some tale of myrth or sadnes
For our pastyme, in way of communycacyon?
Syr J. I am content to do it for our recreacyon;
And of iii myracles I shall to you say.

---

[1] Jest.

[2] R. misprints *clatier;* at line 523 *thafe* for *chafe;* at line 600 *notwithstankyng;* and at line 661 *nonght.*

JOHAN. What! must I chafe the wax all day,
And stond here, rostyng by the fyre?
SYR J. Thou must do somwhat at thy wyves desyre.
I know a man whych weddyd had a wyfe, —
As fayre a woman as ever bare lyfe, —
And within a senyght after, ryght sone,
He went beyond se, and left her alone,
And taryed there about a vii yere.
And as he cam homeward he had a hevy chere,
For it was told hym that she was in heven.
But when that he comen home agayn was,
He found his wyfe, and with her chyldren seven,
Whiche she had had in the mene space —
Yet had she not had so many by thre
Yf she had not had the help of me.
Is not this a myracle, yf ever were any,
That this good wyfe shuld have chyldren so many
Here in this town, whyle her husband shuld be
Beyond the se, in a farre contre?
JOHAN [*aside*]. Now, in good soth, this is a wonderous myracle!
But for your labour, I wolde that your tacle
Were in a skaldyng water well sod.[1]
TYB. Peace, I say; thou lettest the worde of God.
SIR J. An other myracle eke I shall you say,
Of a woman whiche that many a day
Had ben wedded, and in all that season
She had no chylde, nother doughter nor son.
Wherfore to Saynt Modwin she went on pilgrimage,
And offered there a lyve pyg, as is the usage
Of the wyves that in London dwell;
And through the vertue therof, truly to tell,
Within a moneth after, ryght shortly,
She was delyvered of a chylde as moche as I.
How say you, is not this myracle wonderous?
JOHAN. Yes, in good soth, syr, it is marvelous.
But surely, after myn opynyon,
That chylde was nother doughter nor son.
For certaynly, and I be not begylde,
She was delyvered of a knave [1] chylde.
TYB. Peas, I say, for Goddis passyon!
Thou lettest Syr Johans communication.
SIR J. The thyrde myracle also is this:
I knewe another woman eke, y-wys,
Whiche was wedded, and within v monthis after
She was delyvered of a fayre doughter,
As well formed in every membre and joynt,
And as perfyte in every poynt,
As though she had gone v monthis full to th' ende.
Lo! here is v monthis of advantage.
JOHAN. A wonderous myracle, so God me mende!
I wolde eche wyfe that is bounde in maryage,
And that is wedded here within this place,
Myght have as quicke spede in every suche case.
TYB. Forsoth, Syr Johan, yet for all that
I have sene the day that pus, my cat,
Hath had in a yere kytlyns eyghtene.
JOHAN. Ye, Tyb my wyfe, and that have I sene.
But howe say you, Syr Johan, was it good, your pye?
The dyvell the morsell that therof eate I.
By the good Lorde, this is a pyteous warke.
But nowe I se well the olde proverbe is treu:
"The parysshe preest forgetteth that ever he was clarke!"
But, Syr Johan, doth not remembre you
How I was your clerke, and holpe you masse to syng,
And hylde the basyn alway at the offryng?
Ye [2] never had halfe so good a clarke as I!
But, notwithstandyng all this, nowe our pye
Is eaten up, there is not lefte a byt;
And you two together there do syt,
Eatynge and drynkynge at your owne desyre,
And I am Johan Johan, whiche must stande by the fyre
Chafyng the wax, and dare none other wyse do.

---

[1] Boiled.

[1] Male (with pun).

[2] P. prints *He*.

Syr J. And shall we alway syt here styll, we two?
That were to mych.
Tyb. Then ryse we out of this place.
Syr J. And kys me than in the stede of grace.[1]
And farewell, leman,[2] and my love so dere.
Johan. Cokkis body, this waxe it waxte colde agayn here.
But what! shall I anone go to bed,
And eate nothyng, nother meate nor brede?
I have not be wont to have suche fare.
Tyb. Why! were ye not served there as ye are,
Chafyng the waxe, standying by the fyre?
Johan. Why, what mete gave ye me, I you requyre?
Sir J. Wast thou not served, I pray the hartely,
Both with the brede, the ale, and the pye?
Johan. No, syr, I had none of that fare.
Tyb. Why! were ye not served there as ye are,
Standyng by the fyre chafyng the waxe?
Johan [*aside*]. Lo, here be many tryfyls and knakks —
By kokkis soule, they wene I am other dronke or mad!
Tyb. And had ye no meate, Johan Johan? no had?
Johan. No, Tyb my wyfe, I had not a whyt.
Tyb. What, not a morsel?
Johan. No, not one byt.
For honger, I trowe, I shall fall in a sowne.[3]
Sir J. O, that were pyte, I swere by my crowne.
Tyb. But is it trewe?
Johan. Ye, for a surete.
Tyb. Dost thou ly?
Johan. No, so mote I the![4]
Tyb. Hast thou had nothyng?
Johan. No, not a byt.
Tyb. Hast thou not dronke?
Johan. No, not a whyt.
Tyb. Where wast thou?
Johan. By the fyre I dyd stande.
Tyb. What dydyst?
Johan. I chafed this waxe in my hande,
Where-as I knewe of wedded men the payne
That they have, and yet dare not complayne;
For the smoke put out my eyes two,
I burned my face, and rayde my clothes also,
Mendyng the payle, whiche is so rotten and olde
That it wyll not skant together holde.
And syth it is so, and syns that ye twayn
Wold gyve me no meate for my suffysaunce,
By kokis soule, I wyll take no lenger payn!
Ye shall do all your-self, with a very vengaunce,
For me. And take thou there thy payle now,
And yf thou canst mend it, let me se how.

[*Hurls the pail to the floor.*]

Tyb. A! horson knave! hast thou brok my payll?
Thou shalt repent, by kokis lylly nayll.[1]
Rech me my dystaf, or my clyppyng-sherys!
I shall make the blood ronne about his erys.

[*Johan takes up a shovel full of coals.*]

Johan. Nay, stand styll, drab, I say, and come no nere;
For, by kokkis blood, yf thou come here,
Or yf thou onys styr toward this place,
I shall throw this shovyll full of colys in thy face.
Tyb. Ye! horson dryvyll! get the out of my dore!
Johan. Nay! get thou[2] out of my house, thou prestis hore!
Sir J. Thou lyest, horson kokold, evyn to thy face!
Johan. And thou lyest, pyld preest, with an evyll grace!
Tyb. And thou lyest!
Johan. And thou lyest!
Syr J. And thou lyest agayn!

---

[1] The grace at the end of the meal.
[2] Sweetheart.
[3] Swoon.
[4] May I thrive.

[1] By God's lovely nail (alluding either to the nails used in the crucifixion, or to the fingers).
[2] R. *thy*. P. prints *thou* without note.

Johan. By kokkis soule, horson preest, thou shalt be slayn.
Thou hast eate our pye, and gyve me nought.
By kokkes blod, it shalbe full derely bought!
Tyb. At hym, Syr Johan, or els God gyve the sorow.
Johan. And have at you,[1] hore and thefe, Saynt George to borrow![2]

*Here they fyght by the erys a whyle, and than the preest and the wyfe go out of the place.*

Johan. A! syrs! I have payd some of them even as I lyst.
They have borne many a blow with my fyst.
I thank God, I have walkyd them well,
And dryven them hens. But yet, can ye tell
Whether they be go? For, by God, I fere me
That they be gon together, he and she,
Unto his chamber; and perhappys she wyll,
Spyte of my hart, tary there styll;
And, peradventure, there he and she
Wyll make me cokold, evyn to anger me.
And then had I a pyg in the woyrs panyer![1]
Therfore, by God, I wyll hye me thyder
To se yf they do me any vylany.
And thus, fare well this noble company!
[*Exit Johan Johan after his wife and the priest.*]

---

[1] R. *your*.

[2] Saint George speed me!

[1] In the worse basket.

Finis

Imprynted by Wyllyam Rastell the xii day
of February the yere of our Lord
MCCCCC and XXXIII.
*Cum privilegio.*

# THE PLAY OF THE WETHER[1]

## A NEW AND A VERY MERY ENTERLUDE OF ALL MANER WETHERS

*Made by* JOHN HEYWOOD

### THE PLAYERS NAMES

Iupiter, a god.
Mery-reporte, the vyce.
The Gentylman.
The Marchaunt.
The Ranger.
The Water-myller.
The Wynde-myller.
The Gentylwoman.
The Launder.
A Boy, the lest that can play.

[*Jupyter speaks from his throne.*]

**Jupyter.** Ryght farre to longe, as now, were to recyte
The [1] auncyent estate wherein our selfe hath reyned,
What honour, what laude, gyven us of very ryght,
What glory we have had, dewly unfayned,
Of eche creature, whych dewty hath constrayned.
For above all goddes, syns our fathers fale,[2]
We, Iupiter, were ever pryncypale.

If we so have ben — as treuth yt is indede —
Beyond the compas of all comparyson,
Who coulde presume to shew, for any mede,[3]
So that yt myght appere to humayne reason
The hye renowme we stande in at this season?
For, syns that heven [1] and erth were fyrste create,
Stode we never in suche tryumphaunt estate

As we now do. Whereof we woll reporte
Suche parte as we se mete for tyme present,
Chyefely concernynge your perpetuall conforte,
As the thynge selfe shall prove in experyment;
Whyche hyely shall bynde you, on knees lowly bent,
Soolly to honour oure hyenes, day by day.
And now to the mater gyve eare, and we shall say:

[1] A. *That.*
[2] The fall of Saturn.
[3] Reward, recompense.

[1] R. *heueu.*

---

[1] For a notice of the author, and date, see page 367, note 1.
The first edition was issued by William Rastell in 1533. The printer seems to have had excellent copy (possibly the author's own manuscript), and his text is unusually good. An undated edition, attributed to Robert Wyer, was printed from Rastell's edition; and another, by Anthony Kytson (without date, but between 1549 and 1579) was printed from Wyer. These two later editions have no textual value. In 1906 there was discovered in Ireland still another edition, printed by John Awdeley (without date, but between 1559 and 1575). My collation shows this to be perhaps the poorest of all the editions; innumerable errors are introduced by a slovenly type-setter, and at times whole lines are dropped.
I have reproduced Rastell's edition of 1533 (R.). Mr. A. W. Pollard's reprint (P.) of the same copy of this edition, in *Representative English Comedies*, 1903, is very unsatisfactory, due, probably, to the initial troubles he had in securing copy, and to the difficulty of reading proof in a book printed across the ocean. Only occasionally have I noted readings from the edition by Awdeley (A.). I have modernized the punctuation, and the use of the letters *u* and *v*; and I have normalized the catch-names of the speakers.

Before our presens, in our hye parlyament,
Both goddes and goddeses of all degrees
Hath late assembled, by comen assent,
For the redres of certayne enormytees,
Bred amonge them thorow extremytees
Abusyd in eche to other of them all;
Namely, to purpose, in these moste specyall:

Our forsayde father Saturne, and Phebus,
Eolus, and Phebe, these four [1] by name,
Whose natures not onely so farre contraryous,
But also of malyce eche other to defame,
Have longe tyme abused, ryght farre out of frame,
The dew course of all theyr constellacyons,
To the great damage of all yerthly nacyons.

Whyche was debated in place sayde before;
And fyrste (as became), our father, moste auncyent,
With berde whyte as snow, his lockes both colde and hore,
Hath entred [2] such mater as served his entent,[3]
Laudynge his frosty mansyon in the fyrmament,
To ayre and yerth as thynge moste precyous,
Pourgynge all humours that are contagyous.

How-be-yt, he alledgeth that of longe tyme past
Lyttell hath prevayled his great dylygens.
Full oft uppon yerth his fayre frost he hath cast,
All thynges hurtfull to banysh out of presens;
But Phebus, entendynge to kepe hym in sylens,
When he hath labored all nyght in his powres,[4]
His glarynge beamys maryth all in two howres.
Phebus to this made no maner answerynge.
Whereuppon they both then Phebe defyed.
Eche for his parte leyd in her reprovynge
That by her showres superfluous they have tryed [1]
In all that she may theyr powres be denyed.
Wherunto Phebe made answere no more
Then Phebus to Saturne hadde made before.

Anone uppon Eolus all these dyd fle,
Complaynynge theyr causes, eche one arow,[2]
And sayd, to compare none was so evyll as he;
For, when he is dysposed his blastes to blow,
He suffereth neyther sone-shyne, rayne, nor snow.
They eche agaynste other, and he agaynste all thre —
Thus can these iiii in no maner agre!

Whyche sene in themselfe, and further consyderynge,
The same to redres was cause of theyr assemble.
And also — that we evermore beynge,
Besyde our puysaunt power of deite,
Of wysedome and nature so noble and so fre,
From all extremytees the meane devydynge,
To pease and plente eche thynge attemperynge —

They have, in conclusyon, holly surrendryd
Into our handes, as mych as concernynge
All maner wethers by them engendryd,
The full of theyr powrs, for terme everlastynge,
To set suche order as standyth wyth our pleasynge;
Whyche thynge, as of our parte no parte requyred,
But of all theyr partys ryght humbly desyred

To take uppon us; wherto we dyd assente.

---

[1] Representing cold, heat, wind, and rain respectively.
[2] Introduced (entered upon record).
[3] Purpose.
[4] Powers (i.e. spreading frost and snow).

[1] Found by experience.
[2] In turn.

And so in all thynges, wyth one voyce agreable,
We have clerely fynyshed our foresayd parleament,
To your great welth,[1] whyche shall be fyrme and stable,
And to our honour farre inestymable;
For syns theyr powers, as ours, addyd to our owne,
Who can, we say, know us as we shulde be knowne?

But now, for fyne,[2] the rest of our entent
Wherfore, as now, we hyther are dyscendyd
Is onely to satysfye and content
All maner people whyche have ben offendyd
By any wether mete to be amendyd;
Uppon whose complayntes, declarynge theyr grefe,
We shall shape remedy for theyr relefe.

And to gyve knowledge for theyr hyther resorte
We wolde thys afore proclaymed to be
To all our people, by some one of thys sorte,[3]
Whom we lyste to choyse here amongest all ye.
Wherfore eche man avaunce, and we shal se
Whyche of you is moste mete to be our cryer.

*Here entreth Mery-reporte.*[4]

**Mery-reporte.** Brother, holde up your torche a lytell hyer![5]
Now, I beseche you, my lorde, loke on me furste.
I truste your lordshyp shall not fynde me the wurste.
**Jupyter.** Why! what arte thou that approchyst so ny?
**Mery-reporte.** Forsothe, and please your lordshyppe, it is I.
**Jupyter.** All that we knowe very well; but what I?
**Mery-reporte.** What I? Some saye I am I perse I.[1]
But, what maner I so ever be I,
I assure your good lordshyp, I am I.
**Jupyter.** What maner man arte thou, shewe quyckely!
**Mery-reporte.** By god! a poore gentylman, dwellyth here by.
**Jupyter.** A gentylman! Thyselfe bryngeth wytnes naye,
Bothe in thy lyght behavour and araye.
But what arte thou called where thou dost resorte?
**Mery-reporte.** Forsoth, my lorde, Mayster Mery-reporte.
**Jupyter.** Thou arte no mete man in our bysynes,
For thyne apparence ys of to mych lyghtnes.
**Mery-reporte.** Why, can not your lordshyp lyke my maner,
Myne apparell, nor my name nother?
**Jupyter.** To nother of all we have devocyon.
**Mery-reporte.** A proper lycklyhod of promocyon!
Well, than, as wyse as ye seme to be,
Yet can ye se no wysdome in me.
But syns ye dysprayse me for so lyghte an elfe,
I praye you gyve me leve to prayse myselfe.
And, for the fyrste parte, I wyll begyn
In my behavour at my commynge in;
Wherin I thynke I have lytell offendyd,
For, sewer, my curtesy coulde not be amendyd!
And, as for my sewt your servaunt to be,
Myghte yll have bene myst for your honeste;
For, as I be saved, yf I shall not lye,
I saw no man sew for the offyce but I!
Wherfore yf ye take me not or I go,
Ye must anone whether ye wyll or no.
And syns your entent is but for the wethers,
What skyls [2] our apparell to be fryse [3] or fethers?
I thynke it wysdome, syns no man for-bad it,

---

[1] Profit.
[2] To conclude.
[3] The audience.
[4] Presumably he came from the audience.
[5] Addressed to one of the torch-bearers on the stage.

[1] Used in naming a letter which by itself forms a word, as A per se, O per se, and I per se.
[2] Matters.
[3] Frieze.

Wyth thys to spare a better — yf I had it!
And, for my name: reportyng alwaye trewly,
What hurte to reporte a sad mater merely?
As, by occasyon, for the same entent,
To a serteyne wedow thys daye was I sent,
Whose husbande departyd wythout her wyttynge,[1] —
A specyall good lover, and she hys owne swettynge![2]
To whome, at my commyng, I caste suche a fygure,
Mynglynge the mater accordynge to my nature,
That when we departyd,[3] above al other thynges
She thanked me hartely for my mery tydynges!
And yf I had not handled yt meryly,
Perchaunce she myght have take[n] yt hevely;
But in suche facyon I coniured and bounde her,
That I left her meryer then I founde her!
What man may compare to shew the lyke comforte
That dayly is shewed by me, Mery-reporte?
And, for your purpose at this tyme ment,
For all wethers I am so indyfferent,[4]
Without affeccyon, standynge so upryght,[5]
Son-lyght, mone-lyght, ster-lyght, twylyght, torch-light,
Cold, hete, moyst, drye, hayle, rayne, frost, snow, lightnyng, thunder,
Cloudy, mysty, wyndy, fayre, fowle above hed or under,
Temperate, or dystemperate, what-ever yt be,
I promyse your lordshyp, all is one to me.

JUPYTER. Well, sonne, consydrynge thyne indyfferency,
And partely the rest of thy declaracyon,
We make the our servaunte. And immedyately
We[1] woll thou departe and cause proclamacyon,
Publyshynge our pleasure to every nacyon;
Whyche thynge ons done, wyth all dylygens
Make thy returne agayne to this presens,

Here to receyve all sewters of eche degre;
And suche as to the may seme moste metely,
We wyll thow brynge them before our maieste;
And for the rest, that be not so worthy,
Make thou reporte to us effectually,
So that we may heare eche maner sewte at large.
Thus se thow departe, and loke uppon thy charge!

MERY-REPORTE. Now, good my lorde god, Our Lady be wyth ye!

[*To the audience.*]

Frendes, a fellyshyppe,[2] let me go by ye!
Thynke ye I may stand thrustyng amonge you there?
Nay, by god, I muste thrust about other gere!

*Mery-reporte goth out* [*to make proclamation*].

*At thende of this staf*[3] *the god hath a song played in his trone or Mery-report come in*

JUPITER. Now, syns we have thus farre set forth our purpose,
A whyle we woll wythdraw our godly presens,
To enbold all such more playnely to dysclose,
As here wyll attende, in our foresayde pretens.
And now, accordynge to your obedyens,
Reioyce ye in us wyth ioy most ioyfully,
And we our-selfe shall ioy in our owne glory!

[*Jupyter draws a curtain about his throne, thus concealing himself from the audience; thereafter the song is played.*]

---

[1] Knowing it.
[2] Sweeting, darling.
[3] Separated
[4] Impartial.
[5] This line omitted in A.

[1] R. *Well;* A. *We.*
[2] Out of friendly feeling
[3] Stanza

*Mery-report cometh in.*

MERY-REPORTE. Now, syrs, take hede! for here cometh goddes servaunt!
Avaunte! carte[r]ly [1] keytyfs, avaunt!
Why, ye dronken horesons, wyll yt not be?
By your fayth, have ye nother cap nor kne?
Not one of you that wyll make curtsy
To me, that am squyre for goddes precyous body?
Regarde ye nothynge myne authoryte?
No "Welcome home!" nor "Where have ye be?'
How-be-yt, yf ye axyd, I coulde not well tell;
But suer I thynke a thousande myle from hell,
And, on my fayth, I thynke, in my conscyens,
I have ben from hevyn as farre as heven is hens —
At Lovyn, at London, and in Lombardy,
At Baldock, at Barfolde, and in Barbary,
At Canturbery, at Coventre, at Colchester,
At Wansworth, and Welbecke, at Westchester,
At Fullam, at Faleborne, and at Fenlow,
At Wallyngford, at Wakefeld, and at Waltamstow,
At Tawnton, at Typtre, and at Totnam,
At Glouceter, at Gylford, and at Gotham,
At Hartforde, at Harwyche, at Harowe on the Hyll,
At Sudbery, Suthhampton, at Shoters Hyll,
At Walsyngham, at Wyttam, and at Werwycke,
At Boston, at Brystow, and at Berwycke,
At Gravelyn, at Gravesend, and at Glastynbery,
Ynge Gyngiang Iayberd, the paryshe of Butsbery —
The devyll hym-selfe, wythout more leasure,
Coulde not have gone halfe thus myche, I am sure!
But, now I have warned [2] them, let them even chose;
For, in fayth, I care not who wynne or lose.

*Here the gentylman before he cometh in bloweth his horne.*

MERY-REPORTE. Now, by my trouth, this was a goodly hearyng!
I went [1] yt had ben the gentylwomens blowynge;
But yt is not so, as I now suppose,
For womens hornes sounde more in a mannys nose.
GENTYLMAN. Stande ye mery, my frendes, everychone.
MERY-REPORTE. Say that to me and let the reste alone!
Syr, ye be welcome, and all your meyny.[2]
GENTYLMAN. Now, in good sooth, my frende, god a mercy!
And syns that I mete the here thus by chaunce,
I shall requyre the of further acqueyntaunce;
And brevely to shew the, this is the mater:
I come to sew to the great god Iupyter
For helpe of thynges concernynge my recreacyon,
Accordynge to his late proclamacyon.
MERY-REPORTE. Mary, and I am he that this must spede.
But fyrste tell me, what be ye in-dede?
GENTYLMAN. Forsoth, good frende, I am a gentylman.
MERY-REPORTE. A goodly occupacyon, by Seynt Anne!
On my fayth, your mashyp [3] hath a mery lyfe.
But who maketh all these hornes, your self or your wife? [4]
Nay, even in earnest I aske you this questyon.
GENTYLMAN. Now, by my trouth, thou art a mery one!
MERY-REPORTE. In fayth, of us both I thynke never one sad,
For I am not so mery but ye seme as mad!
But stande ye styll and take a lyttell payne;
I wyll come to you, by and by, agayne.

---

[1] Rude. (A. *carterly*.)
[2] Given them notice.

[1] Thought.
[2] Attendants. Possibly the Gentylman was attended by hunters leading dogs.
[3] Mastership.
[4] Alluding to the horns of the cuckold.

[*He approches Jupyter's throne.*]

Now, gracyous god, yf your wyll so be,
I pray ye let me speke a worde wyth ye.
Jupyter. My sonne, say on! Let us here thy mynde.
Mery-reporte. My lord, there standeth a sewter even here behynde,
A Gentylman, in yonder corner;
And, as I thynke, his name is Mayster Horner.
A hunter he is, and comyth to make you sporte.
He wolde hunte a sow or twayne out of thys sorte.[1]

*Here he poynteth to the women.*

Jupyter. What-so-ever his mynde be, let hym appere.
Mery-reporte. Now, good Mayster Horner, I pray you come nere.
Gentylman. I am no horner,[2] knave! I wyll thou know yt.
Mery-reporte. I thought ye had [been], for when ye dyd blow yt,
Harde I never horeson make horne so goo.
As lefe ye kyste myne ars as blow my hole soo!
Come on your way, before the God Iupyter,
And there for your selfe ye shall be sewter.

[*He leads him to the throne of Jupyter.*]

Gentylman. Most myghty prynce, and god of every nacyon,
Pleasyth your hyghnes to vouchsave the herynge
Of me, whyche, accordynge to [y]our[3] proclamacyon,
Doth make apparaunce, in way of besechynge
Not sole for my-self, but generally
For all come of noble and auncyent stock,
Whych sorte above all doth most thankfully
Dayly take payne for welth of the comen flocke,[4]
With dylygent study alway devysynge
To kepe them in order and unyte,
In peace to labour the encrees of theyr lyvynge,
Wherby eche man may prosper in plente.
Wherfore, good god, this is our hole desyrynge,
That for ease of our paynes, at tymes vacaunt,[1]
In our recreacyon, whyche chyefely is huntynge,
It may please you to sende us wether pleasaunt,
Drye and not mysty, the wynde calme and styll,
That after our houndes yournynge[2] so meryly,
Chasynge the dere over dale and hyll,
In herynge we may folow and to-comfort the cry.
Jupyter. Ryght well we do perceyve your hole request,
Whyche shall not fayle to reste in memory.
Wherfore we wyll ye set your-selfe at rest,
Tyll we have herde eche man indyfferently;
And we shall take suche order, unyversally,
As best may stande to our honour infynyte,
For welth in commune and ech mannys synguler profyte.
Gentylman. In heven and yerth honoured be the name
Of Iupyter, who[3] of his godly goodnes
Hath set this mater in so goodly frame
That every wyght shall have his desyre, doutles.
And fyrst for us nobles and gentylmen,
I doute not, in his wysedome, to provyde
Suche wether as in our huntynge, now and then,
We may both teyse[4] and receyve[5] on every syde.
Whyche thynge ones had, for our seyd recreacyon,
Shall greatly prevayle[6] you in preferrynge our helth.
For what thynge more nedefull then our preservacyon,

---

[1] I.e., the audience
[2] Cuckold.
[3] R. *our;* A. *your.*
[4] The common people as opposed to the gentry.

[1] Idle; leisure time.
[2] Running.
[3] R. *whome.*
[4] Drive, chase
[5] Bring down the game.
[6] Avail, profit.

Beynge the weale and heddes of all comenwelth?
Mery-reporte. Now I besech your mashyp, whose hed be you?
Gentylman. Whose hed am I? Thy hed! What seyst thou now?
Mery-reporte. Nay, I thynke yt very trew, so god me helpe!
For I have ever ben, of a lyttell whelpe,
So full of fansyes, and in so many fyttes,
So many smale reasons, and in so many wyttes,
That, even as I stande, I pray god I be dede
If ever I thought them all mete for one hede.
But syns I have one hed more then I knew,
Blame not my reioycynge, — I love all thynges new.
And suer yt is a treasour of heddes to have store.
One feate can I now that I never coude before.
Gentylman. What is that?
Mery-reporte. By god, syns ye came hyther,
I can set my hedde and my tayle to-gyther!
This hed shall save mony, by Saynt Mary;
From hens-forth I wyll no potycary;
For at al tymys, when suche thynges shall myster,[1]
My new hed shall geve myne olde tayle a glyster.[2]
And, after all this, then shall my hedde wayte
Uppon my tayle, and there stande at receyte.
Syr, for the reste I wyll not now move you;
But yf we lyve, ye shall smell how I love yow.
And, syr, touchyng your sewt here, depart when it please you;
For, be ye suer, as I can I wyll ease you.
Gentylman. Then gyve me thy hande! That promyse I take.
And yf for my sake any sewt thou do make,
I promyse thy payne to be requyted
More largely than now shall be recyted.

[*Exit the Gentylman.*]

Mery-reporte. Alas, my necke! Goddes pyty, where is my hed?
By Saynt Yve, I feare me I shall be ded!
And yf I were, me-thynke yt were no wonder,
Syns my hed and my body is so farre asonder.

*Entreth the Marchaunt.*

Mayster person,[1] now welcome, by my lyfe!
I pray you, how doth my mastres, your wyfe?[2]
Marchaunt. Syr, for the presthod, and wyfe that ye alledge,
I se ye speke more of dotage then knowledge.
But let pas, syr. I wolde to you be sewter
To brynge me, yf ye can, before Iupiter.
[Mery-reporte.] Yes, mary, can I; and wyll do yt, in-dede.
Tary, and I shall make wey for your spede.

[*Goes to the throne of Jupyter.*]

In fayth, good lord, yf it please your gracyous godshyp,
I muste have a worde or twayne wyth your lordshyp!
Syr, yonder is a nother man in place,
Who maketh great sewt to speke wyth your grace.
Your pleasure ones knowen, he commeth by and by.[3]
Jupyter. Bryng hym before our presens, sone, hardely.
Mery-reporte. Why! where be you? Shall I not fynde ye?
Come a-way! I pray god, the devyll blynde ye!

[*He leads him to the throne.*]

Marchaunt. Moste myghty prynce, and lorde of lordes all,
Ryght humbly besecheth your maieste
Your marchaunt-men thorow the worlde all,
That yt may please you, of your benygnyte,
In the dayly daunger of our goodes and lyfe,

---

[1] Be necessary. [2] Purge.

[1] Parson; perhaps suggested by the merchant's long cloak.

[2] The clergy were supposed to be celibate, hence the witticism.

[3] At once.

Fyrste to consyder the desert of our request,
What welth we bryng the rest, to our great care and stryfe,
And then to rewarde us as ye shall thynke best.
What were the surplysage of eche commodyte[1]
Whyche groweth and encreaseth in every lande,
Excepte exchaunge by suche men as we be,
By wey of entercours, that lyeth on our hande![2]
We fraught[3] from home thynges wherof there is plente,
And home we brynge such thynges as there be scant.
Who sholde afore us marchauntes accompted be?
For were not we, the worlde shuld wyshe and want
In many thynges, whych now shall lack rehersall.
And, brevely to conclude, we beseche your hyghnes
That of the benefyte proclaymed in generall
We may be parte-takers, for comen encres,
Stablyshynge wether thus, pleasynge your grace;
Stormy nor mysty, the wynde mesurable,
That savely we may passe from place to place,
Berynge our seylys for spede moste vayleable.[4]
And also the wynde to chaunge, and to turne
Eest, West, North, and South, as best may be set;
In any one place not to longe to soiourne,
For the length of our vyage may lese our market.

Jupyter. Ryght well have ye sayde; and we accept yt so,
And so shall we rewarde you ere we go hens.
But ye muste take pacyens tyll we have harde mo,[5]
That we may indyfferently gyve sentens;
There may passe by us no spot of neglygence,
But iustely to iudge eche thynge so upryghte
That ech mans parte maye shyne in the selfe ryghte.[1]

Mery-reporte. Now, syr, by your fayth, yf ye shulde be sworne,
Harde ye ever god speke so, syns ye were borne?
So wysely, so gentylly hys wordes be showd!

Marchaunt. I thanke hys grace. My sewte is well bestowd.

Mery-reporte. Syr, what vyage entende ye nexte to go?

Marchaunt. I truste or myd-lente to be to Syo.[2]

Mery-reporte. Ha, ha! Is it your mynde to sayle at Syo?
Nay, then, when ye wyll, byr lady, ye maye go.
And let me alone with thys; be of good chere!
Ye maye truste me at Syo as well as here.
For though ye were fro me a thousande myle space,
I wolde do as myche as ye were here in place;
For, syns that from hens it is so farre thyther,
I care not though ye never come agayne hyther.

Marchaunt. Syr, yf ye remember me when tyme shall come,
Though I requyte not all, I shall deserve some.

*Exeat Marchaunt.*

Mery-reporte. Now, farre ye well, and god thanke you, by Saynt Anne!
I pray you, marke the fasshyon of thys honeste manne;
He putteth me in more truste at thys metynge here,
Then he shall fynde cause why thys twenty yere.

*Here entreth the Ranger.*

Ranger. God be here! Now Cryst kepe thys company!

---

[1] The over-abundance of each article of commerce.
[2] That we are unable to dispose of.
[3] Freight, convey as freight.
[4] Advantageous.
[5] Heard more suitors.

[1] Same equitable treatment.
[2] Chios.

Mery-reporte. In fayth, ye be welcome evyn very skantely!
Syr, for your comynge what is the mater?
Ranger. I wolde fayne speke with the god Iupyter.
Mery-reporte. That wyll not be. But ye may do thys —
Tell me your mynde; I am an offycer of hys.
Ranger. Be ye so? Mary, I crye you marcy!
Your maystershyp may say I am homely.[1]
But syns your mynde is to have reportyd
The cause wherfore I am now resortyd,
Pleasyth your maystershyp it is so:
I come for my-selfe and suche other mo,
Rangers [2] and kepers of certayne places,
As forestes, parkes, purlews, and chasys,[3]
Where we be chargyd with all maner game.
Smale is our profyte, and great is our blame.
Alas! For our wages, what be we the nere? [4]
What is forty shyllynges, or fyve marke, a yere!
Many tymes and oft, where we be flyttynge,
We spende forty pens a pece at a syttynge!
Now for our vauntage, whyche chefely is wyndefale,[5]
That is ryght nought; there blowyth no wynde at all.
Whyche is the thynge wherin we fynde most grefe,
And cause for my commynge to sew for relefe,
That the god, of pyty, all thys thynge knowynge,
May sende us good rage of blustryng and blowynge;
And yf I can not get god to do some good,
I wolde hyer the devyll to runne thorow the wood,
The rootes to turne up, the toppys to brynge under.
A myschyefe upon them, and a wylde thunder!
Mery-reporte. Very well sayd! I set by your charyte
As mych, in a maner, as by your honeste.
I shall set you somwhat in ease anone;
Ye shall putte on your cappe, when I am gone.
For, I se, ye care not who wyn or lese,
So ye maye fynde meanys to wyn your fees.[1]
Ranger. Syr, as in that, ye speke as it please ye.
But let me speke wyth the god, yf it maye be.

[*He tries to approach the throne.*]

I pray you, lette me passe ye.
Mery-reporte. Why, nay, syr! By the masse, ye —
Ranger. Then wyll I leve you evyn as I founde ye.
Mery-reporte. Go when ye wyll! No man here hath bounde ye.

*Here entreth the Water Myller, and the Ranger goth out.*

Water Myller. What the devyll shold skyl [2] though all the world were dum,
Syns in all our spekynge we never be harde?
We crye out for rayne — the devyll sped drop wyll cum!
We water myllers be nothynge in regarde.[3]
No water have we to grynde at any stynt;
The wynde is so stronge the rayne cannot fall,[4]
Whyche kepeth our myldams as drye as a flynt.
We are undone! We grynde nothynge at all!
The greter is the pyte, as thynketh me.
For what avayleth to eche man hys corne
Tyll it be grounde by such men as we be?
There is the losse, yf we be forborne.[5]
For, touchynge our-selfes, we are but drudgys,
And very beggers — save onely our tole,
Whiche is ryght smale, and yet many grudges
For gryste of a busshell to gyve a quarte bole.[6]

---

[1] Rude, unmannerly
[2] Keepers of forests.
[3] Hunting-grounds.
[4] Near our purpose, wishes.
[5] Trees blown down by the wind, which rangers could sell for fuel.

[1] Perquisites.
[2] Matter.
[3] Estimation.
[4] This line omitted in A.
[5] Dispensed with.
[6] Quart bowl.

Yet, were not reparacyons,[1] we myght do wele:
Our mylstons, our whele with her kogges, and our trindill[2]
Our floodgate, our mylpooll, our water whele,
Our hopper, our extre,[3] our yren spyndyll, —
In this, and mych more, so great is our charge
That we wolde not recke though no water ware;
Save onely it toucheth eche man so large,
And ech for our neyghbour Cryste byddeth us care.
Wherfore my conscyence hath prycked me hyther,
In thys to sewe, accordynge to the cry,[4]
For plente of rayne to the god Iupiter.
To whose presence I wyll go evyn boldely!

[*Mery-reporte bars his way.*]

MERY-REPORTE. Sir, I dowt nothynge your audacyte,
But I feare me ye lacke capacyte;
For, yf ye were wyse, ye myghte well espye
How rudely ye erre from rewls of courtesye.
What! ye come in revelynge and reheytynge,[5]
Evyn as a knave myght go to a bearebeytynge!
WATER MYLLER. All you bere recorde what favour I have!
Herke, howe famylyerly he calleth me knave!
Dowtles the gentylman is universall!
But marke thys lesson, syr: You shulde never call
Your felow[6] knave, nor your brother horeson;
For nought can ye get by it when ye have done.
MERY-REPORTE. Thou arte nother brother nor felowe to me,
For I am goddes servaunt, mayst thou not se?
Wolde ye presume to speke wyth the great god?
Nay! dyscrecyon and you be to farre od![1]
Byr lady, these knavys must be tyed shorter![2]
Syr, who let you in? Spake ye wyth the porter?
WATER MYLLER. Nay, by my trouth; nor wyth no nother man,
Yet I saw you well when I fyrst began.
How-be-it, so helpe me god and holydam,[3]
I toke you but for a knave, as I am.
But, mary! now, syns I knowe what ye be,
I muste, and wyll, obey your authoryte.
And yf I maye not speke wyth Iupiter,
I beseche you be my solycyter.
MERY-REPORTE. As in that, I wyl be your well-wyller.
I perceyve you be a water myller;
And your hole desyre, as I take the mater,
Is plente of rayne for encres of water.
The let[4] wherof, ye affyrme determynately,
Is onely the wynde, your mortall enemy.
WATER MYLLER. Trouth it is; for it blowyth so alofte,
We never have rayne, or, at the most, not ofte.
Wherfore, I praye you, put the god in mynde
Clerely for ever to banysh the wynde.

*Here entreth the Wynd Myller.*

WYNDE MYLLER. How! Is all the wether gone or I come?
For the passyon of god, helpe me to some!
I am a wynd myller, as many mo be.
No wretch in wretchydnes so wrechyd as we!
The hole sorte[5] of my crafte be all mard at onys!
The wynde is so weyke it sturryth not our stonys,
Nor skantely can shatter[6] the shyttyn sayle
That hangeth shatterynge[7] at a womans tayle.
The rayne never resteth, so longe be the showres,
From tyme of begynnyng tyll foure and twenty howres;
And, ende whan it shall, at nyght or at none,

---

[1] Repairs.
[2] Lantern-wheel.
[3] Axletree of a wheel.
[4] Proclamation.
[5] Scolding.
[6] Equal.

[1] Separated.
[2] Restrained.
[3] Things sacred.
[4] Prevention, hindrance
[5] Particular class, order.
[6] Wave to and fro.
[7] Waving.

An-other begynneth as soone as that is done.
Such revell of rayne, ye knowe well inough,
Destroyeth the wynde, be it never so rough;
Wherby, syns our myllys be come to styll standynge,
Now maye we wynd myllers go evyn to hangynge.
A myller! Wyth a moryn[1] and a myschyefe!
Who wolde be a myller? As good be a thefe!
Yet in tyme past, when gryndynge was plente,
Who were so lyke goddys felows as we?
As faste as god made corne, we myllers made meale.
Whyche myght be best forborne[2] for comyn-weale?
But let that gere[3] passe; for I feare our pryde
Is cause of the care whyche god doth us provyde.
Wherfore I submyt me, entendynge to se
What comforte may come by humylyte.
And, now, at thys tyme, they sayd in the crye,
The god is come downe to shape remedye.
Mery-reporte. No doute he is here, even in yonder trone;
But in your mater he trusteth me alone.
Wherein, I do perceyve by your complaynte,
Oppressyon of rayne doth make the wynde so faynte
That ye wynde myllers be clene caste away.
Wynde Myller. If Iupyter helpe not, yt is as ye say.
But, in few wordes to tell you my mynde rounde;
Uppon this condycyon I wolde be bounde
Day by day to say Our Ladyes sauter[4] —
That in this world were no drope of water,
Nor never rayne, but wynde contynuall.
Then shold we wynde myllers be lordes over all!
Mery-reporte. Come on, and assay how you twayne can agre —
A brother of yours, a myller, as ye be!
Water Myller. By meane of our craft we may be brothers,
But whyles we lyve shall we never be lovers.
We be of one crafte, but not of one kynde —
I lyve by water and he by the wynde.

*Here Mery-report goth out.*

And, syr, as ye desyre wynde contynuall,
So wolde I have rayne ever-more to fall;
Whyche two, in experyence ryght well ye se,
Ryght selde or never to-gether can be.
For as longe as the wynde rewleth, yt is playne,
Twenty to one ye get no drop of rayne;
And when the element is to farre opprest,
Downe commeth the rayne and setteth the wynde at rest.
By this, ye se, we can not both obtayne;
For ye must lacke wynde, or I must lacke rayne.
Wherfore I thynke good, before this audyens,
Eche for our selfe to say, or we go hens;
And whom is thought weykest, when we have fynysht,
Leve of[f] his sewt and content to be banysht.
Wynde Myller. In fayth, agreed! But then, by your lycens,
Our mylles for a tyme shall hange in suspens.
Syns water and wynde is chyefely our sewt,
Whyche best may be spared we woll fyrst dyspute.
Wherfore to the see my reason shall resorte,
Where shyppes by meane of wynd try from port to port,
From lande to lande, in dystaunce many a myle, —
Great is the passage and smale is the whyle.
So great is the profyte, as to me doth seme,
That no mans wysdome the welth can exteme.[1]
And syns the wynde is conveyer of all
Who but the wynde shulde have thanke above all?

---

[1] Plague.
[2] Spared, done away with.
[3] Matter
[4] Psalter.

[1] Value.

**Water Myller.** Amytte[1] in thys place a tree here to growe,
And therat the wynde in great rage to blowe;
When it hath all blowen, thys is a clere case,
The tre removyth no here-bred[2] from hys place.
No more wolde the shyppys, blow the best it cowde!
All-though it wolde blow downe both mast and shrowde,
Except the shyppe flete[3] uppon the water
The wynde can ryght nought do, — a playne mater.
Yet maye ye on water, wythout any wynde,
Row forth your vessell where men wyll have her synde.[4]
Nothynge more reioyceth the maryner
Then meane coolys[5] of wynde and plente of water;
For commenly the cause of every wracke
Is excesse of wynde where water doth lacke.
In rage of these stormys the perell is suche
That better were no wynde then so farre to muche.
**Wynde Myller.** Well, yf my reason in thys may not stande,
I wyll forsake the see and lepe to lande.
In every chyrche where goddys servyce is,
The organs beare brunt of halfe the quere, i-wys.
Whyche causyth the sounde, or[6] water or wynde?
More-over, for wynde thys thynge I fynde —
For the most parte all maner mynstrelsy,
By wynde they delyver theyr sound chefly.
Fyll me a bagpype of your water full,
As swetly shall it sounde as it were stuffyd with wull!
**Water Myller.** On my fayth, I thynke the moone be at the full!
For frantyke fansyes be then most plentefull,
Whych are at the pryde of theyr sprynge[7] in your hed,
So farre from our matter he is now fled.
As for the wynde in any instrument,
It is no percell[1] of our argument;
We spake of wynde that comyth naturally,
And that is wynde forcyd artyfycyally —
Whyche is not to purpose. But, yf it were,
And water, in-dede, ryght nought coulde do there,
Yet I thynke organs no suche commodyte[2]
Wherby the water shulde banyshed be.
And for your bagpypes, I take them as nyfuls.[3]
Your mater is all in fansyes and tryfuls.
**Wynde Myller.** By god, but ye shall not tryfull me of[f] so!
Yf these thynges serve not, I wyll reherse mo.
And now to mynde there is one olde proverbe come,
"One bushell of Marche dust is worth a kynges raunsome."
What is a hundreth thousande bushels worth than?
**Water Myller.** Not one myte, for the thynge selfe, to no man.
**Wynde Myller.** Why, shall wynde every-where thus be obiecte?[4]
Nay, in the hye-wayes he shall take effecte,
Where-as the rayne doth never good, but hurt;
For wynde maketh but dust, and water maketh durt.
Powder, or syrop, syrs, whyche lycke ye beste?
Who lycketh not the tone maye lycke up the rest.
But, sure, who-so-ever hath assayed such syppes
Had lever have dusty eyes then durty lyppes.
And it is sayd syns afore[5] we were borne
That "drought doth never make derth of corne."
And well it is knowen to the most foole here
How rayne hath pryced corne within this vii yere.[6]
**Water Myller.** Syr, I pray the, spare me a lytyll season,

---

[1] Admit.
[2] Hair-breadth.
[3] Float.
[4] Sent.
[5] Moderate breezes.
[6] R. *of*.
[7] Springtime.

[1] Part.
[2] Advantage.
[3] Trifles.
[4] Objected to.
[5] Before.
[6] Pollard notes the dearth and high price of corn in 1523 and 1528.

And I shall brevely conclude[1] the wyth reason.
Put case on[e] somers daye wythout wynde to be,
And ragyous wynde in wynter dayes two or thre;
Mych more shall dry that one calme daye in somer,
Then shall those thre wyndy dayes in wynter.
Whom shall we thanke for thys, when all is done?
The thanke to wynde? Nay! Thanke chyefely the sone.
And so for drought, yf corne therby encres,
The sone doth comfort and rype all dowtles.
And oft the wynde so leyth the corne, god wot,
That never after can it rype, but rot.
Yf drought toke place, as ye say, yet maye ye se,
Lytell helpeth the wynde in thys commodyte.
But, now, syr, I deny your pryncypyll.
Yf drought ever were, it were impossybyll
To have ony grayne; for, or it can grow,
Ye must plow your lande, harrow, and sow, —
Whyche wyll not be, except ye maye have rayne
To temper the grounde; and after agayne,
For spryngynge and plumpyng[2] all maner corne,
Yet muste ye have water, or all is forlorne.[3]
Yf ye take water for no commodyte,
Yet must ye take it for thynge of necessyte.
For washynge, for skowrynge, all fylth clensynge,
Where water lacketh what bestely beynge!
In brewyng, in bakynge, in dressynge of meate,
Yf ye lacke water what coulde ye drynke or eate?
Wythout water coulde lyve neyther man nor best,
For water preservyth both moste and lest.
For water coulde I say a thousande thynges mo,
Savynge as now the tyme wyll not serve so.
And as for that wynde that you do sew fore,
Is good for your wyndemyll, and for no more!
Syr, syth all thys in experyence is tryde,
I say thys mater standeth clere on my syde.

**Wynde Myller.** Well, syns thys wyll not serve, I wyll alledge the reste.
Syr, for our myllys, I saye myne is the beste.
My wyndmyll shall grynd more corne in one our
Then thy water-myll shall in thre or foure —
Ye, more then thyne shulde in a hole yere,
Yf thou myghtest have as thou hast wyshyd here.
For thou desyrest to have excesse of rayne,
Whych thyng to the[e] were the worst thou couldyst obtayne.
For, yf thou dydyst, it were a playne inducyon[1]
To make thyne owne desyer thyne owne destruccyon.
For in excesse of rayne at any flood
Your myllys must stande styll; they can do no good.
And whan the wynde doth blow the uttermost
Our wyndmylles walke a-mayne[2] in every cost.[3]
For, as we se the wynde in hys estate,[4]
We moder[5] our saylys after the same rate.
Syns our myllys grynde so farre faster then yours,
And also they may grynde all tymes and howrs,
I say we nede no watermylles at all,
For wyndmylles be suffycyent to serve all.

**Water Myller.** Thou spekest of "all" and consyderest not halfe!
In boste[6] of thy gryste thou art wyse as a calfe!
For, though above us your mylles grynde farre faster,

---

[1] Confute
[2] For causing to spring up and grow plump.
[3] Utterly lost.

[1] Initial step.
[2] Go with full force.
[3] Place
[4] State (blowing strongly or weakly).
[5] Adjust.
[6] Boast, praise

What helpe to those from whome ye be myche farther?
And, of two sortes, yf the tone shold be conserved,[1]
I thynke yt mete the moste nomber be served.
In vales and weldes,[2] where moste commodyte is,
There is most people; ye must graunte me this.
On hylles and downes, whyche partes are moste barayne,
There muste be few; yt can no mo sustayne.
I darre well say, yf yt were tryed even now,
That there is ten of us to one of you.
And where shuld chyefely all necessaryes be,
But there as people are moste in plente?
More reason that you come vii myle to myll
Then all we of the vale sholde clyme the hyll.
If rayne came reasonable, as I requyre yt,
We sholde of your wyndemylles have nede no whyt.

*Entreth Mery-reporte.*

Mery-reporte. Stop, folysh knaves! for your reasonynge is suche,
That ye have resoned even ynough, and to much.
I hard all the wordes that ye both have hadde.
So helpe me god, the knaves be more then madde!
Nother of them both that hath wyt nor grace
To perceyve that both myllys may serve in place.
Betwene water and wynde there is no suche let
But eche myll may have tyme to use his fet.[3]
Whyche thynge I can tell by experyens;
For I have, of myne owne, not farre from hens,
In a corner to-gether, a couple of myllys,
Standynge in a marres[4] betwene two hyllys —
Not of inherytaunce, but by my wyfe;
She is feofed in the tayle for terme of her lyfe,
The one for wynde, the other for water.
And of them both, I thanke god, there standeth[1] nother;
For, in a good hour be yt spoken,
The water gate is no soner open,
But clap, sayth the wyndmyll, even straygnt behynde!
There is good spedde the devyll and all they grynde!
But whether that the hopper be dusty,
Or that the mylstonys be sumwhat rusty,
By the mas, the meale is myschevous musty!
And yf ye thynke my tale be not trusty,
I make ye trew promyse: come, when ye lyst,
We shall fynde meane ye shall taste of the gryst.

Water Myller. The corne at receyt happely is not good.

Mery-reporte. There can be no sweeter, by the sweet rood![2]
Another thynge yet, whyche shall not be cloked,[3]
My watermyll many tymes is choked.

Water Myller. So wyll she be, though ye shuld burste your bones,
Except ye be perfyt in settynge your stones.
Fere not the lydger,[4] beware your ronner.[5]
Yet this for the lydger, or ye have wonne her —
Parchaunce your lydger doth lacke good peckyng.

Mery-reporte. So sayth my wyfe; and that maketh all our checkyng.[6]
She wolde have the myll peckt, peckt, peckt, every day!
But, by god, myllers muste pecke when they may!
So oft have we peckt that our stones wax right thyn,
And all our other gere not worth a pyn;
For wyth peckynge and peckyng I have so wrought,

---

[1] Kept. [2] Wealds.
[3] Its feat, its customary action. [4] Marsh.

[1] Standeth idle. [2] Cross. [3] Concealed.
[4] The nether, and fixed, millstone.
[5] The upper, and moving, millstone.
[6] Quarreling.

That I have peckt a good peckynge-yron to nought.
How-be-yt, yf I stycke no better tyll her,
My wyfe sayth she wyll have a new myller.
But let yt passe! And now to our mater:
I say my myllys lacke nother wynde nor water;
No more do yours, as farre as nede doth requyre.
But, syns ye can not agree, I wyll desyre
Iupyter to set you both in suche rest
As to your welth and his honour may stande best.
Water Myller. I praye you hertely remember me!
Wynde Myller. Let not me be forgoten, I beseche ye!

*Both Myllers goth forth.*

Mery-reporte. If I remember you not both a-lyke
I wolde ye were over the eares in the dyke.
Now be we ryd of two knaves at one chaunce!
By Saynte Thomas, yt is a knavyshe ryddaunce.

*The Gentylwoman entreth.*

Gentylwoman. Now, good god! what a foly is this?
What sholde I do where so mych people is?
I know not how to passe in to the god now.
Mery-reporte. No, but ye know how he may passe into you.
Gentylwoman. I pray you let me in at the backe syde.
Mery-reporte. Ye, shall I so and your foresyde so wyde?
Nay, not yet! But syns ye love to be alone,
We twayne wyll into a corner anone.
But fyrste, I pray you, come your way hyther,
And let us twayne chat a whyle to-gyther.
Gentylwoman. Syr, as to you I have lyttell mater.
My commynge is to speke wyth Iupiter.
Mery-reporte. Stande ye styll a whyle, and I wyll go prove
Whether that the god wyll be brought in love.

*[He goes to Jupyter's throne.]*

My lorde, how nowe! Loke uppe lustely!
Here is a derlynge come, by Saynt Antony!
And yf yt be your pleasure to mary,
Speke quyckly, for she may not tary.
In fayth, I thynke ye may wynne her anone,[1]
For she wolde speke wyth your lordshyp alone.
Jupyter. Sonne, that is not the thynge at this tyme ment.
If her sewt concerne no cause of our hyther resorte,
Sende her out of place; but yf she be bent
To that purpose, heare her and make us reporte.
Mery-reporte. I count women lost, yf we love them not well,
For ye se god loveth them never a dele!
Maystres ye can not speake wyth the god.
Gentylwoman. No! why?
Mery-reporte. By my fayth, for his lordshyp is ryght besy
Wyth a pece of worke that nedes must be doone.
Even now is he makynge of a new moone.
He sayth your olde moones be so farre tasted [2]
That all the goodnes of them is wasted;
Whyche of the great wete [3] hath ben moste mater,
For olde moones be leake;[4] they can holde no water.
But for this new mone, I durst lay my gowne,
Except a few droppes at her goyng downe,
Ye get no rayne tyll her arysynge —
Wythout yt nede, and then no mans devysynge
Coulde wyshe the fashyon of rayne to be so good;
Not gushynge out lyke gutters of Noyes flood,
But small droppes sprynklyng softly on the grounde;
Though they fell on a sponge they wold gyve no sounde.

---

[1] At once, quickly.
[2] Tried by tasting, or eating.
[3] Flood.
[4] Leaky.

This new moone shall make a thing spryng more in this while
Then a olde moone shal while a man may go a mile.
By that tyme the god hath all made an ende,
Ye shall se how the wether wyll amende.
By Saynt Anne, he goeth to worke even boldely!
I thynke hym wyse ynough; for he loketh oldely!
Wherfore, maystres, be ye now of good chere;
For though in his presens ye can not appere,
Tell me your mater and let me alone;
May-happe I wyll thynke on you when you be gone.
Gentylwoman. Forsoth, the cause of my commynge is this:
I am a woman ryght fayre, as ye se;
In no creature more beauty then in me is.
And, syns I am fayre, fayre wolde I kepe me;
But the sonne in somer so sore doth burne me,
In wynter the wynde on every syde me,
No parte of the yere wote I where to turne me,
But even in my house am I fayne to hyde me.
And so do all other that beuty have.
In whose name at this tyme this sewt I make,
Besechynge Iupyter to graunt that I crave;
Whyche is this: that yt may please hym, for our sake,
To sende us wether close and temperate,
No sonne-shyne, no frost, nor no wynde to blow.
Then wolde we get [1] the stretes trym as a parate.[2]
Ye shold se how we wolde set our-selfe to show!
Mery-reporte. Iet where ye wyll, I swere, by Saynte Quintyne,
Ye passe them all, both in your owne conceyt and myne.
Gentylwoman. If we had wether to walke at our pleasure,
Our lyves wolde be mery out of measure:
One part of the day for our apparellynge,
A nother parte for eatynge and drynkynge,
And all the reste in stretes to be walkynge,
Or in the house to passe tyme wyth talkynge.
Mery-reporte. When serve ye God?
Gentylwoman. Who bosteth in vertue are but daws.[1]
Mery-reporte. Ye do the better, namely syns there is no cause.
How spende ye the nyght?
Gentylwoman. In daunsynge and syngynge
Tyll mydnyght, and then fall to slepynge.
Mery-reporte. Why, swete herte! by your false fayth, can ye syng?
Gentylwoman. Nay, nay, but I love yt above all thynge.
Mery-reporte. Now, by my trouth, for the love that I owe you,
You shall here what pleasure I can shew you.
One songe have I for you, suche as yt is,
And yf yt were better ye should have yt, by gys.[2]
Gentylwoman. Mary, syr, I thanke you even hartely.
Mery-reporte. Come on, syrs! [3] But now let us synge lust[e]ly.

*Here they synge.*[4]

Gentylwoman. Syr, this is well done! I hertely thanke you.
Ye have done me pleasure, I make God a-vowe.
Ones in a nyght I longe for suche a fyt;[5]
For longe tyme have I bene brought up in yt.
Mery-reporte. Oft tyme yt is sene, both in court and towne,
Longe be women a bryngyng up, and sone brought down!
So fete [6] yt is, so nete yt is, so nyse yt is,
So trycke [7] yt is, so quycke yt is, so wyse yt is!

---

[1] Jet, strut up and down.
[2] Parrot.

[1] Fools.
[2] By Jesus.
[3] Possibly addressed to the musicians.
[4] The song is not given.
[5] Strain of music; song
[6] Fine.
[7] Tricked out.

I fere my selfe, excepte I may entreat her,
I am so farre in love I shall forget her.
Now, good maystres, I pray you, let me kys ye.
**Gentylwoman.** Kys me, quoth a! Why, nay, syr, I wys ye.
**Mery-reporte.** What! yes, hardely! Kys me ons and no more.
I never desyred to kys you before.

*Here the Launder cometh in.*

**Launder.** Why! have ye alway kyst her behynde?
In fayth, good inough, yf yt be your mynde.
And yf your appetyte serve you so to do,
Byr lady, I wolde ye had kyst myne ars, to!
**Mery-reporte.** To whom dost thou speke, foule hore? canst thou tell?
**Launder.** Nay, by my trouth, syr,[1] not very well;
But by coniecture this ges I have,
That I do speke to an olde baudy knave!
I saw you dally with your symper de cokket.[2]
I rede [3] you beware she pyck not your pokket.
Such ydyll huswyfes do now and than
Thynke all well wonne that they pyck from a man.
Yet such of some men shall have more favour
Then we, that for them dayly toyle and labour.
But I trust the god wyll be so indyfferent
That she shall fayle some parte of her entent.
**Mery-reporte.** No dout he wyll deale so gracyously
That all folke shall be served indyfferently.
How-be-yt, I tell the trewth, my offyce is suche
That I muste reporte eche sewt, lyttell or muche.
Wherfore, wyth the god syns thou canst not speke,
Trust me wyth thy sewt; I wyll not fayle yt to breke.[4]
**Launder.** Then leane not to myche to yonder gyglet,[1]
For her desyre contrary to myne is set.
I herde by her tale she wolde banyshe the sonne,
And then were we pore launders all undonne.
Excepte the sonne shyne that our clothes may dry,
We can do ryght nought in our laundry.
A nother maner losse, yf we sholde mys,
Then of suche nycebyceters [2] as she is.
**Gentylwoman.** I thynke yt better that thou envy me,
Then I sholde stande at rewarde [3] of thy pytte.
It is the guyse of such grose queynes as thou art
Wyth such as I am evermore to thwart.
Bycause that no beauty ye can obtayne
Therfore ye have us that be fayre in dysdayne.
**Launder.** When I was as yonge as thou art now,
I was wythin lyttel as fayre as thou;
And so myght have kept me, yf I hadde wolde;
And as derely my youth I myght have solde
As the tryckest and fayrest of you all.
But I feared parels [4] that after myght fall.
Wherfore some besynes I dyd me provyde,
Lest vyce myght enter on every syde,
Whyche hath fre entre where ydylnesse doth reyne.
It is not thy beauty that I dysdeyne,
But thyne ydyll lyfe that thou hast rehersed,
Whych any good womans hert wolde have perced.[5]
For I perceyve in daunsynge and syngynge,
In eatyng and drynkynge, and thyne apparellynge,
Is all the ioye wherin thy herte is set.
But nought of all this doth thyne owne labour get;
For haddest thou nothyng but of thyne owne travayle [6]

---

[1] R. has "*trouth I syr*"; the Awdeley edition has "*Now, by my trouth, syr, I wot not very well.*"
[2] Mlle. Simper de Coquette.
[3] Advise.
[4] Disclose, deliver.

[1] Wanton.
[2] Nicely decked out girls.
[3] As the object of. (Pollard.)
[4] Perils (to the soul).
[5] Penetrated with grief.
[6] Labor.

Thou myghtest go as naked as my nayle.
Me-thynke thou shuldest abhorre suche ydylnes,
And passe thy tyme in some honest besynes.
Better to lese some parte of thy beaute
Then so ofte to ieoberd all thyne honeste.[1]
But I thynke, rather then thou woldest so do,
Thou haddest lever have us lyve ydylly to.
And so, no doute, we shulde, yf thou myghtest have
The clere sone banysht, as thou dost crave!
Then were we launders marde; and unto the
Thyne owne request were smale commodyte.
For of these twayne I thynke yt farre better
Thy face were sone-burned, and thy clothis the swetter,[2]
Then that the sonne from shynynge sholde be smytten,
To kepe thy face fayre and thy smocke beshytten.
Syr, howe lycke ye my reason in her case?

**Mery-reporte.** Such a raylynge hore, by the holy mas,
I never herde, in all my lyfe, tyll now!
In-dede I love ryght well the ton of you;
But, or I wolde kepe you both, by goddes mother,
The devyll shall have the tone to fet[3] the tother!

**Launder.** Promise me to speke that the sone may shyne bryght,
And I wyll be gone quyckly for all nyght.

**Mery-reporte.** Get you both hens, I pray you hartely.
Your sewtes I perceyve, and wyll reporte them trewly
Unto Iupyter at the next leysure,
And, in the same, desyre to know his pleasure;
Whyche knowledge hadde, even as he doth show yt,
Feare ye not, tyme inough ye shall know yt.

**Gentylwoman.** Syr, yf ye medyll, remember me fyrste

**Launder.** Then in this medlynge my parte shalbe the wurst.

**Mery-reporte.** Now, I beseche our lorde, the devyll the burst!
Who medlyth wyth many I hold hym accurst,
Thou hore, can I medyl wyth you both at ones?

*Here the Gentylwoman goth forth.*

**Launder.** By the mas, knave, I wold I had both thy stones
In my purs, yf thou medyl not indyfferently,
That both our maters in yssew may be lyckly.

**Mery-reporte.** Many wordes, lyttell mater, and to no purpose —
Suche is the effect that thou dost dysclose.
The more ye byb,[1] the more ye babyll;
The more ye babyll, the more ye fabyll;
The more ye fabyll, the more unstabyll;
The more unstabyll, the more unabyll
In any maner thynge to do any good.
No hurt though ye were hanged, by the holy rood!

**Launder.** The les your sylence, the lesse your credence;
The les your credens, the les your honeste;
The les your honeste, the les your assystens;
The les your assystens, the les abylyte
In you to do ought. Wherfore, so god me save,
No hurte in hangynge such a raylynge knave!

**Mery-reporte.** What monster is this! I never harde none suche!
For loke how myche more I have made her to myche;
And so farre, at lest, she hath made me to lyttell.
Wher be ye, Launder? I thynke in some spyttell.[2]
Ye shall washe me no gere, for feare of fretynge.[3]
I love no launders that shrynke my gere in wettynge.
I praye the go hens, and let me be in rest.
I wyll do thyne erand as I thynke best.

---

[1] Virtue.
[2] Sweeter, cleaner.
[3] Fetch.

[1] Chatter.
[2] Lazar-house.
[3] Destruction by hard rubbing.

**Launder.** Now wolde I take my leve, yf I wyste how.
The lenger I lyve the more knave you!
**Mery-reporte.** The lenger thou lyvest the pyte the gretter,
The soner thou be ryd, the tydynges the better!

[*Exit the Launder.*]

Is not this a swete offyce that I have,
When every drab shall prove me a knave?
Every man knoweth not what goddes servyce is;
Nor I my selfe knewe yt not before this.
I thynke goddes servauntes may lyve holyly,
But the devyls servauntes lyve more meryly.
I know not what god geveth in standynges fees,
But the devyls servauntes have casweltees[1]
A hundred tymes mo then goddes servauntes have.
For, though ye be never so starke a knave,
If ye lacke money the devyll wyll do no wurse
But brynge you strayght to a nother mans purse.
Then wyll the devyll promote you here in this world,
As unto suche ryche[2] yt doth moste accord.
Fyrste *pater noster qui es in celis*,[3]
And then ye shall sens[4] the shryfe wyth your helys.
The greatest frende ye have in felde or towne,
Standynge a-typ-to, shall not reche your crowne.

*The Boy comyth in, the lest that can play.*

**Boy.** This same is even he, by al lycklyhod.
Syr, I pray you, be not you master god?
**Mery-reporte.** No, in good fayth, sonne. But I may say to the
I am suche a man that god may not mysse me.
Wherfore wyth the god yf thou woldest have ought done,
Tell me thy mynde, and I shall shew yt, sone.
**Boy.** Forsothe, syr, my mynde is thys, at few wordes:
All my pleasure is in catchynge of byrdes,
And makynge of snow-ballys and throwyng the same;
For the whyche purpose to have set in frame,[1]
Wyth my godfather god I wolde fayne have spoken,
Desyrynge hym to have sent me by some token
Where I myghte have had great frost for my pytfallys,
And plente of snow to make my snow-ballys.
This onys[2] had, boyes lyvis be such as no man leddys.
O, to se my snow-ballys lyght on my felowes heddys!
And to here the byrdes how they flycker theyr wynges
In the pytfale! I say yt passeth all thynges.
Syr, yf ye be goddes servaunt, or his kynsman,
I pray you helpe me in this yf ye can.
**Mery-reporte.** Alas, pore boy, who sent the hether?
**Boy.** A hundred boys that stode together,
Where they herde one say in a cry
That my godfather, god almyghty,
Was come from heven, by his owne acorde,
This nyght to suppe here wyth my lorde;[3]
And farther he sayde, come whoso[4] wull,
They shall sure have theyr bellyes full
Of all wethers, who lyste to crave,
Eche sorte suche wether as they lyste to have.
And when my felowes thought this wolde be had,
And saw me so prety a pratelynge lad,
Uppon agrement, wyth a great noys,
"Sende lyttell Dycke!" cryed all the boys.

---

[1] Perquisites.
[2] Mighty person.
[3] First you say the Lord's Prayer (before execution).
[4] Swing your heels, like censers, over the head of the sheriff who hangs you.

[1] Order, definite form.
[2] Once.
[3] A compliment to the person in whose house the play was acted.
[4] R. *whose*.

By whose assent I am purveyd[1]
To sew for the wether afore-seyd.
Wherin I pray you to be good, as thus,
To helpe that god may geve yt us.
Mery-reporte. Gyve boys wether, quoth a? nonny, nonny![2]
Boy. Yf god of his wether wyll gyve nonny,
I pray you, wyll he sell ony?
Or lend us a bushell of snow, or twayne,
And poynt us a day to pay hym agayne?
Mery-reporte. I can not tell; for, by thys lyght,
I chept[3] nor borowed none of hym this nyght.
But by suche shyfte as I wyll make
Thou shalte se soone what waye he wyll take.
Boy. Syr, I thanke you. Then I may departe?

*The Boye goth forth.*

Mery-reporte. Ye, farewell, good sonne, wyth all my harte!
Now suche an other sorte[4] as here hath bene
In all the dayes of my lyfe I have not sene!
No sewters now but women, knavys, and boys;
And all theyr sewtys are in fansyes and toys!
Yf that there come no wyser after thys cry
I wyll to the god and make an ende quyckely.

[*He makes a proclamation to the audience.*]

Oyes! yf that any knave here
Be wyllynge to appere,
For wether fowle or clere,
Come in before thys flocke;
And be he hole or syckly,
Come shew hys mynde quyckly;
And yf hys tale be not lyckly[5]
Ye shall lycke my tayle in the nocke.

[*He pauses; no one advances.*]

All thys tyme, I perceyve, is spent in wast
To wayte for mo sewters. I se none make hast.
Wherfore I wyll shew the god all thys procys,[1]
And be delyvered of my symple[2] offys.

[*He goes to the throne of Jupyter.*]

Now, lorde, accordynge to your commaundement,
Attendynge sewters I have ben dylygent.
And, at begynnyng as your wyll was I sholde,
I come now at ende to shewe what eche man wolde.
The fyrst sewter before your selfe dyd appere, —
A gentylman desyrynge wether clere,
Clowdy nor mysty, nor no wynde to blow,
For hurt in hys huntynge. And then, as ye know,
The marchaunt sewde for all of that kynde,
For wether clere, and mesurable wynde,
As they maye best bere theyr saylys to make spede.
And streyght after thys there came to me, in-dede,
An other man, who namyd hym-selfe a ranger,
And sayd all of hys crafte be farre brought in daunger
For lacke of lyvynge, whyche chefely ys wynde-fali:
But he playnely sayth there bloweth no wynde at al;
Wherfore he desyreth, for encrease of theyr fleesys,[3]
Extreme rage of wynde, trees to tere in peces.
Then came a water-myller, and he cryed out
For water, and sayde the wynde was so stout
The rayne could not fale; wherfore he made request
For plenty of rayne to set the wynde at rest.
And then, syr, there came a wyndemyller in,
Who sayde for the rayne he could no wynde wyn;
The water he wysht to be banysht all,
Besechynge your grace of wynde contynuall.

---

[1] Provided, prepared.
[2] A meaningless exclamation.
[3] P. *chept not, nor.*
[4] Crowd.
[5] Likely.

[1] Procedure, story.
[2] Humble.
[3] Plunder.

Then came there an other that wolde banysh all this —
A goodly dame, an ydyll thynge iwys!
Wynde, rayne, nor froste, nor sonshyne, wold she have,
But fayre close wether, her beautye to save.
Then came there a nother that lyveth by laundry,
Who muste have wether hote and clere here clothys to dry.
Then came there a boy for froste and snow contynuall,
Snow to make snowballys, and frost for his pytfale;
For whyche, god wote, he seweth full gredely!
Your fyrst man wold have wether clere and not wyndy;
The seconde the same, save cooles to blow meanly;[1]
The thyrd desyred stormes and wynde moste extremely;
The fourth all in water, and wolde have no wynde;
The fyft no water, but al wynde to grynde;
The syxt wold have none of all these, nor no bright son;
The seventh extremely the hote son wold have wonne;
The eyght, and the last, for frost and snow he prayd.
Byr lady, we shall take shame, I am a-frayd!
Who marketh in what maner this sort is led
May thynke yt impossyble all to be sped.
This nomber is smale — there lacketh twayne of ten —
And yet, by the masse, amonge ten thousand men
No one thynge could stand more wyde from the tother!
Not one of theyr sewtes agreeth wyth an other.
I promyse you, here is a shrewed pece of warke!
This gere wyll trye wether ye be a clarke.
Yf ye trust to me, yt is a great foly;
For yt passeth my braynes, by goddes body!

**Jupyter.** Son, thou haste ben dylygent, and done so well
That thy labour is ryght myche thankeworthy.
But be thou suer we nede no whyt thy counsell;
For in our-selfe we have foresene remedy,
Whyche thou shalt se. But fyrste, departe hence quyckly
To the gentylman and all other sewters here,
And commaunde them all before us to appere.

**Mery-reporte.** That shall be no lenger in doynge
Then I am in commynge and goynge.

*Mery-report goth out.*

**Jupyter.** Suche debate as from above[1] ye have harde,
Suche debate beneth amonge your selfes ye se.
As longe as heddes from temperaunce be deferd,
So longe the bodyes in dystemperaunce be:
This perceyve ye all, but none can helpe save we.
But as we there have made peace concordantly,
So woll we here now gyve you remedy.

*Mery-reporte and al the sewters entreth.*

**Mery-reporte.** If I hadde caught them
Or ever I raught[2] them,
I wolde have taught them
  To be nere me.
Full dere have I bought them,[3]
Lorde, so I sought them;
Yet have I brought them,
  Suche as they be!

**Gentylman.** Pleaseth yt your maieste, lorde, so yt is,
We, as your subiectes and humble sewters all,
Accordynge as we here your pleasure is,
Are presyd[4] to your presens, beynge pryncypall
Hed and governour of all in every place.
Who ioyeth not in your syght, no ioy can have.
Wherfore we all commyt us to your grace

---

[1] Breezes to blow moderately.

[1] In heaven; cf. ll. 22–63.

[2] Reached.

[3] I have paid dear for them (i.e. the search was tedious).

[4] Hurried.

As lorde of lordes us to peryshe[1] or save.
**Jupyter.** As longe as dyscrecyon so well doth you gyde
Obedyently to use your dewte,
Dout ye not we shall your savete provyde.
Your grevys we have harde; wherfore we sent for ye
To receyve answere, eche man in his degre.
And fyrst to content, most reason yt is,
The fyrste man that sewde; wherfore marke ye this:

Oft shall ye have the wether clere and styll
To hunt in for recompens of your payne.
Also you marchauntes shall have myche your wyll;
For oft-tymes, when no wynde on lande doth remayne,
Yet on the see pleasaunt cooles you shall obtayne.
And syns your huntynge maye reste in the nyght,
Oft shall the wynde then ryse, and before day-lyght.

It shall ratyll downe the wood in suche case
That all ye rangers the better lyve may.
And ye water-myllers shall obteyne this grace —
Many tymes the rayne to fall in the valey,
When at the selfe tymes on hyllys we shall purvey
Fayre wether for your wyndmilles, with such coolys of wynde
As in one instant both kyndes of mylles may grynde.

And for ye fayre women that close wether wold have,
We shall provyde that ye may suffycyently
Have tyme to walke in, and your beauty save.
And yet shall ye have, that lyveth by laundry,
The hote sonne oft ynough your clothes to dry.
Also ye, praty chylde, shall have both frost and snow.
Now marke this conclusyon, we charge you arow:[1]
Myche better have we now devysed for ye all
Then ye all can perceyve, or coude desyre.
Eche of you sewd to have contynuall
Suche wether as his crafte onely doth requyre.
All wethers in all places yf men all tymes myght hyer,
Who could lyve by other? What is this neglygens
Us to atempt in suche inconvenyens!

Now, on the tother syde, yf we had graunted
The full of some one sewt, and no mo,
And from all the rest the wether had forbyd,
Yet who so hadde obtayned had wonne his owne wo.
There is no one craft can preserve man so,
But by other craftes, of necessyte,
He muste have myche parte of his commodyte.

All to serve at ones, and one destroy a nother,
Or ellys to serve one and destroy all the rest, —
Nother wyll we do the tone nor the tother,
But serve as many, or as few, as we thynke best.
And where, or what tyme, to serve moste or lest,
The dyreccyon of that doutles shall stande
Perpetually in the power of our hande.

Wherfore we wyll the hole worlde to attende
Eche sorte on suche wether as for them doth fall,
Now one, now other, as lyketh us to sende.
Who that hath yt, ply[2] it; and suer we shall
So gyde the wether in course to you all,
That eche wyth other ye shall hole[3] remayne
In pleasure and plentyfull welth, certayne.

---

[1] Destroy.

[1] In a row.
[2] Make use of it.
[3] Whole, hale, sound.

Gentylman. Blessyd was the tyme wherin we were borne!
Fyrst for the blysfull chaunce of your godly presens,
Next for our sewt. Was there never man beforne
That ever harde so excellent a sentens
As your grace hath gevyn to us all arow?
Wherin your hyghnes hath so bountyfully
Dystrybuted my parte that your grace shall know
Your selfe sooll[1] possessed of hertes of all chyvalry.
Marchaunt. Lyke-wyse we marchauntes shall yeld us holy,[2]
Onely to laude the name of Iupyter
As god of all goddes, you to serve soolly;
For of every thynge, I se, you are norysher.
Ranger. No dout yt is so, for so we now fynde.
Wherin your grace us rangers so doth bynde,
That we shall gyve you our hertes with one accorde,
For knowledge to know you as our onely lorde.
Water Myller. Well, I can no more, but — for our water
We shall geve your lordshyp Our Ladyes sauter.
Wynde Myller. Myche have ye bounde us; for, as I be saved,
We have all obteyned better then we craved.
Gentylwoman. That is trew; wherfore your grace shal trewly
The hertes of such as I am have surely.
Launder. And suche as I am — who be as good as you! —
His hyghnes shall be suer on, I make a vow.
Boy. Godfather god, I wyll do somwhat for you agayne.
By Cryste, ye may happe to have a byrd or twayne!
And I promyse you, yf any snow come,
When I make my snow-ballys ye shall have some.
Mery-reporte. God thanke your lordshyp. Lo, how this is brought to pas!
Syrs, now shall ye have the wether even as yt was.

Jupyter. We nede no whyte our selfe any farther to bost,
For our dedes declare us apparauntly.
Not onely here on yerth, in every cost,
But also above in the hevynly company,
Our prudens hath made peace unyversally;
Whyche thynge, we sey, recordeth us as pryncypall
God and governour of heven, yerth, and all.

Now unto that heven we woll make retourne,
Where we be gloryfyed most tryumphantly.
Also we woll all ye that on yerth soiourne,
Syns cause gyveth cause, to know us your lord onely,
And now here to synge moste ioyfully,
Reioycynge in us. And in meane-tyme we shall
Ascende into our trone celestyall.

[*While they sing, Jupyter withdraws.*]

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[1] Solely.

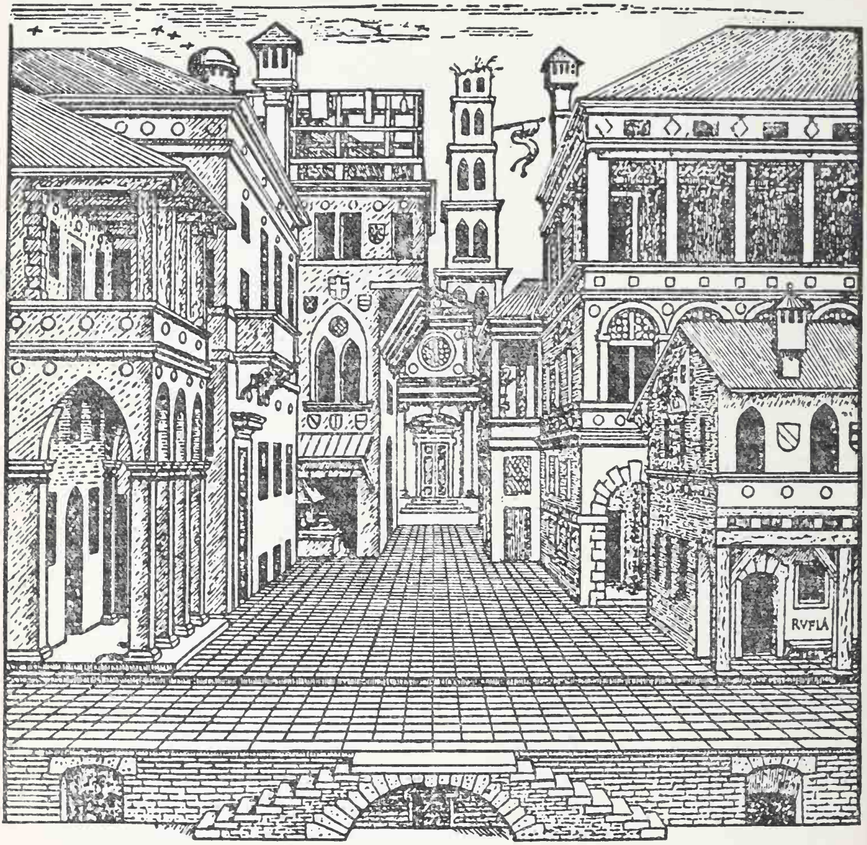
[2] Wholly.

Finis

Prynted by W. Rastell.
1533.
*Cum privilegio.*

# X

# SCHOOL PLAYS



The Comicall Scene

# ROISTER DOISTER[1]

## By NICHOLAS UDALL

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Ralph Royster Doyster, a braggart.
Mathewe Merygreeke, the fun-maker.
Gawin Goodlucke, a London merchant, affianced to the wealthy widow Custance.
Tristram Trusty, an old friend to Goodlucke and Custance.
Dobinet Doughtie, a boy, servant to Royster.
Tom Trupenie, a boy, servant to Custance.
Sym Suresby, loyal servant to Goodlucke.
Harpax, servant to Royster.
Scrivener.
Musicians.
Servants.

Christian Custance, a wealthy widow, affianced to Goodlucke.
Madge Mumblecrust, an old woman, nurse to Custance.
Tibet Talk-a-pace } maids to Custance.
Annot Alyface }

The place, London.]

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[1] In the first quarter of the sixteenth century the scholars of England came under the influence of the great neo-classical revival of Roman plays inaugurated by the Italian academies, and English high schools and colleges began to present before school audiences (and occasionally, by invitation, before the Court and before persons of eminence) the comedies of Terence and Plautus. Though at first the students acted the original plays of the Roman dramatists, very soon they began to compose and present plays modeled after the classical masterpieces, some in Latin and some in English. The earliest of the English adaptations of Roman comedy that has come down to us is *Roister Doister*, written by Nicholas Udall, and, in all probability, while he was headmaster of Eton, 1534–41. The importance of the academic drama in calling attention to the technique of the classical drama (act- and scene-divisions, coherence of plot, the unities of time and place, the careful motivation of entrances and exits, etc.) is obvious. And in still another way, perhaps, the efforts of the scholars to revive the drama of the ancients exerted an influence upon the English drama. The great revival of interest in Roman plays led, especially in Italy, to a revival of interest in the classical mode of stage representation. With hints derived from Vitruvius, and under the inspiration of enthusiastic Italian scholars, the architects and painters began to develop theatres and stage-scenery for presenting plays in "the manner of the ancients." The scenery devised consisted usually of canvas stretched over wooden frames (called "players' houses"), and painted in perspective to represent a street. There were entrances at either side into the houses of the chief personages, and a passage or door at the end of the street, leading, as it were, into the town. The figure entitled "The Comicall Scene," here reproduced from Serlio's *The Second Book of Architecture*, illustrates a rather elaborate setting for a comedy; in the English plays, no doubt, the setting was much simpler. The actors of *Roister Doister*, we may suppose, placed on one side the house of Dame Custance, on the other side the house of Roister, with a street in perspective between; and all the performers came in or went out at the doors of these two houses, or at the rear end of the street.

Only one copy of the play is extant (now preserved at Eton, and referred to hereafter as E.), and that lacks the title-page. The play, however, was licensed to Thomas Hacket in 1566/67, and was presumably issued shortly afterwards. I have based the text on Arber's reprint, with the corrections noted by Gayley (*Representative English Comedies*, 1903) as a result of his careful collation of this reprint with the unique copy at Eton. The punctuation and the bracketed stage-directions are mine.

## THE PROLOGUE

What creature is in health, eyther yong or olde,
But som mirth with modestie wil be glad to vse —
As we in thys enterlude shall now vnfolde?
Wherin all scurilitie we vtterly refuse;
Auoiding such mirth wherin is abuse;
Knowing nothing more comendable for a mans recreation
Than mirth which is vsed in an honest fashion.

For myrth prolongeth lyfe, and causeth health;
Mirth recreates our spirites, and voydeth pensiuenesse;
Mirth increaseth amitie, not hindring our wealth;
Mirth is to be vsed both of more and lesse,[1]
Being mixed with vertue in decent comlynesse —
As we trust no good nature can gainsay the same.
Which mirth we intende to vse, auoidyng all blame.

The wyse poets long time heretofore
Vnder merrie comedies secretes did declare,
Wherein was contained very vertuous lore,
With mysteries and forewarnings very rare.
Suche to write neither *Plautus* nor *Terence* dyd spare,
Whiche among the learned at this day beares the bell.[2]
These with such other therein dyd excell.

Our comedie, or enterlude, which we intende to play
Is named "Royster Doyster," in-deede,
Which against the vayne-glorious doth inuey,
Whose humour the roysting sort continually doth feede.
Thus, by your pacience, we intende to proceede
In this our enterlude, by Gods leaue and grace.
And here I take my leaue for a certaine space.

[1] Persons of great and of small importance.

[2] Are ranked foremost.

FINIS.

## ACTUS I. SCÆNA I

MATHEWE MERYGREEKE.[1] *He entreth singing.*

[M. MERY.] As long lyueth the mery man, they say,
As doth the sory man, and longer by a day;
Yet the grassehopper, for all his sommer pipyng,
Sterueth in winter wyth hungrie gripyng.
Therefore an-other sayd sawe[2] doth men aduise
That they be together both mery and wise.
Thys lesson must I practise, or else ere long
Wyth mee, Mathew Merygreeke, it will be wrong.
In-deede, men so call me; for, by Him that vs bought,
What-euer chaunce betide, I can take no thought.
Yet wisedome woulde that I did my-selfe bethinke
Where to be prouided this day of meate and drinke;
For knowe ye, that, for all this merie note of mine,

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[1] The word regularly means "a merry fellow."

[2] Spoken sententious passage.

He might appose[1] me now that should aske where I dine.
My lyuing lieth heere, and there, of Gods grace: —
Sometime wyth this good man, sometyme in that place;
Sometime Lewis Loytrer biddeth me come neere;
Somewhyles Watkin Waster maketh vs good cheere;
Sometime Dauy Diceplayer, when he hath well cast,
Keepeth reuell-route as long as it will last;
Sometime Tom Titiuile maketh vs a feast;
Sometime with Sir Hugh Pye I am a bidden gueast;
Sometime at Nichol Neuerthriues I get a soppe;
Sometime I am feasted with Bryan Blinkinsoppe;
Sometime I hang on Hankyn Hoddydodies sleeue —
But thys day, on Ralph Royster Doysters, by hys leeue!
For truely of all men he is my chiefe banker,
Both for meate and money, and my chiefe shootanker.[2]
For, sooth[3] Roister Doister in that he doth say,
And require what ye will; ye shall haue no nay.
But now of Roister Doister somewhat to expresse,
That ye may esteeme him after hys worthinesse:
In these twentie townes, and seke them throughout,
Is not the like stocke whereon to graffe a loute.
All the day long is he facing and craking[4]
Of his great actes in fighting and fraymaking;
But, when Roister Doister is put to his proofe,
To keepe the Queenes[5] peace is more for his behoofe.
If any woman smyle, or cast on hym an eye,
Vp is he to the harde eares in loue by-and-by![1]
And in all the hotte haste must she be hys wife,
Else farewell hys good days, and farewell his life!
Maister Raufe Royster Doister is but dead and gon
Excepte she on hym take some compassion.
Then chiefe of counsell must be Mathew Merygreeke.
"What if I for mariage to suche an one seeke?"
Then must I sooth it, what-euer it is;
For what he sayth or doth can not be amisse.
Holde vp his yea and nay, be his nowne white sonne;[2]
Prayse and rouse[3] him well, and ye haue his heart wonne;
For so well liketh he his owne fonde[4] fashions
That he taketh pride of false commendations.
But such sporte haue I with him as I would not leese
Though I should be bounde to lyue with bread and cheese.
For exalt hym, and haue hym as ye lust, in-deede —
Yea, to hold his finger in a hole for a neede.
I can, with a worde, make him fayne or loth;
I can, with as much, make him pleased or wroth;
I can, when I will, make him mery and glad;
I can, when me lust, make him sory and sad;
I can set him in hope, and eke in dispaire;
I can make him speake rough, and make him speake faire.
But I maruell I see hym not all thys same day.
I wyll seeke him out. — But, loe! he commeth thys way!

---

[1] Pose, put to a nonplus.
[2] Last reliance.
[3] Support, flatter by assenting to.
[4] Swaggering and boasting.
[5] Doubtless originally *Kings*.

[1] Immediately.
[2] Darling, boon friend.
[3] Encourage.
[4] Ridiculous, foolish.

I haue yond espied hym sadly comming, —
And in loue, for twentie pounde, by hys glommyng![1]

## ACTUS I. SCÆNA II

[*Enter*] *Rafe Roister Doister. Mathew Merygreeke* [*remains*].

R. Royster. Come, death, when thou wilt! I am weary of my life!
M. Mery. I tolde you, I, we should wowe another wife!
R. Royster. Why did God make me suche a goodly person?
M. Mery. He is in by the weke. We shall haue sport anon.
R. Royster. And where is my trustie friende, Mathew Merygreeke?
M. Mery. I wyll make as I sawe him not. He doth me seeke.
R. Roister. I haue hym espyed, me thinketh; yond is hee.
Hough, Mathew Merygreeke, my friend! a worde with thee!
M. Mery. I wyll not heare him, but make as I had haste.

[*Pretending to go.*]

Farewell, all my good friendes! the tyme away dothe waste;
And the tide, they say, tarieth for no man!
R. Roister. Thou must with thy good counsell helpe me if thou can.
M. Mery. God keepe thee, worshypfull Maister Roister Doister!
And fare-well the[e], lustie Maister Roister Doister!

[*As he starts away, Roister Doister holds him.*]

R. Royster. I muste needes speake with thee a worde or twaine.
M. Mery. Within a month or two I will be here againe.
Negligence in greate affaires, ye knowe, may marre all.
R. Roister. Attende vpon me now, and well rewarde thee I shall.
M. Mery. I haue take my leaue, and the tide is well spent.
R. Roister. I die except thou helpe! I pray thee, be content.
Doe thy parte wel, nowe, and aske what thou wilt;
For without thy aide my matter is all spilt.
M. Mery. Then, to serue your turne, I will some paines take,
And let all myne owne affaires alone — for your sake.
R. Royster. My whole hope and trust resteth onely in thee.
M. Mery. Then can ye not doe amisse, what-euer it bee.
R. Royster. Gramercies, Merygreeke! most bounde to thee I am.
M. Mery. But vp with that heart, and speake out like a ramme!
Ye speake like a capon that had the cough now.
Bee of good cheere! Anon ye shall doe well ynow.
R. Royster. Vpon thy comforte I will all things well handle.
M. Mery. So, loe, that is a breast to blowe out a candle!
But what is this great matter, I woulde faine knowe?
We shall fynde remedie therefore, I trowe.
Doe ye lacke money? Ye knowe myne olde offers;
Ye haue always a key to my purse and coffers.
R. Royster. I thanke thee! Had euer man suche a frende?
M. Mery. Ye gyue vnto me; I must needes to you lende.
R. Royster. Nay, I haue money plentie all things to discharge.
M. Mery. [*aside*]. That knewe I ryght well when I made offer so large.
R. Royster.[1] But it is no suche matter.
M. Mery. What is it, than?
Are ye in daunger of debte to any man?
If ye be, take no thought, nor be not afraide;
Let them hardly take thought how they shall be paide.
R. Royster. Tut! I owe nought!
M. Mery. What then? Fear ye imprisonment?
R. Royster. No.

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[1] Scowling.

[1] Omitted in E.; supplied by Cooper.

M. MERY. No, i-wist, ye offende not so to be shent.[1]
But if ye [2] had, the Toure [3] coulde not you so holde
But to breake out at all times ye would be bolde.
What is it? Hath any man threatned you to beate?
R. ROYSTER. What is he that durst haue put me in that heate?
He that beateth me — by His armes! — shall well fynde
That I will not be farre from him, nor runne behinde.[4]
M. MERY. That thing knowe all men euer since ye ouerthrewe
The fellow of the lion which Hercules slewe.
But what is it, than?
R. ROYSTER. Of loue I make my mone
M. MERY. Ah, this foolishe a loue! Wilt neare let vs alone?
But, bicause ye were refused the last day,[5]
Ye sayd ye woulde nere more be intangled that way.
I would medle no more, since I fynde all so vnkinde.
R. ROYSTER. Yea, but I can not so put loue out of my minde.
MATH. MER. But is your loue — tell me first, in any wise —
In the way of mariage, or of merchandise? [6]
If it may otherwise than lawfull be founde,
Ye get none of my helpe for a hundred pounde.
R. ROYSTER. No, by my trouth; I would haue hir to my wife.
M. MERY. Then are ye a good man, and God saue your life!
And what, or who, is she with whome ye are in loue?
R. ROYSTER. A woman, whome I knowe not by what meanes to moue.
M. MERY. Who is it?
R. ROYSTER. A woman, yond!

[*He points to Custance's house* ]

M. MERY. What is hir name?
R. ROYSTER. Hir, yonder.
M. MERY. Whom?
R. ROYSTER. Mistresse — ah —
M. MERY. Fy, fy, for shame!
Loue ye, and know not whome, but "hir yonde," "a woman"?
We shall then get you a wyfe I can not tell whan!
R. ROYSTER. The faire woman that supped wyth vs yesternyght;
And I hearde hir name twice or thrice, and had it ryght.
M. MERY. Yea, ye may see ye nere take me to good cheere with you;
If ye had, I coulde haue tolde you hir name now.
R. ROYSTER. I was to blame in-deede; but the nexte tyme, perchaunce —
And she dwelleth in this house.
M. MERY. What! Christian Custance?
R. ROYSTER. Except I haue hir to my wife, I shall runne madde.
M. MERY. Nay, vnwise perhaps, but I warrant you for madde!
R. ROYSTER. I am vtterly dead vnlesse I haue my desire.
M. MERY. Where be the bellowes that blewe this sodeine fire?
R. ROYSTER. I heare she is worthe a thousande pounde and more.
M. MERY. Yea, but learne this one lesson of me afore:
An hundred pounde of marriage-money, doubtlesse,
Is euer thirtie pounde sterlyng, or somewhat lesse.
So that hir thousande pounde, yf she be thriftie,
Is muche neere about two hundred and fiftie.
Howebeit, wowers and widowes are neuer poore!
R. ROYSTER. Is she a widowe? I loue hir better therefore.
M. MERY. But I heare she hath made promise to another.
R. ROYSTER. He shall goe without hir, and [1] he were my brother!
M. MERY. I haue hearde say — I am right well aduised —
That she hath to Gawyn Goodlucke promised.

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[1] Blamed. [2] E. *he*.
[3] The Tower of London.
[4] The reader should observe the numerous *double entendres*.
[5] Yesterday. [6] I.e., illicit love.

[1] If.

R. Royster. What is that Gawyn Goodlucke?
M. Mery. A merchant man.
R. Royster. Shall he speede afore me? Nay, sir, by sweete Sainct Anne!
Ah, sir, "Backare," [1] quod Mortimer to his sowe.
I wyll haue hir myne owne selfe, I make God a-vow —
For, I tell thee, she is worthe a thousande pounde!
M. Mery. Yet a fitter wife for your maship might be founde.
Suche a goodly man as you might get one wyth lande,
Besides poundes of golde a thousande, and a thousande,
And a thousande, and a thousande, and a thousande,
And so to the summe of twentie hundred thousande.
Your most goodly personage is worthie of no lesse.
R. Royster. I am sorie God made me so comely, doubtlesse;
For that maketh me eche-where so highly fauoured,
And all women on me so enamoured.
M. Mery. "Enamoured," quod you? Haue ye spied out that?
Ah, sir, mary, nowe I see you know what is what.
"Enamoured," ka? Mary, sir, say that againe!
But I thought not ye had marked it so plaine.
R. Royster. Yes, eche-where they gaze all vpon me, and stare.
M. Mery. Yea, Malkyn, I warrant you, as muche as they dare.
And ye will not beleue what they say in the streete
When your mashyp passeth by, all such as I meete,
That sometimes I can scarce finde what aunswere to make.
"Who is this?" sayth one, "Sir Launcelot du Lake?"
"Who is this? Greate Guy [2] of Warwike?" sayth an-other.
"No," say I, "it is the thirtenth Hercules brother."
"Who is this? Noble Hector of Troy?" sayth the thirde.
"No, but of the same nest," say I, "it is a birde."
"Who is this? Greate Goliah, Sampson, or Colbrande?"
"No," say I, "but it is a brute of the Alie [1] Lande."
"Who is this? Greate Alexander? or Charle le Maigne?"
"No, it is the tenth Worthie," say I to them agayne.
I knowe not if I sayd well?
R. Royster. Yes; for so I am.
M. Mery. Yea, for there were but nine Worthies before ye came.
To some others, the thirde Cato I doe you call.
And so, as well as I can, I aunswere them all.
"Sir, I pray you, what lorde, or great gentleman, is this?"
"Maister Ralph Roister Doister, dame," say I, ywis.
"O Lorde!" sayth she than, "what a goodly man it is!
Woulde Christ I had such a husbande as he is!"
"O Lorde," say some, "that the sight of his face we lacke!"
"It is inough for you," say I, "to see his backe;
His face is for ladies of high and noble parages.[2]
With whome he hardly scapeth great mariages";
With muche more than this — and much otherwise.
R. Royster. I can [3] thee thanke that thou canst suche answeres deuise.
But I perceyue thou doste me throughly knowe.
M. Mery. I marke your maners for myne owne learnyng, I trowe.
But suche is your beautie, and suche are your actes,
Suche is your personage, and suche are your factes,[4]

---

[1] Back, stand back!
[2] E. *Cuy*.

[1] Holy?
[2] Lineage.
[3] Give.
[4] Deeds of prowess.

That all women, faire and fowle, more and lesse,
They [1] eye you, they lubbe you, they talke of you doubtlesse.
Your p[l]easant looke maketh them all merie;
Ye passe not by but they laugh till they be werie;
Yea, and money coulde I haue, the truthe to tell,
Of many, to bryng you that way where they dwell.
R. Royster. Merygreeke, for this thy reporting well of mee —
M. Mery. What shoulde I else, sir? It is my duetie, pardee!
R. Royster. I promise thou shalt not lacke, while I haue a grote.
M. Mery. Faith, sir, and I nere had more nede of a newe cote.
R. Royster. Thou shalte haue one tomorowe, and golde for to spende.
M. Mery. Then I trust to bring the day to a good ende;
For, as for mine owne parte, hauing money inowe,
I could lyue onely with the remembrance of you.
But nowe to your widowe, whome you loue so hotte.
R. Royster. By Cocke, thou sayest truthe! I had almost forgotte.
M. Mery. What if Christian Custance will not haue you? what?
R. Roister. Haue me? yes, I warrant you, neuer doubt of that!
I knowe she loueth me, but she dare not speake.
M. Mery. In-deede, meete it were somebody should it breake.[2]
R. Roister. She looked on me twentie tymes yesternight,
And laughed so —
M. Mery. That she coulde not sitte vpright?
R. Roister. No, faith, coulde she not.
M. Mery. No, euen such a thing I cast.[3]
R. Royster. But, for wowyng, thou knowest, women are shamefast.
But, and she knewe my minde, I knowe she would be glad,
And thinke it the best chaunce that euer she had.
M. Mery. Too hir, then, like a man, and be bolde forth to starte!
Wowers neuer speede well that haue a false harte.
R. Roister. What may I best doe?
M. Mery. Sir, remaine ye a while [here];[1]
Ere long one or other of hir house will appere.
Ye knowe my minde.
R. Royster. Yea, now, hardly, lette me alone!
M. Mery. In the meane-time, sir, if you please, I wyll home
And call your musitians; for in this your case
It would sette you forth, and all your wowyng grace;
Ye may not lacke your instrumentes to play and sing.
R. Royster. Thou knowest I can doe that.
M. Mery. As well as any-thing.
Shall I go call your folkes, that ye may shewe a cast? [2]
R. Royster. Yea, runne, I beseeche thee, in all possible haste.
M. Mery. I goe. *Exeat.*
R. Royster. Yea, for I loue singyng out of measure;
It comforteth my spirites, and doth me great pleasure.
But who commeth forth yond from my swete hearte Custance?
My matter frameth well; thys is a luckie chaunce.

## ACTUS I. SCÆNA III

[*Enter*] *Mage Mumble-crust*,[3] *spinning on the distaffe, Tibet Talk-apace, sowyng;* [*later enter*] *Annot Alyface, knittyng. R. Roister* [*remains*].

M. Mumbl. If thys distaffe were spoonne, Margerie Mumblecrust —

[*Seating herself on the bench.*]

Tib. Talk. Where good stale ale is, will drinke no water, I trust.

---

[1] Arber misprints *that*. [2] Divulge.
[3] Forecasted, anticipated.

[1] Not in E.; added by Cooper. [2] Specimen.
[3] One who mumbles her crusts with toothless gums.

M. Mumbl. Dame Custance hath promised vs good ale and white bread —
Tib. Talk. If she kepe not promise I will beshrewe hir head!
But it will be starke nyght before I shall haue done.
R. Royster. I will stande here a-while, and talke with them anon.
I heare them speake of Custance, which doth my heart good;
To heare hir name spoken doth euen comfort my blood.
M. Mumbl. Sit downe to your worke, Tibet, like a good girle.
Tib. Talk. Nourse, medle you with your spyndle and your whirle!
No haste but good, Madge Mumblecrust; for, whip and whurre,
The olde prouerbe doth say, neuer made good furre.
M. Mumbl. Well, ye wyll sitte downe to your worke anon, I trust.
Tib. Talk. Soft fire maketh sweete malte, good Madge Mumblecrust.
M. Mumbl. And sweete malte maketh ioly good ale for the nones.
Tib. Talk. Whiche will slide downe the lane without any bones.

*She sings:*[1]

Old browne bread crustes must haue much good mumblyng,
But good ale downe your throte hath good easie tumbling.

R. Royster. The iolyest wenche that ere I hearde! little mouse!
May I not reioyce that she shall dwell in my house?

[*Tibet seats herself.*]

Tib. Talk. So, sirrha,[2] nowe this geare beginneth for to frame.
M. Mumbl. Thanks to God, though your work stand stil, your tong is not lame!
Tib. Talk. And, though your teeth be gone, both so sharpe and so fine,
Yet your tongue can renne on patins[3] as well as mine.
M. Mumbl. Ye were not for nought named Tyb Talke-apace.
Tib. Talk. Doth my talke grieue you? Alack, God saue your grace!
M. Mumbl. I holde[1] a grote ye will drinke anon for this geare.
Tib. Talk. And I wyll pray you the stripes for me to beare.
M. Mumbl. I holde a penny, ye will drink without a cup.
Tib. Talk. Wherein-so-ere ye drinke, I wote ye drinke all vp.

[*Enter Annot Alyface knitting.*]

An. Alyface. By Cock![2] and well sowed, my good Tibet Talke-apace!
Tib. Talk. And een as well knitte, my nowne Annot Alyface!
R. Royster. See what a sort[3] she kepeth that must be my wife!
Shall not I, when I haue hir, leade a merrie life?
Tib. Talk. Welcome, my good wenche, and sitte here by me iust!
An. Alyface. And howe doth our old beldame here, Mage Mumblecrust?
Tib. Talk. Chyde, and finde faultes, and threaten to complaine.
An. Alyface. To make vs poore girles shent, to hir is small gaine.
M. Mumbl. I dyd neyther chyde, nor complaine, nor threaten.
R. Royster. It woulde grieue my heart to see one of them beaten.
M. Mumbl. I dyd nothyng but byd hir worke, and holde hir peace.
Tib. Talk. So would I, if you coulde your clattering ceasse;
But the deuill can not make olde trotte[4] holde hir tong.
An. Alyface. Let all these matters passe, and we three sing a song!
So shall we pleasantly bothe the tyme beguile now
And eke dispatche all our workes ere we can tell how.
Tib. Talk. I shrew them that say nay, and that shall not be I!
M. Mumbl. And I am well content.
Tib. Talk. Sing on, then, by-and-by.

---

[1] E. *Cantet.*
[2] Formerly used in addressing women as well as men.
[3] Make a great clatter (as the feet do in pattens, or wooden shoes).

[1] Wager.
[2] God.
[3] Retinue.
[4] Hag.

**R. Royster.** And I will not away, but listen to their song.
Yet Merygreeke and my folkes tary very long.

*Tib, An, and Margerie, doe singe here.*

Pipe, mery Annot, etc.[1]
Trilla, trilla, trillarie!
Worke, Tibet; worke, Annot; worke, Margerie!
Sewe, Tibet; knitte, Annot; spinne, Margerie!
Let vs see who shall winne the victorie.

**Tib. Talk.** This sleue is not willyng to be sewed, I trowe.
A small thing might make me all in the grounde to throwe!

*Then they sing agayne.*

Pipe, merrie Annot, etc.
Trilla, trilla, trillarie!
What, Tibet? what, Annot? what, Margerie?
Ye sleepe, but we doe not, that shall we trie.
Your fingers be nombde, our worke will not lie.

**Tib. Talk.** If ye doe so againe, well, I would aduise you nay.
In good sooth, one stoppe more, and I make holy-day.

*They singe the thirde tyme.*

Pipe, mery Annot, etc.
Trilla, trilla, trillarie!
Nowe, Tibbet; now, Annot; nowe, Margerie!
Nowe whippet apace for the maystrie!
But it will not be, our mouth is so drie.

**Tib. Talk.** Ah, eche finger is a thombe to-day, me thinke!
I care not to let all alone, choose it swimme or sinke!

*They sing the fourth tyme.*

Pipe, mery Annot, etc.
Trilla, trilla, trillarie!
When, Tibet? when, Annot? when, Margerie?
I will not! I can not! No more can I!
Then giue we all ouer, and there let it lye!

*Lette hir [Tibet] caste downe hir vvorke.*

**Tib. Talk.** There it lieth! The worste is but a curried cote.[1]
Tut, I am vsed therto; I care not a grote!
**An. Alyface.** Haue we done singyng since? Then will I in againe.
Here I founde you, and here I leaue both twaine. *Exeat.*
**M. Mumbl.** And I will not be long after. [*She spies Roister.*] Tib Talke-apace!
**Tib. Talk.** What is the matter?
**M. Mumb.** Yond stode a man al this space,
And hath hearde all that euer we spake togyther.
**Tib. Talk.** Mary! the more loute he for his comming hither!
And the lesse good he can, to listen maidens talke!
I care not and I go byd him hence for to walke.
It were well done to knowe what he maketh here-away.
**R. Royster.** Nowe myght I speake to them, if I wist what to say.
**M. Mumbl.** Nay, we will go both off, and see what he is.

*[They approach him.]* [2]

**R. Royster.** One that hath hearde all your talke and singyng, ywis.
**Tib. Talk.** The more to blame you! A good thriftie husbande [3]
Woulde elsewhere haue had some better matters in hande.
**R. Royster.** I dyd it for no harme, but for good loue I beare
To your dame, Mistresse Custance, I did your talke heare.
And, mistresse nource, I will kisse you for acquaintance.
**M. Mumbl.** I come anon,[4] sir.

---

[1] *I suppose* etc. *is to be expanded as* Pipe, Tibet; pipe, Margerie! — Manly.

[1] A beating.

[2] Added by Manly.

[3] One who manages his affairs with care.

[4] At once, without delay.

Tib. Talk. Faith, I would our dame Custance
Sawe this geare!
M. Mumbl. I must first wipe al cleane, yea, I must!

[*She wipes her mouth with her apron.*]

Tib. Talk. Ill chieue[1] it, dotyng foole, but it must be cust!

[*Roister kisses Madge.*]

M. Mumbl. God yelde[2] you, sir! Chad not so much ichotte[3] not whan,
Nere since chwas bore, chwine, of such a gay gentleman!
R. Royster. I will kisse you, too, mayden, for the good will I beare you.
Tib. Talk. No, forsoth, by your leaue, ye shall not kisse me!
R. Royster. Yes; be not afearde; I doe not disdayne you a whit.
Tib. Talk. Why shoulde I feare you? I haue not so little wit.
Ye are but a man, I knowe very well.
R. Royster. Why, then?
Tib. Talk. Forsooth, for I wyll not. I vse not to kisse men.
R. Royster. I would faine kisse you too, good maiden, if I myght.
Tib. Talk. What shold that neede?
R. Royster. But to honor you, by this light!
I vse to kisse all them that I loue, to God I vowe.
Tib. Talk. Yea, sir, I pray you, when dyd ye last kisse your cowe?
R. Royster. Ye might be proude to kisse me, if ye were wise.
Tib. Talk. What promotion were therein?
R. Royster. Nourse is not so nice.
Tib. Talk. Well, I haue not bene taught to kissing and licking.
R. Royster. Yet I thanke you, mistresse nourse, ye made no sticking.
M. Mumbl. I will not sticke for a kosse with such a man as you!
Tib. Talk. They that lust! I will againe to my sewyng now.

[*Re-enter Annot Alyface.*]

An. Alyfac[e]. Tidings, hough! tidings! Dame Custance greeteth you well!
R. Royster. Whome? me?
An. Alyface. You, sir? no, sir; I do no suche tale tell.
R. Royster. But, and she knewe me here —
An. Alyface. Tybet Talke-apace,
Your mistresse, Custance, and mine, must speake with your grace.
Tib. Talk. With me?
An. Alyface. Ye muste come in to hir, out of all doutes.
Tib. Talk. And my work not half done! A mischief on all loutes!

*Ex*[*eant*] *am*[*bae. Roister and Madge Mumblecrust are left alone*].

R. Royster. Ah, good, sweet nourse!
M. Mumb. A, good, sweete gentleman!
R. Royster. What?
M. Mumbl. Nay, I can not tel, sir; but what thing would you?
R. Royster. Howe dothe sweete Custance, my heart of gold, tell me how?
M. Mumbl. She dothe very well, sir, and commaunde me[1] to you.
R. Royster. To me?
M. Mumbl. Yea, to you, sir.
R. Royster To me? Nurse, tel me plain, —
To me?
M. Mumb. Ye.
R. Royster. That word maketh me aliue again!
M. Mumbl. She commaunde me to one last day, who-ere it was.
R. Royster. That was een to me and none other, by the masse!
M. Mumbl. I can not tell you surely, but one it was.
R. Royster. It was I and none other. This commeth to good passe!
I promise thee, nourse, I fauour hir.
M. Mumb. Een so, sir.
R. Royster. Bid hir sue to me for mariage.

---

[1] Succeed.
[2] Reward.
[3] Ich wott, I know. The pronominal form *ich* and its compounds (ich had, chad; ich was, chwas; ich ween, chwine; etc.) was the stage dialect of the rustic.

[1] Presents her kind regards to you.

M. MUMBL. Een so, sir.
R. ROYSTER. And surely, for thy sake, she shall speede.
M. MUMB. Een so, sir.
R. ROYSTER. I shall be contented to take hir.
M. MUMB. Een so, sir.
R. ROYSTER. But at thy request, and for thy sake.
M. MUMB. Een so, sir.
R. ROYSTER. And, come hearke in thine eare what to say.
M. MUMB. Een so, sir.

*Here lette him tell hir a great long tale in hir eare.*

## ACTUS I. SCÆNA IIII

[*Enter at a distance*] *Mathew Merygreeke, Dobinet Doughtie, Harpax* [*and Musicians*]. *Ralph Royster* [*and*] *Margerie Mumblecrust* [*remain whispering*].

M. MERY. Come on, sirs, apace; and quite your-selues like men.
Your pains shalbe rewarded.
D. DOU. But I wot not when.
M. MERY. Do your maister worship as ye haue done in time past.
D. DOUGH. Speake to them; of mine office he shall haue a cast.
M. MERY. Harpax, looke that thou doe well, too, and thy fellow.
HARPAX. I warrant, if he will myne example folowe.
M. MERY. Curtsie, whooresons; douke you and crouche at euery worde!
D. DOUGH. Yes, whether our maister speake earnest or borde.[1]
M. MERY. For this lieth vpon[2] his preferment indeede.
D. DOUGH. Oft is hee a wower, but neuer doth he speede.
M. MERY. But with whome is he nowe so sadly roundyng[3] yond?
D. DOUGH. With *Nobs nicebecetur miserere*[4] fonde.

[*Merygreeke advances and pretends to think Mumblecrust Roister's bride.*]

[M.] MERY. God be at your wedding! Be ye spedde alredie?
I did not suppose that your loue was so greedie.
I perceiue nowe ye haue chose of deuotion;
And ioy haue ye, ladie, of your promotion!
R. ROYSTER. Tushe, foole, thou art deceiued; this is not she.
M. MERY. Well, mocke muche of hir, and keepe hir well, I vise ye;
I will take no charge of such a faire piece keeping.
M. MUMBL. What ayleth thys fellowe? He driueth me to weeping.
M. MERY. What! weepe on the weddyng day? Be merrie, woman!
Though I say it, ye haue chose a good gentleman.
R. ROYSTER. Kocks nownes![1] what meanest thou man? tut a whistle!
[M. MERY.][2] Ah, sir, be good to hir; she is but a gristle!
Ah, sweete lambe and coney![3]
R. ROYSTER. Tut, thou art deceiued!
M. MERY. Weepe no more, lady; ye shall be well receiued.

[*To the musicians.*]

Vp wyth some mery noyse, sirs, to bring home the bride!
R. ROYSTER. Gogs armes, knaue! Art thou madde? I tel thee thou art wide.
M. MERY. Then ye entende by nyght to haue hir home brought?
R. ROYSTER. I tel thee, no!
M. MERY. How then?
R. ROYSTER. Tis neither ment ne thought.
M. MERY. What shall we then doe with hir?
R. ROYSTER. Ah, foolish harebraine!
This is not she!
M. MERY. No is? Why then, vnsayde againe!
And what yong girle is this with your mashyp so bolde?
R. ROYSTER. A girle?

---

[1] Jest.
[2] Is necessary to.
[3] Whispering.
[4] Dear dainty-girl, have mercy!

[1] God's wounds.
[2] E. assigns this speech to Roister.
[3] Rabbit, a term of endearment.

M. Mery. Yea; I dare say scarce yet three-score yere old.
R. Royster. This same is the faire widowes nourse of whome ye wotte.
M. Mery. Is she but a nourse of a house? Hence home, olde trotte![1]
Hence at once!
R. Royster. No! no!
M. Mery. What! an please your maship
A nourse talke so homely[2] with one of your worship?
R. Royster. I will haue it so: it is my pleasure and will.
M. Mery. Then I am content. Nourse, come againe; tarry still.
R. Royster. What! she will helpe forward this my sute for hir part.
M. Mery. Then ist mine owne pygs-nie,[3] and blessing on my hart!
R. Royster. This is our best friend, man!
M. Mery. Then teach hir what to say.
M. Mumbl. I am taught alreadie.
M. Mery. Then go, make no delay!
R. Royster. Yet hark one word in thine eare. [*He begins again to whisper.*]
M. Mery. Back, sirs from his taile!

[*Merygreek pushes the musicians on Roister.*]

R. Royster. Backe vilaynes! Will ye be priuie of my counsaile?
M. Mery. Backe, sirs! so! I tolde you afore ye woulde be shent!

[*He pushes them away from Roister.*]

R. Royster. She shall haue the first day a whole pecke of argent.
M. Mumbl. A pecke! *Nomine Patris!* haue ye so much spare?
R. Royster. Yea, and a carte-lode therto, or else were it bare,[4]
Besides other mouables, housholde stuffe and lande.
M. Mumbl. Haue ye lands too?
R. Royster. An hundred marks.
M. Mery. Yea, a thousand!
M. Mumbl. And haue ye cattell too? and sheepe too?
R. Royster. Yea, a fewe.
M. Mery. He is ashamed the numbre of them to shewe.
Een rounde about him as many thousande sheepe goes
As he and thou and I too haue fingers and toes.
M. Mumbl. And how many yeares olde be you?
R. Royster. Fortie at lest.
M. Mery. Yea, and thrice fortie to them!
R. Royster. Nay, now thou dost iest:
I am not so olde; thou misreckonest my yeares.
M. Mery. I know that; but my minde was on bullockes and steeres.
M. Mumbl. And what shall I shewe hir your masterships name is?
R. Royster. Nay, she shall make sute ere she know that, ywis!
M. Mumbl. Yet let me somewhat knowe.
M. Mery. This is hee, vnderstand,
That killed the Blewe Spider in Blanchepouder Lande.
M. Mumbl. Yea, Iesus! William! Zee law! Dyd he zo? Law!
M. Mery. Yea, and the last elephant that euer he sawe;
As the beast passed by, he start out of a buske,
And een with pure strength of armes pluckt out his great tuske.
M. Mumbl. Iesus! *Nomine Patris!* what a thing was that!
R. Roister. Yea, but, Merygreke, one thing thou hast forgot.
M. Mery. What?
R. Royster. Of thother elephant.
M. Mery. Oh, hym that fledde away?
R. Royster. Yea.
M. Mery. Yea! he knew that his match was in place that day.
Tut, he bet the King of Crickets on Christmasse-day,
That he crept in a hole, and not a worde to say!
M. Mumbl. A sore[1] man, by zembletee!
M. Mery. Why, he wrong a club
Once, in a fray, out of the hande of Belzebub.
R. Royster. And how when Mumfision?
M. Mery. Oh, your coustrelyng[2]

---

[1] Hag.
[2] Intimately.
[3] Pig's eye, a term of endearment.
[4] Perhaps this speech should be assigned to Merygreeke.

[1] Strong, bold, fierce.
[2] Groom, lad.

Bore the lanterne a-fielde so before the gozelyng —
Nay, that is to long a matter now to be tolde!
Neuer aske his name, nurse! I warrant thee, be bolde.
He conquered in one day from Rome to Naples,
And woonne townes, nourse, as fast as thou canst make apples.
M. Mumbl. O Lorde! My heart quaketh for feare! He is to sore!
R. Royster. Thou makest hir to much afearde. Merygreeke, no more!
This tale woulde feare my sweete heart Custance right euill.
M. Mery. Nay, let hir take him, nurse — and feare not the deuill!
But thus is our song dasht. Sirs, ye may home againe.
R. Royster. No, shall they not! I charge you all here to remaine.
The villaine slaues! a whole day ere they can be founde!
M. Mery. Couche! On your marybones, whooresons! Down to the ground!

[*They kneel before Roister.*]

Was it meete he should tarie so long in one place
Without harmonie of musike, or some solace?
Who-so hath suche bees as your maister in hys head
Had neede to haue his spirites with musike to be fed.
By your maisterships licence!

[*Picks something from his coat.*]

R. Royster. What is that? a moate?
M. Mery. No; it was a fooles feather had light on your coate.
R. Roister. I was nigh no feathers since I came from my bed.
M. Mery. No, sir, it was a haire that was fall from your hed.
R. Roister. My men com when it plese them. —
M. Mery. By your leue!

[*Brushes something from his gown.*]

R. Royster. What is that?
M. Mery. Your gown was foule spotted with the foot of a gnat.
R. Roister. Their maister to offende they are nothing afearde.

[*Merygreeke picks something from Roister's doublet.*]

What now?
M. Mery. A lousy haire from your masterships beard.
All Servants.[1] And, sir, for nurses sake, pardon this one offence.
We shall not after this shew the like negligence.
R. Royster. I pardon you this once; and come sing nere the wurse!
M. Mery. How like you the goodnesse of this gentleman, nurse?
M. Mumbl. God saue his maistership that so can his men forgeue!
And I wyll heare them sing ere I go, by his leaue.
R. Royster. Mary, and thou shalt, wenche! Come, we two will daunce!
M. Mumbl. Nay, I will by myne owne selfe foote the song perchaunce.
R. Royster. Go to it, sirs, lustily!
M. Mumbl. Pipe vp a mery note.
Let me heare it playde, I will foote it, for a grote!

[*They sing,[2] while Mumblecrust foots it.*]

Who-so to marry a minion wife
 Hath hadde good chaunce and happe,
Must loue hir and cherishe hir all his life,
 And dandle hir in his lappe.

If she will fare well, yf she wyll go gay,
 A good husbande euer styll,
What-euer she lust to doe or to say,
 Must lette hir haue hir owne will.

About what affaires so-euer he goe,
 He must shewe hir all his mynde;
None of hys counsell she may be kept froe,[3]
 Else is he a man vnkynde.

R. Royster [*producing a letter*]. Now, nurse, take thys same letter here to thy mistresse;

---

[1] E. *Omnes famulae.*
[2] E. *Cantent.* The song is printed at the end of the play, and entitled "The Seconde Song."
[3] E. *free;* corr. by Cooper.

And, as my trust is in thee, plie my businesse.
M. Mumbl. It shalbe done.
M. Mery. Who made it?
R. Royster. I wrote it, ech whit.
M. Mery. Then nedes it no mending.
R. Royster. No, no!
M. Mery No; I know your wit;
I warrant it wel.
M. Mumbl. It shal be deliuered.
But, if ye speede, shall I be considered?
M. Mery. Whough! dost thou doubt of that?
Madge. What shal I haue?
M. Mery. An hundred times more than thou canst deuise to craue.
M. Mumbl. Shall I haue some newe geare?[1] for my olde is all spent.
M. Mery. The worst kitchen wench shall goe in ladies rayment.
M. Mumbl. Yea?
M. Mery. And the worst drudge in the house shal go better
Than your mistresse doth now.
M. Mumbl.[2] Then I trudge with your letter.

[*Exit Mumblecrust into the house.*]

R. Royster. Now may I repose me, Custance is mine owne.
Let vs sing and play homeward, that it may be knowne.
M. Mery. But are you sure that your letter is well enough?
R. Royster. I wrote it my-selfe!
M. Mery. Then sing we to dinner!

*Here they sing, and go out singing.*

## ACTUS I. SCÆNA V

[*Enter*] *Christian Custance* [*with the letter, unopened; followed by*] *Margerie Mumblecrust.*

C. Custance. Who tooke[3] thee thys letter, Margerie Mumblecrust?
M. Mumbl. A lustie gay bacheler tooke it me of trust;
And if ye seeke to him, he will lowe[4] your doing.
C. Custance. Yea, but where learned he that manner of wowing?
M. Mumbl. If to sue to hym you will any paines take,
He will haue you to his wife, he sayth, for my sake.
C. Custance. Some wise gentleman, belike! I am bespoken;[1]
And I thought, verily, thys had bene some token
From my dere spouse, Gawin Goodluck; whom, when him please,
God luckily sende home to both our heartes ease!
M. Mumbl. A ioyly man it is, I wote well by report,
And would haue you to him for marriage resort.
Best open the writing, and see what it doth speake.
C. Custance. At thys time, nourse, I will neither reade ne breake.
M. Mumbl. He promised to giue you a whole pecke of golde.
C. Custance. Perchaunce lacke of a pynte, when it shall be all tolde!
M. Mumbl. I would take a gay, riche husbande, and I were you.
C. Custance. In good sooth, Madge, een so would I, if I were thou.
But no more of this fond talke now; let vs go in.
And see thou no more moue me folly to begin,
Nor bring mee no mo letters for no mans pleasure,
But thou know from whom.
M. Mumbl. I warrant ye, shall be sure!

[*Exeunt into the house.*]

## ACTUS II. SCÆNA I

[*Enter*] *Dobinet Doughtie* [*Roister's page*].

D. Dough. Where is the house I goe to? before or behinde?
I know not where, nor when, nor how, I shal it finde.
If I had ten mens bodies and legs and strength,

---

[1] Clothes.
[2] E. *Mar.* (i.e. Margery).
[3] Gave.
[4] Allow.

[1] Promised, engaged.

This trotting that I haue must needes lame me at length.
And nowe that my maister is new set on wowyng,
I trust there shall none of vs finde lacke of doyng.
Two paire of shoes a day will nowe be too litle
To serue me, I must trotte to and fro so mickle.
"Go beare me thys token!" "Carrie me this letter!"
"Nowe this is the best way"; "nowe that way is better!"
"Vp before day, sirs, I charge you, an houre or twaine!"
"Trudge!" "Do me thys message, and bring worde quicke againe!"
If one misse but a minute, then: "His armes and woundes,
I woulde not haue slacked for ten thousand poundes!
Nay, see, I beseeche you, if my most trustie page
Goe not nowe aboute to hinder my mariage!"
So feruent hotte wowyng, and so farre from wiuing,
I trowe neuer was any creature liuyng.
With euery woman is he in some loues pang.
Then vp to our lute at midnight, twangledome twang;
Then twang with our sonets, and twang with our dumps,[1]
And heyhough from our heart, as heauie as lead lumpes;
Then to our recorder,[2] with toodleloodle poope,
As the howlet out of an yuie bushe should hoope;
Anon to our gitterne,[3] thrumpledum, thrumpledum thrum,
Thrumpledum, thrumpledum, thrumpledum, thrumpledum thrum!
Of songs and balades also he is a maker,
And that can he as finely doe as Iacke Raker;[4]
Yea, and *extempore* will he dities compose, —
Foolishe Marsias nere made the like, I suppose!
Yet must we sing them; as good stuffe, I vndertake,
As for such a pen-man is well-fittyng to make.
"Ah, for these long nights! heyhow! when will it be day?
I feare, ere I come, she will be wowed away."
Then, when aunswere is made that it may not bee,
"O death, why commest thou not by-and-by?" sayth he.
But then, from his heart to put away sorowe,
He is as farre in with some newe loue next morowe.
But in the meane season we trudge and we trot;
From dayspring to midnyght I sit not nor rest not.
And now am I sent to Dame Christian Custance;
But I feare it will ende with a mocke for pastance.
I bring hir a ring, with a token in a cloute;[1]
And, by all gesse,[2] this same is hir house out of doute.
I knowe it nowe perfect, I am in my right way.
And loe yond the olde nourse that was wyth vs last day!

## ACTUS II. SCÆNA II

[*Enter hurriedly*] *Mage Mumblecrust. Dobinet Doughtie* [*remains*].

M. Mumbl. I was nere so shoke vp afore since I was borne!
That our mistresse coulde not haue chid, I wold haue sworne;
And I pray God I die if I ment any harme.
But, for my life-time, this shall be to me a charme![3]
D. Dough. God you saue and see, nurse! And howe is it with you?
M. Mumbl. Mary, a great deale the worse it is, for suche as thou!

---

[1] Mournful songs.
[2] A wind instrument like the flute.
[3] A stringed instrument like the guitar.
[4] Proverbial as a writer of bad verse.

[1] Cloth.
[2] Guess.
[3] An enchantment, warning her against such conduct in the future.

D. Dough. For me? Why so?
M. Mumb. Why, wer not thou one of them, say,
That song and playde here with the gentleman last day?
D. Dough. Yes; and he would know if you haue for him spoken;
And prayes you to deliuer this ring and token.
M. Mumbl. Nowe, by the token that God tokened, brother,
I will deliuer no token, one nor other!
I haue once ben so shent for your maisters pleasure
As I will not be agayne for all hys treasure.
D. Dough. He will thank you, woman.
M. Mumbl. I will none of his thanke.

*Ex[it into the house].*

D. Dough. I weene I am a prophete! this geare will proue blanke!
But what! should I home againe without answere go?
It were better go to Rome on my head than so.
I will tary here this moneth but some of the house
Shall take it of me; and then I care not a louse.
But yonder commeth forth a wenche — or, a ladde;
If he haue not one Lumbardes touche,[1] my lucke is bad.

## ACTUS II. SCÆNA III

[*Enter*] *Truepenie. D. Dough*[*tie remains*]. *Tibet T*[*alk-apace and*] *Anot Al*[*yface enter later*].

Trupeny. I am cleane lost for lacke of mery companie!
We gree not halfe well within, our wenches and I.
They will commaunde like mistresses; they will forbyd;
If they be not serued, Trupeny must be chyd.
Let them be as mery nowe as ye can desire,
With turnyng of a hande our mirth lieth in the mire!
I can not skill of such chaungeable mettle;
There is nothing with them but "in docke, out nettle!"
D. Dough. Whether is it better that I speake to him furst,
Or he first to me? It is good to cast the wurst.
If I beginne first he will smell all my purpose;
Otherwise, I shall not neede any-thing to disclose.
Trupeny. What boy haue we yonder? I will see what he is.
D. Dough. He commeth to me. [*Pretends to be looking for a house.*] It is hereabout, ywis.
Trupeny. Wouldest thou ought, friende, that thou lookest so about?
D. Dough. Yea; but whether ye can helpe me or no, I dout.
I seeke to one Mistresse Custance house, here dwellyng.
Trupenie. It is my mistresse ye seeke too, by your telling.
D. Dough. Is there any of that name heere but shee?
Trupenie. Not one in all the whole towne that I knowe, pardee.
D. Dough. A widowe she is, I trowe?
Trupenie. And what and she be?
D. Dough. But ensured to an husbande?
Trupenie. Yea, so thinke we.
D. Dough. And I dwell with hir husbande that trusteth to be.
Trupenie. In faith, then must thou needes be welcome to me.
Let vs for acquaintance shake handes togither;
And, what-ere thou be, heartily welcome hither!

[*Enter Tibet and Anot.*]

Tib. Talk. Well, Trupenie, neuer but flinging?[1]
An. Alyface. And frisking?
Trupenie. Well, Tibet and Annot, still swingyng and whiskyng?
Tib. Talk. But ye roile[2] abroade.
An. Alyface. In the streete, euerewhere.

---

[1] Coin of Lombardy, with a pun on the meaning of Lombard, a pawnbroker.

[1] Running about.

[2] Gad about.

Trupiene. Where are ye twaine, in chambers, when ye mete me there?[1]
But come hither, fooles; I haue one nowe by the hande,
Seruant to hym that must be our mistresse husbande.
Byd him welcome.
An. Alyface. To me, truly, is he welcome!
Tib. Talk. Forsooth, and as I may say, heartily welcome!
D. Dough. I thank you, mistresse maides.
An. Alyface. I hope we shal better know.
Tib. Talk. And when wil our new master come?
D. Dough. Shortly, I trow.
Tib. Talk. I would it were to-morow; for, till he resorte,
Our mistresse, being a widow, hath small comforte.
And I hearde our nourse speake of an husbande to-day
Ready for our mistresse, a riche man and a gay;
And we shall go in our Frenche hoodes euery day,
In our silke cassocks, I warrant you, freshe and gay,
In our tricke ferdegews[2] and billiments[3] of golde,
Braue[4] in our sutes of chaunge seuen double folde.
Then shall ye see Tibet, sirs, treade the mosse so trimme, —
Nay, why sayd I treade? ye shall see hir glide and swimme,
Not lumperdee clumperdee like our spaniell Rig.

[*She struts like a grand lady.*]

Trupeny. Mary, then, prickmedaintie,[5] come toste me a fig!
Who shall then know our Tib Talke-apace, trow ye?
An. Alyface. And why not Annot Alyface as fyne as she?
Trupeny. And what! had Tom Trupeny a father, or none?
An. Alyface. Then our prety newecome man will looke to be one.
Trupeny. We foure, I trust, shall be a ioily, mery knot![1]
Shall we sing a fitte to welcome our friende, Annot?
An. Alyface. Perchaunce he can not sing.
D. Dough. I am at all assayes.[2]
Tib. Talk. By Cocke, and the better welcome to vs alwayes!

*Here they sing:*

A thing very fitte
For them that haue witte,
And are felowes knitte,
  Seruants in one house to bee,
Is fast[3] for to sitte,
And not oft to flitte,
Nor varie a whitte,
  But louingly to agree.

No man complainyng,
Nor other disdayning,
For losse or for gainyng,
  But felowes or friends to bee;
No grudge remainyng,
No worke refrainyng,
Nor helpe restrainyng,
  But louingly to agree.

No man for despite
By worde or by write
His felowe to twite,[4]
  But further in honestie;
No good turnes entwite,[5]
Nor olde sores recite,
But let all goe quite,
  And louingly to agree.

After drudgerie,
When they be werie,
Then to be merie,
  To laugh and sing they be free;
With chip and cherie

---

[1] I.e. "Are you two in-doors when you meet me in the street?"
[2] Trim farthingales.
[3] Head-dresses.
[4] Handsome.
[5] One who is ridiculously finical in matters of dress.

[1] Group.
[2] Attempts.
[3] E. *Is fast fast*
[4] Blame.
[5] Rebuke.

Heigh derie derie,
Trill on the berie,[1]
And louingly to agree.

*Finis.*

TIB. TALK. Wyll you now in with vs vnto our mistresse go?
D. DOUGH. I haue first for my maister an errand or two.
But I haue here from him a token and a ring;
They shall haue moste thanke of hir that first doth it bring.
TIB. TALK. [*snatching*]. Mary, that will I!
TRUPENY. See and Tibet snatch not now!
TIB. TALK. And why may not I, sir, get thanks as well as you?

*Exeat* [*Tibet hastily into the house*].

AN. ALYFACE. Yet get ye not all; we will go with you both,
And haue part of your thanks, be ye neuer so loth!

*Exeant omnes* [*in haste after Tibet*].

D. DOUGH. So my handes are ridde of it, I care for no more.
I may now return home; so durst I not afore. *Exeat.*

## ACTUS II. SCÆNA IIII

[*Enter*] *C. Custance, Tibet, Annot Alyface,* [*and*] *Trupeny.*

C. CUSTANCE. Nay, come forth all three! and come hither, pretie mayde!
Will not so many forewarnings make you afrayde?
TIB. TALK. Yes, forsoth.
C. CUSTANCE. But stil be a runner vp and downe?
Still be a bringer of tidings and tokens to towne?
TIB. TALK. No, forsoth, mistresse.
C. CUSTANCE. Is all your delite and ioy
In whiskyng and ramping abroade like a tom-boy?
TIB. TALK. Forsoth, these were there too, — Annot and Trupenie.
TRUPENIE. Yea, but ye alone tooke it, ye can not denie.
ANNOT ALY. Yea, that ye did!
TIBET. But if I had not, ye twaine would.
C. CUSTANCE. You great calfe! ye should haue more witte, so ye should!
But why shoulde any of you take such things in hande?
TIBET. Because it came from him that must be your husbande.
C. CUSTANCE. How do ye know that?
TIBET. Forsoth, the boy did say so.
C. CUSTANCE. What was his name?
AN. ALYFACE. We asked not.
C. CUSTANCE. No did?
AN. ALIFACE. He is not farre gone, of likelyhod.
TRUPENY. I will see.
C. CUSTANCE. If thou canst finde him in the streete, bring him to me.
TRUPENIE. Yes. *Exeat.*
C. CUSTANCE. Well, ye naughty girles, if euer I perceiue
That henceforth you do letters or tokens receiue
To bring vnto me from any person or place,
Except ye first shewe me the partie face to face,
Eyther thou, or thou, full truly abye thou shalt.
TIBET. Pardon this, and the next tyme pouder[1] me in salt!
C. CUSTANCE. I shall make all girles by you twaine to beware.
TIBET. If euer I offende againe, do not me spare.
But if euer I see that false boy any more,
By your mistreshyps licence, I tell you afore,
I will rather haue my cote twentie times swinged
Than on the naughtie wag not to be auenged.
C. CUSTANCE. Good wenches would not so rampe abrode ydelly,
But keepe within doores, and plie their work earnestly.
If one would speake with me that is a man likely,

---

[1] Whirl (dance) on the hillock.

[1] Preserve.

Ye shall haue right good thanke to bring me worde quickly;
But otherwyse with messages to come in post,
From henceforth, I promise you, shall be to your cost.
Get you in to your work!
TIB. AN. Yes, forsoth.
C. CUSTANCE. Hence, both twaine;
And let me see you play me such a part againe!

[*Exeunt Tibet and Annot. Re-enter Trupeny.*]

TRUPENY. Maistresse, I haue runne past the farre ende of the streete,
Yet can I not yonder craftie boy see nor meete.
C. CUSTANCE. No?
TRUPENY. Yet I looked as farre beyonde the people
As one may see out of the toppe of Paules steeple.
C. CUSTANCE. Hence in at doores, and let me no more be vext!
TRUPENY. Forgeue me this one fault, and lay on for the next! [*Exeat.*]
C. CUSTANCE. Now will I in too; for I thinke, so God me mende,
This will proue some foolishe matter in the ende! *Exeat.*

## ACTUS [I]II. SCÆNA I

[*Enter*] *Mathewe Merygreeke.*

M. MERY. Nowe say thys againe: — he hath somewhat to dooing
Which followeth the trace[1] of one that is wowing,
Specially that hath no more wit in his hedde
Than my cousin Roister Doister withall is ledde.
I am sent in all haste to espie and to marke
How our letters and tokens are likely to warke.
Maister Roister Doister must haue aunswere in haste,
For he loueth not to spende much labour in waste.
Nowe, as for Christian Custance, by this light,
Though she had not hir trouth to Gawin Goodluck plight,
Yet rather than with such a loutishe dolte to marie,
I dare say, woulde lyue a poore lyfe solitarie.
But fayne would I speake with Custance, if I wist how,
To laugh at the matter. Yond commeth one forth now!

## ACTUS III. SCÆNA II

[*Enter*] *Tibet. M. Merygreeke* [*remains*]. *Christian Custance* [*enters later*].

TIB. TALK. Ah, that I might but once in my life haue a sight
Of him that made vs all so yll-shent, by this light!
He should neuer escape if I had him by the eare,
But euen from his head I would it bite or teare;
Yea, and if one of them were not inowe,
I would bite them both off, I make God auow!
M. MERY. What is he whome this little mouse doth so threaten?
TIB. TALK. I woulde teache him, I trow, to make girles shent or beaten!
M. MERY. I will call her. Maide, with whome are ye so hastie?
TIB. TALK. Not with you, sir, but with a little wagpastie,
A deceiuer of folkes by subtill craft and guile.
M. MERY. [*aside*]. I knowe where she is; Dobinet hath wrought some wile.
TIB. TALK. He brought a ring and token which he sayd was sent
From our dames husbande; but I wot well I was shent!
For it liked hir as well, to tell you no lies,
As water in hir shyppe, or salt cast in hir eies.
And yet whence it came neyther we nor she can tell.
M. MERY. [*aside*]. We shall haue sport anone; I like this very well! —

---

[1] Path, way.

And dwell ye here with Mistresse Custance, faire maide?
Tib. Talk. Yea, mary, doe I, sir. What would ye haue sayd?
M. Mery. A little message vnto hir by worde of mouth.
Tib. Talk. No messages, by your leaue, nor tokens, forsoth!
M. Mery. Then help me to speke with hir.
Tibet. With a good wil that.
Here she commeth forth. Now speake — ye know best what.

[*Enter Custance.*]

C. Custance. None other life with you, maide, but abrode to skip?
Tib. Talk. Forsoth, here is one would speake with your mistresship.
C. Custance. Ah, haue ye ben learning of mo messages now?
Tib. Talk. I would not heare his minde, but bad him shewe it to you.
C. Custance. In at dores!
Tib. Talk. I am gon. *Ex*[*eat*].
M. Mery. Dame Custance, God ye saue!
C. Custance. Welcome, friend Merygreeke! And what thing wold ye haue?
M. Mery. I am come to you a little matter to breake.
C. Custance. But see it be honest, else better not to speake.
M. Mery. Howe feele ye your-selfe affected here of late?
C. Custance. I feele no maner chaunge, but after the olde rate.
But wherby do ye meane?
M. Mery. Concerning mariage.
Doth not loue lade [1] you?
C. Custance. I feele no such cariage.[2]
M. Mery. Doe ye feele no pangues of dotage? aunswere me right.
C. Custance. I dote so that I make but one sleepe all the night.
But what neede all these wordes?
M. Mery. Oh Iesus! will ye see
What dissemblyng creatures these same women be?
The gentleman ye wote of, whome ye doe so loue
That ye woulde fayne marrie him, yf ye durst it moue,
Emong other riche widowes, which are of him glad,
Lest ye for lesing of him perchaunce might runne mad,
Is nowe contented that, vpon your sute making,
Ye be as one in election of taking.
C. Custance. What a tale is this! That I wote of? Whome I loue?
M. Mery. Yea, and he is as louing a worme, againe, as a doue.
Een of very pitie he is willyng you to take,
Bicause ye shall not destroy your-selfe for his sake.
C. Custance. Mary, God yelde [1] his mashyp! What-euer he be,
It is gentmanly spoken!
M. Mery. Is it not, trowe ye?
If ye haue the grace now to offer your-self, ye speede.
C. Custance. As muche as though I did. this time it shall not neede.
But what gentman is it, I pray you tell me plaine,
That woweth so finely?
M. Mery. Lo where ye be againe,
As though ye knewe him not!
C. Custance. Tush, ye speake in iest!
M. Mery. Nay, sure, the partie is in good knacking earnest;
And haue you he will, he sayth, and haue you he must.
C. Custance. I am promised duryng my life; that is iust.
M. Mery. Mary, so thinketh he, vnto him alone.
C. Custance. No creature hath my faith and trouth but one, —
That is Gawin Goodlucke; and, if it be not hee,
He hath no title this way, what-euer he be,
Nor I know none to whome I haue such worde spoken.
M. Mery. Ye, knowe him not you by his letter and token?
C. Custance. In-dede, true it is that a letter I haue;
But I neuer reade it yet, as God me saue!

---

[1] Load.
[2] Burden.

[1] Reward.

M. Mery. Ye a woman, and your letter so long vnredde?
C. Custance. Ye may therby know what hast I haue to wedde.
But now who it is for my hande, I knowe by gesse.
M. Mery. Ah well, I say!
C. Custance. It is Roister Doister, doubtlesse.
M. Mery. Will ye neuer leaue this dissimulation?
Ye know hym not?
C. Custance. But by imagination;
For no man there is but a very dolt and loute
That to wowe a widowe woulde so go about.
He shall neuer haue me hys wife while he doe liue.
M. Mery. Then will he haue you if he may, so mote I thriue!
And he biddeth you sende him worde by me
That ye humbly beseech him ye may his wife be,
And that there shall be no let in you, nor mistrust,
But to be wedded on Sunday next, if he lust;
And biddeth you to looke for him.
C. Custance. Doth he byd so?
M. Mery. When he commeth, aske hym whether he dyd or no.
C. Custance. Goe, say that I bid him keepe him warme at home!
For, if he come abroade, he shall cough me a mome.[1]
My mynde was vexed, I shrew his head! Sottish dolt!
M. Mery. He hath in his head —
C. Custance. As much braine as a burbolt!
M. Mery. Well, Dame Custance, if he heare you thus play choploge[2] —
C. Custance. What will he?
M. Mery. Play the deuill in the horologe.[3]
C. Custance. I defye him, loute!
M. Mery. Shall I tell hym what ye say?
C. Custance. Yea; and adde what-so-euer thou canst, I thee pray,
And I will auouche it, what-so-euer it bee.
M. Mery. Then let me alone! we will laugh well, ye shall see.
It will not be long ere he will hither resorte.
C. Custance. Let hym come when hym lust, I wishe no better sport.
Fare ye well. I will in and read my great letter;
I shall to my wower make answere the better. *Exeat.*

## ACTUS III. SCÆNA III

*Mathew Merygreeke* [*remains; enter*] *Roister Doister* [*later*].

M. Mery. Nowe that the whole answere in my deuise doth rest,
I shall paint out our wower in colours of the best;
And all that I say shall be on Custances mouth;
She is author of all that I shall speake, forsoth.
But yond commeth Roister Doister nowe, in a traunce.

[*Enter Roister.*]

R. Royster. Iuno sende me this day good lucke and good chaunce!
I can not but come see how Merygreeke doth speede.
M. Mery. I will not see him, but giue him a iutte, in-deede.

[*Runs into him.*]

I crie your mastershyp mercie!
R. Royster. And whither now?
M. Mery. As fast as I could runne, sir, in poste against you.
But why speake ye so faintly? or why are ye so sad?
R. Royster. Thou knowest the prouerbe — bycause I can not be had.
Hast thou spoken with this woman?
M. Mery. Yea, that I haue!
R. Royster. And what, will this geare be?
M. Mery. No, so God me saue!
R. Royster. Hast thou a flat answer?
M. Mery. Nay, a sharp answer!
R. Royster. What?

---

[1] Prove himself a fool.
[2] Chop-logic, contentious argument.
[3] The devil in the clock, playing havoc with its works, creating confusion.

M. Mery. Ye shall not, she sayth, by hir will marry hir cat!
Ye are such a calfe! such an asse! such a blocke!
Such a lilburne! such a hoball! such a lobcocke!
And, bicause ye shoulde come to hir at no season,
She despised your maship out of all reason.
"Bawawe[1] what ye say," ko I, "of such a ientman!"
"Nay, I feare him not," ko she, "doe the best he can.
He vaunteth him-selfe for a man of prowesse greate,
Where-as a good gander, I dare say, may him beate.
And, where he is louted, and laughed to skorne,
For the veriest dolte that euer was borne,
And veriest lubber, slouen, and beast
Liuing in this worlde from the west to the east,
Yet of himselfe hath he suche opinion
That in all the worlde is not the like minion.
He thinketh eche woman to be brought in dotage
With the onely sight of his goodly personage;
Yet none that will haue hym. We do hym loute and flocke,
And make him among vs our common sporting-stocke.
And so would I now," ko she, "saue onely bicause" —
"Better nay," ko I, — "I lust not medle with dawes."
"Ye are happy," ko I, "that ye are a woman!
This would cost you your life in case ye were a man."
R. Royster. Yea, an hundred thousand pound should not saue hir life!
M. Mery. No, but that ye wowe hir to haue hir to your wife.
But I coulde not stoppe hir mouth.
R. Royster [*sinking on a bench*]. Heigh how, alas!
M. Mery. Be of good cheere, man, and let the worlde passe!
R. Royster. What shall I doe, or say, nowe that it will not bee?
M. Mery. Ye shall haue choise of a thousande as good as shee.
And ye must pardon hir; it is for lacke of witte.
R. Royster. Yea, for were not I an husbande for hir fitte?
Well, what should I now doe?
M. Mery. In faith, I can not tell.
R. Royster. I will go home and die!
M. Mery. Then shall I bidde toll the bell?
R. Royster. No.
M. Mery. God haue mercie on your soule! Ah, good gentleman,
That er ye shuld th[u]s dye for an vnkinde woman!
Will ye drinke once ere ye goe?[1]
R. Royster. No, no, I will none.
M. Mery. How feele your soule to God?
R. Roister. I am nigh gone.
M. Mery. And shall we hence streight?
R. Royster. Yea.
M. Mery. *Placebo dilexi:*[2]
Maister [R]oister Doister will streight go home and die.[3]
Our Lorde Iesus Christ his soule haue mercie vpon:
Thus you see to day a man, to morrow Iohn.
Yet sauing for a womans extreeme crueltie,
He might haue lyued yet a moneth or two or three.
R. Royster. Heigh how, alas, the pangs of death my hearte do breake!
M. Mery. Holde your peace! For shame, sir! a dead man may not speake!
*Nequando:* What mourners and what torches shall we haue?
R. Royster None.
M. Mery. *Dirige:* He will go darklyng to his graue, —

---

[1] Beware?

[1] It was customary to offer those who were to be executed something to drink.

[2] What follows is an amusing parody on the Catholic service for the dead.

[3] E. adds *ut infra.* I have inserted the four lines, 55–58, from the mock requiem as printed after the songs at the end of the play.

*Neque lux, neque crux, neque* mourners, *neque* clinke;[1]
He will steale to heauen vnknowing to God, I thinke,
*A porta inferi.* Who shall your goodes possesse?
R. Royster. Thou shalt be my sectour,[2] and haue all, more and lesse.
M. Mery. *Requiem æternam!* Now God reward your mastershyp!
And I will crie halfepenie-doale for your worshyp.
Come forth, sirs, heare the dolefull newes I shall you tell!

*He calls in Roister's servants.*[3]

Our good maister here will no longer with vs dwell.
But, in spite of Custance, which hath hym weried,
Let vs see his mashyp solemnely buried;
And, while some piece of his soule is yet hym within,
Some part of his funeralls let vs here begin.
*Audiui vocem:* All men, take heede by this one gentleman
Howe you sette your loue vpon an vnkinde woman!
For these women be all suche madde, pieuishe elues,
They will not be wonne except it please them-selues.
But, in fayth, Custance, if euer ye come in hell,
Maister Roister Doister shall serue you as well.
And will ye needes go from vs thus, in very deede?
R. Royster. Yea, in good sadnesse.
M. Mery. Now Iesus Christ be your speede!
Good night, Roger, olde knaue! farewell, Roger, olde knaue!
Good night, Roger, old knaue! knaue, knap!
*Nequando. Audiui vocem. Requiem æternam.*[1]
Pray for the late Maister Roister Doisters soule!
And come forth, parish clarke, let the passing bell toll. [*Enter Parish Clerk.*]

*To Roister's servants.*[2]

Pray for your mayster, sirs, and for hym ring a peale;
He was your right good maister while he was in heale.

THE PEALE OF BELLES RONG BY THE PARISH CLERK AND ROISTER DOISTERS FOURE MEN.[3]

*The first Bell a Triple.*
When dyed he? When dyed he?
*The seconde.*
We haue hym! We haue hym!
*The thirde.*
Royster Doyster! Royster Doyster!
*The fourth Bell.*
He commeth! He commeth!
*The greate Bell.*
Our owne! Our owne!

M. Mery. *Qui Lazarum.*
R. Royster. Heigh how!
M. Mery. Dead men go not so fast
*In Paradisum.*
R. Royster. Heihow!
M. Mery. Soft, heare what I haue cast!
R. Royster. I will heare nothing, I am past.[4]
M. Mery. Whough, wellaway!
Ye may tarie one houre, and heare what I shall say.
Ye were best, sir, for a-while to reuiue againe
And quite[5] them er ye go.
R. Royster. Trowest thou so?
M. Mery. Ye, plain.
R. Royster. How may I reuiue, being nowe so farre past?

---

[1] The clinking of the bell, supposed to drive away evil spirits. In the mock requiem printed at the end of the play we find this variant reading:

*Neque lux, neque crux, nisi solum* clinke.
Neuer gentman so went toward heauen I thinke.
Yet sirs, as ye wyll the blisse of heauen win,
When he commeth to the graue lay hym softly in.

The last two lines probably should follow line 74.

[2] Executor.

[3] E. *Evocat seruos militis.*

[1] E. *ut infra.* I have added the line from the text of the mock requiem as printed at the end of the play.

[2] E. *Ad Seruos Militis.*

[3] The Peale I have added from the text of the mock requiem at the end of the play.

[4] Dead.

[5] Requite, get even with.

M. Mery. I will rubbe your temples, and fette you againe at last.
R. Royster. It will not be possible.
M. Mery. Yes, for twentie pounde.

[*Rubs his head roughly.*]

R. Royster [*leaping up angrily*]. Armes! what dost thou?
M. Mery. Fet you again out of your sound.
By this crosse, ye were nigh gone in-deede! I might feele
Your soule departing within an inche of your heele.
Now folow my counsell.
R. Royster. What is it?
M. Mery. If I wer you,
Custance should eft[1] seeke to me ere I woulde bowe.
R. Royster. Well, as thou wilt haue me, euen so will I doe.
M. Mery. Then shall ye reuiue againe for an houre or two?
R. Royster. As thou wilt; I am content, for a little space.
M. Mery. Good happe is not hastie; yet in space com[e]th grace.
To speake with Custance your-selfe shoulde be very well;
What good therof may come, nor I nor you can tell.
But, now the matter standeth vpon your mariage,
Ye must now take vnto you a lustie courage.
Ye may not speake with a faint heart to Custance,
But with a lusty breast and countenance,
That she may knowe she hath to answere to a man.
R. Royster. Yes, I can do that as well as any can.
M. Mery. Then, bicause ye must Custance face to face wowe,
Let vs see how to behaue your-selfe ye can doe.
Ye must haue a portely bragge,[2] after your estate.[3]
R. Roister. Tushe, I can handle that after the best rate.

[*He struts back and forth.*]

M. Mery. Well done! So loe! Vp, man, with your head and chin!
Vp with that snoute, man! So loe! nowe ye begin!
So! that is somewhat like! But, prankie cote,[1] nay, whan!
That is a lustie brute! Handes vnder your side, man!
So loe! Now is it euen as it shoulde bee!
That is somewhat like for a man of your degree!
Then must ye stately goe, ietting[2] vp and downe.
Tut! can ye no better shake the taile of your gowne?
There, loe! suche a lustie bragge it is ye must make!
R. Royster. To come behind and make curtsie, thou must som pains take.
M. Mery. Else were I much to blame, I thanke your mastershyp.

[*Making curtsy.*]

The Lorde one day all to-begrime you with worshyp!

[*Shoving imaginary persons out of the way.*]

Backe, sir sauce! let gentlefolkes haue elbowe roome!
Voyde, sirs! see ye not Maister Roister Doister come?
Make place, my maisters!

[*He bumps hard into Roister.*]

R. Royster. Thou iustlest nowe to nigh.
M. Mery. Back, al rude loutes!

[*Bumps him again.*]

R. Royster. Tush!
M. Mery. I crie your maship mercy!
Hoighdagh! if faire, fine Mistresse Custance sawe you now,
Ralph Royster Doister were hir owne, I warrant you.
R. Royster. Neare an M by your girdle?[3]
M. Mery. Your Good Mastershyps

---

[1] A second time.

[2] Pompous demeanor.

[3] State, rank.

[1] Set your coat in order. (But *N.E.D.*, citing this passage, defines *prankie* as "full of pranks.")

[2] Strutting.

[3] A proverbial phrase: have you no respectful terms of address to employ towards me?

Maistershyp were hir owne Mistreshyps Mistreshyps!
Ye were take vp for haukes,[1] ye were gone, ye were gone!
But now one other thing more yet I thinke vpon.
R. Royster. Shewe what it is.
M. Mery. A wower be he neuer so poore,
Must play and sing before his bestbeloues doore;
How much more, than, you!
R. Royster. Thou speakest wel, out of dout.
M. Mery. And perchaunce that woulde make hir the sooner come out.
R. Royster. Goe call my musitians; bydde them high apace.
M. Mery. I wyll be here with them ere ye can say trey ace. *Exeat.*
R. Royster. This was well sayde of Merygreeke! I lowe hys wit.
Before my sweete hearts dore we will haue a fit,
That, if my loue come forth that I may with hir talke,
I doubt not but this geare shall on my side walke.
But lo, how well Merygreeke is returned sence!

[*Re-enter Merygreeke with Musicians.*]

M. Mery. There hath grown no grasse on my heele since I went hence!
Lo, here haue I brought that shall make you pastance.
R. Royster. Come, sirs, let vs sing, to winne my deare loue Custance!

[*They sing.*] [2]

I mun be maried a Sunday;
I mun be maried a Sunday;
Who-soeuer shall come that way,
I mun be maried a Sunday.

Royster Doyster is my name,
Royster Doyster is my name;
A lustie brute, I am the same.
I mun be maried a Sunday.

Christian Custance haue I founde,
Christian Custance haue I founde,
A wydowe worthe a thousande pounde.
I mun be maried a Sunday.

Custance is as sweete as honey,
Custance is as sweete as honey;
I hir lambe and she my coney.
I mun be maried a Sunday.

When we shall make our weddyng-feast,
When we shall make our weddyng-feast,
There shall bee cheere for man and beast.
I mun be maried a Sunday.
I mun be maried a Sunday, etc.

M. Mery. Lo, where she commeth! Some countenaunce to hir make,
And ye shall heare me be plaine with hir for your sake.

## ACTUS III. SCÆNA IIII

[*Enter*] *Custance.* *Merygreeke* [*and*] *Roister Doister* [*remain*].

C. Custance. What gaudyng and foolyng is this afore my doore?
M. Mery. May not folks be honest, pray you, though they be pore?
C. Custance. As that thing may be true, so rich folks may be fooles!
R. Royster. Hir talke is as fine as she had learned in schooles.
M. Mery. [*aside to Roister*]. Looke partly towarde hir, and drawe a little nere.
C. Custance. Get ye home, idle folkes!
M. Mery. Why, may not we be here?
Nay, and ye will haze,[1] haze; otherwise, I tell you plaine,
And ye will not haze, then giue vs our geare againe.
C. Custance. In-deede I haue of yours much gay things, God saue all!
R. Royster [*aside to Merygreeke*]. Speake gently vnto hir, and let hir take all.
M. Mery. Ye are to tender-hearted; shall she make vs dawes?
Nay, dame, I will be plaine with you in my friends cause.
R. Royster. Let all this passe, sweete heart, and accept my seruice!

---

[1] Hawks, used of officers of the law who pounced on criminals.

[2] E. *Cantent.* The song, entitled "The fourth Song," is printed at the end of the play.

[1] Have us.

C. Custance. I will not be serued with a foole, in no wise;
When I choose an husbande, I hope to take a man.
M. Mery. And where will ye finde one which can doe that he can?
Now, thys man towarde you being so kinde,
You not to make him an answere somewhat to his minde!
C. Custance. I sent him a full answere by you, dyd I not?
M. Mery. And I reported it.
C. Custance. Nay, I must speake it againe.
R. Royster. No, no! he tolde it all.
M. Mery. Was I not metely plaine?
R. Royster. Yes.
M. Mery. But I would not tell all; for, faith, if I had,
With you, Dame Custance, ere this houre it had been bad;
And not without cause, for this goodly personage
Ment no lesse than to ioyne with you in mariage.
C. Custance. Let him wast no more labour nor sute about me.
M. Mery. Ye know not where your preferment lieth, I see,
He sending you such a token, ring and letter.
C. Custance. Mary, here it is. Ye neuer sawe a better!
M. Mery. Let vs see your letter.
C. Custance. Holde;[1] reade it, if ye can,
And see what letter it is to winne a woman!

[*He reads the superscription on the outside.*]

M. Mery. "To mine owne deare coney,[2] birde, swete-heart, and pigsny,[3]
Good Mistresse Custance, present these by and by."
Of this superscription do ye blame the stile?
C. Custance. With the rest as good stuffe as ye redde a great while!

[*He opens the letter, and reads.*]

M. Mery. "Sweete mistresse, where as I loue you nothing at all,
Regarding your substance and richesse chiefe of all,
For your personage, beautie, demeanour and wit,
I commende me vnto you neuer a whit.
Sorie to heare report of your good welfare.
For (as I heare say) suche your conditions are
That ye be worthie fauour of no liuing man.
To be abhorred of euery honest man;
To be taken for a woman enclined to vice;
Nothing at all to vertue gyuing hir due price.
Wherfore concerning mariage, ye are thought
Suche a fine paragon, as nere honest man bought.
And nowe by these presentes I do you aduertise
That I am minded to marrie you in no wise.
For your goodes and substance, I coulde bee content
To take you as ye are. If ye mynde to bee my wyfe,
Ye shall be assured for the tyme of my lyfe
I will keepe ye ryght well from good rayment and fare;
Ye shall not be kepte but in sorowe and care.
Ye shall in no wyse lyue at your owne libertie;
Doe and say what ye lust, ye shall neuer please me;
But when ye are mery, I will be all sadde,
When ye are sory, I will be very gladde;
When ye seeke your heartes ease, I will be vnkinde;
At no tyme, in me shall ye muche gentlenesse finde.
But all things contrary to your will and minde
Shall be done: otherwise I wyll not be behinde
To speake. And as for all them that woulde do you wrong
I will so helpe and mainteyne, ye shall not lyue long.
Nor any foolishe dolte shall cumbre you but I.
I, who ere say nay, wyll sticke by you tyll I die.

---

[1] Take.
[2] Rabbit, a term of endearment.
[3] Pig's-eye, a term of endearment.

Thus good mistresse Custance, the Lorde you saue and kepe
From me Roister Doister, whether I wake or slepe.
Who fauoureth you no lesse (ye may be bolde)
Than this letter purporteth, which ye haue vnfolde."
C. CUSTANCE. Howe by this letter of loue? is it not fine?
R. ROYSTER. By the armes of Caleys, it is none of myne!
M. MERY. Fie! you are fowle to blame! This is your owne hand!
C. CUSTANCE. Might not a woman be proude of such an husbande?
M. MERY. Ah, that ye would in a letter shew such despite!
R. ROYSTER. Oh, I would I had hym here, the which did it endite!
M. MERY. Why, ye made it your-selfe, ye tolde me, by this light!
R. ROYSTER. Yea, I ment I wrote it myne owne selfe, yesternight.
C. CUSTANCE. Ywis, sir, I would not haue sent you such a mocke.
R. ROYSTER. Ye may so take it, but I ment it not so, by Cocke!
M. MERY. Who can blame this woman to fume, and frette, and rage?
Tut, tut! your-selfe nowe haue marde your owne marriage.
Well, yet, Mistresse Custance, if ye can this remitte,
This gentleman other-wise may your loue requitte.
C. CUSTANCE. No! God be with you both, and seeke no more to me.

*Exeat* [*Custance*].

R. ROYSTER. Wough! she is gone foreuer! I shall hir no more see!

[*He begins to weep.*]

M. MERY. What, weepe? fye, for shame! and blubber? For manhods sake,
Neuer lette your foe so muche pleasure of you take!
Rather play the mans parte, and doe loue refraine.
If she despise you, een despise ye hir againe!
R. ROYSTER. By Gosse, and for thy sake I defye hir, indeede!
M. MERY. Yea, and perchaunce that way ye shall much sooner speede;
For one madde propretie these women haue, in fey:
When ye will, they will not; will not ye, then will they.
Ah, foolishe woman! Ah, moste vnluckie Custance!
Ah, vnfortunate woman! Ah, pieuishe Custance!
Art thou to thine harmes so obstinately bent
That thou canst not see where lieth thine high preferment?
Canst thou not lub dis man, which coulde lub dee so well?
Art thou so much thine own foe?
R. ROYSTER. Thou dost the truth tell.
M. MERY. Wel, I lament —
R. ROYSTER. So do I.
M. MERY. Wherfor?
R. ROYSTER. For this thing:
Bicause she is gone.
M. MERY. I mourne for an-other thing.
R. ROYSTER. What is it, Merygreeke, wherfore thou dost griefe take?
M. MERY. That I am not a woman myselfe, for your sake.
I would haue you my-selfe, and a strawe for yond Gill!
And mocke much of you, though it were against my will.
I would not, I warrant you, fall in such a rage
As so to refuse suche a goodly personage.
R. ROYSTER. In faith, I heartily thanke thee, Merygreeke.
M. MERY. And I were a woman —
R. ROYSTER. Thou wouldest to me seeke.
M. MERY. For, though I say it, a goodly person ye bee.
R. ROYSTER. No, no.
M. MERY. Yes, a goodly man as ere I dyd see.
R. ROYSTER. No, I am a poore homely man, as God made mee.
M. MERY. By the faith that I owe to God, sir, but ye bee!
Woulde I might, for your sake, spende a thousande pound land.

R. Royster. I dare say thou wouldest haue me to thy husbande.
M. Mery. Yea; and I were the fairest lady in the shiere,
And knewe you as I know you, and see you nowe here —
Well, I say no more!
R. Royster. Gramercies, with all my hart!
M. Mery. But, since that can not be, will ye play a wise parte?
R. Royster. How should I?
M. Mery. Refraine from Custance a-while now,
And I warrant hir soone right glad to seeke to you;
Ye shall see hir anon come on hir knees creeping,
And pray you to be good to hir, salte teares weeping.
R. Royster. But what and she come not?
M. Mery. In faith, then, farewel she!
Or else, if ye be wroth, ye may auenged be.
R. Royster. By Cocks precious pot-sticke,[1] and een so I shall!
I wyll vtterly destroy hir, and house, and all!
But I woulde be auenged, in the meane space,
On that vile scribler,[2] that did my wowyng disgrace.
M. Mery. "Scribler," ko you? in-deede, he is worthy no lesse!
I will call hym to you and ye bidde me, doubtlesse.
R. Royster. Yes, for although he had as many liues
As a thousande widowes, and a thousande wiues,
As a thousande lyons, and a thousand rattes,
A thousande wolues, and a thousande cattes,
A thousande bulles, and a thousande calues,
And a thousande legions diuided in halues,
He shall neuer scape death on my swordes point —
Though I shoulde be torne therfore ioynt by ioynt!
M. Mery. Nay, if ye will kyll him, I will not fette him;
I will not in so muche extremitie sette him.
He may yet amende, sir, and be an honest man.
Therfore pardon him, good soule, as muche as ye can.
R. Royster. Well, for thy sake, this once with his lyfe he shall passe.
But I wyll hewe hym all to pieces, by the masse!
M. Mery. Nay, fayth, ye shall promise that he shall no harme haue,
Else I will not fet him.
R. Royster. I shall, so God me saue!
But I may chide him a good?
M. Mery. Yea, that do, hardely.
R. Royster. Go, then.
M. Mery. I returne, and bring him to you by-and-by.[1] *Ex*[*eat*].

## ACTUS III. SCÆNA V

*Roister Doister* [*remains. Later*] *Mathewe Merygreeke* [*enters with the*] *Scriuener.*

R. Royster. What is a gentleman but his worde and his promise?
I must nowe saue this vilaines lyfe in any wise;
And yet at hym already my handes doe tickle.
I shall vneth[2] holde them, they wyll be so fickle.
But lo and Merygreeke haue not brought him sens!

[*Enter at a distance Merygreeke and the Scrivener, talking angrily.*]

M. Mery. Nay, I woulde I had of my purse payde fortie pens!
Scriuener. So woulde I, too; but it needed not that stounde.[3]
M. Mery. But the ientman had rather spent fiue thousande pounde;
For it disgraced him at least fiue tymes so muche.
Scriuener. He disgraced hym-selfe, his loutishnesse is suche.
R. Royster. Howe long they stande prating! Why comst thou not away?

---

[1] By God's precious stick for stirring the pot; a meaningless oath.
[2] Roister means "scrivener."

[1] Immediately. [2] With difficulty. [3] Time.

**M. Mery.** Come nowe to hymselfe, and hearke what he will say.
**Scriuener.** I am not afrayde in his presence to appeere.

*[They approach Roister.]*

**R. Royster.** Arte thou come, felow?
**Scriuener.** How thinke you? am I not here?
**R. Royster.** What hindrance hast thou done me, and what villanie?
**Scriuener.** It hath come of thy-selfe, if thou hast had any.
**R. Royster.** All the stocke thou comest of, later or rather,[1]
From thy fyrst fathers grandfathers fathers father,
Nor all that shall come of thee, to the worldes ende,
Though to three-score generations they descende,
Can be able to make me a iust recompense
For this trespasse of thine and this one offense!
**Scriuener.** Wherin?
**R. Royster.** Did not you make me a letter, brother?
**Scriuener.** Pay the like hire, I will make you suche another.
**R. Royster.** Nay, see and these whooreson Phariseys and Scribes
Doe not get their liuyng by polling [2] and bribes!
If it were not for shame —

*[Drawing back to strike.]*

**Scriuener.** Nay, holde thy hands still!
**M. Mery.** Why, did ye not promise that ye would not him spill? [3]
**Scriuener.** Let him not spare me.
**R. Royster.** Why, wilt thou strike me again?
**Scriuener.** Ye shall haue as good as ye bring, of me; that is plaine!
**M. Mery.** I can not blame him, sir, though your blowes wold him greue,
For he knoweth present death to ensue of all ye geue.
**R. Royster.** Well, this man for once hath purchased thy pardon.
**Scriuener.** And what say ye to me? or else I will be gon.
**R. Royster.** I say the letter thou madest me was not good.
**Scriuener.** Then did ye wrong copy it, of likelyhood.
**R. Royster.** Yes, out of thy copy worde for worde I wrote.

*[Roister produces his copy of the letter, and also the Scrivener's original draft.]*

**Scriuener.** Then was it as ye prayed to haue it, I wote.
But in reading and pointyng there was made some faulte.
**R. Royster.** I wote not; but it made all my matter to haulte.
**Scriuener.** Howe say you, is this mine originall or no?
**R. Royster.** The selfe-same that I wrote out of,[1] so mote I go!
**Scriuener.** Loke you on your owne fist,[2] and I will looke on this,
And let this man be iudge whether I reade amisse.

*[Reads the superscription.]*

"To myne owne dere coney, birde, sweeteheart, and pigsny,
Good mistresse Custance, present these by and by."
How now? doth not this superscription agree?
**R. Royster.** Reade that is within, and there ye shall the fault see.

*[The Scrivener opens the letter and reads.]*

**Scriuener.** "Sweete mistresse, where as I loue you — nothing at all
Regarding your richesse and substance, chiefe of all
For your personage, beautie, demeanour and witte —
I commende me vnto you. Neuer a whitte
Sory to heare reporte of your good welfare;
For (as I heare say) suche your conditions are
That ye be worthie fauour; of no liuing man
To be abhorred; of euery honest man
To be taken for a woman enclined to vice

---

[1] Sooner.
[2] Extortion.
[3] Destroy, kill.

[1] Copied.
[2] The copy in your own writing

Nothing at all; to vertue giuing hir due price.
Wherfore, concerning mariage, ye are thought
Suche a fine paragon as nere honest man bought.
And nowe by these presents I doe you aduertise
That I am minded to marrie you — in no wyse
For your goodes and substance; I can be content
To take you as you are. Yf ye will be my wife,
Ye shall be assured for the time of my life
I wyll keepe you right well. From good raiment and fare,
Ye shall not be kept; but in sorowe and care
Ye shall in no wyse lyue; at your owne libertie
Doe and say what ye lust; ye shall neuer please me
But when ye are merrie; I will bee all sadde
When ye are sorie; I wyll be very gladde
When ye seeke your heartes ease; I will be vnkinde
At no time; in me shall ye muche gentlenesse finde.
But all things contrary to your will and minde
Shall be done otherwise; I wyl not be behynde
To speake. And as for all they that woulde do you wrong
(I wyll so helpe and maintayne ye), shall not lyue long.
Nor any foolishe dolte shall cumber you; but I —
I, who ere say nay — wyll sticke by you tyll I die.
Thus, good mistresse Custance, the Lorde you saue and kepe.
From me, Roister Doister, whether I wake or slepe,
Who fauoureth you no lesse (ye may be bolde)
Than this letter purporteth, which ye haue vnfolde."
Now, sir, what default can ye finde in this letter?

R. ROYSTER. Of truth, in my mynde there can not be a better.

SCRIUENER. Then was the fault in readyng, and not in writyng, —
No, nor, I dare say, in the fourme of endityng.
But who read this letter, that it sounded so nought?

M. MERY. I redde it, in-deede.

SCRIUENER. Ye red it not as ye ought.

[*Roister draws back as though to strike Merygreeke.*]

R. ROYSTER. Why, thou wretched villaine! was all this same fault in thee?

M. MERY. I knocke your costarde if ye offer to strike me!

[*Strikes him.*]

R. ROYSTER. Strikest thou in-deede? and I offer but in iest.

M. MERY. Yea, and rappe you againe, except ye can sit in rest.
And I will no longer tarie here, me beleue.

R. ROYSTER. What! wilt thou be angry, and I do thee forgeue?
Fare ye well, scribler. I crie thee mercie,[1] indeede!

SCRIUENER. Fare ye well, bibbler, and worthily may ye speede!

[*Exit the Scrivener.*]

R. ROYSTER. If it were an-other but thou, it were a knaue.

M. MERY. Ye are an-other your-selfe, sir, the Lorde vs both saue!
Albeit, in this matter I must your pardon craue.
Alas! woulde ye wyshe in me the witte that ye haue?
But, as for my fault, I can quickely amende;
I will shewe Custance it was I that did offende.

R. ROYSTER. By so doing, hir anger may be reformed.

M. MERY. But, if by no entreatie she will be turned,
Then sette lyght by hir, and bee as testie as shee,

---

[1] I beg your pardon.

And doe your force vpon hir with extremitie.
R. Roister. Come on, therefore, lette vs go home, in sadnesse.
M. Mery. That if force shall neede, all may be in a readinesse.
And, as for thys letter, hardely let all go;
We wyll know where she refuse you for that or no. *Exeant am*[*bo*].

## ACTUS IIII. SCÆNA I

[*Enter*] *Sym Suresby* [*servant to Gawin Goodluck*].

Sim Sure. Is there any man but I, Sym Suresby, alone,
That would haue taken such an enterprise him vpon,
In suche an outragious tempest as this was,
Suche a daungerous gulfe of the sea to passe?
I thinke verily Neptunes mightie godshyp
Was angry with some that was in our shyp;
And, but for the honestie which in me he founde,
I thinke for the others sake we had bene drownde.
But fye on that seruant which for his maisters wealth
Will sticke[1] for to hazarde both his lyfe and his health!
My maister, Gawyn Goodlucke, after me a day,
Bicause of the weather, thought best hys shyppe to stay.
And now that I haue the rough sourges so well past,
God graunt I may finde all things safe here at last!
Then will I thinke all my trauaile well spent.
Nowe the first poynt wherfore my maister hath me sent
Is to salute Dame Christian Custance, his wife
Espoused, whome he tendreth[2] no lesse than his life.
I must see how it is with hir, well or wrong,
And whether for him she doth not now thinke long.
Then to other friendes I haue a message or tway;
And then so to returne and mete him on the way.
Now wyll I goe knocke, that I may dispatche with speede —
But loe, forth commeth hir-selfe, happily, in-deede!

## ACTUS IIII. SCÆNA II

[*Enter*] *Christian Custance. Sim Suresby* [*remains*].

C. Custance. I come to see if any more stirryng be here.
But what straunger is this which doth to me appere?
Sym Surs. I will speake to hir. Dame, the Lorde you saue and see!
C. Custance. What! friende Sym Suresby? Forsoth, right welcome ye be!
Howe doth mine owne Gawyn Goodlucke? I pray the tell.
S. Suresby. When he knoweth of your health, he will be perfect well.
C. Custance. If he haue perfect helth, I am as I would be.
Sim Sure. Suche newes will please him well; this is as it should be.
C. Custance. I thinke now long for him.
Sym Sure. And he as long for you.
C. Custance. When wil he be at home?
Sym Sure. His heart is here een now;
His body commeth after.
C. Custance. I woulde see that faine.
Sim Sure. As fast as wynde and sayle can cary it a-maine. —
But what two men are yonde comming hitherwarde?
C. Custance. Now, I shrew their best Christmasse chekes, both togetherward!

## ACTUS IIII. SCÆNA III

*Christian Custance* [*and*] *Sym Suresby* [*remain. At a distance enter*] *Ralph Roister* [*and*] *Mathew Merygreke. Trupeny* [*enters later*].

C. Custance [*aside*]. What meane these lewde felowes thus to trouble me stil?

---

[1] Hesitate.

[2] Esteemeth.

Sym Suresby here, perchance, shal therof deme som yll,
And shall su[s]pect in me some point of naughtinesse,
And [1] they come hitherward.
Sym Sure. What is their businesse?
C. Custance. I haue nought to them, nor they to me, in sadnesse.
Sim Sure. Let vs hearken them. [*Aside.*] Somewhat there is, I feare it.
R. Royster. I will speake out aloude; best that she may heare it.
M. Mery. Nay, alas, ye may so feare hir out of hir wit!
R. Royster. By the crosse of my sworde, I will hurt hir no whit!
M. Mery. Will ye doe no harme, indeede? Shall I trust your worde?
R. Royster. By Roister Doisters fayth, I will speake but in borde! [2]
Sim Sure. Let vs hearken them. [*Aside.*] Somwhat there is, I feare it.
R. Royster. I will speake out aloude, I care not who heare it!

[*He pretends to speak to his servants within.*]

Sirs, see that my harnesse, my tergat, and my shield
Be made as bright now as when I was last in fielde,
As white as I shoulde to warre againe to-morrowe;
For sicke shall I be but I worke some folke sorow.
Therfore see that all shine as bright as Sainct George,
Or as doth a key newly come from the smiths forge.
I woulde haue my sworde and harnesse to shine so bright
That I might therwith dimme mine enimies sight;
I would haue it cast beames as fast, I tell you playne,
As doth the glittryng grasse after a showre of raine.
And see that, in case I shoulde neede to come to arming,
All things may be ready at a minutes warning!
For such chaunce may chaunce in an houre, do ye heare?
M. Mery. As perchance shall not chaunce againe in seuen yeare.
R. Royster. Now draw we neare to hir, and here what shall be sayde.
M. Mery. But I woulde not haue you make hir too muche afrayde.

[*They advance to Custance.*]

R. Royster. Well founde, sweete wife, I trust, for al this your soure looke!
C. Custance. Wife! why cal ye me wife?
Sim Sure. [*aside*]. Wife! this gear goth acrook!
M. Mery. Nay, Mistresse Custance, I warrant you, our letter
Is not as we redde een nowe, but much better;
And, where ye halfe stomaked [1] this gentleman afore
For this same letter, ye wyll loue hym now therefore.
Nor it is not this letter, though ye were a queene,
That shoulde breake marriage betweene you twaine, I weene.
C. Custance. I did not refuse hym for the letters sake.
R. Royster. Then ye are content me for your husbande to take?
C. Custance. You for my husbande to take? nothing lesse, truely!
R. Royster. Yea, say so, sweete spouse, afore straungers hardly!
M. Mery. And, though I haue here his letter of loue with me,
Yet his ryng and tokens he sent keepe safe with ye.
C. Custance. A mischiefe take his tokens! and him, and thee too!
But what prate I with fooles? Haue I nought else to doo?
Come in with me, Sym Suresby, to take some repast.
Sim Sure. I must, ere I drinke, by your leaue, goe in all hast
To a place or two with earnest letters of his.
C. Custance. Then come drink here with me.
Sim Sure. I thank you.

---

[1] If.
[2] Jest.

[1] Were offended at.

C. Custance. Do not misse;
You shall haue a token to your maister with you.
Sym Sure. No tokens this time, gramercies! God be with you! *Exeat.*
C. Custance. Surely this fellowe misdeemeth some yll in me;
Which thing, but God helpe, will go neere to spill me.

[*Roister calls after Sim Suresby:*]

R. Royster. Yea, farewell, fellow! And tell thy maister, Goodlucke,
That he commeth to late of thys blossome to plucke!
Let him keepe him there still, or, at leastwise, make no hast;
As for his labour hither, he shall spende in wast:
His betters be in place nowe!
M. Mery. [*aside*]. As long as it will hold.
C. Custance. I will be euen with thee, thou beast, thou mayst be bolde![1]
R. Royster. Will ye haue vs, then?
C. Custance. I will neuer haue thee!
R. Royster. Then will I haue you.
C. Custance. No, the deuill shal haue thee!
I haue gotten this houre more shame and harme by thee
Then all thy life-days thou canst do me honestie.
M. Mery. Why, nowe may ye see what it comth too in the ende
To make a deadly foe of your most louing frende!
And, ywis, this letter, if ye woulde heare it now —
C. Custance. I will heare none of it!
M. Mery. In faith, would rauishe you.
C. Custance. He hath stained my name for-euer, this is cleare.
R. Royster. I can make all as well in an houre.
M. Mery. As ten yeare.
How say ye? Wil ye haue him?
C. Custance. No.
M. Mery. Wil ye take him?
C. Custance. I defie him.
M. Mery. At my word?[2]
C. Custance. A shame take him!
Waste no more wynde, for it will neuer bee.
M. Mery. This one faulte with twaine shall be mended, ye shall see.
Gentle Mistresse Custance now, good Mistresse Custance,
Honey Mistresse Custance now, sweete Mistresse Custance,
Golden Mistresse Custance now, white[1] Mistresse Custance,
Silken Mistresse Custance now, faire Mistresse Custance —
C. Custance. Faith, rather than to mary with suche a doltishe loute,
I woulde matche my-selfe with a begger, out of doute!
M. Mery. Then I can say no more. [*To Roister.*] To speede we are not like,
Except ye rappe out a ragge of your rhetorike.
C. Custance. Speake not of winnyng me; for it shall neuer be so.
R. Royster. Yes, dame! I will haue you, whether ye will or no.
I commaunde you to loue me! Wherfore shoulde ye not?
Is not my loue to you chafing and burning hot?
M. Mery. Too hir! That is well sayd!
R. Royster. Shall I so breake my braine
To dote vpon you, and ye not loue vs againe?
M. Mery. Wel sayd yet!
C. Custance. Go to, you goose!
R. Royster. I say, Kit Custance,
In case ye will not haze,[2] — well, better yes, perchaunce!
C. Custance. Auaunt, lozell! Picke thee hence!
M. Mery. Wel, sir, ye perceiue,
For all your kinde offer, she will not you receiue.
R. Royster. Then a strawe for hir! And a strawe for hir, againe!
She shall not be my wife, woulde she neuer so faine!
No, and though she would be at ten thousand pounde cost!

---

[1] Certain, confident.

[2] On my assurance.

[1] A term of endearment.

[2] Have us.

M. Mery. Lo, dame, ye may see what an husbande ye haue lost!
C. Custance. Yea, no force;[1] a iewell muche better lost than founde!
M. Mery. Ah, ye will not beleue how this doth my heart wounde!
How shoulde a mariage betwene you be towarde
If both parties drawe backe and become so frowarde?
R. Royster. Nay, dame, I will fire thee out of thy house,
And destroy thee and all thine, and that by-and-by.[2]
M. Mery. Nay, for the passion of God, sir, do not so!
R. Royster. Yes, except she will say yea to that she sayde no.
C. Custance. And what! be there no officers, trow we, in towne
To checke idle loytrers braggyng vp and downe?
Where be they by whome vacabunds shoulde be represt,
That poore sillie [3] widowes might liue in peace and rest?
Shall I neuer ridde thee out of my companie?
I will call for helpe. What, hough! Come forth, Trupenie!
Trupenie [*within*]. Anon. [*Entering.*] What is your will, mistresse? Dyd ye call me?
C. Custance. Yea; go runne apace, and, as fast as may be,
Pray Tristram Trusty, my moste assured frende,
To be here by-and-by, that he may me defende.
Trupenie. That message so quickly shall be done, by Gods grace,
That at my returne ye shall say I went apace. *Exeat.*
C. Custance. Then shall we see, I trowe, whether ye shall do me harme!
R. Royster. Yes, in faith, Kitte, I shall thee and thine so charme [4]
That all women incarnate by thee may beware.
C. Custance. Nay, as for charming me, come hither if thou dare!
I shall cloute [1] thee tyll thou stinke, both thee and thy traine,
And coyle [2] thee mine owne handes, and sende thee home againe.
R. Royster. Yea, sayst thou me that, dame? Dost thou me threaten?
Goe we, I will [3] see whether I shall be beaten.
M. Mery. Nay, for the paishe of God, let me now treate peace;
For bloudshed will there be, in case this strife increace.
Ah, good Dame Custance, take better way with you!
C. Custance. Let him do his worst!

[*Roister Doister advances on Custance; she beats him.*]

M. Mery. Yeld in time.
R. Royster [*to Merygreeke*]. Come hence, thou!

*Exeant Roister et Mery.*

## ACTUS IIII. SCÆNA IIII

*Christian Custance* [*remains. Later enter*] *Anot Alyface, Tibet T., M. Mumblecrust.*

C. Custance. So, sirra! If I should not with hym take this way,
I should not be ridde of him, I thinke, till doomes-day.
I will call forth my folkes, that, without any mockes,
If he come agayne, we may giue him rappes and knockes.
Mage Mumblecrust, come forth! and Tibet Talke-apace!
Yea, and come forth, too, Mistresse Annot Alyface!
Annot Aly. [*entering*]. I come.
Tibet [*entering*]. And I am here.
M. Mumb. [*entering*]. And I am here too at length.
C. Custance. Like warriers, if nede bee, ye must shew your strength.
The man that this day hath thus begiled you
Is Ralph Roister Doister, whome ye know well inowe,[4]

---

[1] It does not matter.
[2] At once.
[3] Defenceless.
[4] Overcome.

[1] Beat.
[2] Thrash.
[3] E. *still;* corrected by Cooper.
[4] E. *mowe;* corrected by Cooper.

The moste loute and dastarde that euer on grounde trode.
TIB. TALK. I see all folke mocke hym when he goth abrode.
C. CUSTANCE. What, pretie maide! will ye talke when I speake?
TIB. TALK. No, forsooth, good mistresse.
C. CUSTANCE. Will ye my tale breake?
He threatneth to come hither with all his force to fight;
I charge you, if he come, on him with all your might!
M. MUMBL. I with my distaffe will reache hym one rappe!
TIB. TALK. And I with my newe broome will sweepe hym one swappe,
And then with our greate clubbe I will reache hym one rappe!
AN. ALIFACE. And I with our skimmer[1] will fling him one flappe!
TIB. TALK. Then Trupenies fireforke[2] will him shrewdly fray,[3]
And you with the spitte may driue him quite away.
C. CUSTANCE. Go make all ready, that it may be een so.
TIB. TALK. For my parte, I shrewe[4] them that last about it go!

*Exeant* [*the Servants*].

## ACTUS IIII. SCÆNA V

*Christian Custance* [*remains*]. *Trupenie* [*and*] *Tristram Trusty* [*enter later*].

C. CUSTANCE. Trupenie dyd promise me to runne a great pace,
My friend Tristram Trusty to fet into this place.
In-deede he dwelleth hence a good stert,[5] I confesse;
But yet a quicke messanger might twice since, as I gesse,
Haue gone and come againe. Ah, yond I spie him now!

[*Enter Trupeny and Trusty.*]

TRUPENY. Ye are a slow goer, sir, I make God auow;
My Mistresse Custance will in me put all the blame.
Your leggs be longer than myne; come apace, for shame!
C. CUSTANCE. I can thee thanke, Trupenie; thou hast done right wele.
TRUPENY. Maistresse, since I went, no grasse hath growne on my hele;
But Maister Tristram Trustie here maketh no speede.
C. CUSTANCE. That he came at all, I thanke him in very deede,
For now haue I neede of the helpe of some wise man.
T. TRUSTY. Then may I be gone againe, for none such I [a]m.
TRUPENIE. Ye may bee, by your going;[1] for no alderman
Can goe, I dare say, a sadder pace than ye can.
C. CUSTANCE. Trupenie, get thee in. Thou shalt among them knowe
How to vse thy-selfe like a propre man, I trowe.
TRUPENY. I go. *Ex*[*eat*].
C. CUSTANCE. Now, Tristram Trusty, I thank you right much;
For, at my first sending, to come ye neuer grutch.
T. TRUSTY. Dame Custance, God ye saue! and, while my life shall last,
For my friende Goodlucks sake ye shall not sende in wast.
C. CUSTANCE. He shal giue you thanks.
T. TRUSTY. I will do much for his sake.
C. CUSTANCE. But, alack, I feare, great displeasure shall be take!
T. TRUSTY. Wherfore?
C. CUSTANCE. For a foolish matter.
T. TRUSTY. What is your cause?
C. CUSTANCE. I am yll accombred with a couple of dawes.
T. TRUSTY. Nay, weepe not, woman, but tell me what your cause is.
As concerning my friende is any thing amisse?
C. CUSTANCE. No, not on my part; but here was Sym Suresby —
T. TRUSTIE. He was with me and told me so.
C. CUSTANCE. And he stoode by

---

[1] A kitchen utensil for skimming liquids.
[2] An iron fork for stirring the fire.
[3] Frighten, assault.
[4] Curse.
[5] Distance.

[1] Walking, pace.

While Ralph Roister Doister, with helpe of Merygreeke,
For promise of mariage dyd vnto me seeke.
T. Trusty. And had ye made any promise before them twaine?
C. Custance. No; I had rather be torne in pieces and slaine!
No man hath my faith and trouth but Gawyn Goodlucke,
And that before Suresby dyd I say, and there stucke.
But of certaine letters there were suche words spoken —
T. Trustie. He tolde me that too.
C. Custance. And of a ring, and token,
That Suresby, I spied, dyd more than halfe suspect
That I my faith to Gawyn Goodlucke dyd reiect.
T. Trusty. But there was no such matter, Dame Custance, in-deede?
C. Custance. If euer my head thought it, God sende me yll speede!
Wherfore I beseech you with me to be a witnesse
That in all my lyfe I neuer intended thing lesse.
And what a brainsicke foole Ralph Roister Doister is
Your-selfe know well enough.
T. Trusty. Ye say full true, ywis!
C. Custance. Bicause to bee his wife I ne graunt nor apply,[1]
Hither will he com, he sweareth, by-and-by,
To kill both me and myne, and beate downe my house flat.
Therfore I pray your aide.
T. Trustie. I warrant you that.
C. Custance. Haue I so many yeres liued a sobre life,
And shewed my-selfe honest, mayde, widowe, and wyfe,
And nowe to be abused in such a vile sorte?
Ye see howe poore widowes lyue, all voyde of comfort!
T. Trusty. I warrant hym do you no harme nor wrong at all.
C. Custance. No; but Mathew Merygreeke doth me most appall,
That he woulde ioyne hym-selfe with suche a wretched loute.
T. Trusty. He doth it for a iest; I knowe hym out of doubte.
And here cometh Merygreke.
C. Custance. Then shal we here his mind.

## ACTUS IIII. SCÆNA VI

[*Enter*] *Merygreke* [*to*] *Christian Custance* [*and*] *Trist. Trusty.*

M. Mery. Custance and Trustie both, I doe you here well finde.
C. Custance. Ah, Mathew Merygreeke, ye haue vsed me well!
M. Mery. Nowe for altogether[1] ye must your answere tell:
Will ye haue this man, woman? or else, will ye not?
Else will he come — neuer bore so brymme[2] nor tost so hot.
Tris. and Cu. But why ioyn ye with him?
T. Trusty. For mirth?
C. Custance. Or else in sadnesse?
M. Mery. The more fond of you both! hardly the mater gesse.
Tristram. Lo, how say ye, dame?
M. Mery. Why, do ye thinke, Dame Custance,
That in this wowyng I haue ment ought but pastance?
C. Custance. Much things ye spake, I wote, to maintaine his dotage.
M. Mery. But well might ye iudge I spake it all in mockage.
For-why, is Roister Doister a fitte husband for you?
T. Trusty. I dare say ye neuer thought it.
M. Mery. No; to God I vow!
And dyd not I knowe afore of the insurance
Betweene Gawyn Goodlucke and Christian Custance?
And dyd not I, for the nonce, by my conueyance,
Reade his letter in a wrong sense for daliance,
That, if you coulde haue take it vp at the first bounde,

---

[1] Think of it.

[1] Definitely.

[2] Furious.

We should therat such a sporte and pastime haue founde
That all the whole towne should haue ben the merier?
C. Custance. Ill ake your heades both! I was neuer werier,
Nor neuer more vexte, since the first day I was borne!
T. Trusty. But very well I wist he here did all in scorne.
C. Custance. But I feared therof to take dishonestie.[1]
M. Mery. This should both haue made sport and shewed your honestie;
And Goodlucke, I dare sweare, your witte therin would low.[2]
T. Trusty. Yea, being no worse than we know it to be now.
M. Mery. And nothing yet to late; for, when I come to him,
Hither will he repaire with a sheepes looke full grim,
By plaine force and violence to driue you to yelde.
C. Custance. If ye two bidde me, we will with him pitche a fielde,
I and my maides together.
M. Mery. Let vs see! be bolde!
C. Custance. Ye shall see womens warre!
T. Trusty. That fight wil I behold.
M. Mery. If occasion serue, takyng his parte full brim,[3]
I will strike at you, but the rappe shall light on him.
When we first appeare —
C. Custance. Then will I runne away
As though I were afeard.
T. Trusty. Do you that part wel play;
And I wil sue for peace.
M. Mery. And I wil set him on.
Then will he looke as fierce as a Cotssold lyon.[4]
T. Trusty. But when gost thou for him?
M. Mery. That do I very nowe.
C. Custance. Ye shal find vs here.
M. Mery. Wel, God haue mercy on you! *Ex*[*eat*].
T. Trusty. There is no cause of feare. The least boy in the streete —
C. Custance. Nay, the least girle I haue will make him take his feete.

[*The sound of a drum is heard within.*]

But hearke! me-thinke they make preparation.
T. Trusty. No force,[1] it will be a good recreation.
C. Custance. I will stand within, and steppe forth speedily,
And so make as though I ranne away dreadfully.

[*Exeunt Custance and Trusty.*]

## ACTUS IIII. SCÆNA VII

[*Enter*] *R. Royster* [*and*] *M. Merygreeke* [*with Roister's servants in martial array*]. *C. Custance, D. Doughtie, Harpax,* [*and*] *Tristram Trusty* [*enter later*].

R. Royster. Nowe, sirs, keepe your ray; and see your heartes be stoute!
But where be these caitifes? me-think they dare not route![2]
How sayst thou, Merygreeke? What doth Kit Custance say?
M. Mery. I am loth to tell you.
R. Royster. Tushe, speake, man! yea or nay?
M. Mery. Forsooth, sir, I haue spoken for you all that I can.
But, if ye winne hir, ye must een play the man;
Een to fight it out ye must a mans heart take.
R. Royster. Yes, they shall know, and thou knowest, I haue a stomacke.[3]
[M. Mery.] "A stomacke," quod you? yea, as good as ere man had.
R. Royster. I trowe they shall finde and feele that I am a lad.
M. Mery. By this crosse, I haue seene you eate your meate as well
As any that ere I haue seene of or heard tell!
"A stomacke," quod you? He that will that denie,

---

[1] Dishonor, reputation for unchastity.
[2] Allow, approve.
[3] Fiercely.
[4] A humorous appellation for a sheep.

[1] It matters not.
[2] Stir forth.
[3] Courage, valor; but Merygreek insists upon misunderstanding.

I know was neuer at dynner in your companie!
R. Royster. Nay, the stomacke of a man it is that I meane!
M. Mery. Nay, the stomacke of a horse, or a dogge, I weene.
R. Royster. Nay, a mans stomacke with a weapon, meane I.
M. Mery. Ten men can scarce match you with a spoone in a pie.
R. Royster. Nay, the stomake of a man to trie in strife.
M. Mery. I neuer sawe your stomacke cloyed yet in my lyfe.
R. Royster. Tushe! I meane in strife or fighting to trie.
M. Mery. We shall see how ye will strike nowe, being angry.
R. Royster. Haue at thy pate, then! and saue thy head if thou may! [*Strikes at him.*]
M. Mery. Nay, then, haue at your pate agayne, by this day! [*Strikes back.*]
R. Royster. Nay, thou mayst not strike at me againe, in no wise.
M. Mery. I can not in fight make to you such warrantise.
But, as for your foes here, let them the bargaine bie.
R. Royster. Nay, as for they, shall euery mothers childe die!
And in this my fume [1] a little thing might make me
To beate downe house and all, and else the deuill take me!
M. Mery. If I were as ye be, by Gogs deare mother,
I woulde not leaue one stone vpon an-other,
Though she woulde redeeme it with twentie thousand poundes!
R. Royster. It shall be euen so, by His lily [2] woundes!
M. Mery. Bee not at one [3] with hir vpon any amendes.
R. Royster. No, though she make to me neuer so many frendes,
Nor if all the worlde for hir woulde vndertake; [4]
No, not God hymselfe, neither, shal not hir peace make!

[*To his servants.*]

On, therfore! Marche forwarde! Soft; stay a-whyle yet!
M. Mery. On!
R. Royster. Tary!
M. Mery. Forth!
R. Royster. Back!
M. Mery. On!
R. Royster. Soft! Now forward set!

[*Custance enters.*]

C. Custance. What businesse haue we here? Out! alas! alas!

[*She flees, as if in terror.*]

R. Royster. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Dydst thou see that, Merygreeke? how afrayde she was?
Dydst thou see how she fledde apace out of my sight?
Ah, good sweete Custance! I pitie hir, by this light!
M. Mery. That tender heart of yours wyll marre altogether.
Thus will ye be turned with waggyng of a fether?
R. Royster. On, sirs! keepe your ray!
M. Mery. On! Forth, while this geare is hot!
R. Royster. Soft! The armes of Caleys! I haue one thing forgot.
M. Mery. What lacke we now?
R. Royster. Retire! or else we be all slain!
M. Mery. Backe! for the pashe of God! backe, sirs! backe againe!
What is the great mater?
R. Royster. This hastie forth-goyng
Had almost brought vs all to vtter vndoing!
It made me forget a thing most necessarie.
M. Mery. Well remembred of a captaine, by Sainct Marie!
R. Royster. It is a thing must be had.
M. Mery. Let vs haue it, then.
R. Royster. But I wote not where, nor how.
M. Mery. Then wote not I when.
But what is it?
R. Royster. Of a chiefe thing I am to seeke.

---

[1] Fit of anger.
[2] Lovely.
[3] Reconciled.
[4] Intercede.

M. Mery. Tut! so will ye be when ye haue studied a weke.
But tell me what it is.
R. Royster. I lacke yet an hedpiece.[1]
M. Mery. The kitchen collocauit[2] — the best hennes to Grece!
Runne fet it, Dobinet, and come at once withall.
And bryng with thee my potgunne[3] hangyng by the wall!

[*Exit Dobinet.*]

I haue seene your head with it full many a tyme
Couered as safe as it had bene with a skrine;[4]
And I warrant it saue your head from any stroke,
Except perchaunce to be amased[5] with the smoke;[6]
I warrant your head therwith — except for the mist —
As safe as if it were fast locked vp in a chist.
And loe, here our Dobinet commeth with it nowe!

[*Re-enter Dobinet.*]

D. Dough. It will couer me to the shoulders well inow.
M. Mery. Let me see it on.

[*He sets it on Roister's head.*]

R. Royster. In fayth, it doth metely well.
M. Mery. There can be no fitter thing. Now ye must vs tell
What to do.
R. Royster. Now forth in ray, sirs! and stoppe no more!
M. Mery. Now Sainct George to borow![7] Drum, dubbe-a-dubbe afore!

[*The drum sounds. Enter Trusty.*]

T. Trusty. What meane you to do, sir? committe manslaughter?
R. Royster. To kyll fortie such is a matter of laughter.
T. Trusty. And who is it, sir, whome ye intende thus to spill?
R. Royster. Foolishe Custance, here, forceth me against my will.
T. Trusty. And is there no meane your extreme wrath to slake?
She shall some amendes vnto your good mashyp make.
R. Royster. I will none amendes.
T. Trusty. Is hir offence so sore?
M. Mery. And he were a loute, she coulde haue done no more.
She hath calde him foole, and dressed[1] him like a foole,
Mocked hym lyke a foole, vsed him like a foole.
T. Trusty. Well, yet the sheriffe, the iustice, or constable,
Hir misdemeanour to punishe might be able.
R. Royster. No, sir! I mine owne selfe will in this present cause
Be sheriffe, and iustice, and whole iudge of the lawes.
This matter to amende, all officers be I shall —
Constable, bailiffe, sergeant —
M. Mery. And hangman and all.
T. Trusty. Yet a noble courage, and the hearte of a man,
Should more honour winne by bearyng with a woman.
Therfore, take the lawe, and lette hir aunswere therto.
R. Royster. Merygreeke, the best way were euen so to do.
What honour should it be with a woman to fight?
M. Mery. And what then! will ye thus forgo and lese your right?
R. Royster. Nay, I will take the lawe on hir withouten grace.
T. Trusty. Or, yf your mashyp coulde pardon this one trespace,
I pray you forgiue hir.
R. Royster. Hoh![2]
M. Mery. Tushe! tushe, sir, do not!
[T. Trusty.] Be good, maister, to hir.
R. Royster. Hoh!
M. Mery. Tush, I say, do not!
And what! shall your people here returne streight home?
R. Royster. Yea; leuie the campe, sirs, and hence againe, eche one!

---

[1] Helmet.
[2] The pot used for cooking meats and vegetables.
[3] A large pistol.
[4] A strong box for keeping valuables.
[5] Stupefied. [6] The fumes. [7] Be our speed!

[1] Chastised. [2] Halt! (Retire?)

But be still in readinesse if I happe to call;
I can not tell what sodaine chaunce may befall.[1]
M. Mery. Do not off your harnesse,[2] sirs, I you aduise,
At the least for this fortnight, in no maner wise;
Perchaunce in an houre when all ye thinke least,
Our maisters appetite to fight will be best.
But soft! Ere ye go, haue once at Custance house!

*[He aims his harquebus at Custance's door.]*

R. Royster. Soft! what wilt thou do?
M. Mery. Once discharge my harquebouse;
And, for my heartes ease, haue once more with my potgoon.
R. Royster. Holde thy handes! else is all our purpose cleane fordoone.
M. Mery. And it cost me my life!
R. Royster. I say thou shalt not!
M. Mery. By the matte,[3] but I will! *[Shoots the harquebus.]* Haue once more with haile-shot! *[Shoots the potgun.]*
I will haue some penyworth! I will not leese all!

## ACTUS IIII. SCÆNA VIII

*M. Merygreeke. C. Custance. R. Roister. Tib. T. An. Alyface. M. Mumblecrust. Trupenie. Dobinet Doughtie. Harpax. Two drummes with their ensignes.*[4]

C. Custance [*rushing out*]. What caitifes are those that so shake my house-wall?
M. Mery. Ah, sirrha! now, Custance, if ye had so muche wit,
I woulde see you aske pardon, and yourselues submit.
C. Custance. Haue I still this adoe with a couple of fooles?
M. Mery. Here ye what she saith?
C. Custance. Maidens, come forth with your tooles!

*[Enter the maids, armed, and Truepenny with drum and ensign.]*

R. Royster. In a-ray!
M. Mery. Dubba-dub, sirrha!
R. Royster. In a-ray!
They come sodainly on vs.
M. Mery. Dubbadub!
R. Royster. In a-ray!
That euer I was borne! We are taken tardie!
M. Mery. Now, sirs, quite our-selue like tall[1] men and hardie.
C. Custance. On afore, Truepenie Holde thyne owne, Annot!
On towarde them, Tibet! for scape vs the can not.
Come forth, Madge Mumblecrust! S stand fast togither!
M. Mery. God sende vs a faire day.
R. Royster. See, they marche on hither
Tib. Talk. But, mistresse!
C. Custance. What sayst thou?[2]
Tib. [Talk.] Shall I go fet our goose
C. Custance. What to do?
Tib. [Talk.] To yonder captain I wil turne hir loose:
And she gape and hisse at him, as she dot at me,
I durst ieoparde my hande she wyll mak him flee.

*[Custance and her forces advance to the fray.]*

C. Custance. On! Forward!
R. Royster. They com!
M. Mery. Stand!
R. Royster. Hold!
M. Mery. Kepe!
R. Royster. There!
M. Mery. Strike!
R. Royster. Take heede
C. Custance. Wel sayd, Truepeny!
Trupeny. Ah, whooresons!
C. Custance. Wel don, in-deede
M. Mery. Hold thine owne, Harpax Downe with them, Dobinet!
C. Custance. Now, Madge! There, Annot! Now, sticke them, Tibet!
Tib. Talk. [*singling out Dobinet*]. All my chiefe quarell is to this same little knaue

---

[1] E. attributes lines 104–05 to T. Trustie.
[2] Armour.
[3] Mass.
[4] One drum with ensign (flag) was borne by Roister's forces, and one by Custance's army.

[1] Valiant.
[2] E. *ycu.*

That begyled me last day. Nothyng shall him saue!
D. Dough. Downe with this litle queane that hath at me such spite!
Saue you from hir, maister; it is a very sprite!
C. Custance. I my-selfe will Mounsire Graunde Captaine vndertake!
R. Royster. They win grounde!
M. Mery. Saue your-selfe, sir, for Gods sake!

[*Merygreeke lands a blow on Roister's "helmet."*]

R. Royster. Out! alas, I am slaine! helpe!
M. Mery. Saue your-self!
R. Royster. Alas!
M. Mery. Nay, then, haue at you, mistresse!

[*Pretending to strike at Custance he hits Roister.*]

R. Royster. Thou hittest me, alas!
M. Mery. I wil strike at Custance here.

[*Hits him again.*]

R. Royster. Thou hittest me!
M. Mery. So I wil!
Nay, Mistresse Custance!

[*Hits him again.*]

R. Royster. Alas, thou hittest me still!
Hold!
M. Mery. Saue your-self, sir.

[*Hits him again.*]

R. Royster. Help! out! alas, I am slain!
M. Mery. Truce! hold your hands! truce for a pissing-while or twaine!

[*All cease fighting.*]

Nay, how say you, Custance? For sauing of your life,
Will ye yelde, and graunt to be this gentmans wife?
C. Custance. Ye tolde me he loued me. Call ye this loue?
M. Mery. He loued a-while, euen like a turtle-doue.
C. Custance. Gay loue, God saue it, so soone hotte, so soone colde!
M. Mery. I am sory for you. He could loue you yet, so he coulde.
R. Royster. Nay, by Cocks precious, she shall be none of mine!
M. Mery. Why so?
R. Royster. Come away. By the matte, she is mankine![1]
I durst aduenture the losse of my right hande
If shee dyd not slee hir other husbande.
And see, if she prepare not againe to fight!
M. Mery. What then? Sainct George to borow, our Ladies knight!
R. Royster. Slee else whom she will, by Gog, she shall not slee mee!
M. Mery. How then?
R. Royster. Rather than to be slaine, I will flee.
C. Custance. Too it againe, my knightesses! Downe with them all!

[*The fight is resumed.*]

R. Royster. Away! away! away! She will else kyll vs all!
M. Mery. Nay, sticke to it, like an hardie man and a tall.

[*Hits him.*]

R. Royster. Oh, bones! thou hittest me! Away! or else die we shall!
M. Mery. Away, for the pashe of our sweete Lord Iesus Christ!
C. Custance. Away, loute and lubber! or I shall be thy priest!

[*Roister flees, followed by all his men.*][2]

So this fielde is ours! We haue driuen them all away!
Tib. Talk. Thankes to God, mistresse, ye haue had a faire day!
C. Custance. Well, nowe goe ye in, and make your-selfe some good cheere.
All.[3] We goe.

[*Exeunt the maids and Truepenny.*]

T. Trust. Ah, sir, what a field we haue had heere!
C. Custance. Friend Tristram, I pray you, be a witnesse with me.

---

[1] Infuriated.
[2] E. *Exeant om.*
[3] E. *Omnes pariter.*

T. Trusty. Dame Custance, I shall depose [1] for your honestie.
And nowe fare ye well, except some-thing else ye wolde.
C. Custance. Not now; but, when I nede to sende, I will be bolde.

*Exeat* [*Tristram*].

I thanke you for these paines. And now I wyll get me in.
Now Roister Doister will no more wowyng begin! *Ex*[*eat*].

## ACTUS V. SCÆNA I

[*Enter*] *Gawyn Goodlucke* [*and*] *Sym Suresby* [*in front of Custance's house*].

[G. Goodl.] Sym Suresby, my trustie man, nowe aduise thee well,
And see that no false surmises thou me tell:
Was there such adoe about Custance, of a truth?
Sim Sure. To reporte that I hearde and sawe, to me is ruth,
But both my duetie and name and proprietie
Warneth me to you to shewe fidelitie.
It may be well enough, and I wyshe it so to be;
She may hir-selfe discharge, and trie [2] hir honestie.
Yet their clayme to hir, me-thought, was very large,[3]
For with letters, rings and tokens they dyd hir charge;
Which when I hearde and sawe, I would none to you bring.[4]
G. Goodl. No, by Sainct Marie! I allowe thee in that thing!
Ah, sirra, nowe I see truthe in the prouerbe olde:
All things that shineth is not by-and-by pure golde.
If any doe lyue a woman of honestie,
I would haue sworne Christian Custance had bene shee.
Sim Sure. Sir, though I to you be a seruant true and iust,
Yet doe not ye therfore your faithfull spouse mystrust;
But examine the matter, and if ye shall it finde
To be all well, be not ye for my wordes vnkinde.
G. Goodl. I shall do that is right, and as I see cause why.
But here commeth Custance forth; we shal know by-and-by.

## ACTUS V. SCÆNA II

[*Enter*] *C. Custance. Gawyn Goodlucke* [*and*] *Sym Suresby* [*remain*].

C. Custance. I come forth to see and hearken for newes good,
For about this houre is the tyme, of likelyhood,
That Gawyn Goodlucke, by the sayings of Suresby,
Would be at home. And lo, yond I see hym, I!

[*She runs to him.*]

What, Gawyn Goodlucke, the onely hope of my life,
Welcome home! and kysse me, your true espoused wife!
Ga. Good. Nay, soft, Dame Custance! I must first, by your licence,
See whether all things be cleere in your conscience.
I heare of your doings, to me very straunge.
C. Custance. What, feare ye that my faith towardes you should chaunge?
Ga. Good. I must needes mistrust ye be elsewhere entangled,
For I heare that certaine men with you haue wrangled
About the promise of mariage by you to them made.
C. Custance. Coulde any mans reporte your minde therein persuade?
Ga. Good. Well, ye must therin declare your-selfe to stande cleere,
Else I and you, Dame Custance, may not ioyne this yere.
C. Custance. Then woulde I were dead, and faire layd in my graue!
Ah, Suresby! is this the honestie that ye haue,

---

[1] Give evidence under oath.
[2] Prove.
[3] Ample, great.
[4] I.e. no token; cf. Act IV, Sc. iii, lines 50–51.

To hurt me with your report, not knowyng the thing?
Sim Sure. If ye be honest, my wordes can hurt you nothing;
But what I hearde and sawe, I might not but report.
C. Custance. Ah, Lorde, helpe poore widowes, destitute of comfort!
Truly, most deare spouse, nought was done but for pastance.
G. Good. But such kynde of sporting is homely[1] daliance.
C. Custance. If ye knewe the truthe, ye would take all in good parte.
Ga. Good. By your leaue, I am not halfe-well skilled in that arte.
C. Custance. It was none but Roister Doister, that foolishe mome.[2]
Ga. Good. Yea, Custance, "Better," they say, "a badde scuse than none."
C. Custance. Why, Tristram Trustie, sir, your true and faithfull frende,
Was priuie bothe to the beginning and the ende.
Let him be the iudge and for me testifie.
Ga. Good. I will the more credite that he shall verifie.
And, bicause I will the truthe know een as it is,
I will to him my-selfe, and know all without misse.
Come on, Sym Suresby, that before my friend thou may
Auouch the same wordes which thou dydst to me say.
*Exeant* [*Goodluck and Suresby*].

## ACTUS V. SCÆNA III

*Christian Custance* [*remains*].

C. Custance. O Lorde! howe necessarie it is nowe-of-dayes
That eche bodie liue vprightly all maner wayes;
For lette neuer so little a gappe be open,
And be sure of this: — the worst shall be spoken!
Howe innocent stande I in this for deede or thought!
And yet see what mistrust towardes me it hath wrought!
But thou, Lorde, knowest all folkes thoughts and eke intents;
And thou arte the deliuerer of all innocentes.
Thou didst helpe the aduoutresse[1] that she might be amended;
Much more, then, helpe, Lorde, that neuer yll intended!
Thou didst helpe Susanna, wrongfully accused,
And no lesse dost thou see, Lorde, how I am now abused.
Thou didst helpe Hester when she should haue died,
Helpe also, good Lorde, that my truth may be tried!
Yet, if Gawin Goodlucke with Tristram Trusty speake,
I trust of yll report the force shall be but weake.
And loe! yond they come, sadly talking togither.
I wyll abyde, and not shrinke for their comming hither.

## ACTUS V. SCÆNA IIII

[*Enter at a distance*] *Gawyn Goodlucke* [*and*] *Tristram Trustie* [*walking towards*] *C. Custance. Sym Suresby* [*accompanying them*].

Ga. Good. And was it none other than ye to me reporte?
Tristram. No; and here were ye wished to haue seene the sporte.
Ga. Good. Woulde I had, rather than halfe of that in my purse!
Sim Sure. And I doe muche reioyce the matter was no wurse.
And, like as to open it I was to you faithfull,
So of Dame Custance honest truth I am ioyfull;
For God forfende that I shoulde hurt hir by false reporte.
Ga. Good. Well, I will no longer holde hir in discomforte.
C. Custance. Nowe come they hitherwarde. I trust all shall be well.
Ga. Good. Sweete Custance, neither heart can thinke nor tongue tell

---

[1] Uncomely, rude.

[2] Dolt.

[1] Adulteress.

Howe much I ioy in your constant fidelitie.
Come nowe, kisse me, the pearle of perfect honestie!
C. Custance. God lette me no longer to continue in lyfe
Than I shall towardes you continue a true wyfe!
Ga. Goodl. Well now, to make you for this some parte of amendes,
I shall desire first you, and then suche of our frendes
As shall to you seeme best, to suppe at home with me,
Where at your fought fielde we shall laugh and mery be.
Sim Sure. And, mistresse, I beseech you, take with me no greefe;
I did a true mans part, not wishyng you repreefe.
C. Custance. Though hastie reportes through surmises growyng
May of poore innocentes be vtter ouerthrowyng,
Yet, bicause to thy maister thou hast a true hart,
And I know mine owne truth, I forgiue thee for my part.
Ga. Goodl. Go we all to my house. And of this geare no more!
Goe prepare all things, Sym Suresby; hence, runne afore!
Sim Sure. I goe. *Ex*[*eat*].
G. Good. But who commeth yond? M. Merygreeke?
C. Custance. Roister Doisters champion; I shrewe his best cheeke!
T. Trusty. Roister Doister selfe, your wower, is with him, too.
Surely some-thing there is with vs they haue to doe.

## ACTUS V. SCÆNA V

[*Enter at a distance*] *M. Merygreeke* [*and*] *Ralph Roister. Gawyn Goodlucke, Tristram Trustie* [*and*] *C. Custance* [*remain*].

M. Mery. Yond I see Gawyn Goodlucke, to whom lyeth my message.
I will first salute him after his long voyage,
And then make all thing well concerning your behalfe.
R. Royster. Yea, for the pashe of God!
M. Mery. Hence out of sight, ye calfe,
Till I haue spoke with them, and then I will you fet.[1]
R. Royster. In Gods name!

[*Roister retires.*]

M. Mery. [*advancing*]. What, Master Gawin Goodluck, wel met!
And from your long voyage I bid you right welcome home.
Ga. Good. I thanke you.
M. Mery. I come to you from an honest mome.[2]
Ga. Good. Who is that?
M. Mery. Roister Doister, that doughtie kite.
C. Custance. Fye! I can scarce abide ye shoulde his name recite.
M. Mery. Ye must take him to fauour, and pardon all past.
He heareth of your returne, and is full yll agast.
Ga. Good. I am ryght well content he haue with vs some chere.
C. Custance. Fye vpon him, beast! Then wyll not I be there!
Ga. Good. Why, Custance! do ye hate hym more than ye loue me?
C. Custance. But for your mynde, sir, where he were would I not be!
T. Trusty. He woulde make vs al laugh.
M. Mery. Ye nere had better sport.
Ga. Good. I pray you, sweete Custance, let him to vs resort.
C. Custance. To your will I assent.
M. Mery. Why, suche a foole it is
As no man for good pastime would forgoe or misse.
G. Goodl. Fet him to go wyth vs.
M. Mery. He will be a glad man.

*Ex*[*eat Merygreeke*].

T. Trusty. We must, to make vs mirth, maintaine[3] hym all we can.
And loe, yond he commeth, and Merygreeke with him!
C. Custance. At his first entrance ye shall see I wyll him trim!

---

[1] Fetch.
[2] Fool.
[3] Back him up (with flattery and encouragement).

But first let vs hearken the gentlemans wise talke.
T. Trusty. I pray you marke if euer ye sawe crane so stalke.

## ACTUS V. SCÆNA VI

[*Enter at a distance*] *R. Roister* [*and*] *M. Merygreeke. C. Custance, G. Goodlucke, T. Trustie* [*remain*]. *D. Doughtie* [*and*] *Harpax* [*enter later*].

R. Royster. May I then be bolde?
M. Mery. I warrant you, on my worde.
They say they shall be sicke but ye be at theyr borde.
R. Royster. Thei wer not angry, then?
M. Mery. Yes, at first, and made strange;
But, when I sayd your anger to fauour shoulde change,
And therewith had commended you accordingly,
They were all in loue with your mashyp by-and-by,
And cried you mercy that they had done you wrong.
R. Royster. For-why no man, woman, nor childe can hate me long?
M. Mery. "We feare," quod they, "he will be auenged one day;
Then for a peny giue all our liues we may!"
R. Royster. Sayd they so in-deede?
M. Mery. Did they? yea, euen with one voice.
"He will forgiue all," quod I. Oh, how they did reioyce!
R. Royster. Ha, ha, ha!
M. Mery. "Goe fette hym," say they, "while he is in good moode,
For, haue his anger who lust, we will not, by the roode!"
R. Royster. I pray God that it be all true that thou hast me tolde —
And that she fight no more.
M. Mery. I warrant you, be bolde.
Too them, and salute them!
R. Royster [*advancing*]. Sirs, I greete you all well!
Omnes. Your maistership is welcom!
C. Custance. Sauyng my quarell,
For, sure, I will put you vp into the Eschequer —
M. Mery. Why so? better nay. Wherfore?
C. Custance. For an vsurer.
R. Royster. I am no vsurer, good mistresse, by His armes!
M. Mery. When tooke he gaine of money to any mans harmes?
C. Custance. Yes, a fowle vsurer he is, ye shall see els, —
R. Royster. Didst not thou promise she would picke no mo quarels?
C. Custance. He will lende no blowes but he haue in recompence
Fiftene for one: whiche is to muche, of conscience!
R. Royster. Ah, dame, by the auncient lawe of armes, a man
Hath no honour to foile[1] his handes on a woman.
C. Custance. And, where other vsurers take their gaines yerely,
This man is angry but he haue his by-and-by.
Ga. Goodl. Sir, doe not for hir sake beare me your displeasure.
M. Mery. Well, he shall with you talke therof more at leasure.
Vpon your good vsage, he will now shake your hande.
R. Royster. And much heartily welcome from a straunge lande!
M. Mery. Be not afearde, Gawyn, to let him shake your fyst!
Ga. Goodl. Oh, the moste honeste gentleman that ere I wist![2]

[*They shake hands.*]

I beseeche your mashyp to take payne to suppe with vs!
M. Mery. He shall not say you nay; and I too, by Iesus!
Bicause ye shall be friends, and let all quarels passe.
R. Royster. I wyll be as good friends with them as ere I was.
M. Mery. Then let me fet your quier that we may haue a song.
R. Royster. Goe.

[*Exit Merygreeke.*]

G. Goodluck. I haue hearde no melodie all this yeare long.

---

[1] Foul, defile.

[2] Knew.

[*Re-enter Merygreeke with the musicians.*]

M. MERY. Come on, sirs, quickly!
R. ROYSTER. Sing on, sirs, for my frends sake!
D. DOUGH. Cal ye these your frends?
R. ROYSTER. Sing on, and no mo words make!

*Here they sing.*[1]

[*After the song, the actors all kneel.*]

GA. GOOD. The Lord preserue our most noble Queene of renowne,
And hir virtues rewarde with the heauenly crowne.
C. CUSTANCE. The Lorde strengthen hir most excellent Maiestie,
Long to reigne ouer vs in all prosperitie.
T. TRUSTY. That hir godly proceedings the faith to defende
He may stablishe and maintaine through to the ende.
M. MERY. God graunt hir, as she doth, the Gospell to protect,
Learning and vertue to aduaunce, and vice to correct.
R. ROYSTER. God graunt hir louyng subiects both the minde and grace
Hir most godly procedyngs worthily to imbrace.
HARPAX. Hir Highnesse most worthy counsellers God prosper
With honour and loue of all men to minister.
OMNES. God graunt the Nobilitie hir to serue and loue,
With all the whole Commontie,[1] as doth them behoue.

*Amen.*

**FINIS.**

---

[1] The song is not given.

[1] Commons.

# A RYGHT
# PITHY, PLEASAUNT AND MERIE COMEDIE: INTYTULED
# GAMMER GURTONS NEDLE [1]

PLAYED ON STAGE, NOT LONGE AGO IN CHRISTES COLLEDGE
IN CAMBRIDGE

*Made by* MR. S. MR. OF ART

Imprented at London in Fleetestreat beneth the Conduit at the signe
of S. John Euangelist by Thomas Colwell.

## THE NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS IN THIS COMEDIE

DICCON, the Bedlem.[2]
HODGE, Gammer Gurtons seruante.
TYB, Gammer Gurtons mayde.
GAMMER GURTON.
COCKE,[3] Gammer Gurtons boye.
DAME CHATTE.
DOCTOR RAT, the Curate.
MAYSTER BAYLYE.
DOLL, Dame Chattes mayde.
SCAPETHRYFT,[4] Mayst[er] Beylies seruante.

Mutes.

[The place: A village in England.]

GOD SAUE THE QUEENE!

---

[1] Professor Henry Bradley has presented evidence rendering it highly probable that this play was written by William Stevenson, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, and acted by the students in Christ's College in 1553–54, and revived in 1559–60, possibly with the assistance of John Bridges. The play was entered by Thomas Colwell in the Stationers' Registers, 1563, as *Dyccon of Bedlam, etc.*, and he may then, or shortly after, have issued an edition. The only edition of which we know, however, bears the date 1575.

I have based the present text on the copy of the 1575 edition (A.) in the British Museum. In modernizing the punctuation and stage directions, as well as in other details, I have derived some assistance from the editions by Manly, *Specimens*, 1896, and Bradley, in *Representative English Comedies*, 1903.

[2] A discharged patient from the Bethlehem Hospital for the insane, who was licensed to travel about the country as a beggar.

[3] A. *Docke*.

[4] Manly's scribe in error reads *Scapethryk*.

## THE PROLOGUE

As Gammer Gurton with manye a wyde styche
Sat pesynge[1] and patching of Hodg her mans briche,
By chance, or misfortune, as shee her geare[2] tost,
In Hodge lether bryches her needle shee lost.
When Diccon the bedlem had hard by report
That good Gammer Gurton was robde in thys sorte,
He quyetly perswaded with her in that stound[3]
Dame Chat, her deare gossyp,[4] this needle had found.
Yet knew shee no more of this matter, alas,
Then knoeth Tom, our clarke, what the priest saith at masse!
Here-of there ensued so fearfull a fraye
Mas Doctor was sent for these gossyps to staye,
Because he was Curate, and estemed full wyse;
Who found that he sought not,[5] by Diccons deuice.
When all thinges were tombled and cleane out of fassion,
Whether it were by fortune or some other constellacion,
Sodenlye the neele Hodge found by the prickynge,
And drew it out of his bottocke where he felt it stickynge.
Theyr hartes then at rest with perfect securytie,
With a pot of good nale[6] they stroake vp theyr plauditie.

---

[1] Mending. [2] Stuff. [3] Time. [4] Friend, chum.
[5] Found what he was not expecting. [6] Ale.

## THE FYRST ACTE

### THE FYRST SCEANE

[*A village street in perspective. Gammer Gurton's house on one side, Dame Chat's ale-house on the other. The time, Saturday evening after sun-down.*]

[*Enter*] *Diccon* [*out of Gammer Gurton's house*].

DICCON. Many a myle haue I walked diuers and sundry waies,
And many a good mans house haue I bin at in my daies,
Many a gossips cup in my tyme haue I tasted,
And many a broche and spyt haue I both turned and basted,
Many a peece of bacon haue I had out of thir balkes[1]
In ronnyng ouer the countrey with long and were walkes —
Yet came my foote neuer within those doore-cheekes,
To seeke flesh, or fysh, garlyke, onyons, or leekes,
That euer I saw a sorte[1] in such a plyght
As here within this house appereth to my syght!
There is howlynge and scowlyng, all cast in a dumpe;[2]
With whewling and pewling, as though they had lost a trump;
Syghing and sobbing they weepe and they wayle.
I maruell in my mynd what the deuill they ayle.
The olde trot[3] syts groning, with "alas!" and "alas!"
And Tib wringes her hands, and takes on in worse case,
With poore Cocke, theyr boye. They be dryuen in such fyts
I feare mee the folkes be not well in theyr wyts.
Aske them what they ayle, or who brought them in this staye,
They aunswer not at all but "alacke!" and "welaway!"
Whan I saw it booted not, out at doores I hyed mee,

---

[1] Tie-beams in houses.

[1] Crowd, company. [2] Fit of sadness. [3] Hag.

And caught a slyp of bacon, when I saw that none spyed mee;
Which I intend not far hence, vnles my purpose fayle,
Shall serue for a shoinghorne[1] to draw on two pots of ale.

[*He starts over towards Dame Chat's alehouse.*]

## THE FYRST ACTE

### The second Sceane

[*Enter, as from the fields*] *Hodge* [*to*] *Diccon.*

Hodge. See! So cham[2] arayed with dablynge in the durt!

[*Points to the dirt on his breeches.*]

She that set me to ditchinge, ich wold she had the squrt!
Was neuer poore soule that such a life had!
Gogs bones, thys vylthy glaye hase drest[3] mee to bad!
Gods soule, see how this stuffe teares!

[*Shows the torn state of his breeches.*]

Iche were better to bee a bearward and set to keepe beares!
By the masse, here is a gasshe! a shamefull hole in-deade!
And one stytch teare furder, a man may thruste in his heade.

Diccon. By my fathers soule, Hodge, if I shulde now be sworne
I can not chuse but say thy breech is foule be-torne!
But the next remedye in such a case and hap
Is to plaunche[4] on a piece as brode as thy cap.

Hodge. Gogs soule, man, tis not yet two dayes fully ended
Synce my dame Gurton, chem sure, these breches amended!
But cham made such[5] a drudge, to trudge at euery neede,
Chwold rend it though it were stitched wath[6] sturdy pacthreede.

Diccon. Hoge, let thy breeches go, and speake and tell mee soone
What deuill ayleth Gammer Gurton and Tib, her mayd, to frowne.

Hodge. Tush, man, thart deceyued! Tys theyr dayly looke;
They coure[1] so ouer the coles theyr eyes be bleard with smooke.

Diccon. Nay, by the masse! I perfectly perceiued, as I came hether,
That eyther Tib and her dame hath ben by the eares together,
Or els as great a matter — as thou shalt shortly see.

Hodge. Now iche beseeche our Lord they neuer better agree!

Diccon. By Gogs soule, there they syt as still as stones in the streite,
As though they had ben taken[2] with fairies, or els with some il sprite.

Hodge. Gogs hart! I durst haue layd my cap to a crowne
Chwould lerne of some prancome[3] as sone as ich came[4] to town!

Diccon. Why, Hodge, art thou inspyred? or dedst thou therof here?

Hodge. Nay; but ich saw such a wonder as ich saw nat this vii yere.
Tome Tannkards cow — be Gogs bones! — she set me vp her saile,
And flynging about his halfe-aker, fysking with her taile,
As though there had ben in her ars a swarme of bees —
And chad not cryed, "Tphrowh, hoore!" shead lept out of his lees.[5]

Diccon. Why, Hodg! lies the connyng in Tom Tankards cowes taile?

Hodge. Well, ich chaue hard some say such tokens do not fayle.
But ca[n]st thou not tell,[6] in faith, Diccon, why she frownes, or wher-at?
Hath no man stolne her ducks, or henes, or gelded Gyb, her cat?

Diccon. What deuyll can I tell, man? I cold not haue one word;
They gaue no more hede to my talk then thou woldst to a lorde.

Hodge. Iche cannot styll but muse what meruaylous thinge it is!

---

[1] The *N.E.D.* defines as "an appetizer." It possibly means here that Diccon will exchange the bacon for two pots of ale.

[2] The southern dialect (ich = I, icham = cham = I am, chave = I have, etc.) early became the conventional stage dialect for rustics.

[3] Spoiled.

[4] Clap.

[5] A *suce*, possibly intentionally.

[6] A. *what*.

[1] Cower.

[2] Bewitched.

[3] Unusual occurrence.

[4] Manly *come*.

[5] Pastures.

[6] A. *till*.

Chyll in, and know my-selfe what matters are amys.
Diccon. Then farewell, Hodge, a-while, synce thou doest inward hast,
For I will into the good-wyfe Chats, to feele how the ale dooth taste.

[*Exit Diccon into Dame Chat's ale-house.*]

## THE FYRST ACTE

### The thyrd Sceane

*Hodge* [*remains. Later enter*] *Tyb.*

Hodge. Cham agast, by the masse! Ich wot not what to do.
Chad nede blesse me well before ich go them to! [*Crosses himself.*]
Perchaunce some felon sprit may haunt our house indeed,
And then chwere but a [1] noddy to venter where cha no neede!

[*While he stands, afraid to enter, Tyb comes out of the house.*]

Tib. Cham worse then mad, by the masse, to be at this staye! [2]
Cham chyd, cham blamd, and beaton all thoures on the daye,
Lamed, and hunger-storued, prycked vp all in iagges,
Hauyng no patch to hyde my backe saue a few rotten ragges!
Hodge. I say, Tyb, — if thou be Tyb, as I trow sure thou bee, —
What deuyll make-a-doe is this betweene our dame and thee?
Tyb. Gogs breade, Hodg, thou had a good turne thou warte not here [this while!] [3]
It had ben better for some of vs to haue ben hence a myle!
My gammer is so out of course and frantyke all at ones
That Cocke, our boy, and I, poore wench, haue felt it on our bones.
Hodge. What is the matter — say on, Tib — wherat she taketh so on?
Tyb. She is vndone, she sayth! Alas, her ioye and life is gone!
If shee here not of some comfort, she is, sayth, but dead;
Shall neuer come within her lyps one inch of meate ne bread!
Hodge. Byr Ladie, cham not very glad to see her in this dumpe.
Cholde a noble [1] her stole hath fallen and shee hath broke her rumpe!
Tyb. Nay, and that were the worst we wold not greatly care,
For bursting of her huckle-bone, or breakyng of her chaire;
But greatter, greater, is her grief! as, Hodge, we shall all feele.
Hodge. Gogs woundes, Tyb! my gammer has neuer lost her — neele? [2]
Tyb. Her neele!
Hodge. Her neele?
Tib. Her neele!
By him that made me, it is true, Hodge, I tell thee.
Hodge. Gogs sacrament, I would she had lost tharte [3] out of her bellie!
The deuill, or els his dame, they ought [4] her, sure, a shame!
How a murryon came this chaunce — say, Tib — vnto our dame?
Tyb. My gammer sat her downe on her pes,[5] and bad [6] me reach thy breeches;
And by-and-by, — a vengeance in it! — or she had take two stitches
To clap a clout vpon thine ars, by chaunce a-syde she leares,
And Gyb, our cat, in the milke-pan she spied ouer head and eares.
"Ah, hore! Out, thefe!" she cryed aloud, and swapt the breches downe.
Up went her staffe, and out leapt Gyb at doors into the towne.
And synce that time was neuer wyght cold set their eies vpon it.
Gogs malison [7] chaue Cocke and I byd twenty times light on it.
Hodge. And is not, then, my breches sewid vp, to-morow that I shuld were? [8]

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[1] A. *at*. [2] State of affairs, condition.
[3] Added by Dodsley.

---

[1] I wager a noble. [2] Needle. [3] The heart
[4] Owed. [5] Stool. [6] Manly *had*. [7] Curse.
[8] Hodge's anxiety about his breeches is explained by the fact that he was eager to go to church on the morrow to see Kirstian Clack, a young lady who smiled at him last Sunday. See II, i, 61–64.

**Tyb.** No, in faith, Hodge. Thy breeches lie, for al this, neuer the nere.[1]
**Hodge.** Now a vengeance light on al the sort, that better shold haue kept it, —
The cat, the house, and Tib our maid that better shold haue swept it!

[*He spies Gammer coming out.*]

Se where she commeth crawling! Come on, in twenty deuils way!
Ye haue made a fayre daies worke, haue you not? pray you say!

## THE FYREST ACTE

### The IIII Sceane

[*Enter from her house*] *Gammer.* *Hodge* [*and*] *Tyb* [*remain*]. *Cocke* [*enters later*].

**Gammer.** Alas, Hoge! Alas! I may well cursse and ban
This daie, that euer I saw it, with Gyb and the mylke-pan!
For these, and ill lucke to-gather, as knoweth Cocke, my boye,
Haue stacke[2] away my deare neele, and robd me of my ioye, —
My fayre, longe, strayght neele, that was myne onely treasure!
The fyrst day of my sorow is, and last end of my pleasure!
**Hodge.** Might ha kept it when ye had it! But fooles will be fooles styll!
Lose that is vast in your handes? — ye neede not; but ye will!
**Gammer.** Go hie thee, Tib, and run, thou hoore, to thend here of the towne![3]
Didst cary out dust in thy lap; seeke wher thou porest it downe;[4]
And, as thou sawest me roking[5] in the asshes where I morned,[6]
So see in all the heape[7] of dust thou leaue no straw vnturned.
**Tyb.** That chal, Gammer, swythe and tyte,[8] and sone be here agayne!
**Gammer.** Tib, stoope, and loke downe to the ground! To it, and take some paine! [*Exit Tyb.*]
**Hodge.** Here is a prety matter! To see this gere how it goes!
By Gogs soule, I thenk you wold loes your ars and it were loose!
Your neele lost? It is a pitie you shold lack care and endlesse sorow!
Gogs deth, how shall my breches be sewid? Shall I go thus to-morow?[1]
**Gammer.** Ah, Hodg, Hodg! if that ich cold find my neele, by the reed,[2]
Chould sow thy breches, ich promise thee[3] with full good double threed,
And set a patch on either knee shuld last this monethes twaine.
Now God and good Saint Sithe I praye to send it home againe!
**Hodge.** Wherto serued your hands and eies but this your neele to kepe?
What deuill had you els to do? Ye kept, ich wot, no sheepe!
Cham faine a-brode to dyg and delue, in water, myre, and claye,
Sossing and possing in the durte styll[4] from day to daye;
A hundred thinges that be abrode, cham set to see them weele, —
And foure of you syt idle at home, and can not keepe a neele!
**Gammer.** My neele, alas! Ich lost it, Hodge, what time ich me vp-hasted
To saue the milke set vp for the, which Gib our cat hath wasted.
**Hodge.** The deuill he burst both Gib and Tib, with all the rest!
Cham alwayes sure of the worst end, who-euer haue the best!
Where ha you ben fidging[5] abrode since you your neele lost?
**Gammer.** Within the house, and at the dore sitting by this same post,
Wher I was loking a long howre before these folks came here.
But, welaway! all was in vayne; my neele is neuer the nere!
**Hodge.** Set me a candle; let me seeke and grope where-euer it bee.

---

[1] No better off.
[2] Stuck.
[3] The yard attached to a house.
[4] A. *dowde;* corr. by Dodsley, the first editor of the play, who has made various other obvious corrections.
[5] Possibly *raking.*
[6] Mourned?
[7] Manly *heaps.*
[8] Quickly and speedily.

[1] Sunday. At church Hodge expects to see a certain young lady, Kirstian Clack. Cf. II, i, 61–64.
[2] Cross.
[3] A. has $y^{t}$.
[4] Continuously.
[5] Moving about uneasily.

Gogs hart, ye be so folish, ich thinke you knowe it not when you it see!
GAMMER. Come hether, Cocke! What, Cocke, I say!

[*Enter from the house Gammer's boy, Cocke.*]

COCKE. Howe, Gammer!
GAMMER. Goe hye the soone,
And grope behynd the old brasse pan; whych thing when thou hast done,
Ther shalt thou fynd an old shooe; wher-in, if thou looke well,
Thou shalt fynd lyeng an inche of a whyte tallow-candell.[1]
Lyght it, and brynge it tite awaye.
COCKE. That shalbe done anone.

[*Exit Cocke into the house.*]

GAMMER. Nay, tary, Hodg, til thou hast light, and then weele seke ech one.
HODGE. Cum away, ye horson boy! Are ye a slepe? Ye must haue a crier![2]
COCKE. Ich cannot get the candel light; here is almost no fier.[3]
HODGE. Chil hold the a peny chil make the come if that ich may catch thine eares!
Art deffe, thou horson boy? Cocke, I say, why, canst not heares?
GAMMER. Beate hym not, Hodge, but help the boy, and come you two together.

[*Hodge rushes into the house.*]

## THE I ACTE

### THE V SCEANE

*Gammer* [*remains. Enter*] *Tyb. Cocke* [*and*] *Hodge* [*enter later*].

GAMMER. How now, Tyb? Quycke, lets here what newes thou hast brought hether!
TYB. Chaue tost and tumbled yender heap ou[e]r and ouer againe,
And winowed it through my fingers as men wold winow grain;
Not so much as a hens turd but in pieces I tare it,
Or what-so-euer clod or clay I found, I did not spare it,
Lokyng within, and eke without, to fynd your neele, alas!
But all in vaine, and without help. Your neele is where it was!
GAMMER. Alas, my neele! We shall neuer meete! Adue! Adue, for aye!
TYB. Not so, Gammer; we myght it fynd if we knew where it laye.

[*Enter Cocke from the house, laughing.*]

COCKE. Gogs crosse, Gammer! if ye will laugh, looke in but at the doore,
And see how Hodg lieth tomblynge and tossing amids the floure!
Rakyng there some fyre to find amonge the asshes dead, —
Where there is not one sparke so byg as a pyns head, —
At last in a darke corner two sparkes he thought he sees,
Whiche were,[1] indede, nought els but Gyb our cats two eyes.
"Puffe!" quod Hodg, thinking therby to haue fyre without doubt;
With that Gyb shut her two eyes, and so the fyre was out.
And by-and-by them opened, euen as they were before;
With that the sparkes appered, euen as they had done of yore.
And euen as Hodge blew the fire, as he did thincke,
Gyb, as she felt the blast, strayght-way began to wyncke.
Tyll Hodge fell of swering, as came best to his turne,
The fier was sure bewicht, and therfore wold not burne.
At last Gyb vp the stayers among the old postes and pinnes;
And Hodge he hied him after till broke were both his shinnes, —
Cursynge and swering othes were neuer of his makyng,
That Gyb wold fyre the house if that shee were not taken.
GAMMER. See! here is all the thought that the foolysh urchyn taketh!

---

[1] I have adopted Manly's division of lines 39–42.
[2] One to summon you by formal proclamation.
[3] Cocke was attempting to light the candle from the coals in the fire-place.

[1] A. *where.*

And Tyb, me thinke, at his elbowe almost as mery maketh!
This is all the wyt ye haue, when others make their mone.
Come downe, Hodge! Where art thou? And let the cat alone!

**Hodge** [*within*]. Gogs harte, helpe and come vp! Gyb in her tayle hath fyre,
And is like to burne all if shee get a lytle hier!
"Cum downe," quoth you? nay, then you might count me a patch!
The house cometh downe on your heads if it take ons the thatch.[1]

**Gammer.** It is the cats eyes, foole, that shineth in the darke!

**Hodge** [*within*]. Hath the cat, do you thinke, in euery eye a sparke?

**Gammer.** No, but they shyne as lyke fyre as euer man see.

**Hodge** [*within*]. By the masse, and she burne all, yoush beare the blame for mee!

**Gammer.** Cum downe, and help to seeke here our neele, that it were found.
Downe, Tyb, on thy[2] knees, I say! Downe, Cocke, to the ground!
To God I make a-vowe, and so to good Saint Anne,
A candell shall they haue a-peece, get it where I can,
If I may my neele find in one place or in other.

[*Enter Hodge.*]

**Hodge.** Now a vengeaunce on Gib lyght, on Gyb and Gybs mother,
And all the generacyon of cats both far and nere!
Looke on the ground, horson? Thinks then the neele is here?

**Cocke.** By my trouth, Gammer, me thought your neele here I saw,
But, when my fyngers toucht it, I felt it was a straw.

**Tyb.** See, Hodge! whats tys? May it not be within it?

**Hodge.** Breake it, foole, with thy hand, and see and thou canst fynde it.

**Tyb.** Nay, breake it you, Hodge, accordyng to your word.

**Hodge.** Gogs sydes! fye, it styncks! It is a cats tourd!
It were well done to make thee eate it, by the masse!

**Gammer.** This matter amendeth not; my neele is still where it wasse;
Our candle is at an ende: let vs all in quight,
And come another tyme, when we haue more lyght!

[*They go into the house.*]

## THE II ACTE

*Fyrste a songe:*[1]

*Backe and syde, go bare, go bare;*
*Booth foote and hande, go colde:*
*But, bellye, God sende thee good ale ynoughe,*
*Whether it be newe or olde!*

I can not eate but lytle meate,
My stomacke is not good;
But, sure, I thinke that I can dry[n]cke
With him that weares a hood.
Thoughe I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothinge a-colde,
I stuffe my skyn so full within
Of ioly good ale and olde.

*Backe and syde, go bare, go bare;*
*Booth foote and hand, go colde:*
*But, belly, God send the good ale inoughe,*
*Whether it be new or olde!*

I loue no[2] rost, but a nut-browne toste[3]
And a crab[4] layde in the fyre;
A lytle bread shall do me stead,
Much breade I not desyre.
No froste nor snow, no winde, I trowe,
Can hurte mee if I wolde,
I am so wrapt and throwly lapt
Of ioly good ale and olde.

*Backe and syde, go bare, &c.*

And Tyb, my wyfe, that as her lyfe
Loueth well good ale to seeke,

---

[1] The grass roof of the house.

[2] A. *tho.*

[1] In the academic drama we find evidence that the acts were separated by music; cf. II, v, 11–12.

[2] Manly incorrectly gives the reading of A. as *to.*

[3] A piece of toasted bread, soaked in the ale.

[4] Crab-apple, roasted at the fire and dropped into the pot of ale.

Full ofte drynkes shee tyll ye may see
The teares run downe her cheeke;[1]
Then dooth she trowle to mee the bowle,
Euen as a mault-worme shuld,
And sayth, "Sweete hart, I tooke my part
Of this ioly good ale and olde."

*Backe and syde, go bare, &c.*

Now let them drynke tyll they nod and winke,
Euen as good felowes shoulde doe;
They shall not mysse to haue the blisse
Good ale doth bringe men to.
And all poore soules that haue scowred boules
Or haue them lustely trolde,
God saue the lyues of them and theyr wyues,
Whether they be yonge or olde!

*Backe and syde, go bare, &c.*

### The Fyrst Sceane

[*Enter*] *Diccon* [*from Dame Chat's ale-house, with a pot of ale in his hand*]. *Hodge* [*enters later*].

Diccon. Well done, be Gogs malt! Well songe, and well sayde!
Come on, mother Chat, as thou art true mayde!
One fresh pot of ale lets see, to make an ende,
Agaynst this colde wether my naked armes to defende!

[*Dame Chat gives him a fresh pot of ale, which he drinks off.*]

This gere it warms the soule! Now, wind, blow on thy[2] worst!
And let vs drink and swill till that our bellies burste!
Now were he a wyse man by cunnynge colde defyne
Which way my iourney lyeth, or where Dyccon will dyne.
But one good turne I haue: be it by nyght, or daye,
South, east, north, or west, I am neuer out of my waye!

[*Enter from Gammer's house Hodge with a piece of barley bread in one hand, and an empty milk pan in the other.*]

Hodge. Chym goodly rewarded, cham I not, do you thyncke?
Chad a goodly dynner for all my sweate and swyncke!
Neyther butter, cheese, mylke, onyons, fleshe, nor fyshe,
Saue thys poor pece of barly bread, — tis a pleasant costly dishe!

Diccon. Haile, fellow Hodge, and will[1] to fare with thy meat — if thou haue any!
But by thy words, as I them smelled, thy daintrels[2] be not manye.

Hodge. Daintrels, Diccon? Gogs soule, man, saue this pece of dry horsbred,
Cha byt no byt this lyue-longe daie; no crome come in my hed;
My gutts they yawle-crawle, and all my belly rumbleth;
The puddynges[3] can not lye still, ech one ouer other tumbleth.
By Gogs harte, cham so vexte and in my belly pende
Chould one peece were at the spittlehouse, another at the castels ende!

Diccon. Why, Hodge, was there none at home thy dinner for to set?

Hodge. Godgs bread, Diccon, ich came to late; was nothing ther to get!
Gib — a fowle feind might on her light! — lickt the milke-pan so clene, —
See, Diccon, twas not so well washt this vii yere, as ich wene!
A pestilence lyght on all ill lucke! Chad thought yet, for all thys,
Of a morsell of bacon behynde the dore at worst shuld not misse;
But when ich sought a slyp to cut, as ich was wont to do,
Gogs soule, Diccon, Gyb, our cat, had eate the bacon to!

*Which bacon Diccon stole, as is declared before.*

Diccon. Ill[4] luck, quod he? mary, swere it, Hodg! This day, the trueth to tel,
Thou rose not on thy right syde, or els blest thee not wel.

---

[1] A. *cheekes.*
[2] A. *the.*

[1] Well.
[2] Dainties.
[3] Entrails.
[4] Manly incorrectly states that A. reads *All.*

Thy mylk slopt vp, thy bacon filtched, — that was to bad luck, Hodg!
Hodge. Nay, nay, ther was a fowler fault: my gammer ga me the dodge![1]
Seest not how cham rent and torn — my heels, my knees, and my breech?
Chad thought as ich sat by the fire, help here and there a stitch;
But there ich was powpte[2] indeede!
Diccon. Why, Hodge?
Hodge. Bootes not,[3] man, to tell.
Cham so drest[4] amonst a sorte of fooles chad better be in hell!
My gammer, cham ashamed to say, by God, serued me not weele!
Diccon. How so, Hodge?
Hodge. Hase she not gone, trowest now, and lost her neele?
Diccon. Her eele, Hodge? Who fysht of late? That was a dainty dysh!
Hodge. Tush, tush, her neele! her neele! her neele, man! Tys neyther flesh nor fysh.
A lytle thing, with an hole in the end, as bright as any syller,
Small, longe, sharpe at the poynt, and straight as any pyller.
Diccon. I know not what a deuil thou menest. Thou bringst me more in doubt!
Hodge. Knowest not with what Tom Tailers man sits broching throughe a clout?
A neele! neele! a neele! my gammers neele is gone!
Diccon. Her neele, Hodge? Now I smel thee! That was a chaunce alone!
By the masse, thou hadst a shamefull losse and it wer but for thy breches!
Hodge. Gogs soule, man, chould giue a crown[5] chad it but iii stitches!
Diccon. How sayest thou, Hodg? What shuld he haue, again thy neele got?
Hodge. Bem vathers soule,[6] and chad it, chould giue him a new grot!
Diccon. Canst thou keepe counsaile in this case?

---

[1] The "slip." A. misprints *dogde*.
[2] Cheated, befooled.
[3] It avails nothing.
[4] Spoiled, undone.
[5] A coin of the value of five shillings.
[6] By my father's soul.

Hodge. Els chwold my tonge[1] were out.
Diccon. Do thou[2] but then by my aduise, and I will fetch it without doubt.
Hodge. Chyll runne, chyll ryde, chyll dygge, chyl delue, chill toyle, chill trudge, shalt see;
Chill hold, chil drawe, chil pull, chill pynche, chill kneele on my bare knee;
Chill scrape, chill scratche, chill syfte, chyll seeke, chill bowe, chill bende, chill sweate,
Chil stoop, chil stur, chil cap, chil knele, chil crepe on hands and feete;
Chil be thy bondman, Diccon, ich sweare by sunne and moone.
And channot sum-what to stop this gap, cham vtterly vndone!

*Pointing behind to his torne breeches.*[3]

Diccon. Why, is ther any special cause thou takest hereat such sorow?
Hodge. Kirstian Clack, Tom Simsons maid, bi the masse, coms hether tomorow!
Chamnot able to say, betweene vs what may hap, —
She smyled on me the last Sonday when ich put of my cap.
Diccon. Well, Hodge, this is a matter of weight, and must be kept close;
It might els turne to both our costes, as the world now gose.
Shalt sware to be no blab, Hodge!
Hodge. Chyll, Diccon!
Diccon. Then, go to!
Lay thine hand here; say after me as thou shalt here me do.
Haste no booke?
Hodge. Cha no booke, I!
Diccon. Then needes must force vs both
Upon my breech to lay thine hand, and there to take thine othe.

[*Hodge places his hand on Diccon's breech, and recites the oath after Diccon line by line.*]

Hodge. I, Hodge, breechelesse,

---

[1] A. *thonge*.
[2] A. *than*.
[3] A. *kreches*.

Sweare to Diccon, rechelesse,[1]
By the crosse that I shall kysse,
To kepe his counsaile close,
And alwayes me to dispose
To worke that his pleasure is.

*Here he kysseth [2] Diccons breeche.*

Diccon. Now, Hodge, see thou take heede
And do as I thee byd.
For so I iudge it meete
This nedle againe to win, —
There is no shift therin
But coniure vp a spreete.

Hodge. What! the great deuill? Diccon, I saye!
Diccon. Yea, in good faith, that is the waye, —
Fet with some prety charme.

[*Diccon begins to draw a magician's circle on the floor.*]

Hodge. Softe, Diccon! Be not to hasty yet,
By the masse, for ich begyn to sweat!
Cham afrayde of some [3] harme!
Diccon. Come hether then, and sturre the nat
One inche out of this cyrcle plat,
But stande as I thee teache.

[*Places him in a small circle.*]

Hodge. And shall ich be here safe from theyr clawes?
Diccon. The mayster deuill with his longe pawes
Here to thee can not reache.

Now will I settle me to this geare.

[*Takes his place in a larger circle, and prepares to conjure.*]

Hodge. I saye, Diccon! Heare me, heare!
Go softely to thys matter!
Diccon. What deuyll, man! art afraide of nought?
Hodge. Canst not tarrye a lytle thought
Tyll ich make a curtesie of water?
Diccon. Stand still to it! Why shuldest thou feare hym?

[*Resumes his conjuring.*]

Hodge. Gogs sydes, Diccon, me thinke ich heare him!
And tarrye, chal mare all!
Diccon. The matter is no worse than I tolde it.
Hodge. By the masse, cham able no longer to holde it!
To bad! iche must beraye the hall!

Diccon. Stand to it, Hodge! Sture not, you horson!
What deuyll! be thine ars-strynges brusten?
Thy-selfe a-while but staye;
The deuill — I smell hym — wyll be here anone.
Hodge. Hold him fast, Diccon! Cham gone! Cham gone!
Chyll not be at that fraye!

[*Exit Hodge running.*]

## THE II ACTE

### The II Sceane

*Diccon* [*remains*]. [*Dame*] *Chat* [*enters later*].

Diccon. Fy, shytten knaue! and out vpon thee!
Aboue all other loutes fye on thee!
Is not here a clenly prancke?
But thy matter was no better,
Nor thy presence here no sweter,
To flye I can the thanke.

Here is a matter worthy glosynge [1]
Of Gammer Gurtons nedle losynge,
And a foule peece of warke!
A man, I thyncke, myght make a playe,
And nede no worde to this they saye,
Being but halfe a clarke.

Softe, let me alone! I will take the charge
This matter further to enlarge
Within a tyme shorte.
If ye will marke my toyes, and note,
I will geue ye leaue to cut my throte
If I make not good sporte.

---

[1] Careless.

[2] Manly gives the reading of A. as *kessech;* it is *kyssech.*

[3] A. *syme.*

[1] Making glosses on; editing with commentaries

[*Advances to Dame Chat's door.*]

Dame Chat, I say! Where be ye? within?

[*Enter Dame Chat, with cards in her hand.*]

**Chat.** Who haue we there maketh such a din?
**Diccon.** Here is a good fellow maketh no great daunger.
**Chat.** What? Diccon? Come nere; ye be no straunger!
We be fast set at trumpe, man, hard by the fyre.
Thou shalt set on the king, if thou come a litle nyer.
**Diccon.** Nay, nay, there is no tarying; I must be gone againe.
But, first, for you in councel I haue a word or twaine.
**Chat.** Come hether, Dol! [*Enter Dol.*] Dol, sit downe and play this game,
And, as thou sawest me do, see thou do euen the same.
There is five trumps beside the queene, — the hindmost thou shalt finde her.
Take hede of Sim Glouers wife; she hath an eie behind her! [*Exit Dol.*]
Now, Diccon, say your will.
**Diccon.** Nay, softe a litle yet!
I wold not tel it my sister, the matter is so great.
There I wil haue you sweare by our dere Lady of Bullaine,
S. Dunstone, and S. Donnyke, with the three Kinges of Kullaine,
That ye shal keepe it secret.
**Chat.** Gogs bread, that will I doo!
As secret as mine owne thought, by God, and the deuil two![1]
**Diccon.** Here is Gammer Gurton, your neighbour, a sad and heuy wight, —
Her goodly faire red cock at home was stole this last night.
**Chat.** Gogs soule! her cock with the yelow legs, that nightly crowed so iust?[2]
**Diccon.** That cocke is stollen.
**Chat.** What! was he fet out of the hens ruste?
**Diccon.** I can not tel where the deuil he was kept, vnder key or locke;
But Tib hath tykled[1] in Gammers eare that you shoulde steale the cocke.
**Chat.** Haue I, stronge hoore? By bread and salte —
**Diccon.** What, softe, I say! be styl!
Say not one word for all this geare.
**Chat.** By the masse, that I wyl!
I wil haue the yong hore by the head and the old trot by the throte!
**Diccon.** Not one word, Dame Chat, I say! Not one word, for my cote!
**Chat.** Shall such a begars brawle[2] as that, thinkest thou, make me a theefe?
The pocks light on her hores sydes! a pestlence and a mischeefe!

[*Starts towards Gammer Gurton's.*]

Come out, thou hungry, nedy bytche! O that my nails be short!

[*Diccon restrains her.*]

**Diccon.** Gogs bred, woman, hold your peace! this gere wil els passe sport!
I wold not for an hundred pound this matter shuld be knowen,
That I am auctour of this tale or haue abrode it blowen!
Did ye not sweare ye wold be ruled, before the tale I tolde?
I said ye must all secret keepe, and ye said sure ye wolde.
**Chat.** Wolde you suffer, your-selfe, Diccon, such a sort to reuile you,
With slaunderous words to blot your name, and so to defile you?
**Diccon.** No, goodwife Chat; I wold be loth such drabs shulde blot my name;
But yet ye must so order all that Diccon beare no blame.
**Chat.** Go to, then! What is your rede?[3] Say on your minde; ye shall mee rule herein.
**Diccon.** Godamercye to Dame Chat! In faith, thou must the gere begin.
It is twenty pound to a goose-turd my Gammer will not tary,
But hetherward she comes as fast as her legs can her cary
To brawle with you about her cocke. For well I hard Tib say

---

[1] Too.
[2] So accurately on the hour.

[1] Whispered.
[2] Brat.
[3] Advice.

The cocke was rosted in your house to breafast yesterday;
And, when ye had the carcas eaten, the fethers ye out flunge;
And Doll, your maid, the legs she hid a foote depe in the dunge.
Chat. Oh gracyous God! my harte is bursted! [1]
Diccon. Well, rule your-selfe a space!
And Gammer Gurton, when she commeth anon into thys place —
Then to the queane! Lets see! Tell her your mynd, and spare not!
So shall Diccon blamelesse bee; and then, go to, I care not!
Chat. Then hoore, beware her throte! I can abide no longer! [2]
In faith, old witch, it shalbe seene which of vs two be stronger!
And, Diccon, but at your request, I wold not stay one howre.
Diccon. Well, keepe it in till she be here, and then — out let it powre!
In the meane-while get you in, and make no wordes of this.
More of this matter with-in this howre to here you shall not misse.
Because I knew you are my freind, hide it I cold not, doubtles.
Ye know your harm; see ye be wise about your owne busines!
So fare ye will!
Chat. Nay, soft, Diccon, and drynke! What, Doll, I say!
Bringe here a cup of the best ale; lets see! come quicly a-waye!

[*Doll serves him with a cup of ale.*]

## THE II ACTT

### The III Sceane

*Hodge* [*later enters*]. *Diccon* [*remains*].

Diccon. Ye see, masters, the one end tapt of this my short deuise!
Now must we broche tother, [3] to, before the smoke arise.
And, by the time they haue a-while run, I trust ye need not craue it,
But, loke, what lieth in both their harts, ye ar like, sure, to haue it.

[*Hodge sticks his head through the door of Gammer's house.*]

Hodge. Yea, Gogs soule, art aliue yet? What, Diccon, dare ich come?
Diccon. A man is wel hied [1] to trust to thee! I wil say nothing but mum.
But, and ye come any nearer, I pray you see all be sweete!

[*Hodge advances, wearing his other breeches which Gammer had been mending.*]

Hodge. Tush, man! Is Gammers neele found? That chould gladly weete! [2]
Diccon. She may thanke thee it is not found; for if thou had kept thy standing,
The deuil he wold haue fet it out, euen, Hodg, at thy commaunding.
Hodge. Gogs hart! and cold he tel nothing wher the neele might be found?
Diccon. Ye folysh dolt, ye were to seek ear we had got our ground;
Therfore his tale so doubtfull was that I cold not perceiue it.
Hodge. Then ich se wel somthing was said. Chope one day yet to haue it.
But, Diccon, Diccon, did not the deuill cry "ho! ho! ho"?
Diccon. If thou hadst taryed where thou stoodst, thou woldest haue said so.
Hodge. Durst swere of a boke, chard [3] him rore, streight after ich was gon!
But tel me, Diccon, what said the knaue? let me here it anon.
Diccon. The horson talked to mee I know not well of what:
One whyle his tonge it ran and paltered of a cat;
Another whyle he stamered styll vppon a rat;
Last of all, there was nothing but euery word "chat!" "chat!"
But this I well perceyued, before I wolde him rid,
Betweene "chat" and the "rat" and the "cat", the nedle is hyd.

---

[1] A. *burstes.*
[2] A. *lenger*, and its rhyme mate seems to be *strenger;* but the ink is blurred.
[3] A. *thoter.*

[1] Manly suggests *paied*, rewarded.
[2] Know.
[3] I heard.

Now, wether Gyb, our cat, haue eate it in her mawe,
Or Doctor Rat, our curat, haue found it in the straw,
Or this Dame Chat, your neighbour, haue stollen it, God hee knoweth!
But by the morow at this time we shal learn how the matter goeth.
HODGE. Canst not learn to-night, man? Seest not what is here?

*Pointyng behind to his torne breeches.*

DICCON. Tys not possyble to make it sooner appere.
HODGE. Alas, Diccon, then chaue no shyft but — least ich tary to longe —
Hye me to Sym Glouers shop, theare to seeke for a thonge,
Ther-with this breech to tatche and tye as ich may.
DICCON. To-morow, Hodg, if we chaunce to meete, shalt see what I will say.

[*Exit Hodge down the street.*]

## THE II ACTE

### THE IIII SCEANE

*Diccon* [*remains*]. *Gammer* [*enters later*].

DICCON. Now this gere must forward goe, for here my gammer commeth.
Be still a-while, and say nothing; make here a litle romth![1]

[*Enter from her house Gammer Gurton.*]

GAMMER. Good Lord, shall neuer be my lucke my neele agayne to spye!
Alas the whyle, tys past my helpe! Where tis, still it must lye!
DICCON. Now Iesus, Gammer Gurton, what driueth you to this sadnes?
I feare me, by my conscience, you will sure fall to madnes.
GAMMER. Who is that? What, Diccon? Cham lost, man, fye! fye!
DICCON. Mary, fy on them that be worthy! But what shuld be your troble?
GAMMER. Alas, the more ich thinke on it, my sorow it waxeth doble!
My goodly tossing sporyars[1] neele, chaue lost, ich wot not where.
DICCON. Your neele! Whan?
GAMMER. My neele! Alas, ich myght full ill it spare!
As God him-selfe he knoweth, nere one besyde chaue.
DICCON. If this be all, good Gammer, I warrant you all is saue.
GAMMER. Why, know you any tydings which way my neele is gone?
DICCON. Yea, that I do, doubtlesse, as ye shall here anone.
A[2] see a thing this matter toucheth, within these xx howres,
Euen at this gate,[3] before my face, by a neyghbour of yours:
She stooped me downe, and vp she toke a nedle or a pyn.
I durst be sworne it was euen yours, by all my mothers kyn.
GAMMER. It was my neele, Diccon, ich wot;[4] for here, euen by this poste,
Ich sat, what time as ich vp-starte, and so my neele it loste.
Who was it, leiue[5] son? Speke, ich pray the, and quickly tell me that!
DICCON. A suttle queane as any in thys towne! your neyghboure here, Dame Chat.
GAMMER. Dame Chat, Diccon? Let me be gone! Chil thyther in post-haste.

[*Starting toward Dame Chat's.*]

DICCON. Take my councell yet or ye go, for feare ye walke in wast!
It is a murrion crafty drab, and froward to be pleased;
And ye take not the better way, our nedle yet ye lese[6] it.
For when she tooke it vp, euen here before your doores,
"What, soft, Dame Chat," quoth I, "that same is none of yours!"
"Auant," quoth she, "syr knaue! What pratest thou of that I fynd?
I wold thou hadst kist me I wot whear," — she ment, I know, behind.

---

[1] Space.

[1] Excellent spurrier's (harness-maker's).
[2] I.
[3] Door.
[4] I know.
[5] Dear.
[6] A. *lose;* corr. by Manly.

And home she went as brag[1] as it had ben a bodelouce,[2]
And I after as bold as it had ben the goodman of the house.
But there and ye had hard her how she began to scolde —
The tonge it went on patins,[3] by hym that Iudas solde!
Ech other worde I was a knaue, and you a hore of hores,
Because I spake in your behalfe and sayde the neele was yours.
Gammer. Gogs bread! and thinks the callet thus to kepe my neele me fro?
Diccon. Let her alone, and she minds non other but euen to dresse you so!
Gammer. By the masse, chil rather spend the cote that is on my backe!
Thinks the false quean by such a slyght[4] that chill my neele lacke?
Diccon. Slepe[5] not you[r] gere, I counsell you, but of this take good hede:
Let not be knowen I told you of it, how well soeuer ye spede!
Gammer. Chil in, Diccon, a cleene aperne to take and set before me;
And ich may my neele once see, chil, sure, remember the!

[*Exit Gammer Gurton into her house.*]

## THE II ACTE

### The v Sceane

*Diccon* [*remains*].

Diccon. Here will the sporte begin! If these two once may meete,
Their chere,[6] durst lay money, will proue scarsly sweete!
My gammer, sure, entends to be vppon her bones
With staues or with clubs or els with coblestones.
Dame Chat, on the other syde, if she be far behynde,
I am right far deceiued; she is geuen to it of kynde.[7]
He that may tarry by it a-whyle, and that but shorte,
I warrant hym — trust to it — he shall see all the sporte.
Into the towne will I, my frendes to vysit there,
And hether straight againe to see thend of this gere.
In the meane-time, felowes, pype vpp your fiddles! I saie, take them,
And let your freyndes here such mirth as ye can make them![1]

[*Exit Diccon down the street.*]

## THE III ACTE

### The i Sceane

[*Enter*] *Hodge* [*with thongs and awl, returning from Sym Glover's*].

Hodge. Sym Glouer, yet gramercy! cham meetlye well-sped now.
Thart euen as good a felow as euer kyste a cowe!
Here is a thonge[2] in-dede; by the masse, though ich speake it,
Tom Tankards great bald curtal,[3] I thinke, could not breake it!
And when he spyed my neede to be so straight and hard,
Hays lent me here his naull[4] to set the gyb forward.[5]
As for my gammers neele, the flyenge feynd go weete![6]
Chill not now go to the doore againe with it to meete.
Chould make shyfte good inough and chad a candels ende.
The cheefe hole in my breeche with these two chil amende.

## THE III ACTE

### The ii Sceane

*Gammer* [*meets*] *Hodge* [*at the door*].

Gammer. How, Hodge! mayst nowe be glade! Cha newes to tell thee:
Ich knowe who hais my neele; ich trust soone shalt it see.

---

[1] Valiant, briskly.
[2] Body-louse.
[3] Noisily, as a person wearing pattens, or wooden shoes.
[4] A. *slygh.*
[5] Slip.
[6] Cheer.
[7] By nature.

[1] See page 475, note 1.
[2] A. *thynge.*
[3] A horse with its tail cut short.
[4] Awl.
[5] To help matters.
[6] With it.

**Hodge.** The deuyll thou does! Hast hard, Gammer, indeede, or doest but iest?
**Gammer.** Tys as true as steele, Hodge.
**Hodge.** Why, knowest well where dydst leese it?
**Gammer.** Ich know who found it, and tooke it vp; shalt see, or it be longe.
**Hodge.** Gods Mother dere, if that be true, far-wel both naule an thong!
But who hais it, Gammer? say on! Chould faine here it disclosed.
**Gammer.** That false fixen,[1] that same Dame Chat, that counts her-selfe so honest!
**Hodge.** Who tolde you so?
**Gammer.** That same did Diccon the bedlam, which saw it done.
**Hodge.** Diccon? It is a vengeable knaue, Gammer! Tis a bo[m]nable horson!
Can do mo things then that, els cham deceyued euill.
By the masse, ich saw him of late cal vp a great blacke deuill!
O, the knaue cryed "ho! ho!" He roared, and he thundred.
And yead bene here, cham sure yould murrenly ha wondred!
**Gammer.** Was not thou afraide, Hodge, to see him in this place?
**Hodge.** No! And chad come to me, chould haue laid him on the face!
Chould haue! promised him!
**Gammer.** But, Hodge, had he no hornes to pushe?
**Hodge.** As long as your two armes! Saw ye neuer Fryer Rushe
Painted on a cloth,[2] with a side long cowes tayle,
And crooked clouen feete, and many a hoked nayle?
For al the world, if I shuld iudg, chould recken him his brother.
Loke, euen what face Frier Rush had, the deuil had such another!
**Gammer.** Now[3] Iesus! mercy! Hodg! did Diccon in him bring?
**Hodge.** Nay, Gammer, heare me speke! Chil tel you a greater thing:
The deuil, when Diccon had him, — ich hard him wondrous weel, —
Sayd plainly here before vs that Dame Chat had your neele.
**Gammer.** Then let vs go and aske her wherfore she minds to kepe it!
Seing we know so much, tware a madnes now to slepe it.
**Hodge.** Go to her, Gammer. See ye not where she stands in her doores?
Byd her geue you the neele. Tys none of hers but yours!

## THE III ACTE

### The III Sceane

*Gammer* [*advances to Dame*] *Chat. Hodge* [*keeps at a safe distance*].

**Gammer.** Dame Chat, cholde praye the fair, let me haue that is mine!
Chil not this twenty yeres take one fart that is thyne.
Therfore giue me mine owne, and let me liue besyde the!
**Chat.** Why! art thou crept from home hether to mine own doores to chide me?
Hence, doting drab! auaunt, or I shall set the further!
Intends thou and that knaue mee in my house to murther?
**Gammer.** Tush, gape not so on[1] me, woman! Shalt not yet eate mee!
Nor all the frends thou hast in this shall not intreate mee!
Mine owne goods I will haue, and aske the on beleue.[2]
What, woman! pore folks must haue right, though the thing you agreue.
**Chat.** Giue thee thy right, and hang thee vp, with al thy baggers[3] broode!
What, wilt thou make me a theefe, and say I stole thy good?
**Gammer.** Chil say nothing, ich warrant thee, but that ich can proue it well.
Thou fet[4] my good euen from my doore, cham able this to tel!

---

[1] Vixen
[2] The painted cloths used to adorn the homes of the middle classes.
[3] A. *New.*

[1] A. *no.*
[2] Ask thee for quickly.
[3] Beggar's.
[4] Fetched, took.

CHAT. Dyd I, olde witche, steale oft[1] was thine? How should that thing be knowen?
GAMMER. Ich can not tel; but vp thou tokest it, as though it had ben thine owne.
CHAT. Mary, fy on thee, thou old gyb,[2] with al my very hart!
GAMMER. Nay, fy on thee, thou rampe,[3] thou ryg,[4] with al that take thy parte!
CHAT. A vengeaunce on those lips that laieth such things to my charge!
GAMMER. A vengeance on those callats[5] hips whose conscience is so large!
CHAT. Come out, hogge!
GAMMER. Come out, hogge! and let me haue[6] right!
CHAT. Thou arrant witche!
GAMMER. Thou bawdie bitche, chil make thee cursse this night!
CHAT. A bag and a wallet!
GAMMER. A carte for a callet!
CHAT. Why, wenest thou thus to preuaile?
I hold thee a grote I shall patche thy coate!
GAMMER. Thou warte as good kysse my tayle!
Thou slut! thou kut! thou rakes! thou iakes! will not shame make thee[7] hide?
CHAT. Thou skald! thou bald! thou rotten! thou glotton! I will no lenger chyd![8]
But I will teache the to kepe home.
GAMMER. Wylt thou, drunken beaste?

[*They fight.*]

HODGE [*at a distance*]. Sticke to her, Gammer! Take her by the head!
Chil warrant you thys feast!
Smyte, I saye, Gammer! Byte, I say, Gammer! I trow ye wyll be keene!
Where be your nayls? claw her by the iawes! Pull me out bothe her eyen!

[*Dame Chat gets Gammer down.*]

Gogs bones, Gammer, holde vp your head!
CHAT. I trow, drab, I shall dresse thee.

[*To Hodge.*]

Tary, thou knaue, I hold the a grote I shall make these hands blesse thee!

[*Exit Hodge. Dame Chat gives Gammer a sound beating.*]

Take thou this, old hore, for a-mends, and lerne thy tonge well to tame,
And say thou met at this bickering, not thy[1] fellow, but thy dame!

[*Exit Dame Chat. Hodge enters with a heavy club.*]

HODGE. Where is the strong stued hore? Chil geare[2] a hores marke!
Stand out ones way that ich kyll none in the darke!
Up, Gammer, and ye be alyue! Chil feygh[t] now for vs bothe.

[*Dame Chat re-appears at her door.*]

Come no nere me, thou scalde callet! To kyll the ich wer loth.
CHAT. Art here agayne, thou hoddy-peke! What, Doll, bryng me out my spitte!
HODGE. Chill broche thee wyth this! Bim father soule, chyll coniure that foule sprete!

[*Over his shoulder to Cocke:*]

Let dore stand, Cock! [*To Dame Chat:*] Why coms in-deede? [*To Cocke:*] Kepe dore, thou horson boy!
CHAT. Stand to it, thou dastard, for thine eares! Ise teche the, a sluttish toye!

[*Dame Chat advances towards Hodge.*]

HODGE. Gogs woundes, hore, chil make the auaunte! [*Hodge flees into the house.*] Take heede, Cocke, pull in the latche!
CHAT. I faith, sir loose-breche, had ye taried, ye shold haue found your match!

---

[1] Aught.
[2] A cat; used as a term of reproach for an old woman.
[3] A vulgar woman.
[4] A wanton woman.
[5] Whore's.
[6] A. *let haue me.*
[7] Manly states, incorrectly, that A. reads *y*$^{u}$.
[8] A. *chyd the.*

[1] Manly incorrectly states that A. repeats *thy.*
[2] Give her.

[*While Dame Chat stands at the door threatening Hodge, Gammer rises and attacks her from behind.*]

Gammer. Now ware thy throte, losell! Thouse pay[1] for al!

[*Gets Dame Chat down and gives her a sound beating.*]

Hodge [*from the door*]. Well said, Gammer, by my soule!
Hoyse her! souse her! bounce her! trounce her! pull out her throte-boule!
Chat. Comst behynd me, thou withered witch? And I get once on foote,
Thouse pay for all, thou old tarlether! Ile teach the what longs to it!

[*Dame Chat gets Gammer down and beats her again.*]

Take the this to make vp thy mouth til time thou come by more!

[*Exit Dame Chat in triumph. After a time Hodge cautiously advances.*]

Hodge. Up, Gammer! Stand on your feete. Where is the old hore?
Faith, woulde chad her by the face! choulde cracke her callet crowne!
Gammer. A, Hodg, Hodg, where was thy help, when fixen[2] had me downe?
Hodge. By the masse, Gammer, but for my staffe, Chat had gone nye to spyl you!
Ich think the harlot had not cared, and chad not com, to kill you.
But shall we loose our neele thus?
Gammer. No, Hodge, chwarde[3] lothe doo soo.
Thinkest thou chill take that at her hand? No, Hodg, ich tell the, no!
Hodge. Chold yet this fray wer wel take vp, and our own neele at home.
Twill be my chaunce els some to kil, whereuer it be, or whome!
Gammer. We haue a parson, Hodge, thou knoes, a man estemed wise,
Mast[er] Doctor Rat; chil for hym send, and let me here his aduise.
He will her shriue for all this gere, and geue her penaunce strait;
Wese[1] haue our neele, els Dame Chat comes nere with-in heauen gate!
Hodge. Ye, mary, Gammer, that ich think best. Wyll you now for him send?
The sooner Doctor Rat be here, the soner wese ha an ende.
And here, Gammer! Dyccons deuill, as iche remember well,
Of cat, and Chat and Doctor Rat a felloneus tale dyd tell.
Chold[2] you forty pound that is the way your neele to get againe!
Gammer. Chil ha him strait! Call out the boy; wese make him take the payn.
Hodge. What, Coke, I saye! Come out! What deuill! canst not here?
Cocke[3] [*entering*]. How now, Hodg? How does, Gammer? Is yet the wether cleare?
What wold chaue me to doo?
Gammer. Come hether, Cocke, anon!
Hence swythe[4] to Doctor Rat, hye the that thou were gone!
And pray hym come speke with me; cham not well at ease.
Shalt haue him at his chamber, or[5] els at Mother Bees;[6]
Els seeke him at Hob Fylchers shop, for, as charde it reported,
There is the best ale in al the towne, and now is most resorted.
Cocke. And shall ich brynge hym with me, Gammer?
Gammer. Yea, by-and-by,[7] good Cocke.
Cocke. Shalt see that shalbe here anone, els let me haue on[8] the docke![9]

[*Exit Cocke down the street.*]

Hodge.[10] Now, Gammer, shal we two go in, and tary for hys commynge?
What deuill, woman! plucke vp your hart, and leue of al this glomming!
Though she were stronger at the first, as ich thinke ye did find her,
Yet there ye drest the dronken sow what time ye cam behind her.

---

[1] A. *pray*.
[2] Vixen.
[3] Ich ware, I would be.

[1] We shall.
[2] I wager.
[3] A. incorrectly assigns to Gammer.
[4] Quickly.
[5] A. *of*.
[6] An ale house.
[7] At once.
[8] A. *one*.
[9] Tail.
[10] In A. this and the three preceding speakers' names are elevated one line in the margin above their correct place.

Gammer. Nay, nay, cham sure she lost not all; for, set thend to the beginning,
And ich doubt not but she will make small bost of her winning.

[*They start to go in.*]

## THE III ACTE

### The iiii Sceane

*Tyb* [*entering hurriedly, meets*] *Hodge* [*and*] *Gammer. Cocke* [*enters later*].

Tyb. See, Gammer, Gammer, Gib, our cat! Cham afraid what she ayleth!
She standes me gasping behind the doore, as though her winde her faileth.
Now let ich doubt what Gib shuld mean, that now she doth so dote.
Hodge. Hold hether![1] Ichould twenty pound your neele is in her throte!

[*Hodge takes the cat.*]

Grope[2] her, ich say! Me thinkes ich feele it. Does not pricke your hand?
Gammer. Ich can feele nothing.
Hodge. No? Ich know thars not within this land
A muryner[3] cat then Gyb is, betwixt the Tems and Tyne;
Shase as much wyt in her head almost as chaue in mine!
Tyb. Faith, shase eaten some-thing that wil not easely downe.
Whether she gat it at home or abrode in the towne
Iche can not tell.
Gammer. Alas, ich feare it be some croked pyn!
And then, farewell Gyb! she is vndone, and lost — al saue the skyn.
Hodge. Tys[4] your neele, woman, I lay! Gogs soule, geue me a knyfe,
And chil haue it out of her mawe, or els chal lose my lyfe!
Gammer. What! Nay, Hodg, fy! Kil not our cat. Tis al the cats we ha now!
Hodge. By the masse, Dame Chat hays me so moued iche care not what I kyll, ma[k] God a-vowe!
Go to, then, Tyb! to this geare! Holde vp har tayle, and take her!
Chil see what deuil is in her guts! Chil take the[1] paines to rake[2] her!
Gammer. Rake a cat, Hodge? what woldst thou do?
Hodge. What! thinckst that cham not able?
Did not Tom Tankard rake his curtal toore[3] day, standing in the stable?

[*Enter Cocke from down the street.*]

Gammer. Soft, be content; lets here what newes Cocke bringeth from Maist[er] Rat!
Cocke. Gammer, chaue ben ther-as you bad, you wot wel about what.
Twill not be long before he come, ich durst sweare of a booke.
He byds you see ye be at home, and there for him to looke.
Gammer. Where didst thou find him, boy? Was he not wher I told thee?
Cocke. Yes, yes, euen at Hob Filchers house, by him that[4] bought and solde me;
A cup of ale had in his hand, and a crab lay in the fyer.
Chad much a-do to go and come, al was so ful of myer.
And, Gammer, one thing I can tel: Hob Filchers naule was loste,
And Doctor Rat found it againe, hard beside the doore-poste.
I chould a penny can say something your neele againe to fet.
Gammer. Cham glad to heare so much, Cocke. Then trust he wil not let
To helpe vs herein best he can; therfore, tyl time he come,
Let vs go in. If there be aught to get, thou shalt haue some.

[*They go into the house.*]

---

[1] Hand her hither
[2] Feel, probe.
[3] A more cursed.
[4] A. *Tyb.*

[1] A. *thou.*
[2] Scrape clean.
[3] The other. Manly prints *toure.*
[4] Manly's scribe reads A. as $y^e$; to me it is clearly $y^t$.

# THE IIII ACTE

### THE I SCEANE [1]

[*Enter*] *Doctor Rat. Gammer Gurton* [*enters later*].

D. Rat. A man were better twenty times be a bandog and barke,
Then here among such a sort be parish-priest or clarke,
Where he shal neuer be at rest one pissing-while a day,
But he must trudge about the towne this way and that way,
Here to a drab, there to a theefe, his shoes to teare and rent,
And, that which is worst of al, at euery knaues commaundement!
I had not sit the space to drinke two pots of ale
But Gammer Gurtons sory boy was straite-way at my taile,
And she was sicke, and I must come — to do I wot not what!
If once her fingers-end but ake, "Trudge! Call for Doctor Rat!"
And when I come not at their call, I only therby loose;
For I am sure to lacke therfore a tythe-pyg or a goose.
I warrant you, when truth is knowen, and told they haue their tale,
The matter where-about I come is not worth a half-peny-worth of ale!
Yet must I talke so sage and smothe as though I were a glosier,[2]
Els, or the yere come at an end, I shalbe sure the loser.

[*He sees Gammer Gurton working in her house.*]

What! worke ye, Gammer Gurton! Hoow, here is your frend M[aster] Rat!
Gammer [*entering*]. A, good M[aster] Doctor, cha trobled, cha trobled you, chwot wel that!
D. Rat. How do ye, woman? Be ye lustie, or be ye not wel at ease?
Gammer. By Gys, master, cham not sick,[1] but yet chaue a disease.
Chad a foule turne now of late; chill tell it you, by Gigs!
D. Rat. Hath your browne cow cast hir calfe, or your sandy sowe her pigs?
Gammer. No; but chad ben as good they had as this, ich wot weel.
D. Rat. What is the matter?
Gammer. Alas! alas! cha lost my good neele!
My neele, I say! And, wot ye what? a drab came by and spied it,
And, when I asked hir for the same, the filth flatly denied it.
D. Rat. What was she that —
Gammer. A dame, ich warrant you! She began to scold and brawle —
Alas, alas! Come hether, Hodge! This wr[e]tche can tell you all.

# THE IIII ACTE

### THE II SCEANE

[*Enter*] *Hodge* [*to*] *Doctor Rat* [*and*] *Gammer. Diccon* [*enters later*].[2]

Hodge. God morow, Gaffer Vicar!
D. Rat.[3] Come on, fellow; let vs heare.
Thy dame hath sayd to me thou knowest of all this geare;
Lets see what thou canst saie.
Hodge. Bym fay, sir, that ye shall!
What matter so-euer here was done, ich can tell your maship [all].
My Gammer Gurton heare — see now?
Sat her downe at this doore — see now?
And, as she began to stirre her — see now?
Her neele fell in the floore — see now?
And while her staffe shee tooke — see now?
At Gyb her cat, to flynge — see now?
Her neele was lost in the floore — see now?
Is not this a wondrous thing — see now?
Then came the queane, Dame Chat — see now?
To aske for hir blacke cup — see now?

---

[1] A. gives this as Act II scene iv, obviously in error; cf. the following scene.
[2] Flatterer.

[1] A. *sich.*
[2] A. adds the name of Chat. But the author begins a new scene with the entrance of a new character creating a new situation. I have adopted Manly's scene division.
[3] Manly says not in A. His copyist was mistaken.

And euen here at this gate — see now?
She tooke that neele vp — see now?
My gammer then she yeede[1] — see now?
Hir neele againe to bring — see now?
And was caught by the head — see now?
Is not this a wondrous thing — see now?
She tare my gammers cote — see now?
And scratched hir by the face — see now?
Chad thought shad stopt hir throte — see now?
Is not this a wondrous case — see now?
When ich saw this, ich was wrothe[2] — see now?
And start betwene them twaine — see now?
Els, ich durst take a booke-othe — see now?
My gammer had bene slaine — see now?
GAMMER. This is euen the whole matter, as Hodge has plainly tolde.
And chould faine be quiet, for my part, that chould.
But helpe vs, good master, — beseech ye that ye doo, —
Els shall[3] we both be beaten, and lose our neele too.
D. RAT. What wold ye haue me to doo? Tel me, that I were gone.
I will do the best that I can to set you both at one.
But be ye sure Dame Chat hath this your neele founde?
GAMMER. Here comes the man that see hir take it vp of the ground;
Aske him your-selfe, Master Rat, if ye beleue not me.
And helpe me to my neele, for Gods sake and Saint Charitie!

[*Enter Diccon from down the street.*]

D. RAT. Come nere, Diccon, and let vs heare what thou can expresse.
Wilt thou be sworne thou seest Dame Chat this womans neele haue?
DICCON. Nay, by S. Benit, wil I not! Then might ye thinke me raue.
GAMMER. Why, didst not thou tel me so euen here? Canst thou for shame deny it?
DICCON. I, mary, Gammer; but I said I wold not abide by it.
D. RAT. Will you say a thing, and not sticke to it to trie it?
DICCON. "Stick to it," quoth you, Master Rat? mary, sir, I defy it!
Nay, there is many an honest man, when he suche blastes hath blowne
In his freindes eares, he woulde be loth the same by him were knowne.
If such a toy be vsed oft among the honestie,
It may be-seme a simple man of[1] your and my degree.
D. RAT. Then we be neuer the nearer for all that you can tell?
DICCON. Yes, mary, sir, if ye will do by mine aduise and counsaile.
If Mother Chat se al vs here, she knoweth how the matter goes;
Therfore I red you three go hence, and within keepe close;
And I will into Dame Chats house, and so the matter vse
That, or you cold go twise to church, I warant you here news.
She shall looke wel about hir, but, I durst lay a pledge,
Ye shal of Gammers neele haue shortly better knowledge.
GAMMER. Now, gentle Diccon, do so; and, good sir, let vs trudge.
D. RAT. By the masse, I may not tarry so long to be your iudge.
DICCON. Tys but a litle while, man. What! take so much paine!
If I here no newes of it, I will come sooner againe.
HODGE. Tary so much, good Master Doctor, of your gentlenes!
D. RAT. Then let vs hie vs inward; and, Diccon, speede thy busines!

[*Dr. Rat, Gammer, and Hodge go into the house.*]

---

[1] Went.
[2] Angered. A. misprints *worthe*.
[3] A. *shalt*, or the final *l* may be merely broken.

[1] A. *if*.

## [THE IIII ACT

### The iii Sceane] [1]

[*Diccon remains.*]

**Diccon.** Now, sirs, do you no more but kepe my counsaile iuste,
And Docter Rat shall thus catch some good, I trust.
But Mother Chat, my gossop, talke first with-all I must,
For she must be chiefe captaine to lay the Rat in the dust.

[*Diccon walks towards Dame Chat's house, and meets her coming out.*]

God deuen, Dame Chat, in faith, and wel met in this place!
**Chat.** God deuen, my friend Diccon. Whether walke ye this pace?
**Diccon.** By my truth, euen to you, to learne how the world goeth.
Hard ye no more of the other matter, say me now, by your troth!
**Chat.** O yes, Diccon. Here the olde hoore, and Hodge, that great knaue —
But, in faith, I would thou hadst sene! — O Lord, I drest them braue!
She bare me two or three souses behind in the nape of the necke,
Till I made hir olde wesen [2] to answere againe, "kecke"! [3]
And Hodge, that dirty dastard that at hir elbow standes, —
If one paire of legs had not bene worthe two paire of hands,
He had had his bearde shauen if my nayles wold haue serued!
And not without a cause, for the knaue it well deserued.
**Diccon.** By the masse, I can the thank, wench, thou didst so wel acquite the!
**Chat.** And thodst seene him, Diccon, it wold haue made the beshite the
For laughter. The horsen dolt at last caught vp a club
As though he would haue slaine the master-deuil, Belsabub;
But I set him soone inward.
**Diccon.** O Lorde, there is the thing
That Hodge is so offended! That makes him starte and flyng!
**Chat.** Why, makes the knaue any moyling, as ye haue sene or hard?
**Diccon.** Euen now I sawe him last. Like a mad-man he farde,[1]
And sware by heauen and hell he would a-wreake [2] his sorowe,
And leue you neuer a hen on-liue by viii of the clock to-morow.
Therfore marke what I say, and my wordes see that ye trust:
Your hens be as good as dead if ye leaue them on the ruste!
**Chat.** The knaue dare as wel [3] go hang himself as go vpon my ground!
**Diccon.** Wel, yet take hede, I say! I must tel you my tale round.
Haue you not about your house, behind your furnace or leade,[4]
A hole where a crafty knaue may crepe in for neade? [5]
**Chat.** Yes, by the masse, a hole broke down euen within these ii dayes.
**Diccon.** Hodge he intendes this same night to slip in there-a-wayes.
**Chat.** O Christ, that I were sure of it! In faith, he shuld haue his mede!
**Diccon.** Watch wel, for the knaue wil be there as sure as is your crede.
I wold spend my-selfe a shilling to haue him swinged well.
**Chat.** I am as glad as a woman can be of this thing to here tell.
By Gogs bones, when he commeth, now that I know the matter,
He shal sure at the first skip to leape in scalding water, —
With a worse turne besides! When he will, let him come!
**Diccon.** I tell you as my sister.[6] You know what meaneth "mum"!

[*Exit Dame Chat into her house.*]

---

[1] Manly begins a new scene at this point, correctly, I think. Hazlitt would begin the scene five lines later.

[2] Throat.

[3] A. *kicke*(?), corr. by Dodsley.

[1] Walked about, behaved.

[2] Avenge.

[3] A. *wol*, which may be Chat's pronunciation of "well."

[4] Pot used for brewing ale.

[5] A. *neades*.

[6] In strict confidence.

## [THE IIII ACT

### The iiii Sceane] [1]

*[Diccon remains.]*

[Diccon.] Now lacke I but my doctor to play his part againe.
And lo,[2] where he commeth towards, — peraduenture, to his paine!

*[Enter Dr. Rat from Gammer's house.]*

D. Rat. What good newes, Diccon, fellow? Is Mother Chat at home?
Diccon. She is, syr, and she is not, but it please her to whome.
Yet dyd I take her tardy, as subtle as she was!
D. Rat. The thing that thou wentst for, hast thou brought it to passe?
Diccon. I haue done that I haue done, be it worse, be it better!
And Dame Chat at her wyts ende I haue almost set her.
D. Rat. Why, hast thou spied the neele? Quickly, I pray thee, tell!
Diccon. I haue spyed it, in faith, sir, I handled my-selfe so well.
And yet the crafty queane had almost take my trumpe.
But, or all came to an ende, I set her in a dumpe!
D. Rat. How so, I pray thee, Diccon?
Diccon. Mary, syr, will ye heare?
She was clapt downe on the backside, by Cocks Mother dere,
And there she sat sewing a halter, or a bande,
With no other thing saue Gammers nedle in her hande.
As soone as any knocke, if the filth be in doubte,
She needes but once puffe, and her candle is out.
Now I, sir, knowing of euery doore the pin,
Came nycely, and said no worde till time I was within;
And there I sawe the neele, euen with thes two eyes.
Who-euer say the contrary, I will sweare he lyes!
D. Rat. O Diccon, that I was not there then in thy steade!
Diccon. Well, if ye will be ordred and do by my reade,[1]
I will bring you to a place, as the house standes,
Where ye shall take the drab with the neele in hir handes.
D. Rat. For Gods sake, do so, Diccon, and I will gage my gowne
To geue thee a full pot of the best ale in the towne!
Diccon. Follow me but a litle, and marke what I will say.
Lay downe your gown beside you.

*[Dr. Rat lays aside his clerical gown.]*

Go to, come on your way!
Se ye not what is here? — a hole wherin ye may creepe
Into the house, and sodenly vnwares among them leape.
There shal ye finde the bitchfox and the neele together.
Do as I bid you, man; come on your wayes hether!
D. Rat. Art thou sure, Diccon, the swiltub standes not here-aboute?
Diccon. I was within my-selfe, man, euen now, there is no doubt.
Go softly, make no noyse. Giue me your foote, sir John![2]

*[Diccon helps him up.]*

Here will I waite vpon you tyl you come out anone.

*[Doctor Rat climbs into the house. Dame Chat and her maids fall upon him with clubs.]*

D. Rat. Helpe, Diccon! Out, alas! I shal be slaine among them!
Diccon. If they giue you not the nedle, tel them that ye will hang them.
Ware that! Hoow, my wenches! haue ye caught the foxe
That vsed to make reuel among your hennes and cocks?

---

[1] The scene division added by Manly.

[2] A. *to*, but inking is heavy, and the reading may be *lo*.

[1] Advice.

[2] The conventional name for a parson.

Saue his life yet for his order, though he susteine some paine.
Gogs bread, I am afraide, they wil beate out his braine!

[*Exit Diccon down the street.* *Enter Doctor Rat through the hole, wet and torn.*]

D. Rat. Wo worth the houre that I came heare!
And wo worth him that wrought this geare!
A sort of drabs and queanes haue me blest!
Was euer creature halfe so euill drest?
Who-euer it wrought and first did inuent it,
He shall, I warrant him, erre long repent it!
I wil spend all I haue, without my skinne,[1]
But he shall be brought to the plight I am in!
Master Bayly,[2] I trow, and he be worth his eares,
Will snaffle these murderers and all that them beares.[3]
I will surely neither byte nor suppe
Till I fetch him hether, this matter to take vp.

[*Exit down the street.*]

## THE V ACTE

### The i Sceane

[*Enter*] *Master Bayly* [*led in by*] *Doctor Rat.* [*Scapethryft attending.*]

Bailie. I can perceiue none other, I speke it from my hart,
But either ye ar in al the fault, or els in the greatest part.
D. Rat. If it be counted his fault, besides all his greeues,
When a poore man is spoyled and beaten among theeues,
Then I confesse my fault herein at this season;
But I hope you wil not iudge so much against reason.
Baily. And me thinkes, by your owne tale, of all that ye name,
If any plaid the theefe, you were the very same.
The women they did nothing, as your words make probation,
But stoutly withstood your forcible inuasion.
If that a theefe at your window to enter should begin,
Wold you hold forth your hand and helpe to pull him in?
Or wold you[1] kepe him out? I pray you, answere me.
D. Rat. Mary, kepe him out, and a good cause why!
But I am no theefe, sir, but an honest, learned clarke.
Baily. Yea, but who knoweth that when he meets you in the darke.
I am sure your learning shines not out at your nose.
Was it any maruaile though the poore woman arose
And start vp, being afraide of that was in her purse?
Me thinke you may be glad that you[r] lucke was no worse.
D. Rat. Is not this euill ynough, I pray you, as you thinke?

*Showing his broken head.*

Baily. Yea, but a man in the darke, if[2] chaunces do wincke,
As soone he smites his father as any other man,
Because for lacke of light discerne him he ne can.
Might it not haue ben your lucke with a spit to haue ben slaine?
D. Rat. I thinke I am litle better — my scalpe is clouen to the braine!
If there be all the remedy, I know who beares the k[n]ockes.
Baily. By my troth, and well worthy besides to kisse the stockes.
To come in on the backe-side, when ye might go about!
I know non such, vnles they long to haue their braines knockt out.
D. Rat. Well, wil you be so good, sir, as talke with Dame Chat,
And know what she intended? I aske no more but that.

---

[1] Except my skin.
[2] Bailiff.
[3] Support, uphold.

[1] A. *you wold;* like many other obvious corrections in the text; this was first noted by Dodsley.
[2] A. *of.*

Bayly. Let her be called, fellow, because of Master Doctor.

[*Scapethryft goes to Dame Chat's house.*]

I warrant in this case she wil be hir owne proctor;
She will tel hir owne tale, in metter or in prose,
And byd you seeke your remedy, and so go wype your nose!

## THE V ACTE

### The ii Sceane

[*To*] *M. Bayly* [*Scapethrift leads in Dame*] *Chat. D. Rat* [*remains*]. *Gammer, Hodge,* [*and*] *Diccon* [*enter later*].

Bayly. Dame Chat, Master Doctor vpon you here complained
That you and your maides shuld him much misorder,
And taketh many an oth that no word he fained,
Laying to your charge how you thought him to murder;
And, on his part againe, that same man saith furder
He neuer offended you in word nor intent.
To heare you answer hereto, we haue now for you sent.

Chat. That I wold haue murdered him? Fye on him, wretch!
And euil mought he thee[1] for it, our Lord I besech.
I will swere on al the bookes that opens and shuttes,
He faineth this tale out of his owne guttes!
For this seuen weekes with me, I am sure, he sat not downe.
Nay, ye haue other minions, in the other end of the towne,
Where ye were liker to catch such a blow
Then any-where els, as farre as I know!

Baily. Be-like then, Master Doctor, you[r] stripe there ye got not!

D. Rat. Thinke you I am so mad that where I was bet I wot not?
Will ye beleue this queane before she hath tryd[2] it?
It is not the first dede she hath done and afterward denide it.

Chat. What, man, will you say I broke your head?

D. Rat. How canst thou proue the contrary?

Chat. Nay, how prouest thou that I did the deade?

D. Rat. To plainly, by S. Mary!
This profe, I trow, may serue though I no word spoke!

*Showing his broken head.*

Chat. Bicause thy head is broken, was it I that it broke?
I saw thee, Rat, I tel thee, not once within this fortnight.

D. Rat. No, mary, thou sawest me not, for-why thou hadst no light;
But I felt thee, for al the darke, beshrew thy smothe cheekes!
And thou groped me — this wil declare any day this six weekes.

*Showing his heade.*

Baily. Answere me to this, M[aster] Rat: when caught you this harme of yours?

D. Rat. A-while a-go, sir, God he knoweth, with-in les then these ii houres.

Baily. Dame Chat, was there none with you — confesse, i-faith — about that season?
What, woman! let it be what it wil, tis neither felony nor treason.

Chat. Yes, by my faith, Master Bayly, there was a knaue not farre
Who caught one good philup on the brow with a dore-barre, —
And well was he worthy, as it semed to mee.
But what is that to this man, since this was not hee?

Baily. Who was it then? Lets here!

D. Rat. Alas! sir, aske you that?
Is it not made plain inough by the owne mouth of Dame Chat?
The time agreeth, my head is broken, her tong can not lye;
Onely vpon a bare nay she saith it was not I.

Chat. No, mary, was it not, indeede. Ye shal here by this one thing:

---

[1] Thrive.

[2] Put it to proof.

This after-noone a frend of mine for good wil gaue me warning,
And bad me wel loke to my ruste [1] and al my capons pennes,
For, if I toke not better heede, a knaue wold haue my hennes.
Then I, to saue my goods, toke so much pains as him to watch;
And, as good fortune serued me, it was my chaunce him for to catch.
What strokes he bare away, or other what was his gaines,
I wot not — but sure I am he had something for his paines!
Baily. Yet telles thou not who it was.
Chat. Who it was? A false theefe,
That came like a false foxe my pullaine [2] to kil and mischeefe!
Baily. But knowest thou not his name?
Chat. I know it. But what than?
It was that crafty cullyon,[3] Hodge, my Gammer Gurtons man.
Bailie. Call me the knaue hether. He shal sure kysse the stockes.
I shall teach him a lesson for filching hens or cocks!

[*Exit Scapethryft into Gammer's house.*]

D. Rat.[4] I maruaile, Master Bayly, so bleared be your eyes!
An egge is not so ful of meate as she is ful of lyes.
When she hath playd this pranke to excuse al this geare,
She layeth the fault in such a one as I know was not there.
Chat. Was he not thear? Loke on his pate! That shalbe his witnes!
D. Rat. I wold my head were half so hole, I wold seeke no redresse!

[*Enter Gammer Gurton.*]

Baily. God blesse you, Gammer Gurton!
Gammer. God dylde you, master mine!
Baily. Thou hast a knaue with-in thy ho[u]se, — Hodge, a seruant of thine.
They tel me that busy knaue is such a filching one
That hen, pig, goose, or capon thy neighbour can haue none.
Gammer. By God, cham much ameued to heare any such reporte!
Hodge was not wont, ich trow, to haue [1] him in that sort.
Chat. A theeuisher knaue is not on-liue, more filching nor more false!
Many a truer man then he hase hanged vp by the halse.[2]
And thou, his dame, of al his theft thou art the sole receauer.
For Hodge to catch and thou to kepe I neuer knew none better.
Gammer. Sir reuerence of your masterdome, and you were out a-doore,
Chold be so bolde, for al hir brags, to cal hir arrant whoore!
And ich knew Hodge so bad as tow,[3] ich wish me endlesse sorow
And chould [4] not take the pains to hang him vp before to-morow!
Chat. What haue I stolne from the or thine, thou il-fauored olde trot?
Gammer. A great deale more, by Gods blest, then cheuer by the got!
That thou knowest wel, I neade not say it.
Baily. Stoppe there, I say!
And tel me here, I pray you, this matter by the way:
How chaunce Hodge is not here? Him wol[d]e I faine haue had.
Gammer. Alas, sir, heel be here anon; ha be handled to bad!
Chat. Master Bayly, sir, ye be not such a foole, wel I know,
But ye perceiue by this lingring there is a pad [5] in the straw.

*Thinking that Hodg his head was broke, and that Gammer wold not let him come before them.*

Gammer. Chil shew you his face, ich warrant the, — lo now where he is!

[*Scapethryft leads in Hodge.*]

Bailie. Come on, fellow! It is tolde me thou art a shrew, i-wysse.
Thy neighbours hens thou takest, and playes the two-legged foxe;

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[1] Roost. [2] Poultry, hens. [3] Rascal.

[4] A. inserts this name before the preceding line; but the ¶ mark clearly shows that it was misplaced by printer's error.

[1] Behave. [2] Neck. [3] As thou. [4] If I would.

[5] Toad; a proverbial saying — something hidden

Their chikens and their capons to, and now and then their cocks.
HODGE. Ich defy them al that dare it say! Cham as true as the best!
BAILY. Wart not thou take within this houre in Dame Chats hens nest?
HODGE. Take there? No, master. Chold not do't for a house-ful of gold!
CHAT. Thou, or the deuil in thy cote! sweare this I dare be bold.
D. RAT. Sweare me no swearing, quean! The deuill he geue the sorow!
Al is not worth a gnat thou canst sweare till to-morow.
Where is the harme he hath? Shew it, by Gods bread!
Ye beat him, with a witnes, but the stripes light on my head!
HODGE. Bet me? Gogs blessed body, chold first, ich trow, haue burst the.
Ich thinke, and chad my hands loose, callet, chould haue crust the!
CHAT. Thou shitten knaue, I trow thou knowest the ful weight of my fist!
I am fowly deceiued onles thy head and my doore-bar kyste!
HODGE. Hold thy chat, whore. Thou criest so loude can no man els be hard.
CHAT. Well, knaue, and I had the alone, I wold surely rap thy costard!
BAYLY. Sir, answer me to this: is thy head whole or broken?
CHAT. Yea, Master Bayly, blest be euery good token!
HODGE. Is my head whole? Ich warrant you tis neither scuruy nor scald!
What, you foule beast, does think tis either pild [1] or bald?
Nay, ich thanke God, chil not, for al that thou maist spend,
That chad one scab on my narse as brode as thy fingers end.
BAYLY. Come nearer heare!
HODGE. Yes, that iche dare.

[*The bailiff examines Hodge's head.*]

BAYLY. By Our Lady, here is no harme.
Hodges head is hole ynough, for al Dame Chats charme.
CHAT. By Gogs blest, how-euer the thing he clockes [1] or smolders,
I know the blowes he bare away either with head or shoulders.
Camest thou not, knaue, within this houre creping into my pens,
And there was caught within my hous groping among my hens?
HODGE. A plage both on thy hens and the! A carte, whore! a carte! [2]
Chould I were hanged as hie as a tree and chware as false as thou art!
Geue my Gammer again her washical [3] thou stole away in thy lap!
GAMMER. Yea, Maister Baily, there is a thing you know not on, mayhap:
This drab she kepes away my good — the deuil he might her snare!
Ich pray you that ich might haue a right action on her.
CHAT. Haue I thy good, old filth, or any such, old sowes? [4]
I am as true, I wold thou knew, as skin betwene thy browes!
GAMMER. Many a truer hath ben hanged, though you escape the daunger!
CHAT. Thou shalt answer, by Gods pity, for this thy foule slaunder!
BAILY. Why, what can ye charge hir withal? To say so ye do not well.
GAMMER. Mary, a vengeance to hir hart, the whore hase stoln my neele!
CHAT. Thy nedle, old witch? How so? It were almes thy scul to knock!
So didst thou say the other day that I had stolne thy cock,
And rosted him to my breakfast, — which shal not be forgotten.
The deuil pul out thy lying tong and teeth that be so rotten!
GAMMER. Geue me my neele! As for my Cocke, chould be very loth
That chuld here tel he shuld hang on thy false faith and troth.
BAILY. Your talke is such I can scarse learne who shuld be most in fault.

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[1] Shorn.

[1] Cloaks, conceals.

[2] Whores were carted through the streets.

[3] What-you-call-it.

[4] A term of abuse, sometimes, as here, used in the plural of a single person.

Gammer. Yet shal ye find no other wight saue she, by bred and salt!
Baily. Kepe ye content a-while; se that your tonges ye holde;
Me thinkes you shuld remembre this is no place to scolde.
How knowest thou, Gammer Gurton, Dame Chat thy nedle had?
Gammer. To name you, sir, the party, chould not be very glad.
Baily. Yea, but we must nedes heare it, and therfore say it boldly.
Gammer. Such one as told the tale full soberly and coldly,
Euen he that loked on — wil sweare on a booke —
What time this drunken gossip my faire long neele vp tooke:
Diccon, Master, the bedlam. Cham very sure ye know him.
Bailie. A false knaue, by Gods pitie! Ye were but a foole to trow[1] him.
I durst auenture wel the price of my best cap
That when the end is knowen all wil turne to a iape.[2]
Tolde he not you that, besides, she stole your cocke that tyde?[3]
Gammer. No, master, no indede; for then he shuld haue lyed!
My cocke is, I thanke Christ, safe and wel a-fine.
Chat. Yea, but that ragged colt, that whore, that Tyb of thine,
Said plainly thy cocke was stolne, and in my house was eaten.
That lying cut[4] is lost that she is not swinged and beaten, —
And yet for al my good name it were a small amendes!
I picke not this geare, hearst thou, out of my fingers endes;
But he that hard it told me, who thou of late didst name, —
Diccon, whom al men knowes, — it was the very same.
Baily. This is the case: you lost your nedle about the dores,
And she answeres againe she hase no cocke of yours;
Thus, in you[r] talke and action, from that you do intend
She is whole fiue mile wide from that she doth defend.
Will you saie she hath your cocke?
Gammer. No, mary,[1] sir, that chil not!
Bayly. Will you confesse hir neele?
Chat. Will I? no, sir, will I not!
Bayly. Then there lieth all the matter.
Gammer. Soft, master, by the way!
Ye know she could do litle and she cold not say nay.
Bayly. Yea, but he that made one lie about your cock-stealing,
Wil not sticke to make another, what time lies be in dealing.
I weene the ende wil proue this brawle did first arise
Upon no other ground but only Diccons lyes.
Chat. Though some be lyes, as you belike haue espyed them,
Yet other some be true — by proof I haue wel tryed them.
Bayly. What other thing beside this, Dame Chat.
Chat. Mary, syr, euen this:
The tale I tolde before, the selfe-same tale it was his;
He gaue me, like a frende, warning against my losse,
Els had my hens be stolne eche one, by Gods crosse!
He tolde me Hodge wold come, and in he came indeede;
But, as the matter chaunsed, with greater hast then speede.
This truth was said, and true was found, as truly I report.
Bayly. If Doctor Rat be not deceiued, it was of another sort.
D. Rat. By Gods Mother, thou and he be a cople of suttle foxes!
Betweene you and Hodge I beare away the boxes.
Did not Diccon apoynt the place wher thou shuldst stand to mete him?
Chat. Yes, by the masse; and, if he came, bad me not sticke to speet[2] hym.

---

[1] Trust.
[2] Jest.
[3] Time.
[4] A term of abuse.

[1] A. *mery*.
[2] Spit.

D. Rat. Gods sacrament, the villain knaue hath drest vs round about!
He is the cause of all this brawle, that dyrty, shitten loute!
When Gammer Gurton here complained, and made a ruful mone,
I heard him sweare that you had gotten hir nedle that was gone;
And this to try, he furder said, he was ful loth; how-be-it
He was content with small adoe to bring me where to see it.
And where ye sat, he said ful certain, if I wold folow his read,
Into your house a priuy way he wold me guide and leade,
And where ye had it in your hands, sewing about a clowte;
And set me in the backe-hole, therby to finde you oute.
And, whiles I sought a quietnes, creping vpon my knees,
I found the weight of your dore-bar for my reward and fees.
Such is the lucke that some men gets while they begin to mel
In setting at one such as were out, minding to make al wel.
Hodge. Was not wel blest, Gammer, to scape that stoure?[1] And chad ben there,
Then chad ben drest,[2] be-like, as ill, by the masse, as Gaffar Vicar.
Bayly. Mary, sir, here is a sport alone. I loked for such an end.
If Diccon had not playd the knaue, this had ben sone amend.
My Gammer here he made a foole, and drest hir as she was;
And goodwife Chat he set to scole, till both partes cried "alas";
And D[octor] Rat was not behind, whiles Chat his crown did pare;
I wold the knaue had ben starke blind, if Hodg had not his share!
Hodge. Cham meetly wel-sped alredy amongs; cham drest like a coult!
And chad not had the better wit, chad bene made a doult.
Bayly. Sir knaue, make hast Diccon were here; fetch him where-euer he bee!

[*Exit Scapethryft.*]

Chat. Fie on the villaine! fie! fie! that makes vs thus agree!
Gammer. Fie on him knaue, with al my hart! now fie! and fie againe!
D. Rat. Now fie on him! may I best say, whom he hath almost slaine.

[*Scapethryft leads in Diccon.*]

Bayly. Lo where he commeth at hand. Belike he was not fare!
Diccon, heare be two or three thy company can not spare.
Diccon. God blesse you — and [1] you may be blest so many al at once!
Chat. Come, knaue, it were a good deed to geld the, by Cockes bones!
Seest not thy handiwarke? Sir Rat, can ye forbeare him?
Diccon. A vengeance on those hands lite! for my hands cam not nere hym.
The horsen priest hath lift the pot in some of these alewyues chayres,
That his head wolde not serue him, belyke, to come downe the stayres.
Baily. Nay, soft! thou maist not play the knaue and haue this language to!
If thou thy tong bridle a-while, the better maist thou do.
Confesse the truth, as I shall aske, and cease a-while to fable;
And for thy fault, I promise the, thy handling shalbe reasonable.
Hast thou not made a lie or two to set these two by the eares?
Diccon. What if I haue? Fiue hundred such haue I seene within these seuen yeares.
I am sory for nothing else but that I see not the sport
Which was betwene them when they met, as they them-selues report.
Bayly. The greatest thing [*pointing to Dr. Rat*] — Master Rat! Ye se how he is drest![2]
Diccon. What deuil nede he be groping so depe in goodwife Chats hens nest?
Bayly. Yea, but it was thy drift to bring him into the briars.

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[1] Uproar. A. prints *scoure*.
[2] Beaten.

[1] If.
[2] Beaten.

DICCON. Gods bread! hath not such an old foole wit to saue his eares?
He showeth himselfe herein, ye see, so very a coxe,[1]
The cat was not so madly alured by the foxe
To run into the snares was set for him, doubtlesse;
For he leapt in for myce, and this sir John [2] for madnes.
D. RAT. Well, and ye shift no better, ye losel, lyther and lasye,[3]
I will go neare, for this, to make ye leape at a dasye.[4]
In the kings [5] name, Master Bayly, I charge you set him fast!
DICCON. What? fast at cardes, or fast on-slepe? It is the thing I did last.
D. RAT. Nay, fast in fetters, false varlet, according to thy deedes!
BAYLY. Master doctor, ther is no remedy, I must intreat you, needes,
Some other kinde of punishment.
D. RAT. Nay, by all halowes!
His punishment, if I may iudg, shalbe naught els but the gallous.
BAYLY. That ware to sore. A spiritual man to be so extreame!
D. RAT. Is he worthy any better, sir? How do ye iudge and deame?
BAYLY. I graunt him wort[h]ie punishment, but in no wise so great.
GAMMER. It is a shame, ich tel you plaine, for such false knaues intreat!
He has almost vndone vs al; that is as true as steele.
And ye[t] for al this great ado cham neuer the nere my neele!
BAYLY. Canst thou not say any-thing to that, Diccon, with least or most?
DICCON. Yea, mary, sir, thus much I can say: — wel, the nedle is lost!
BAYLY. Nay, canst not thou tel which way that nedle may be found?
DICCON. No, by my fay, sir, though I might haue an hundred pound.
HODGE. Thou lier, lickdish! didst not say the neele wold be gitten?
DICCON. No, Hodge, by the same token you were [1] that time beshittene
For feare of Hobgobling, — you wot wel what I meane;
As long as it is sence, I feare me yet ye be scarce cleane.
BAYLY. Wel, Master Rat, you must both learne and teach vs to forgeue.
Since Diccon hath confession made and is so cleane shreue,[2]
If ye to me conscent, to amend this heauie chaunce
I wil inioyne him here some open kind of penaunce, —
Of this condition: where ye know my fee is twenty pence
For the bloodshed, I am agreed with you here to dispence, —
Ye shal go quite,[3] so that ye graunt the matter now to run
To end with mirth among vs al, euen as it was begun.
CHAT. Say yea, Master Vicar, and he shal sure confes to be your detter,
And al we that be heare present wil loue you much the better.
D. RAT. My part is the worst; but, since you al here-on agree,
Go euen to, Master Bayly, — let it be so for mee!
BAYLY. How saiest thou, Diccon? art content this shal on me depend?
DICCON. Go to, M[aster] Bayly, say on your mind. I know ye are my frend.
BAYLY. Then marke ye wel: to recompence this thy former action,
Because thou hast offended al, to make them satisfaction,
Before their faces here kneele downe, and, as I shal the teach, —
For thou shalt take on othe of Hodges leather breache:
First, for Master Doctor, vpon paine of his cursse,
Where he wil pay for al thou neuer draw thy pursse,
And when ye meete at one pot, he shall haue the first pull,
And thou shalt neuer offer him the cup but it be full;

---

[1] Fool. [2] Parson.
[3] Ye scoundrel, base and lazy.
[4] Be hanged.
[5] This indicates that the play was written while a king was upon the throne. Professor Bradley has shown that the date of the original presentation of the play fell in the last year of Edward's reign.

[1] A. *where*. [2] Shriven.
[3] Freed from the sum due me.

To goodwife Chat thou shalt be sworne, euen on the same wyse,
If she refuse thy money once, neuer to offer it twise, —
Thou shalt be bound by the same here, as thou dost take it,
When thou maist drinke of free cost, thou neuer forsake it;
For Gammer Gurtons sake, againe sworne shalt thou bee,
To helpe hir to hir nedle againe, if it do lie in thee, —
And likewise be bound by the vertue of that
To be of good abering to Gib, hir great cat;
Last of al, for Hodge, the othe to scanne,
Thou shalt neuer take him for fine gentleman.
HODGE [*stooping over*]. Come on, fellow Diccon! Chalbe euen with thee now!
BAYLY. Thou wilt not sticke to do this, Diccon, I trow?
DICCON. No, by my fathers skin, my hand downe I lay it!
Loke! as I haue promised, I wil not denay it.
But, Hodge, take good heede now thou do not beshite me!

*And gaue him a good blow on the buttocke.*

HODGE [*leaping up*]. Gogs hart! Thou false villaine, dost thou bite mee?
BAYLY. What, Hodge! doth he hurt the or euer he begin?
HODGE. He thrust me into the buttocke with a bodkin or a pin!

[*He draws out the needle.*]

I saie, Gammer! Gammer!
GAMMER. How now, Hodge? how now?
HODGE. Gods malt, Gammer Gurton!
GAMMER. Thou art mad, ich trow!
HODGE. Will you see! The deuil, Gammer!
GAMMER. The deuil, sonne? God blesse vs!
HODGE. Chould iche were hanged, Gammer!
GAMMER. Mary, so[1] ye might dresse vs.
HODGE. Chaue it, by the masse, Gammer!
GAMMER. What? Not my neele, Hodge?
HODGE. Your neele, Gammer! your neele!
GAMMER. No, fie, dost but dodge!
HODGE. Cha found your neele, Gammer! Here in my hand be it!
GAMMER. For al the loues on earth, Hodge, let me see it!
HODGE. Soft, Gammer!
GAMMER. Good Hodge!
HODGE. Soft, ich say; tarie a while!
GAMMER. Nay, sweete Hodge, say truth, and do not me begile!
HODGE. Cham sure on it, ich warrant you it goes no more a-stray.
GAMMER. Hodge, when I speake so faire, wilt stil say me nay?
HODGE. Go neare the light, Gammer. This wel! In faith, good lucke!
Chwas almost vndone, twas so far in my buttocke!
GAMMER. Tis min owne deare neele, Hodge, sykerly I wot!
HODGE. Cham I not a good sonne, Gammer! cham I not?
GAMMER. Christs blessing light on thee! hast made me for-euer!
HODGE. Ich knew that ich must finde it, els choud a had it neuer!
CHAT. By my troth, Gossyp Gurton, I am euen as glad
As though I mine owne selfe as good a turne had!
BAYLY. And I, by my concience, to see it so come forth,
Reioyce so much at it as three nedles be worth!
D. RAT. I am no whit sory to see you so reioyce!
DICCON. Nor I much the gladder for al this noyce!
Yet say, "Gramercy, Diccon," for springing of the game.
GAMMER. Gramercy, Diccon, twenty times! O how glad cham!
If that chould do so much, your masterdome to come hether,
Master Rat, goodwife Chat, and Diccon, together, —
Cha but one halfpeny, as far as iche know it,

---

[1] A. *se;* emend. suggested by Manly.

And chil not rest this night till ich bestow it.
If euer ye loue me, let vs go in and drinke!
Bayly. I am content, if the rest thinke as I thinke.
Master Rat, it shalbe best for you if we so doo;
Then shall you warme you and dresse yourself too.
Diccon. Soft, syrs, take vs with you; the company shalbe the more!
As proude coms behinde, they say, as any goes before!

[*To the audience.*]

But now, my good masters, since we must be gone
And leaue you behinde vs here, all alone, —
Since at our last ending thus mery we bee,
For Gammer Gurtons nedle sake let vs haue a plaudytie!

Finis, Gurton. Perused and alowed, &c.

*Imprinted at London*
*in Fleetestreate beneath the Conduite*
*at the signe of S. John Euangelist, by*
*Thomas Colwell.*
1575.

# XI

# INNS OF COURT PLAYS

# THE TRAGIDIE OF [GORBODUC; OR OF] FERREX AND PORREX [1]

Set forth without Addition or Alteration but altogether as
the Same was shewed on Stage before the Queenes Maiestie,
about Nine Yeares Past, vz.,the xviij Day of Ianuarie 1561.
By the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple.

Seen and allowed, &c.

Imprinted at London by Iohn Daye, dwelling ouer Aldersgate.

## THE P[RINTER] TO THE READER

Where this tragedie was for furniture of part of the grand Christmasse in the Inner Temple first written about nine yeares agoe by the Right Honourable Thomas, now Lorde Buckherst, and by T. Norton, and after shewed before her Maiestie, and neuer intended by the authors therof to be published; yet one W. G.[2] getting a copie therof at some yongmans hand that lacked a litle money and much discretion, in the last great plage, *an*[*no*] 1565, about v yeares past, while the said lord was out of England, and T. Norton farre out of London, and neither of them both made priuie, put it forth excedingly corrupted, — euen as if by meanes of a broker, for hire, he should haue entised into his house a faire maide and done her villanie, and after all-to-bescratched her face, torne her apparell, berayed and disfigured her, and then thrust her out of dores dishonested. In such plight, after long wandring, she came at length home to the sight of her frendes, who scant knew her but by a few tokens and markes remayning. They — the authors, I meane — though they were very much displeased that she so ranne abroad without leaue, whereby she caught her shame, as many wantons do, yet seing the case, as it is, remedilesse, haue, for common honestie and shamefastnesse, new apparelled, trimmed, and attired her in such forme as she was before. In which better forme since she hath come to me, I haue harbored her for her frendes sake, and her owne; and I do not dout her parentes, the authors, will not now be discontent that she goe abroad among you, good readers, so it be in honest companie. For she is by my encouragement, and others, somewhat lesse ashamed of the dishonestie done to her, because it was by fraude and force. If she be welcome among you, and gently enterteined, in fauor of the house from whense she is descended and of her owne nature courteously disposed to offend no man, her frendes will thanke you for it. If not, but that she shall be still reproched with her former missehap, or quarelled at by enuious persons, she, poore gentlewoman, will surely play Lucreces part, and of her-self die for shame; and I shall wishe that she had taried still at home with me, where she was welcome, for she did neuer put me to more charge but this one poore blacke gowne lined with white that I haue now geuen her to goe abroad among you withall.

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[1] The Inns of Court Plays, following the models of the classical drama, are closely akin to the School Plays; but they were performed by gallants of fashion (many of them young noblemen), in the highest circles of London society, and as products of fashionable society, they show the marked influence of the contemporary Italian drama. *Gorboduc*, famous as the first regular English tragedy, was composed by Thomas Sackville (later Earl of Dorset and Lord High Treasurer) and Thomas Norton (whose brilliant career as a lawyer and courtier was cut short by his early death). It was acted by the young gentlemen of the Inner Temple in 1561–62 on the occasion of their annual Christmas festival, and was repeated by them before Queen Elizabeth on January 18, 1561–62, at Whitehall Palace. Though the play was ultimately modeled on Seneca, the authors drew much of their inspiration from contemporary Italian tragedy (itself an adaptation of Seneca); for instance, blank verse, now first used in the English drama, they took over from the Italians; and the dumb shows they derived from the Italian *intermedii*. But Sackville and Norton were not slavish imitators either of Seneca or of the Italian writers of tragedy.

A surreptitious and very corrupt edition (A.) was published by William Griffith in 1565, with the title: *The Tragedie of Gorboduc, wherof three Actes were wrytten by Thomas Nortone, and the two laste by Thomas Sackuyle.* The authors, apparently, were offended at the corrupt text of this edition, and gave an authorized text to John Day, who published it about 1570 (B.). A third edition (C.) was issued by Edward Alde in 1590; but this was merely a reprint of the first, and corrupt, edition, and has no special value. I have based the present text on a copy of the second and authorized edition (B.) in the British Museum. In a few cases I have adopted readings from the other editions; these are properly recorded in the footnotes. I have, of course, modernized the punctuation; and I have abbreviated the catch-names, and supplied stage-directions in place of the bare list of speakers with which each scene is headed.

[2] William Griffith.

## THE ARGUMENT OF THE TRAGEDIE [1]

Gorboduc, king of Brittaine, diuided his realme in his lifetime to his sonnes, Ferrex and Porrex; the sonnes fell to discention; the yonger killed the elder; the mother, that more dearely loued the elder, for reuenge killed the yonger; the people, moued with the crueltie of the fact, rose in rebellion and slew both father and mother; the nobilitie assembled and most terribly destroyed the rebels; and afterwardes, for want of issue of the prince, whereby the succession of the crowne became vncertaine, they fell to ciuill warre, in which both they and many of their issues were slaine, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

## THE NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS

GORBODUC, king of Great Brittaine.
VIDENA, queene, and wife to king Gorboduc.
FERREX, elder sonne to king Gorboduc.
PORREX, yonger sonne to king Gorboduc.
CLOTYN,[2] duke of Cornewall.
FERGUS, duke of Albanye.
MANDUD, duke of Loegris.
GWENARD, duke of Cumberland.
EUBULUS, secretarie to the king.
AROSTUS, a counsellor to the king.
DORDAN, a counsellor assigned by the king to his eldest sonne, Ferrex.
PHILANDER, a counsellor assigned by the king to his yongest sonne, Porrex.
Both being of the olde kinges counsell before.
HERMON, a parasite remaining with Ferrex.
TYNDAR, a parasite remaining with Porrex.
NUNTIUS, a messenger of the elder brothers death.
NUNTIUS, a messenger of Duke Fergus rising in armes.
MARCELLA, a lady of the queenes priuie-chamber.
CHORUS, foure auncient and sage men of Brittaine.

[THE SCENE: Britain.]

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[1] In B. this argument is printed on the back of the title-page.

[2] B. *Cloyton.*

# [GORBODUC; OR, FERREX AND PORREX.]

### THE ORDER OF THE DOMME SHEW BEFORE THE FIRST ACT, AND THE SIGNIFICATION THEREOF.

First the musicke of violenze began to play, during which came in vpon the stage sixe wilde men clothed in leaues; of whom the first bare in his necke a fagot of small stickes, which they all, both seuerally and together, assayed with all their strengthes to breake; but it could not be broken by them. At the length, one of them plucked out one of the stickes and brake it; and the rest plucking out all the other stickes one after an-other did easely breake them, the same being seuered, which, being conioyned, they had before attempted in vaine. After they had this done, they departed the stage, and the musicke ceased. Hereby was signified that a state knit in vnitie doth continue strong against all force, but being diuided is easely destroyed; as befell vpon Duke Gorboduc diuiding his land to his two sonnes, which he before held in monarchie, and vpon the discention of the brethren to whom it was diuided.

## ACTUS PRIMUS

### SCENA PRIMA.

[*The palace of King Gorboduc. Enter Queen Videna and her eldest son Ferrex.*] [1]

**VID.** The silent night, that bringes the quiet pawse
From painefull trauailes of the wearie day,
Prolonges my carefull thoughtes, and makes me blame
The slowe Aurore, that so for loue or shame
Doth long delay to shewe her blushing face;
And now the day renewes my griefull plaint.
**FERR.** My gracious lady and my mother deare,
Pardon my griefe for your so grieued minde
To aske what cause tormenteth so your hart.
**VID.** So great a wrong, and so vniust despite,
Without all cause, against all course of kinde!
**FERR.** Such causelesse wrong, and so vniust despite,
May haue redresse, or, at the least, reuenge.
**VID.** Neither, my sonne; such is the froward will,
The person such, such my missehappe and thine.
**FERR.** Mine know I none but grief for your distresse.
**VID.** Yes, mine for thine, my sonne. A father? No;
In kinde [1] a father, not in kindliness.
**FERR.** My father? Why, I know nothing at all
Wherein I haue misdone vnto his Grace.
**VID.** Therefore the more vnkinde to thee and mee!
For, knowing well, my sonne, the tender loue
That I haue euer borne and beare to thee,
He, greued thereat, is not content alone
To spoile thee of my sight,[2] my chiefest ioye;
But thee of thy birthright and heritage,
Causelesse, vnkindly, and in wrongfull wise
Against all lawe and right, he will bereaue.
Halfe of his kingdome he will geue away.
**FERR.** To whom?
**VID.** Euen to Porrex, his yonger sonne;
Whose growing pride I do so sore suspect
That, being raised to equall rule with thee,
Mee thinkes I see his enuious hart to swell,
Filled with disdaine, and with ambicious hope.
The end the goddes do know, whose altars I
Full oft haue made in vaine of cattell slaine
To send the sacred smoke to Heauens throne
For thee, my sonne, if thinges do so succede [3]
As now my ielous mind misdemeth sore.
**FERR.** Madam, leaue care and carefull plaint for me.
Just hath my father bene to euery wight;
His first vniustice he will not extend
To me, I trust, that geue no cause therof.

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[1] In the old editions each scene is headed with a list of all the speakers without indication as to when they entered.

[1] Nature.
[2] Manly suggests *To spoile me of thy sight.*
[3] Come to pass.

My brothers pride shall hurt him-selfe, not me.
Vid. So graunt the goddes! But yet thy father so
Hath firmely fixed his vnmoued minde
That plaintes and prayers can no whit auaile, —
For those haue I assaied, — but euen this day
He will endeuour to procure assent
Of all his counsell to his fonde [1] deuise.
Ferr. Their ancestors from race to race haue borne
True fayth to my forefathers and their seede;
I trust they eke will beare the like to me.
Vid. There resteth all. But if they faile thereof,
And if the end bring forth an ill successe,
On them and theirs the mischiefe shall befall;
And so I pray the goddes requite it them, —
And so they will, for so is wont to be.
When lordes, and trusted rulers vnder kinges,
To please the present fancie of the prince,
With wrong transpose the course of gouernance,
Murders, mischiefe, or ciuill sword at length,
Or mutuall treason, or a iust reuenge
When right-succeding line returnes againe,
By Ioues iust iudgement and deserued wrath
Bringes them to cruell and reprochfull death,
And rootes their names and kindredes from the earth.
Ferr. Mother, content you; you shall see the end.
Vid. The end? Thy end, I feare! Ioue end me first! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACTUS PRIMUS

### Scena Secunda

[*The Court of King Gorboduc. Enter King Gorboduc, with his Counsellors Arostus and Philander, and his Secretary, Eubulus.*]

Gorb. My lords, whose graue aduise and faithful aide
Haue long vpheld my honour and my realme,
And brought me to this age from tender yeres,
Guidyng so great estate with great renowme,
Nowe more importeth mee than erst to vse
Your fayth and wisedome, — whereby yet I reigne, —
That when by death my life and rule shall cease
The kingdome yet may with vnbroken course
Haue certayne prince, by whose vndoubted right
Your wealth and peace may stand in quiet stay; [1]
And eke that they, whome nature hath preparde
In time to take my place in princely seate,
While in their fathers tyme their pliant youth
Yeldes to the frame of skilfull gouernance,
Maye so be taught and trayned in noble artes
As, what their fathers which haue reigned before
Haue with great fame deriued downe to them,
With honour they may leaue vnto their seede;
And not be thought, for their vnworthy life
And for their lawlesse swaruynge out of kinde,
Worthy to lose what lawe and kind them gaue;
But that they may preserue the common peace —
The cause that first began and still mainteines
The lyneall course of kinges inheritance —
For me, for myne, for you, and for the state,
Whereof both I and you haue charge and care.
Thus do I meane to vse youre wonted fayth
To me and myne, and to your natiue lande.
My lordes, be playne, without all wrie respect

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[1] Foolish

[1] Condition.

Or poysonous craft to speake in pleasyng wise;
Lest, as the blame of yll-succedyng thinges
Shall light on you, so light the harmes also.
Aros. Your good acceptance so, most noble king,
Of suche our faithfulnesse as heretofore
We haue employed in dueties to your Grace
And to this realme, whose worthy head you are,
Well proues that neyther you mistrust at all,
Nor we shall neede in boasting wise to shewe
Our trueth to you, nor yet our wakefull care
For you, for yours, and for our natiue lande.
Wherefore, O kyng, — I speake as one for all,
Sithe all as one do beare you egall faith, —
Doubt not to vse our counsells and our aides,
Whose honours, goods, and lyues are whole auowed
To serue, to ayde and to defende your Grace.
Gorb. My lordes, I thanke you all! This is the case:
Ye know, the gods — who haue the soueraigne care
For kings, for kingdomes, and for commonweales —
Gaue me two sonnes in my more lusty age,
Who nowe in my decayeng yeres are growen
Well towardes ryper state of minde and strength
To take in hande some greater princely charge.
As yet they lyue and spende [their] [1] hopefull daies
With me and with their mother here in courte.
Their age nowe asketh other place and trade,
And myne also doth aske an-other chaunge:
Theirs to more trauaile,[2] myne to greater ease.
Whan fatall death shall ende my mortall life,
My purpose is to leaue vnto them twaine
The realme diuided in two [1] sondry partes:
The one Ferrex, myne elder sonne, shall haue;
The other shall the yonger, Porrex, rule.
That both my purpose may more firmely stande,
And eke that they may better rule their charge,
I meane forthwith to place them in the same,
That in my life they may both learne to rule,
And I may ioy to see their ruling well.
This is, in summe, what I woulde haue ye wey:
First, whether ye allowe my whole deuise
And thinke it good for me, for them, for you,
And for our countrey, mother of vs all;
And, if ye lyke it and allowe it well,
Then, for their guydinge and their gouernaunce,
Shew forth such meanes of circumstance
As ye thinke meete to be both knowne and kept.
Loe, this is all. Now tell me your aduise.
Aros. And this is much! and asketh great aduise.
But, for my part, my soueraigne lord and kyng,
This do I thinke: your Maiestie doth know
How, vnder you, in iustice and in peace
Great wealth and honour long we haue enioyed,
So as we can not seeme with gredie mindes
To wisshe for change of prince or gouernaunce;
But, if we lyke your purpose and deuise,
Our lyking must be deemed to proceede
Of rightfull reason, and of heedefull care
Not for ourselues but for the common state,
Sithe our owne state doth neede no better change.
I thinke in all as erst your Grace hath saide.
Firste, when you shall vnlode your aged mynde

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[1] B. omits *their*.

[2] Labor.

[1] A. B. *into two;* corr. by Manly.

Of heuye care and troubles manifolde,
And laye the same vpon my lordes your sonnes,
Whose growing yeres may beare the burden long, —
And long I pray the goddes to graunt it so! —
And in your life while you shall so beholde
Their rule, their vertues, and their noble deedes,
Suche as their kinde behighteth [1] to vs all,
Great be the profites that shall growe therof:
Your age in quiet shall the longer last;
Your lasting age shalbe their longer stay;
For cares of kynges that rule — as you haue ruled —
For publique wealth and not for priuate ioye
Do wast mannes lyfe, and hasten crooked age
With furrowed face and with enfeebled lymmes
To draw on creepyng death a swifter pace.
They two yet yong shall beare the parted reigne
With greater ease than one, nowe olde, alone
Can welde the whole, for whom muche harder is
With lessened strength the double weight to beare.
Your eye, your counsell, and the graue regarde
Of fathers [2] — yea, of such a fathers — name,
Nowe at beginning of their sondred reigne,
When is the hazarde of their whole successe,
Shall bridle so their force of youthfull heates,
And so restreine the rage of insolence,
Whiche most assailes the yonge and noble minds,
And so shall guide and traine in tempred stay
Their yet greene, bending wittes with reuerent awe,
As — now inured with vertues at the first, —
Custome, O king, shall bring delightfulnesse;
By vse of vertue, vice shall growe in hate.
But if you so dispose it that the daye
Which endes your life shall first begin their reigne,
Great is the perill what will be the ende,
When such beginning of such liberties,
Voide of suche stayes as in your life do lye,
Shall leaue them free to randon of their will,
An open praie to traiterous flatterie, —
The greatest pestilence of noble youthe;
Whiche perill shalbe past, if in your life
Their tempred youthe with aged fathers awe
Be brought in vre [1] of skilfull stayednesse;
And in your life their liues disposed so,
Shall length your noble life in ioyfulnesse.
Thus thinke I that your Grace hath wisely thought,
And that your tender care of common weale
Hath bred this thought, so to diuide your lande
And plant your sonnes to beare the present rule
While you yet liue to see their rulinge well,
That you may longer lyue by ioye therein.
What furder meanes behouefull are and meete,
At greater leisure may your Grace deuise,
When all haue said, and when we be agreed
If this be best to part the realme in twaine
And place your sonnes in present gouernement.
Whereof, as I haue plainely said my mynde,
So woulde I here the rest of all my lordes.
Phil. In part I thinke as hath bene said before,
In parte, agayne, my minde is otherwise.
As for diuiding of this realme in twaine,
And lotting out the same in egall partes
To either of my lordes your Graces sonnes,
That thinke I best for this your realmes behofe,
For profite and aduauncement of your sonnes,

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[1] Their nature promises.
[2] B. *father;* I follow the reading of A.

[1] Practice.

And for your comforte and your honour eke.
But so to place them while your life do last
To yelde to them your royall gouernaunce,
To be aboue them onely in the name
Of father not in kingly state also,
I thinke not good for you, for them, nor vs.
This kingdome, since the bloudie ciuill fielde
Where Morgan slaine did yeld his conquered parte
Unto his cosins sworde in Camberland,
Conteineth all that whilome did suffice
Three noble sonnes of your forefather Brute.
So your two sonnes it maye suffice also.
The moe [1] the stronger, if they gree in one.
The smaller compasse that the realme doth holde
The easier is the swey thereof to welde,
The nearer iustice to the wronged poore,
The smaller charge, — and yet ynoughe for one.
And, whan the region is diuided so
That brethren be the lordes of either parte,
Such strength doth Nature knit betwene them both
In sondrie bodies by conioyned loue
That, not as two, but one of doubled force,
Eche is to other as a sure defence;
The noblenesse and glory of the one
Doth sharpe the courage of the others mynde
With vertuous enuie to contende for praise.
And suche an egalnesse [2] hath Nature made
Betwene the brethren of one fathers seede
As an vnkindly wrong it seemes to bee
To throwe the brother subiect vnder feete
Of him whose peere he is by course of kinde.
And Nature, that did make this egalnesse,
Ofte so repineth at so great a wrong
That ofte she rayseth vp a grudginge griefe
In yonger brethren at the elders state,
Wherby both townes and kingdomes haue ben rased,
And famous stockes of royall bloud destroied:
The brother, that shoulde be the brothers aide
And haue a wakefull care for his defence,
Gapes for his death, and blames the lyngering yeres
That draw not forth his ende with faster course;
And oft, impacient of so longe delayes,
With hatefull slaughter he preuentes the Fates,
And heapes a iust rewarde for brothers bloode,
With endlesse vengeaunce on his stocke for aye.
Suche mischiefes here are wisely mette withall,
If egall state maye nourishe egall loue,
Where none hath cause to grudge at others good.
But nowe the head to stoupe beneth them bothe,
Ne kind, ne reason, ne good ordre beares.
And oft it hath ben seene, where Natures course
Hath ben peruerted in disordered wise,
When fathers cease to know that they should rule,
The children cease to know they should obey;
And often ouerkindly tendernesse
Is mother of vnkindly stubbornenesse.
I speake not this in enuie or reproche,
As if I grudged the glorie of your sonnes, —
Whose honour I besech the goddes encrease! —
Nor yet as if I thought there did remaine
So filthie cankers in their noble brestes,
Whom I esteeme — which is their greatest praise —
Undoubted children of so good a kyng;
Onelie I meane to shewe, by certeine rules
Whiche Kinde hath graft within the mind of man,
That Nature hath her ordre and her course,
Which being broken doth corrupt the state
Of myndes and thinges, euen in the best of all.
My lordes your sonnes may learne to rule of you;
Your owne example in your noble courte
Is fittest guyder of their youthfull yeares.

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[1] More.

[2] Equalness.

If you desire to see some present ioye
By sight of their well rulynge in your lyfe,
See them obey, so shall you see them rule:
Who-so obeyeth not with humblenesse
Will rule with outrage and with insolence.
Longe maye they rule, I do beseche the goddes!
But longe may they learne, ere they begyn to rule!
If Kinde and Fates woulde suffre, I would wisshe
Them aged princes, and immortall kinges.
Wherfore, most noble kynge, I well assent
Betwene your sonnes that you diuide your realme,
And, as in kinde, so match them in degree.
But, while the goddes prolong your royall life,
Prolong your reigne! For therto lyue you here,
And therfore haue the goddes so long forborne
To ioyne you to them-selues, that still you might
Be prince and father of our common-weale.
They, when they see your children ripe to rule,
Will make them roume, and will remoue you hence,
That yours, in right ensuynge of your life,
Maye rightly honour your immortall name.

**Eub.** Your wonted true regarde of faithfull hartes
Makes me, O kinge, the bolder to presume
To speake what I conceiue within my brest,
Although the same do not agree at all
With that which other here my lordes haue said,
Nor which yourselfe haue seemed best to lyke.
Pardon I craue, and that my wordes be demed
To flowe from hartie zeale vnto your Grace,
And to the safetie of your common-weale.
To parte your realme vnto my lordes your sonnes
I thinke not good for you, ne yet for them,
But worste of all for this our natiue lande.
Within one land one single rule is best:
Diuided reignes do make diuided hartes,
But peace preserues the countrey and the prince.
Suche is in man the gredy minde to reigne,
So great is his desire to climbe alofte,
In worldly stage the stateliest partes to beare,
That faith and iustice and all kindly loue
Do yelde vnto desire of soueraignitie
Where egall state doth raise an egall hope
To winne the thing that either wold attaine.
Your Grace remembreth how in passed yeres
The mightie Brute, first prince of all this lande,
Possessed the same and ruled it well in one;
He, thinking that the compasse did suffice
For his three sonnes three kingdoms eke to make,
Cut it in three, as you would now in twaine;
But how much Brittish bloud hath since bene spilt
To ioyne againe the sondred vnitie,
What princes slaine before their timely houre,
What wast of townes and people in the lande,
What treasons heaped on murders and on spoiles
Whose iust reuenge even yet is scarcely ceased,
Ruthefull remembraunce is yet rawe in minde!
The gods forbyd the like to chaunce againe!
And you, O king, geue not the cause therof!
My lord Ferrex, your elder sonne, perhappes,
Whome kinde and custome geues a rightfull hope
To be your heire and to succeede your reigne,
Shall thinke that he doth suffre greater wrong
Than he perchaunce will beare, if power serue.
Porrex, the younger, so vpraised in state,
Perhappes in courage will be raysed also.
If flatterie, then, which fayles not to assaile

The tendre mindes of yet vnskilfull youth,
In one shall kindle and encrease disdaine,
And enuie in the others harte enflame,
This fire shall waste their loue, their liues, their land,
And ruthefull ruine shall destroy them both.
I wishe not this, O kyng, so to befall,
But feare the thing that I do most abhorre.
Geue no beginning to so dreadfull ende!
Kepe them in order and obedience,
And let them both, by now obeying you,
Learne such behauiour as beseemes their state, —
The elder, myldenesse in his gouernaunce,
The yonger, a yelding contentednesse.
And kepe them neare vnto your presence still,
That they, restreyned by the awe of you,
May liue in compasse of well tempred staye,
And passe the perilles of their youthfull yeares.
Your aged life drawes on to febler tyme,
Wherin you shall lesse able be to beare
The trauailes that in youth you haue susteyned
Both in your persones and your realmes defence.
If planting now your sonnes in furder partes
You sende them furder from your present reach,
Lesse shall you know how they them-selues demeane;
Traiterous corrupters of their plyant youth
Shall haue, vnspied, a muche more free accesse;
And if ambition and inflamed disdaine
Shall arme the one, the other, or them both,
To ciuill warre or to vsurping pride,
Late shall you rue that you ne recked before.
Good is, I graunt, of all to hope the best,
But not to liue still dreadlesse of the worst;
So truste the one that the other be forsene.
Arme not vnskilfulnesse with princely power;
But you, that long haue wisely ruled the reignes
Of royaltie within your noble realme,
So holde them, while the gods for our auayles
Shall stretch the thred of your prolonged daies.
To soone he clambe into the flaming carre
Whose want of skill did set the earth on fire.
Time, and example of your noble Grace,
Shall teach your sonnes both to obey and rule.
When time hath taught them, time shal make them place, —
The place that now is full: and so, I pray,
Long it remaine, to comforte of vs all!

**Gorb.** I take your faithful harts in thankful part.
But sithe I see no cause to draw my minde
To feare the nature of my louing sonnes,
Or to misdeme that enuie or disdaine
Can there worke hate where nature planteth loue,
In one selfe purpose do I still abide.
My loue extendeth egally to both;
My lande suffiseth for them both also.
Humber shall parte the marches [1] of theyr realmes:
The sotherne part the elder shall possesse;
The no[r]therne shall Porrex, the yonger, rule.
In quiet I will passe mine aged dayes,
Free from the trauaile and the painefull cares
That hasten age vpon the worthiest kinges.
But, lest the fraude that ye do seeme to feare
Of flattering tongues corrupt their tender youth
And wrythe them to the wayes of youthfull lust,
To climyng pride, or to reuenging hate,
Or to neglecting of their carefull charge,
Lewdely to lyue in wanton recklessnesse,
Or to oppressing of the rightfull cause,
Or not to wreke the wronges done to the poore,
To treade downe truth, or fauour false deceite,
I meane to ioyne to eyther of my sonnes

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[1] Boundaries.

Some one of those whose long approued faith
And wisdome tryed may well assure my harte
That mynyng fraude shall finde no way to crepe
Into their fensed eares with graue aduise.
This is the ende. And so I pray you all
To beare my sonnes the loue and loyaltie
That I haue founde within your faithfull brestes.

**Aros.** You, nor your sonnes, our soueraign lord, shal want
Our faith and seruice while our liues do last! [*Exeunt.*]

### CHORUS.

When settled stay doth holde the royall throne
In stedfast place by knowen and doubtles right,
And chiefely when discent on one alone
Makes single and vnparted reigne to light,
Eche chaunge of course vnioynts the whole estate
And yeldes it thrall to ruyne by debate.[1]

The strength that, knit by faste accorde in one,
Against all forrein power of mightie foes
Could of it-selfe defende it-selfe alone,
Disioyned once, the former force doth lose.
The stickes that, sondred, brake so soone in twaine,
In faggot bounde attempted were in vain.

Oft tender minde, that leades the parciall eye
Of erring parentes in their childrens loue,
Destroyes the wrongly loued childe thereby.
This doth the proude sonne of Apollo proue,
Who, rasshely set in chariot of his sire,
Inflamed the parched earth with heauens fire.

And this great king, that doth deuide his land,
And chaunge the course of his discending crowne,
And yeldes the reigne into his childrens hande,
From blisfull state of ioye and great renowne
A myrrour shall become to princes all
To learne to shunne the cause of suche a fall.

### THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE DOMME SHEW BEFORE THE SECOND ACTE.

First, the musicke of cornettes began to playe, during which came in vpon the stage a king accompanied with a nombre of his nobilitie and gentlemen. And, after he had placed him-self in a chaire of estate prepared for him, there came and kneled before him a graue and aged gentelman, and offred vp a cuppe vnto him of wyne in a glasse, which the king refused; after him commes a braue [1] and lustie yong gentleman and presentes the king with a cup of golde filled with poyson, which the king accepted, and, drinking the same, immediatly fell downe dead vpon the stage, and so was carried thence away by his lordes and gentelmen. And then the musicke ceased. Hereby was signified, that, as glasse by nature holdeth no poyson, but is clere and may easely be seen through, ne boweth [2] by any arte, so a faythfull counsellour holdeth no treason, but is playne and open, ne yeldeth to any vndiscrete affection, but geueth holsome counsell, which the yll-aduised prince refuseth. The delightfull golde filled with poyson betokeneth flattery, which vnder faire seeming of pleasaunt wordes beareth deadly poyson, which destroieth [3] the prince that receyueth it; as befell in the two brethren, Ferrex and Porrex, who, refusing the holsome aduise of graue counsellours, credited these yong paracites, and brought to them-selues death and destruction therby.

## ACTUS SECUNDUS

### SCENA PRIMA.

[*The court of Ferrex. Enter Ferrex attended by the parasite Hermon and the wise Counsellor Dordan.*]

**Ferr.** I meruaile much what reason ledde the king,
My father, thus without all my desert,
To reue [4] me halfe the kingdome, which by course
Of law and nature should remayne to me.

**Her.** If you with stubborne and vntamed pryde
Had stood against him in rebelling wise,
Or if with grudging minde you had enuied

---

[1] Strife.

[1] Handsomely dressed.
[2] Bendeth.
[3] B. *destroyed;* A. *destroieth.*
[4] Rob-

So slow a slidyng of his aged yeres,
Or sought before your time to haste the course
Of fatall death vpon his royall head,
Or stained your stocke with murder of your kyn,
Some face of reason might perhaps haue seemed
To yelde some likely cause to spoyl ye thus.
FERR. The wrekeful[1] gods powre on my cursed head
Eternall plagues and neuer-dying woes,
The hellish prince adiudge my dampned ghost
To Tantales thirste, or proude Ixions wheele,
Or cruell gripe to gnaw my growing harte,
To during tormentes and vnquenched flames,
If euer I conceyued so foule a thought
To wisshe his ende of life, or yet of reigne!
DOR. Ne yet your father, O most noble prince,
Did euer thinke so fowle a thing of you;
For he, with more than fathers tendre loue,
While yet the Fates do lende him life to rule, —
Who long might lyue to see your ruling well, —
To you, my lorde, and to his other sonne,
Lo, he resignes his realme and royaltie:
Which neuer would so wise a prince haue done,
If he had once misdemed that in your harte
There euer lodged so vnkinde a thought.
But tendre loue, my lorde, and setled truste
Of your good nature and your noble minde
Made him to place you thus in royall throne,
And now to geue you half his realme to guide, —
Yea, and that halfe which in abounding store
Of things that serue to make a welthy realme,
In stately cities, and in frutefull soyle,
In temperate breathing of the milder heauen,
In thinges of nedefull vse which frendly sea
Transportes by traffike from the forreine partes,
In flowing wealth, in honour, and in force,
Doth passe the double value of the parte
That Porrex hath allotted to his reigne.
Such is your case; such is your fathers loue.
FERR. Ah loue, my frendes? loue wrongs not whom he loues!
DOR. Ne yet he wrongeth you, that geueth you
So large a reigne ere that the course of time
Bring you to kingdome by discended right;
Which time, perhaps, might end your time before.
FERR. Is this no wrong, say you, to reaue from me
My natiue right of halfe so great a realme,
And thus to matche his yonger sonne with me
In egall power and in as great degree?
Yea, and what sonne? The sonne whose swelling pride
Woulde neuer yelde one poinct of reuerence
Whan I, the elder and apparaunt heire,
Stoode in the likelihode to possesse the whole;
Yea, and that sonne which from his childish age
Enuieth myne honour and doth hate my life.
What will he now do, when his pride, his rage,
The mindefull malice of his grudging harte,
Is armed with force, with wealth, and kingly state?
HER. Was this not wrong, — yea, yll-aduised wrong,
To giue so mad a man so sharpe a sworde?
To so great perill of so great missehappe
Wide open thus to set so large a waye?
DOR. Alas, my lord, what griefull thing is this,
That of your brother you can thinke so ill?
I neuer saw him vtter likelie signe
Whereby a man might see or once misdeme
Such hate of you ne such unyelding pride.
Ill is their counsell, shamefull be their ende,

---

[1] Avenging.

That, raysing such mistrustfull feare in you,
Sowing the seede of such vnkindly hate,
Trauaile[1] by treason to destroy you both.
Wise is your brother, and of noble hope,
Worthie to welde a large and mightie realme:
So much a stronger frende haue you therby,
Whose strength is your strength, if you gree in one.
**Her.** If Nature and the goddes had pinched so
Their flowing bountie and their noble giftes
Of princelie qualities from you, my lorde,
And powrde them all at ones in wastfull wise
Upon your fathers yonger sonne alone,
Perhappes there be that in your preiudice
Would say that birth should yeld to worthinesse.
But sithe in eche good gift and princelie arte
Ye are his matche, and, in the chiefe of all, —
In mildenesse and in sobre gouernaunce, —
Ye farre surmount; and sith there is in you
Sufficing skill and hopefull towardnesse
To weld the whole and match your elders prayse,
I see no cause why ye should loose the halfe.
Ne would I wisshe you yelde to such a losse,
Lest your milde sufferaunce of so great a wronge
Be deemed cowardishe and simple dreade,
Which shall geue courage to the fierie head
Of your yonge brother to inuade the whole.
While yet, therfore, stickes in the peoples minde
The lothed wrong of your disheritaunce;
And ere your brother haue, by settled power,
By guilefull cloke of an alluring showe,
Got him some force and fauour in the realme;
And while the noble queene, your mother, lyues
To worke and practise all for your auaile,—
Attempt redresse by armes, and wreake your-self
Upon his life that gayneth by your losse,
Who nowe, to shame of you, and griefe of vs,
In your owne kingdome triumphes ouer you.
Shew now your courage meete for kingly state,
That they which haue auowed to spend theyr goods,
Their landes, their liues and honours in your cause,
May be the bolder to mainteyne your parte,
When they do see that cowarde feare in you
Shall not betray ne faile their faithfull hartes.
If once the death of Porrex ende the strife,
And pay the price of his vsurped reigne,
Your mother shall perswade the angry kyng.
The lords, your frends, eke shall appease his rage;
For they be wise, and well they can forsee
That ere longe time your aged fathers death
Will bryng a time when you shall well requite
Their frendlie fauour, or their hatefull spite,
Yea, or their slackenesse to auaunce your cause.
"Wise men do not so hang on passing state
"Of present princes, chiefely in their age,
"But they will further cast their reaching eye
"To viewe and weye the times and reignes to come."[1]
Ne is it likely, though the kyng be wrothe,
That he yet will or that the realme will beare
Extreme reuenge vpon his onely sonne;
Or, if he woulde, what one is he that dare
Be minister to such an enterprise?
And here you be now placed in your owne,
Amyd your frendes, your vassalles, and your strength.

---

[1] Labor.

[1] Quotation marks were used in the sixteenth century to emphasize sententious passages.

We shall defende and kepe your person safe,
Till either counsell turne his tender minde,
Or age or sorrow end his werie dayes.
But, if the feare of goddes and secrete grudge
Of Natures law, repining at the fact,
Withholde your courage from so great attempt,
Know ye that lust of kingdomes hath no law:
The goddes do beare and well allow in kinges
The thinges [that] they abhorre in rascall routes.
"When kinges on slender quarrells runne to warres,
"And then, in cruell and vnkindely wise,
"Commaund theftes, rapes, murders of innocentes,
"The spoile of townes, ruines of mighty realmes, —
"Thinke you such princes do suppose them-selues
"Subiect to lawes of Kinde and feare of gods?"
Murders and violent theftes in priuate men
Are hainous crimes, and full of foule reproch;
Yet none offence, but deckt with glorious name
Of noble conquestes, in the handes of kinges.
But, if you like not yet so hote deuise,
Ne list to take such vauntage of the time,
But, though with perill of your owne estate,
You will not be the first that shall inuade,
Assemble yet your force for your defence,
And, for your safetie, stand vpon your garde.

**Dor.** O Heauen! was there euer heard or knowen
So wicked counsell to a noble prince?
Let me, my lorde, disclose vnto your Grace
This hainous tale, what mischiefe it containes: —
Your fathers death, your brothers, and your owne,
Your present murder and eternall shame.
Heare me, O king, and suffer not to sinke
So high a treason in your princely brest!

**Ferr.** The mightie goddes forbid that euer I
Should once conceaue such mischiefe in my hart!
Although my brother hath bereft my realme,
And beare, perhappes, to me an hatefull minde,
Shall I reuenge it with his death, therefore?
Or shall I so destroy my fathers life
That gaue me life? The gods forbid, I say!
Cease you to speake so any more to me.
Ne you, my frend, with answere once repeate
So foule a tale, — in silence let it die!
What lord or subiect shall haue hope at all
That vnder me they safely shall enioye
Their goods, their honours, landes, and liberties,
With whom neither one onely brother deare,
Ne father dearer, could enioye their liues?
But, sith I feare my yonger brothers rage,
And sith perhappes some other man may geue
Some like aduise to moue his grudging head
At mine estate, — which counsell may perchaunce
Take greater force with him than this with me, —
I will in secrete so prepare myselfe
As, if his malice or his lust to reigne
Breake forth in armes or sodeine violence,
I may withstand his rage and keepe mine owne.

[*Exeunt Ferrex with the parasite Hermon.*]

**Dor.** I feare the fatall time now draweth on
When ciuil hate shall end the noble line
Of famous Brute and of his royall seede.
Great Ioue, defend the mischiefes now at hand!
O that the Secretaries wise aduise
Had erst bene heard, when he besought the king
Not to diuide his land, nor send his sonnes

To further partes from presence of his court,
Ne yet to yelde to them his gouernaunce.
Lo, such are they now in the royall throne
As was rashe Phaeton in Phœbus carre;
Ne then the fiery stedes did draw the flame
With wilder randon through the kindled skies
Than traitorous counsell now will whirle about
The youthfull heades of these vnskilfull kinges!
But I hereof their father will enforme.
The reuerence of him perhappes shall stay
The growing mischiefes while they yet are greene.
If this helpe not, then woe vnto themselues,
The prince, the people, the diuided land!
[*Exit.*]

## ACTUS SECUNDUS

### Scena Secunda.

[*The court of Porrex. Enter Porrex attended by the parasite Tyndar and the wise Counsellor Philander.*]

PORR. And is it thus? And doth he so prepare
Against his brother as his mortall foe?
And now while yet his aged father liues?
Neither regardes he him, nor feares he me?
Warre would he haue? And he shall haue it so!

TYND. I saw myselfe the great prepared store
Of horse, of armour, and of weapon there;
Ne bring I to my lorde reported tales
Without the ground of seen and searched trouth.
Loe, secrete quarrels runne about his court
To bring the name of you, my lorde, in hate.
Ech man almost can now debate the cause
And aske a reason of so great a wrong: —
Why he, so noble and so wise a prince,
Is, as vnworthy, reft his heritage;
And why the king, misseledde by craftie meanes,
Diuided thus his land from course of right.
The wiser sort holde downe their griefull heades.
Eche man withdrawes from talke and company
Of those that haue bene knowne to fauour you.
To hide the mischiefe of their meaning there,
Rumours are spread of your preparing here.
The rascall numbers of [the][1] vnskilfull sort
Are filled with monstrous tales of you and yours.
In secrete I was counselled by my frendes
To hast me thence, and brought you, as you know,
Letters from those that both can truely tell
And would not write vnlesse they knew it well.

PHIL. My lord, yet ere you moue vnkindly warre,
Send to your brother to demaund the cause.
Perhappes some traitorous tales haue filled his eares
With false reportes against your noble Grace,
Which once disclosed shall end the growing strife,
That els, not stayed with wise foresight in time,
Shall hazarde both your kingdomes and your liues.
Send to your father eke. He shall appease
Your kindled mindes, and rid you of this feare.

PORR. Ridde me of feare? I feare him not at all!
Ne will to him, ne to my father, send.
If danger were for one to tary there,
Thinke ye it safetie to returne againe?
In mischiefes such as Ferrex now intendes
The wonted courteous lawes to messengers
Are not obserued, which in iust warre they vse.
Shall I so hazard any one of mine?
Shall I betray my trusty frendes to him,
That haue disclosed his treason vnto me?
Let him entreate that feares! I feare him not!

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[1] The reading of A.; omitted in B.

Or shall I to the king, my father, send?
Yea, and send now while such a mother liues,
That loues my brother and that hateth me?
Shall I geue leasure, by my fonde delayes,
To Ferrex to oppresse me all vnware?
I will not. But I will inuade his realme,
And seeke the traitour prince within his court!
Mischiefe for mischiefe is a due reward.
His wretched head shall pay the worthy price
Of this his treason and his hate to me.
Shall I abide, and treate, and send, and pray,
And holde my yelden throate to traitours knife,
While I, with valiant minde and conquering force,
Might rid myselfe of foes and winne a realme?
Yet rather, when I haue the wretches head,
Then to the king, my father, will I send!
The bootelesse case may yet appease his wrath;
If not, I will defend me as I may.

[*Exeunt Porrex with the parasite Tyndar.*]

PHIL. Lo, here the end of these two youthful kings,
The fathers death, the ruine of their realmes!
"O most vnhappy state of counsellers
"That light on so vnhappy lordes and times
"That neither can their good aduise be heard,
"Yet must they beare the blames of ill successe."
But I will to the king, their father, haste,
Ere this mischiefe come to the likely end,
That, — if the mindfull wrath of wrekefull gods,
Since mightie Ilions fall not yet appeased
With these poore remnantes of the Troian name,[1]
Haue not determined by vnmoued fate
Out of this realme to rase the Brittishe line, —
By good aduise, by awe of fathers name,
By force of wiser lordes, this kindled hate
May yet be quentched ere it consume us all. [*Exit.*]

CHORUS.

When youth, not bridled with a guiding stay,
Is left to randon of their owne delight
And welds whole realmes by force of soueraign sway,
Great is the daunger of vnmaistred might,
Lest skillesse rage throwe downe with headlong fall
Their lands, their states, their liues, themselues, and al.

When growing pride doth fill the swelling brest,
And gredy lust doth rayse the climbing minde,
Oh hardlie maye the perill be represt:
Ne feare of angrie goddes, ne lawes kinde,
Ne countries care can fiered hartes restrayne,
Whan force hath armed enuie and disdaine.

When kinges of foresette[1] will neglect the rede[2]
Of best aduise, and yelde to pleasing tales
That do their fansies noysome humour feede,
Ne reason nor regarde of right auailes:
Succeding heapes of plagues shall teach, to late,
To learne the mischiefes of misguided state.

Fowle fall the traitour false that vndermines
The loue of brethren to destroye them both!
Wo to the prince that pliant eare enclynes,
And yeldes his mind to poysonous tale that floweth
From flattering mouth! And woe to wretched land
That wastes it-selfe with ciuil sworde in hand!

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[1] The royal family of Britain traced its pedigree back to Brutus, a grandson of Æneas of Troy.

[1] Fore-determined. [2] Advice.

Loe, thus it is, poyson in golde to take,
And holsome drinke in homely cuppe forsake.

### The Order and Signification of the Domme Shewe before the Thirde Act.

Firste the musicke of flutes began to playe, during which came in vpon the stage a company of mourners all clad in blacke, betokening death and sorowe to ensue vpon the ill-aduised misgouernement and discention of bretherne: as befell vpon the murder [1] of Ferrex by his yonger brother. After the mourners had passed thryse about the stage, they departed; and than the musicke ceased.

## ACTUS TERTIUS

### Scena Prima.

[*The court of King Gorboduc. Enter King Gorboduc with his Secretary, Eubulus, and his Counsellor, Arostus.*]

Gorb. O cruel Fates! O mindful wrath of goddes!
Whose vengeance neither Simois stayned streames
Flowing with bloud of Troian princes slaine,
Nor Phrygian fieldes made ranck with corpses dead
Of Asian kynges and lordes, can yet appease!
Ne slaughter of vnhappie Pryams race,
Nor Ilions fall made leuell with the soile,
Can yet suffice! but still-continued rage
Pursues our lynes, and from the farthest seas
Doth chase the issues of destroyed Troye.
"Oh, no man happie till his ende be seene."
If any flowing wealth and seemyng ioye
In present yeres might make a happy wight,
Happie was Hecuba, the wofullest wretch
That euer lyued to make a myrrour of;
And happie Pryam with his noble sonnes;
And happie I, till nowe, alas, I see
And feele my most vnhappye wretchednesse!
Beholde, my lordes! read ye this letter here!
Loe, it conteins the ruine of our realme,
If timelie speede prouide not hastie helpe.
Yet, O ye goddes, if euer wofull kyng
Might moue ye, kings of kinges, wreke it on me
And on my sonnes, not on this giltlesse realme!
Send down your wasting flames from wrathful skies
Te reue me and my sonnes the hatefull breath!
Read, read, my lordes! This is the matter why
I called ye nowe to haue your good aduyse.

*The letter from Dordan, the Counsellour of the elder prince.*

*Eubulus readeth the letter:*

"My Soueraigne Lord: what I am loth to write,
But lothest am to see, that I am forced
By letters nowe to make you vnderstande.
My lord Ferrex, your eldest sonne, misledde
By traitorous fraude of yong vntempred wittes,
Assembleth force agaynst your yonger sonne;
Ne can my counsell yet withdrawe the heate
And furyous panges of hys enflamed head.
Disdaine, sayth he, of his disheritance
Armes him to wreke the great pretended wrong
With ciuyll sword vpon his brothers life.
If present helpe do not restraine this rage,
This flame will wast your sonnes, your land, and you.

*Your Maiesties faithfull and most humble subiect,*
Dordan."

Aros. O king, appease your griefe and stay your plaint!
Great is the matter, and a wofull case;
But timely knowledge may bring timely helpe.
Sende for them both vnto your presence here:
The reuerence of your honour, age and state,
Your graue aduice, the awe of fathers name,
Shall quicklie knit agayne this broken peace.

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[1] B. *murderer.*

And if in either of my lordes your sonnes
Be suche vntamed and vnyelding pride
As will not bende vnto your noble hestes, —
If Ferrex, the elder sonne, can beare no peere,
Or Porrex, not content, aspires to more
Than you him gaue aboue his natiue right, —
Ioyne with the iuster side. So shall you force
Them to agree, and holde the lande in stay.
Eub. What meaneth this? Loe, yonder comes in hast
Philander from my lord your yonger sonne.

[*Enter Philander, the Counsellor of the younger prince.*]

Gorb. The goddes sende ioyfull newes!
Phil. The mightie Ioue
Preserue your Maiestie, O noble king!
Gorb. Philander, welcome! But how doth my sonne?
Phil. Your sonne, sir, lyues, and healthie I him left.
But yet, O king, the want of lustfull health
Could not be halfe so griefefull to your Grace
As these most wretched tidynges that I bryng.
Gorb. O heauens, yet more? no[1] ende of woes to me?
Phil. Tyndar, O king, came lately from the court
Of Ferrex to my lord your yonger sonne,
And made reporte of great prepared store
For warre, and sayth that it is wholly ment
Agaynst Porrex, for high disdayne that he
Lyues now a king, and egall in degree
With him that claimeth to succede the whole
As by due title of discending right.
Porrex is nowe so set on flaming fire,
Partely with kindled rage of cruell wrath,
Partely with hope to gaine a realme thereby,
That he in hast prepareth to inuade
His brothers land, and with vnkindely warre
Threatens the murder of your elder sonne;
Ne could I him perswade that first he should
Send to his brother to demaunde the cause,
Nor yet to you to staie this hatefull strife.
Wherfore, sithe there no more I can be hearde,
I come my-selfe now to enforme your Grace,
And to beseche you, as you loue the life
And safetie of your children and your realme,
Now to employ your wisdome and your force
To stay this mischiefe ere it be to late.
Gorb. Are they in armes? Would he not sende to me?
Is this the honour of a fathers name?
In vaine we trauaile to asswage their mindes,
As if their hartes, whome neither brothers loue,
Nor fathers awe, nor kingdomes cares, can moue,
Our counsels could withdraw from raging heat.
Ioue slay them both and end the cursed line!
For, though perhappes feare of such mightie force
As I, my lordes, ioyned with your noble aides,
Maye yet raise shall represse their present heate,
The secret grudge and malice will remayne.
The fire, not quenched, but kept in close restraint,
Fedde still within, breakes forth with double flame.
Their death and myne must peaze[1] the angrie gods.
Phil. Yelde not, O king, so much to weake dispeire!
Your sonnes yet lyue, and long, I trust, they shall.
If Fates had taken you from earthly life
Before beginning of this ciuyll strife,
Perhaps your sonnes in their vnmaistered youth,
Loose from regarde of any lyuing wight,

---

[1] The reading of A.; B. has *not*.

[1] Appease.

Would runne on headlong with vnbridled race
To their owne death and ruine of this realme;
But, sith the gods — that haue the care for kinges,
Of thinges, and times — dispose the order so
That in your life this kindled flame breakes forth,
While yet your lyfe, your wisdome, and your power
May stay the growing mischiefe and represse
The fierie blaze of their inkindled heate,
It seemes — and so ye ought to deeme thereof —
That louyng Ioue hath tempred so the time
Of this debate to happen in your dayes
That you yet lyuing may the same appeaze
And adde it to the glory of your latter age,
And they, your [1] sonnes, may learne to liue in peace.
Beware, O king, the greatest harme of all —
Lest by your waylefull plaints your hastened death
Yelde larger roume vnto their growing rage.
Preserue your life, the onely hope of stay.
And, if your Highnes herein list to vse
Wisdome, or force, counsell, or knightly aide,
Loe, we, our persons, powers, and lyues, are yours.
Use us tyll death, O king! We are your owne.

**Eub.** Loe, here the perill that was erst foresene,
When you, O king, did first deuide your lande
And yelde your present reigne vnto your sonnes!
But now, O noble prince, now is no time
To waile and plaine, and wast your wofull life.
Now is the time for present good aduise.
Sorow doth darke the iudgement of the wytte.
"The hart vnbroken, and the courage free
"From feble faintnesse of bootelesse despeire,
"Doth either ryse to safetie or renowme
"By noble valure of vnuanquisht minde,
"Or yet doth perishe in more happy sort."
Your Grace may send to either of your sonnes
Some one both wise and noble personage,
Which with good counsell and with weightie name
Of father shall present before their eyes
Your hest, your life, your safetie, and their owne,
The present mischiefe of their deadly strife.
And, in the while, assemble you the force
Which your commaundement and the spedy hast
Of all my lordes here present can prepare.
The terrour of your mightie power shall stay
The rage of both, or yet of one at lest.

[*Enter Nuntius.*]

**Nunt.** O king, the greatest griefe that euer prince dyd heare,
That euer wofull messenger did tell,
That euer wretched lande hath sene before,
I bryng to you! Porrex, your yonger sonne,
With soden force inuaded hath the lande
That you to Ferrex did allotte to rule,
And with his owne most bloudy hand he hath
His brother slaine, and doth possesse his realme.

**Gorb.** O Heauens, send down the flames of your reuenge!
Destroy, I say, with flash of wrekefull fier
The traitour sonne, and then the wretched sire!
But let vs go, that yet perhappes I may
Die with reuenge, and peaze the hatefull gods. [*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS.

The lust of kingdome knowes no sacred faith,
No rule of reason, no regarde of right.

---

[1] A. B. *our;* C. *your.*

No kindely loue, no feare of heauens wrath;
But with contempt of goddes, and mans despite, 4
Through blodie slaughter doth prepare the waies
To fatall scepter and accursed reigne!
The sonne so lothes the fathers lingering daies,
Ne dreades his hand in brothers blode to staine. 8
O wretched prince, ne doest thou yet recorde
The yet fresh murthers done within the lande
Of thy forefathers, when the cruell sworde
Bereft Morgan his life with cosyns hand? 12
Thus fatall plagues pursue the giltie race
Whose murderous hand, imbrued with giltlesse blood,
Askes vengeaunce still before the heauens face,
With endlesse mischiefes on the cursed broode! 16
The wicked childe thus bringes to wofull sire
The mournefull plaintes, to wast his very life.
Thus do the cruell flames of ciuyll fier
Destroy the parted reigne with hatefull strife;
And hence doth spring the well from which doth flow
The dead black streames of mourning, plaints, and woe! 22

### THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE DOMME SHEW BEFORE THE FOURTH ACT.

First the musick of howboies [1] began to plaie, during which there came from vnder the stage, as though out of hell, three Furies, Alecto, Megera and Ctesiphone, clad in black garmentes sprinkled with bloud and flames, their bodies girt with snakes, their heds spred with serpentes in stead of heare; the one bearing in her hand a snake, the other a whip, and the third a burning firebrand; ech driuing before them a king and a queene, which, moued by furies, vnnaturally had slaine their owne children: the names of the kings and queenes were these: Tantalus, Medea, Athamas, Ino, Cambises, Althea. After that the Furies and these had passed about the stage thrise, they departed; and than the musicke ceased. Hereby was signified the vnnaturall murders to follow, that is to say, Porrex slaine by his owne mother, and of King Gorboduc and Queene Viden, killed by their owne subiectes.

## ACTUS QUARTUS

### SCENA PRIMA.

[*King Gorboduc's palace. Enter Queen Videna.*]

VID. Why should I lyue, and linger forth my time
In longer life to double my distresse?
O me, most wofull wight, whom no mishappe
Long ere this day could haue bereued hence!
Mought not these handes by fortune or by fate 5
Haue perst this brest, and life with iron reft?
Or in this palace here, where I so long
Haue spent my daies, could not that happie houre
Once, once haue hapt in which these hugie frames
With death by fall might haue oppressed me? 10
Or should not this most hard and cruell soile,
So oft where I haue prest my wretched steps,
Sometime had ruthe of myne accursed life
To rende in twayne [and] [1] swallow me therin? 14
So had my bones possessed now in peace
Their happie graue within the closed grounde,
And greadie wormes had gnawen this pyned [2] hart
Without my feeling payne; so should not now
This lyuing brest remayne the ruthefull tombe
Wherin my hart yelden to death is graued, 20
Nor driery thoughts, with panges of pining griefe,
My dolefull minde had not afflicted thus.

---

[1] A double-reed wind instrument of high pitch.

[1] Omitted in B., supplied from A.
[2] Wasted by suffering.

O my beloued sonne! O my swete childe!
My deare Ferrex, my ioye, my lyues delyght!
Is my beloued sonne, is my sweete childe,
My deare Ferrex, my ioye, my lyues delight,
Murdered with cruell death? O hatefull wretch!
O heynous traitour both to heauen and earth!
Thou, Porrex, thou this damned dede hast wrought!
Thou, Porrex, thou shalt dearely bye the same!
Traitour to kinne and kinde, to sire and me,
To thine owne fleshe, and traitour to thyselfe,
The gods on thee in hell shall wreke their wrath,
And here in earth this hand shall take reuenge
On thee, Porrex, thou false and caitife wight!
If after bloud so eigre [1] were thy thirst,
And murderous minde had so possessed thee,
If such hard hart of rocke and stonie flint
Liued in thy brest that nothing els could like [2]
Thy cruell tyrantes thought but death and bloud,
Wilde sauage beasts, mought not their slaughter serue
To fede thy gredie will, and in the middest
Of their entrailes to staine thy deadly handes
With bloud deserued, and drinke thereof thy fill?
Or, if nought els but death and bloud of man
Mought please thy lust, could none in Brittaine land,
Whose hart betorne out of his panting brest
With thine owne hand, or worke what death thou wouldest,
Suffice to make a sacrifice to peaze [3]
That deadly minde and murderous thought in thee,
But he who in the selfesame wombe was wrapped
Where thou in dismall hower receiuedst life?
Or, if nedes, nedes, thy hand must slaughter make,
Moughtest thou not haue reached a mortall wound,
And with thy sword haue pearsed this cursed wombe
That the accursed Porrex brought to light,
And geuen me a iust reward therefore?
So Ferrex yet sweete life mought haue enioyed,
And to his aged father comfort brought
With some yong sonne, in whom they both might liue.
But whereunto waste I this ruthfull speche
To thee that hast thy brothers bloud thus shed?
Shall I still thinke that from this wombe thou sprong?
That I thee bare? Or take thee for my sonne?
No, traitour, no! I thee refuse for mine!
Murderer, I thee renounce; thou art not mine.
Neuer, O wretch, this wombe conceiued thee,
Nor neuer bode I painfull throwes for thee!
Changeling to me thou art, and not my childe,
Nor to no wight that sparke of pitie knew.
Ruthelesse, vnkinde, monster of natures worke,
Thou neuer suckt the milke of womans brest,
But from thy birth the cruell tigers teates
Haue nursed thee! Nor yet of fleshe and bloud
Formde is thy hart, but of hard iron wrought;
And wilde and desert woods bredde thee to life!
But canst thou hope to scape my iust reuenge?
Or that these handes will not be wrooke on thee?
Doest thou not know that Ferrex mother liues,

---

[1] Sharp. [2] Please. [3] Appease.

That loued him more dearly than her-selfe?
And doth she liue, and is not venged on thee? [*Exit.*]

## ACTUS QUARTUS

### Scena Secunda.

[*The court of King Gorboduc. Enter King Gorboduc attended by his Counsellor Arostus.*]

**Gorb.** We maruell much wherto this lingring stay
Falles out so long. Porrex vnto our court
By order of our letters is returned,
And Eubulus receaued from vs by hest
At his arriuall here to geue him charge
Before our presence straight to make repaire, —
And yet we haue no worde whereof he stayes.

**Aros.** Lo, where he commes and Eubulus with him.

[*Enter the King's Secretary, Eubulus, leading in Porrex.*]

**Eub.** According to your Highnesse hest to me,
Here haue I Porrex brought, euen in such sort
As from his weried horse he did alight,
For that your Grace did will such hast therein.

**Gorb.** We like and praise this spedy will in you
To worke the thing that to your charge we gaue.
Porrex, if we so farre should swarue from kinde
And from those boundes which lawe of nature sets
As thou hast done by vile and wretched deede
In cruell murder of thy brothers life,
Our present hand could stay no longer time,
But straight should bathe this blade in bloud of thee
As iust reuenge of thy detested crime.
No, we should not offend the lawe of kinde
If now this sworde of ours did slay thee here;
For thou hast murdered him whose heinous death
Euen natures force doth moue vs to reuenge
By bloud againe, and iustice forceth vs
To measure death for death, thy due desert.
Yet, sithens thou art our childe, and sith as yet
In this hard case what worde thou canst alledge
For thy defence by vs hath not bene heard,
We are content to staye our will for that
Which iustice biddes vs presently to worke,
And geue thee leaue to vse thy speche at full,
If ought thou haue to lay for thine excuse.

**Porr.** Neither, O king, I can or will denie
But that this hand from Ferrex life hath reft, —
Which fact how much my dolefull hart doth waile,
Oh would it mought as full appeare to sight
As inward griefe doth poure it forth to me!
So yet, perhappes, if euer ruthefull hart
Melting in teares within a manly brest
Through depe repentance of his bloudy fact,
If euer griefe, if euer wofull man
Might moue regreite with sorrowe of his fault,
I thinke the torment of my mournefull case,
Knowen to your Grace as I do feele the same,
Would force euen Wrath her-selfe to pitie me.
But, as the water troubled with the mudde
Shewes not the face which els the eye should see,
Euen so your irefull minde with stirred thought
Cannot so perfectly discerne my cause.
But this vnhappe, amongest so many happes,[1]
I must content me with — most wretched man —

---

[1] B. *heapes.*

That to my-selfe I must reserue my woe
In pining thoughtes of mine accursed fact,
Since I may not shewe here my smallest griefe
Such as it is, and as my brest endures.
Which I esteeme the greatest miserie
Of all missehappes that fortune now can send:
Not that I rest in hope with plaint and teares
To purchase life; for to the goddes I clepe [1]
For true recorde of this my faithfull speche: —
Neuer this hart shall haue the thoughtfull dread
To die the death that by your Graces dome,
By iust desert, shall be pronounced to me,
Nor neuer shall this tongue once spend the speche
Pardon to craue, or seeke by sute to liue.
I meane not this as though I were not touchde
With care of dreadfull death, or that I helde
Life in contempt, but that I know the minde
Stoupes to no dread, although the fleshe be fraile.
And, for my gilt, I yelde the same so great
As in my-selfe I finde a feare to sue
For graunt of life.
GORB. In vaine, O wretch, thou shewest
A wofull hart! Ferrex now lies in graue,
Slaine by thy hand.
PORR. Yet this, O father, heare;
And then I end. Your Maiestie well knowes
That when my brother Ferrex and my-selfe
By your owne hest were ioyned in gouernance
Of this your Graces realme of Brittaine land,
I neuer sought nor trauailled for the same,
Nor by my-selfe, nor by no frend I wrought,
But from your Highnesse will alone it sprong,
Of your most gracious goodnesse bent to me.
But how my brothers hart euen then repined
With swollen disdaine against mine egall rule,
Seing that realme, which by discent should grow
Wholly to him, allotted halfe to me,
Euen in your Highnesse court he now remaines,
(And with my brother then in nearest place),
Who can recorde what proofe thereof was shewde,
And how my brothers enuious hart appearde.
Yet I, that iudged it my part to seeke
His fauour and good will, and loth to make
Your Highnesse know the thing which should haue brought
Grief to your Grace, and your offence to him,
Hoping my earnest sute should soone haue wonne
A louing hart within a brothers brest,
Wrought in that sort that for a pledge of loue
And faithfull hart he gaue to me his hand.
This made me thinke that he had banisht quite
All rancour from his thought, and bare to me
Such hartie loue as I did owe to him.
But, after once we left your Graces court,
And from your Highness presence liued apart,
This egall rule still, still, did grudge him so,
That now those enuious sparkes which erst lay raked
In liuing cinders of dissembling brest
Kindled so farre within his hart disdaine
That longer could he not refraine from proofe
Of secrete practise to depriue me life
By poysons force; and had bereft me so,
If mine owne seruant, hired to this fact,
And moued by trouth with hate to worke the same,
In time had not bewrayed it vnto me.
Whan thus I sawe the knot of loue vnknitte,
All honest league and faithfull promise broke,
The law of kinde and trouth thus rent in twaine,

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[1] Cry, appeal.

His hart on mischiefe set, and in his brest
Blacke treason hid, then, then did I despeire
That euer time could winne him frend to me!
Then saw I how he smiled with slaying knife
Wrapped vnder cloke! Then saw I depe deceite
Lurke in his face and death prepared for me!
Euen nature moued me than to holde my life
More deare to me than his, and bad this hand, —
Since by his life my death must nedes ensue,
And by his death my life to be preserued, —
To shed his bloud, and seeke my safetie so;
And wisedome willed me without protract
In spedie wise to put the same in vre.
Thus haue I tolde the cause that moued me
To worke my brothers death. And so I yeld
My life, my death, to iudgement of your Grace.

Gorb. Oh cruell wight! should any cause preuaile
To make thee staine thy hands with brothers bloud?
But what of thee we will resolue to doe
Shall yet remaine vnknowen. Thou in the meane
Shalt from our royall presence banisht be
Untill our princely pleasure furder shall
To thee be shewed. Depart therefore our sight,
Accursed childe!

[*Exit Porrex.*]

What cruell destenie,
What froward fate hath sorted vs this chaunce,
That euen in those where we should comfort find,
Where our delight now in our aged dayes
S[h]ould rest and be, euen there our onely griefe
And depest sorrowes to abridge our life,
Most pyning cares and deadly thoughts do grow?

Aros. Your Grace should now in these graue yeres of yours
Haue found ere this the price of mortall ioyes,
How short they be, how fading here in earth,
How full of chaunge, how brittle our estate,
Of nothing sure saue onely of the death,
To whom both man and all the world doth owe
Their end at last. Neither should natures power
In other sort against your hart preuaile
Than as the naked hand whose stroke assayes
The armed brest, where force doth light in vaine.

Gorb. Many can yelde right sage and graue aduise
Of pacient sprite to others wrapped in woe,
And can in speche both rule and conquere kinde,
Who, if by proofe they might feele natures force,
Would shew them-selues men, as they are in-dede,
Which now wil nedes be gods. But what doth meane
The sory chere of her that here doth come?

[*Enter Marcella, a lady of the Queen's privy-chamber.*]

Marc. Oh where is ruth? or where is pitie now?
Whether is gentle hart and mercy fled?
Are they exiled out of our stony brestes
Neuer to make returne? Is all the world
Drowned in bloud and soncke in crueltie?
If not in women mercy may be found,
If not, alas! within the mothers brest
To her owne childe, to her owne fleshe and bloud,
If ruthe be banished thence, if pitie there
May haue no place, if there no gentle hart
Do liue and dwell, where should we seeke it then?

Gorb. Madame, alas, what meanes your woful tale?
Marc. O sillie woman I, why to this houre
Haue Kinde and Fortune thus deferred my breath
That I should liue to see this dolefull day?
Will euer wight beleue that such hard hart
Could rest within the cruell mothers brest
With her owne hand to slay her onely sonne?
But out! alas! these eyes behelde the same!
They saw the driery sight, and are become
Most ruthfull recordes of the bloudy fact!
Porrex, alas, is by his mother slaine,
And with her hand — a wofull thing to tell! —
While slumbring on his carefull bed he restes,
His hart, stabde in with knife, is reft of life!
Gorb. O Eubulus! oh draw this sword of ours
And pearce this hart with speed! O hatefull light!
O lothsome life! O sweete and welcome death!
Deare Eubulus, worke this, we thee besech.
Eub. Pacient your Grace. Perhappes he liueth yet,
With wound receaued, but not of certaine death.
Gorb. O let us then repayre vnto the place,
And see if Porrex liue, or thus be slaine.

[*Exeunt Gorboduc and Eubulus.*]

Marc. Alas, he liueth not! It is to true
That, with these eyes, of him, a perelesse prince,
Sonne to a king, and in the flower of youth,
Euen with a twinke a senselesse stocke I saw.
Aros. O damned deede!
Marc. But heare hys ruthefull end!
The noble prince, pearst with the sodeine wound,
Out of his wretched slumber hastely start,
Whose strength now fayling, straight he ouerthrew, —
When in the fall his eyes, euen new vnclosed,
Behelde the queene, and cryed to her for helpe.
We then, alas! the ladies which that time
Did there attend, seing that heynous deede,
And hearing him oft call the wretched name
Of mother, and to crye to her for aide
Whose direfull hand gaue him the mortall wound,
Pitying, alas! — for nought els could we do, —
His ruthefull end, ranne to the wofull bedde,
Dispoyled straight his brest, and, all we might,
Wiped in vaine with napkins next at hand
The sodeine streames of bloud that flushed fast
Out of the gaping wound. O what a looke,
O what a ruthefull stedfast eye, me thought,
He fixt vpon my face, which to my death
Will neuer part fro me, when with a braide
A deepe-fet sigh he gaue, and therewithall
Clasping his handes, to heauen he cast his sight!
And straight — pale death pressing within his face —
The flying ghost his mortall corpes forsooke.
Aros. Neuer did age bring forth so vile a fact!
Marc. O hard and cruell happe, that thus assigned
Unto so worthy a wight so wretched end!
But most hard, cruell hart, that could consent
To lend the hatefull destenies that hand
By which, alas, so heynous crime was wrought!
O queene of adamant, O marble brest,
If not the fauour of his comely face,
If not his princely chere and countenance,
His valiant actiue armes, his manly brest,
If not his faire and seemely personage,
His noble limmes in such proportion cast
As would have wrapt a sillie womans thought,

If this mought not haue moued thy bloudy hart
And that most cruell hand the wretched weapon
Euen to let fall, and kiste him in the face,
With teares for ruthe to reaue such one by death, —
Should nature yet consent to slay her sonne?
O mother, thou to murder thus thy childe!
Euen Ioue with iustice must with lightning flames
From heauen send downe some strange reuenge on thee.
Ah, noble prince, how oft haue I behelde
Thee mounted on thy fierce and traumpling stede,
Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
And with thy mistresse sleue tied on thy helme,
And charge thy staffe to please thy ladies eye,
That bowed the head-peece of thy frendly foe!
How oft in armes on horse to bend the mace!
How oft in armes on foote to breake the sworde!
Which neuer now these eyes may see againe.
Aros. Madame, alas, in vaine these plaints are shed!
Rather with me depart, and helpe to swage
The thoughtfull griefes that in the aged king
Must needes by nature growe, by death of this
His onely sonne, whom he did holde so deare.
Marc. What wight is that which saw that I did see,
And could refraine to waile with plaint and teares?
Not I, alas! That hart is not in me.
But let vs goe, for I am greued anew
To call to minde the wretched fathers woe.
[*Exeunt.*]

## Chorus.

Whan greedy lust in royall seate to reigne
  Hath reft all care of goddes and eke of men,
And cruell hart, wrath, treason, and disdaine
  Within ambicious brest are lodged, then
Beholde how mischiefe wide her-selfe displayes,
And with the brothers hand the brother slayes.

When bloud thus shed doth staine the heauens face,
  Crying to Ioue for vengeance of the deede,
The mightie God euen moueth from his place,
  With wrath to wreke. Then sendes he forth with spede
The dreadfull Furies, daughters of the night,
  With serpentes girt, carying the whip of ire,
With heare of stinging snakes, and shining bright
  With flames and bloud, and with a brand of fire.
These, for reuenge of wretched murder done,
Do make the mother kill her onely sonne.

Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite:
  Ioue by his iust and euerlasting dome
Iustly hath euer so requited it.
  The times before recorde, and times to come
Shall finde it true, and so doth present proofe
Present before our eyes for our behoofe.

O happy wight that suffres not the snare
  Of murderous minde to tangle him in blood!
And happy he that can in time beware
  By others harmes, and turne it to his good!
But wo to him that, fearing not to offend,
Doth serue his lust, and will not see the end.

## The Order and Signification of the Domme Shew before the Fifth Act.

First the drommes and fluites began to sound, during which there came forth vpon the stage a company of hargabusiers and of armed men all in order of battaile. These, after their peeces discharged, and that the armed men had three times marched about the stage, departed; and then the drommes and fluits did cease. Hereby was signified tumults, rebellions, armes and ciuill warres to follow: as fell in the realme of Great Brittayne, which by the space of fiftie yeares and more continued in ciuill warre betwene the nobilitie after the death of King Gorboduc and of his issues, for want of certayne limitacion in succession of the crowne, till the time of Dunwallo Molmutius, who reduced the land to monarchie.

## ACTUS QUINTUS

### Scena Prima.

[*The court of King Gorboduc. Enter Clotyn, Duke of Cornewall, Mandud, Duke of Loegris, Gwenard, Duke of Cumberland, Fergus, Duke of Albanye, and Eubulus, the King's Secretary.*]

Clo. Did euer age bring forth such tirants harts?
The brother hath bereft the brothers life;
The mother she hath died her cruell handes
In bloud of her owne sonne; and now at last
The people, loe! forgetting trouth and loue,
Contemning quite both law and loyall hart,
Euen they haue slaine their soueraigne lord and queene.

Mand. Shall this their traitorous crime vnpunished rest?
Euen yet they cease not, caryed on with rage,
In their rebellious routes to threaten still
A new bloud-shed vnto the princes kinne,
To slay them all, and to vproote the race
Both of the king and queene: so are they moued
With Porrex death, wherin they falsely charge
The giltlesse king, without desert at all,
And traitorously haue murdered him therfore,
And eke the queene.

Gwen. Shall subiectes dare with force
To worke reuenge vpon their princes fact?[1]
Admit the worst that may (as sure in this
The deede was fowle, the queene to slay her sonne),
Shall yet the subiect seeke to take the sworde,
Arise agaynst his lord, and slay his king?
O wretched state, where those rebellious hartes
Are not rent out euen from their liuing breastes,
And with the body throwen vnto the foules
As carrion foode, for terrour of the rest!

Ferg. There can no punishment be thought to great
For this so greuous cryme. Let spede therfore
Be vsed therin, for it behoueth so.

Eub. Ye all, my lordes, I see, consent in one,
And I as one consent with ye in all.
I holde it more than neede with sharpest law
To punish this tumultuous bloudy rage;
For nothing more may shake the common state
Than sufferance of vproares without redresse,
Wherby how some kingdomes of mightie power,
After great conquestes made, and florishing
In fame and wealth, haue ben to ruine brought,
I pray to Ioue that we may rather wayle
Such happe in them than witnesse in ourselues.
Eke fully with the duke my minde agrees,
[That no cause serues wherby the subiect maye
Call to accompt the doynges of his prince,
Muche lesse in bloode by sworde to worke reuenge,
No more then maye the hande cut of the heade.
In acte nor speache, no, not in secrete thoughte,
The subiect maye rebell against his lorde,
Or iudge of him that sittes in Ceasars seate,
With grudging minde to[1] damne those he mislikes.][2]
Though kinges forget to gouerne as they ought,

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[1] Deed.

[1] A. *do;* corr. by Manly.

[2] B. omits lines 42-49.

Yet subiectes must obey as they are bounde.
But now, my lordes, before ye farder wade,
Or spend your speach what sharpe reuenge shall fall
By iustice plague on these rebellious wightes,
Me thinkes ye rather should first search the way
By which in time the rage of this vproare
Mought be repressed and these great tumults ceased.
Euen yet the life of Brittayne land doth hang
In traitours balaunce of vnegall weight.
Thinke not, my lordes, the death of Gorboduc,
Nor yet Videnaes bloud will cease their rage.
Euen our owne lyues, our wiues and children deare,
Our countrey, dearest of all, in daunger standes
Now to be spoiled, now, now, made desolate,
And by our-selues a conquest to ensue.
For geue once swey vnto the peoples lustes
To rush forth on, and stay them not in time,
And, as the streame that rowleth downe the hyll,
So will they headlong ronne with raging thoughtes
From bloud to bloud, from mischiefe vnto moe,
To ruine of the realme, them-selues, and all,
So giddy are the common peoples mindes,
So glad of chaunge, more wauering than the sea.
Ye see, my lordes, what strength these rebelles haue,
What hugie nombre is assembled still;
For though the traiterous fact for which they rose
Be wrought and done, yet lodge they still in field;
So that how farre their furies yet will stretch
Great cause we haue to dreade. That we may seeke
By present battaile to represse their power,
Speede must we vse to leuie force therfore;
For either they forthwith will mischiefe worke
Or their rebellious roares forthwith will cease:
These violent thinges may haue no lasting long.
Let vs therfore vse this for present helpe: —
Perswade by gentle speach, and offre grace
With gift of pardon, saue vnto the chiefe,
And that vpon condicion that forthwith
They yelde the captaines of their enterprise,
To beare such guerdon of their traiterous fact
As may be both due vengeance to them-selues
And holsome terrour to posteritie.
This shall, I thinke, scatter the greatest part
That now are holden with desire of home,
Weried in field with cold of winters nightes,
And some, no doubt, striken with dread of law.
Whan this is once proclamed, it shall make
The captaines to mistrust the multitude,
Whose safetie biddes them to betray their heads, —
And so much more bycause the rascall routes
In thinges of great and perillous attemptes
Are neuer trustie to the noble race.
And, while we treate and stand on termes of grace,
We shall both stay their furies rage the while
And eke gaine time, whose onely helpe sufficeth
Withouten warre to vanquish rebelles power.
In the meane while make you in redynes
Such band of horsemen as ye may prepare.
Horsemen, you know, are not the commons strength,
But are the force and store of noble men,
Wherby the vnchosen and vnarmed sort
Of skillesse rebelles, whome none other power
But nombre makes to be of dreadfull force,
With sodeyne brunt may quickely be opprest.

And if this gentle meane of proffered grace
With stubborne hartes cannot so farre auayle
As to asswage their desperate courages,
Then do I wish such slaughter to be made
As present age and eke posteritie
May be adrad with horrour of reuenge
That iustly then shall on these rebelles fall.
This is, my lord[s], the sum of mine aduise.
**Clo.** Neither this case admittes debate at large,
And, though it did, this speach that hath ben sayd
Hath well abridged the tale I would haue tolde.
Fully with Eubulus do I consent
In all that he hath sayd. And, if the same
To you, my lordes, may seeme for best aduise,
I wish that it should streight be put in vre.
**Mand.** My lordes, than let vs presently depart
And follow this that liketh vs so well.

[*Exeunt all but Fergus, Duke of Albanye.*]

**Ferg.** If euer time to gaine a kingdome here
Were offred man, now it is offred mee.
The realme is reft both of their king and queene;
The ofspring of the prince is slaine and dead;
No issue now remaines, the heire vnknowen;
The people are in armes and mutynies;
The nobles they are busied how to cease
These great rebellious tumultes and vproares;
And Brittayne land, now desert left alone
Amyd these broyles, vncertayne where to rest,
Offers her-selfe vnto that noble hart
That will, or dare, pursue to beare her crowne.
Shall I, that am the Duke of Albanye,
Discended from that line of noble bloud
Which hath so long florished in worthy fame
Of valiaunt hartes, such as in noble brestes
Of right should rest aboue the baser sort,
Refuse to venture life to winne a crowne?
Whom shall I finde enmies that will withstand
My fact herein, if I attempt by armes
To seeke the same now in these times of broyle?
These dukes power can hardly well appease
The people that already are in armes.
But, if perhappes my force be once in field,
Is not my strength in power aboue the best
Of all these lordes now left in Brittayne land?
And though they should match me with power of men,
Yet doubtfull is the chaunce of battailles ioyned.
If victors of the field we may depart,
Ours is the scepter then of Great Brittayne;
If slayne amid the playne this body lye,
Mine enemies yet shall not deny me this,
But that I dyed geuing the noble charge
To hazarde life for conquest of a crowne.
Forthwith therefore will I in post depart
To Albanye, and raise in armour there
All power I can; and here my secret friendes
By secret practise shall sollicite still
To seeke to wynne to me the peoples hartes. [*Exit.*]

## ACTUS QUINTUS

### Scena Secunda.

[*The court. Enter Eubulus.*]

**Evb.** O Ioue! how are these peoples harts abusde!
What blind fury thus headlong caries them,
That, though so many bookes, so many rolles
Of auncient time recorde what greuous plagues
Light on these rebelles aye, and though so oft
Their eares haue heard their aged fathers tell
What iuste reward these traitours still receyue,
Yea, though them-selues haue sene depe death and bloud
By strangling cord and slaughter of the sword

To such assigned, yet can they not beware,
Yet can not stay their lewde rebellious handes,
But, suffring, loe, fowle treason to distaine
Their wretched myndes, forget their loyall hart,
Reiect all truth, and rise against their prince!
A ruthefull case, that those, whom duties bond,
Whom grafted law by nature, truth, and faith
Bound to preserue their countrey and their king,
Borne to defend their common-wealth and prince,
Euen they should geue consent thus to subuert
Thee, Brittaine land, and from thy wombe should spring,
O native soile, those that will needs destroy
And ruyne thee, and eke them-selues in fine!
For lo, when once the dukes had offred grace
Of pardon sweete the multitude missledde
By traitorous fraude of their vngracious heades,
One sort, that saw the dangerous successe
Of stubborne standing in rebellious warre
And knew the difference of princes power
From headlesse nombre of tumultuous routes,
Whom common countreies care and priuate feare
Taught to repent the errour of their rage,
Layde handes vpon the captaines of their band
And brought them bound vnto the mightie dukes;
And other sort, not trusting yet so well
The truth of pardon, or mistrusting more
Their owne offence than that they could conceiue
Such hope of pardon for so foule misdede,
Or for that they their captaines could not yeld,
Who, fearing to be yelded, fled before,
Stale home by silence of the secret night;
The thirde, vnhappy and enraged sort
Of desperate hartes, who, stained in princes bloud,
From trayterous furour could not be withdrawen
By loue, by law, by grace, ne yet by feare,
By proffered life, ne yet by threatned death,
With mindes hopelesse of life, dreadlesse of death,
Carelesse of countrey, and awelesse of God,
Stoode bent to fight as Furies did them moue,
With violent death to close their traiterous life.
These all by power of horsemen were opprest,
And with reuenging sworde slayne in the field,
Or with the strangling cord hangd on the tree,
Where yet their carryen carcases do preach
The fruites that rebelles reape of their vproares
And of the murder of their sacred prince.
But loe, where do approche the noble dukes
By whom these tumults haue ben thus appeasde.

[*Enter Clotyn, Duke of Cornewall, Mandud, Duke of Loegris, Gwenard, Duke of Cumberland, and the Counsellor, Arostus.*]

Clo. I thinke the world will now at length beware,
And feare to put on armes agaynst their prince!
Mand. If not, those trayterous hartes that dare rebell,
Let them beholde the wide and hugie fieldes
With bloud and bodies spread of rebelles slayne,
The lofty trees clothed with the corpses dead
That strangled with the corde do hang theron!
Aros. A iust rewarde! such as all times before
Haue euer lotted to those wretched folkes.
Gwen. But what meanes he that commeth here so fast?

[*Enter Nuntius.*]

Nunt. My lordes, as dutie and my trouth doth moue,

And of my countrey worke a care in mee,
That, if the spending of my breath auailed
To do the seruice that my hart desires,
I would not shunne to imbrace a present death,
So haue I now, in that wherein I thought
My trauayle mought performe some good effect,
Ventred my life to bring these tydinges here.
Fergus, the mightie Duke of Albanye,
Is now in armes, and lodgeth in the fielde
With twentie thousand men. Hether he bendes
His spedy marche, and mindes to inuade the crowne.
Dayly he gathereth strength, and spreads abrode
That to this realme no certeine heire remaines,
That Brittayne land is left without a guide,
That he the scepter seekes for nothing els
But to preserue the people and the land,
Which now remaine as ship without a sterne.
Loe, this is that which I haue here to say.

Clo. Is this his fayth? And shall he falsely thus
Abuse the vauntage of vnhappie times?
O wretched land, if his outragious pride,
His cruell and vntempred wilfulnesse,
His deepe dissembling shewes of false pretence,
Should once attaine the crowne of Brittaine land!
Let vs, my lordes, with timely force resist
The new attempt of this our common foe,
As we would quench the flames of common fire.

Mand. Though we remaine without a certain prince
To weld the realme or guide the wandring rule,
Yet now the common mother of vs all,
Our natiue land, our countrey, that conteines
Our wiues, children, kindred, our-selues, and all
That euer is or may be deare to man,
Cries vnto vs to helpe our-selues and her.
Let vs aduaunce our powers to represse
This growing foe of all our liberties.

Gwen. Yea, let vs so, my lordes, with hasty speede.
And ye, O goddes, send vs the welcome death,
To shed our bloud in field, and leaue us not
In lothesome life to lenger out our dayes
To see the hugie heapes of these vnhappes
That now roll downe vpon the wretched land,
Where emptie place of princely gouernaunce,
No certaine stay now left of doubtlesse heire,
Thus leaue this guidelesse realme an open pray
To endlesse stormes and waste of ciuill warre.

Aros. That ye, my lordes, do so agree in one
To saue your countrey from the violent reigne
And wrongfully vsurped tyrannie
Of him that threatens conquest of you all,
To saue your realme, and in this realme your-selues,
From forreine thraldome of so proud a prince,
Much do I prayse; and I besech the goddes
With happy honour to requite it you.
But, O my lordes, sith now the heauens wrath
Hath reft this land the issue of their prince,
Sith of the body of our late soueraigne lorde
Remaines no moe since the yong kinges be slaine,
And of the title of discended crowne
Uncertainly the diuerse mindes do thinke
Euen of the learned sort, and more vncertainly
Will parciall fancie and affection deeme, —
But most vncertainly will climbing pride
And hope of reigne withdraw to sundry partes
The doubtfull right and hopefull lust to reigne, —
When once this noble seruice is atchieued
For Brittaine land, the mother of ye all,
When once ye haue with armed force represt
The proude attemptes of this Albanian prince

That threatens thraldome to your natiue land,
When ye shall vanquishers returne from field
And finde the princely state an open pray
To gredie lust and to vsurping power,
Then, then, my lordes, if euer kindly care
Of auncient honour of your auncesters,
Of present wealth and noblesse of your stockes,
Yea, of the liues and safetie yet to come
Of your deare wiues, your children, and your-selues,
Might moue your noble hartes with gentle ruth,
Then, then haue pitie on the torne estate,
Then helpe to salue the welneare hopelesse sore!
Which ye shall do, if ye your-selues withholde
The slaying knife from your owne mothers throate.
Her shall you saue, and you and yours in her,
If ye shall all with one assent forbeare
Once to lay hand or take vnto your-selues
The crowne by colour[1] of pretended right
Or by what other meanes so-euer it be,
Till first by common counsell of you all
In Parliament the regall diademe
Be set in certaine place of gouernaunce.
In which your Parliament, and in your choise,
Preferre the right, my lordes, with[out] respect
Of strength, or frendes, or what-soeuer cause
That may set forward any others part;
For right will last, and wrong cannot endure.
Right meane I his or hers vpon whose name
The people rest by meane of natiue line
Or by the vertue of some former lawe,
Already made their title to aduaunce.
Such one, my lordes, let be your chosen king,
Such one, so borne within your natiue land,
Such one preferre. And in no wise admitte
The heauie yoke of forreine gouernaunce!
Let forreine titles yelde to publike wealth;
And with that hart wherewith ye now prepare
Thus to withstand the proude inuading foe,
With that same hart, my lordes, keepe out also
Unnaturall thraldome of strangers reigne,
Ne suffer you against the rules of kinde
Your mother land to serue a forreine prince.

Eub. Loe here the end of Brutus royall line!
And loe the entry to the wofull wracke
And vtter ruine of this noble realme!
The royall king and eke his sonnes are slaine,
No ruler restes within the regall seate,
The heire, to whom the scepter longes, vnknowen;
That to eche force of forreine princes power
Whom vauntage of our wretched state may moue
By sodeine armes to gaine so riche a realme,
And to the proud and gredie minde at home
Whom blinded lust to reigne leades to aspire,
Loe, Brittaine realme is left an open pray,
A present spoyle by conquest to ensue!
Who seeth not now how many rising mindes
Do feede their thoughts with hope to reach a realme?
And who will not by force attempt to winne
So great a gaine, that hope perswades to haue?
A simple colour shall for title serue.
Who winnes the royall crowne will want no right,
Nor such as shall display by long discent
A lineall race to proue him lawfull king.
In the meane-while these ciuil armes shall rage;
And thus a thousand mischiefes shall vnfolde,
And farre and neare spread thee, O Brittaine Land!
All right and lawe shall cease; and he that had

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[1] Excuse, pretence.

Nothing to-day, to-morrowe shall enioye
Great heapes of golde, and he that flowed in wealth,
Loe, he shall be bereft of life and all;
And happiest he that then possesseth least.
The wiues shall suffer rape, the maides defloured;
And children fatherlesse shall weepe and waile;
With fire and sworde thy natiue folke shall perishe;
One kinsman shall bereaue an-others life;
The father shall vnwitting slay the sonne;
The sonne shall slay the sire, and know it not;
Women and maides the cruell souldiers sword
Shall perse to death; and sillie children, loe,
That playing [1] in the streetes and fieldes are found,
By violent hand shall close their latter day!
Whom shall the fierce and bloudy souldier
Reserue to life? Whom shall he spare from death?
Euen thou, O wretched mother, halfe aliue,
Thou shalt beholde thy deare and onely childe
Slaine with the sworde while he yet suckes thy brest.
Loe, giltlesse bloud shall thus eche-where be shed!
Thus shall the wasted soile yelde forth no fruite,
But dearth and famine shall possesse the land!
The townes shall be consumed and burnt with fire,
The peopled cities shall waxe desolate;
And thou, O Brittaine, whilome in renowme,
Whilome in wealth and fame, shalt thus be torne,
Dismembred thus, and thus be rent in twaine,
Thus wasted and defaced, spoyled and destroyed!
These be the fruites your ciuil warres will bring.
Hereto it commes when kinges will not consent
To graue aduise, but followe wilfull will.
This is the end when in fonde princes hartes
Flattery preuailes, and sage rede hath no place.
These are the plages when murder is the meane
To make new heires vnto the royall crowne.
Thus wreke the gods when that the mothers wrath
Nought but the bloud of her owne childe may swage.
These mischiefes spring when rebells will arise
To worke reuenge and iudge their princes fact.
This, this ensues when noble-men do faile
In loyall trouth, and subiectes will be kinges.
And this doth growe when, loe, vnto the prince
Whom death or sodeine happe of life bereaues
No certaine heire remaines — such certaine heire
As not all-onely is the rightfull heire
But to the realme is so made knowen to be,
And trouth therby vested in subiectes hartes
To owe fayth there where right is knowen to rest.
Alas! in Parliament what hope can be,
When is of Parliament no hope at all,
Which, though it be assembled by consent,
Yet is not likely with consent to end?
While eche one for him-selfe, or for his frend,
Against his foe shall trauaile what he may,
While now the state, left open to the man
That shall with greatest force inuade the same,
Shall fill ambicious mindes with gaping hope,
When will they once with yelding hartes agree?
Or, in the while, how shall the realme be vsed?

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[1] B. *play;* A. *playing.*

No, no; then Parliament should haue bene holden,
And certeine heires appointed to the crowne,
To stay the title of established right,
And in the people plant obedience
While yet the prince did liue, whose name and power
By lawfull sommons and authoritie
Might make a Parliament to be of force,
And might haue set the state in quiet stay.
But now, O happie man whom spedie death
Depriues of life, ne is enforced to see
These hugie mischiefes, and these miseries,
These ciuil warres, these murders, and these wronges
Of iustice. Yet must God in fine restore
This noble crowne vnto the lawfull heire;
For right will alwayes liue and rise at length,
But wrong can neuer take deepe roote, to last.

[THE END.]

# SVPPOSES[1]

## A COMEDIE WRITTEN IN THE ITALIAN TONGUE BY ARIOSTO

Englished by George Gascoygne, of Grayes Inne, Esquire,
and there presented. 1566

### THE NAMES OF THE ACTORS

Balia, the Nurse.
Polynesta, the yong woman.
Cleander, the Doctor,[2] suter to Polynesta.
Pasyphilo, the Parasite.
Carion, the Doctors man.
Dvlypo, fayned seruant, and louer of Polynesta.
Erostrato, fayned master, and suter to Polynesta.
Dalio &
Crapyno } seruantes to fayned Erostrato.
Scenæse, a gentleman stranger.
Paquetto &
Petrucio } his seruantes.
Damon, father to Polinesta.
Neuola, and two other his seruants.
Psyteria, an olde hag in his house.
Phylogano, a Scycilian gentleman, father to Erostrato.
Lytio, his seruant.
Ferrarese, an inkeeper of Ferrara.

The comedie presented as it were in *Ferrara*.

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[1] As the author states, this play is mainly a translation from the Italian of Ariosto's *I Suppositi*, and was presented by the young gentlemen of Grays Inn, 1566. I have based the text on R. W. Bond's exact reprint (in *Early Plays from the Italian*, 1911) of the second quarto, 1575, "corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Authour." I have modernized the punctuation and capitals, have added in brackets stage-directions, and have slightly expanded the abbreviated forms of the speakers' names from the usual two letters (as *Da.* for *Dalio*, expanded to *Dal.*, *Da.* for *Damon*, expanded to *Dam.*). I have also omitted the marginal glosses in which the author called attention to the "supposes"; these usually take the form "Another suppose," sometimes varied as "A stout suppose," "A pleasant suppose." They are of little importance, and could not conveniently be reproduced in the present edition.

[2] One skilled in law; here, a barrister.

## THE PROLOGUE OR ARGUMENT

I suppose you are assembled here supposing to reape the fruite of my trauayles;[1] and, to be playne, I meane presently to presente you with a comedie called *Supposes*, the verye name wherof may peraduenture driue into euery of your heades a sundry suppose to suppose the meaning of our Supposes. Some, percase,[2] will suppose we meane to occupie your eares with sophisticall handling of subtill suppositions; some other wil suppose we go about to discipher vnto you some queint conceiptes, which hitherto haue bene onely supposed, as it were, in shadowes;[3] and some I see smyling as though they supposed we would trouble you with the vaine suppose of some wanton suppose.[4] But, vnderstand, this our Suppose is nothing else but a mystaking, or imagination of one thing for an other. For you shall see the master supposed for the seruant, the seruant for the master; the freeman for a slaue, and the bondslaue for a freeman; the stranger for a well knowen friend, and the familiar for a stranger. But what? I suppose that euen already you suppose me very fonde that haue so simply disclosed vnto you the subtilties of these our Supposes; where, otherwise, in-deede, I suppose you shoulde haue heard almoste the laste of our Supposes before you could haue supposed anye of them arighte. Let this then suffise.

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[1] Labors.
[2] Perchance.
[3] Pictures, as the *imprese.*
[4] Prostitute.

## ACTUS PRIMUS

### Scena I

*[On one side, the house of Damon; on the other side, the house of the fayned Erostrato; between, a street painted in perspective, and leading into the town.]*

*[Enter] Balia, the Nurse, [calling in] Polynesta, the yong woman.*

[Balia.] Here is nobody. Come foorth, Polynesta. *[Enter Polynesta.]* Let vs looke about, to be sure least any man heare our talke; for I thinke within the house the tables, the plankes, the beds, the portals,[1] yea and the cupbords them-selues haue eares.

Poly. You might as well haue sayde, the windowes and the doores: do you not see howe they harken?

Bal. Well, you iest faire; but I would aduise you take heede! I haue bidden you a thousande times beware. You will be spied one day talking with Dulippo.

Poly. And why should I not talke with Dulippo as well as with any other, I pray you?

Bal. I haue giuen you a wherfore for this why many times. But go too! followe your owne aduise till you ouerwhelme vs all with soden mishappe.

Poly. A great mishappe, I promise you! Marie, Gods blessing on their heart that sette such a brouche on my cappe.

Bal. Well, looke well about you! A man would thinke it were inough for you secretly to reioyce that by my helpe you haue passed so many pleasant nightes togither. And yet, by my trouth, I do it more than halfe agaynst my will, for I would rather you had setled your fansie in some noble familie; yea, and it is no small griefe vnto me that (reiecting the suites of so many nobles and gentlemen) you haue chosen for your darling a poore seruaunt of your fathers, by whome shame and infamie is the best dower you can looke for to attayne.

Poly. And, I pray you, whome may I thanke but gentle Nourse? that continually praysing him, what for his personage, his curtesie, and, aboue all, the extreme passions of his minde, — in fine, you would neuer cease till I accepted him, delighted in him, and, at length, desired him with no lesse affection than he earst desired me.

Bal. I can not denie but at the beginning I did recommende him vnto you (as, in-deede, I may say that for my selfe I haue a pitiful heart) seeing the depth of his vnbridled affection, and that continually he neuer ceassed to fill mine eares with lamentable complaynts.

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[1] Recesses.

Poly. Nay, rather that he filled your pursse with bribes and rewards, Nourse!

Bal. Well, you may iudge of Nourse as you liste. In-deede, I haue thought it alwayes a deede of charitie to helpe the miserable yong men whose tender youth consumeth with the furious flames of loue. But, be you sure, if I had thought you would haue passed to the termes you nowe stand in, pitie nor pencion, peny nor paternoster,[1] shoulde euer haue made Nurse once to open hir mouth in the cause.

Poly. No? Of honestie, I pray you, who first brought him into my chamber? Who first taught him the way to my bed, but you? Fie, Nourse, fie! Neuer speake of it for shame! You will make me tell a wise tale anone.

Bal. And haue I these thanks for my good wil? Why then, I see wel I shall be counted the cause of all mishappe.

Poly. Nay, rather the author of my good happe, gentle Nourse. For I would thou knewest I loue not Dulipo, nor any of so meane estate, but haue bestowed my loue more worthily than thou deemest. But I will say no more at this time.

Bal. Then I am glad you haue changed your minde yet.

Poly. Nay, I neither haue changed, nor will change it.

Bal. Then I vnderstande you not. How sayde you?

Poly. Mary, I say that I loue not Dulipo, nor any suche as he; and yet I neither haue changed, nor wil change, my minde.

Bal. I can not tell. You loue to lye with Dulipo very well. This geare is Greeke to me: either it hangs not well togither, or I am very dull of vnderstanding. Speake plaine, I pray you.

Poly. I can speake no plainer; I haue sworne to the contrary.

Bal. Howe! Make you so deintie to tell it Nourse, least she shoulde reueale it? You haue trusted me as farre as may be (I may shewe to you) in things that touche your honor if they were knowne, and make you strange to tell me this? I am sure it is but a trifle in comparison of those things wherof heretofore you haue made me priuie.

Poly. Well, it is of greater importance than you thinke, Nourse; yet would I tell it you — vnder condition and promise that you shall not tell it agayne, nor giue any signe or token to be suspected that you know it.

Bal. I promise you, of my honestie. Say on.

Poly. Well, heare you me then. This yong man whome you haue alwayes taken for Dulipo is a noble-borne Sicilian, his right name Erostrato, sonne to Philogano, one of the worthiest men in that countrey.

Bal. How! Erostrato? Is it not our neighbour, whiche ——?

Poly. Holde thy talking nourse, and harken to me that I may explane the whole case vnto thee. The man whome to this day you haue supposed to be Dulipo is, as I say, Erostrato, a gentleman that came from Sicilia to studie in this citie; and euen at his first arriuall met me in the street, fel enamored of me; and of suche vehement force were the passions he suffred, that immediatly he cast aside both long gowne and bookes, and determined on me only to apply his study. And to the end he might the more commodiously bothe see me and talke with me, he exchanged both name, habite, clothes, and credite with his seruant Dulipo (whom only he brought with him out of Sicilia); and so, with the turning of a hand, of Erostrato, a gentleman, he became Dulipo, a seruing man; and soone after sought seruice of my father, and obteyned it.

Bal. Are you sure of this?

Poly. Yea, out of doubt. On the other side Dulippo tooke vppon him the name of Erostrato his maister, the habite, the credite, bookes, and all things needefull to a studente; and in shorte space profited very muche, and is nowe esteemed as you see.

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[1] Penny nor prayer.

Bal. Are there no other Sicylians heere, nor none that passe this way, which may discouer them?

Poly. Very fewe that passe this way, and fewe or none that tarrie heere any time.

Bal. This hath been a straunge aduenture! But, I pray you, howe hang these thinges togither — that the studente, whom you say to be the seruant and not the maister, is become an earnest suter to you, and requireth you of your father in mariage?

Poly. That is a pollicie deuised betweene them to put Doctor Dotipole [1] out of conceite — the olde dotarde! — he that so instantly dothe lye vpon [2] my father for me. But looke where he comes — as God helpe me it is he. Out vpon him! What a luskie [3] yonker [4] is this! Yet I had rather be a noonne a thousande times than be combred with suche a coystrell.[5]

Bal. Daughter, you haue reason. But let vs go in before he come any neerer.

*Polynesta goeth in, and Balya stayeth a little whyle after, speaking a worde or two to the Doctor, and then departeth.*

## [ACTUS I]

### Scena II

[*Enter*] *Cleander,* [*the*] *Doctor,* [*attended by*] *Pasiphilo,* [*a*] *Parasite. Balya,* [*the,*] *Nourse,* [*stands apart overhearing*].

[Cleander.] Were these dames heere, or did mine eyes dazil?

Pasiph. Nay, syr, heere were Polynesta and hir nourse.

Clean. Was my Polynesta heere? Alas, I knewe hir not!

Bal. He muste haue better eyesight that shoulde marry your Polynesta — or else he may chaunce to oversee the best poynt in his tables [6] sometimes.

[*Exit Balia.*]

Pasiph. Syr, it is no maruell; the ayre is very mistie too-day. I my selfe knew hir better by hir apparell than by hir face.

Clean. In good fayth, and I thanke God, I haue mine eye sighte goode and perfit, — little worse than when I was but twentie yeres olde.

Pasiph. How can it be otherwise? you are but yong.

Clean. I am fiftie yeres olde.

Pasiph. [*aside*]. He telles [1] ten lesse than he is.

Clean. What sayst thou of ten lesse?

Pasiph. I say I woulde haue thoughte you tenne lesse; you looke like one of sixe and thirtie, or seuen and thirtie at the moste.

Clean. I am no lesse than I tell.

Pasiph. You are like inough too liue fiftie more. Shewe me your hande.

Clean. Why, is Pasiphilo a chiromancer? [2]

Pasiph. What is not Pasiphilo? I pray you, shewe mee it a little.

Clean. Here it is.

[*Holds out his palm.*]

Pasiph. O how straight and infracte [3] is this line of life! You will liue to the yeeres of Melchisedech.

Clean. Thou wouldest say Methusalem.

Pasiph. Why, is it not all one?

Clean. I perceiue you are no very good Bibler, Pasiphilo.

Pasiph. Yes sir, an excellent good bibbeler, specially in a bottle. Oh what a mounte of Venus here is! But this lighte serueth not very well. I will beholde it an other day, when the ayre is clearer, and tell you somewhat, peraduenture to your contentation.

Clean. You shal do me great pleasure. But tell me, I pray thee, Pasiphilo, whome doste thou thinke Polynesta liketh better, Erostrato or me?

Pasiph. Why you, out of doubt! She is a gentlewoman of a noble minde, and maketh greater accompte of the reputation she shall haue in marrying your worship, than that poore scholer, whose birthe and parentage God knoweth, and very fewe else.

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[1] A common name for a blockhead.
[2] So insistently doth urge.
[3] Sluggish.
[4] Young man.
[5] Knave.
[6] "I.e. be made a cuckold, metaphor from backgammon." — Bond.

[1] Counts.
[2] Palmist.
[3] Unbroken.

Clean. Yet he taketh it vpon him brauely [1] in this countrey.

Pasiph. Yea, where no man knoweth the contrarie. But let him braue it, bost his birth, and do what he can, the vertue and knowledge that is within this body of yours is worth more than all the countrey he came from.

Clean. It becommeth not a man to praise him selfe; but, indeede, I may say, and say truely, that my knowledge hath stoode me in better steade at a pinche than coulde all the goodes in the worlde. I came out of Otranto when the Turkes wonne it, and first I came to Padua, after hither, where by reading,[2] counsailing, and pleading, within twentie yeares I haue gathered and gayned as good as ten thousande ducats.

Pasiph. Yea, mary, this is the righte knowledge! Philosophie, Poetrie, Logike, and all the rest, are but pickling [3] sciences in comparison to this.

Clean. But pyckling in-deede; whereof we haue a verse:

*The trade of lawe doth fill the boystrous* [4] *bagges;*
*They swimme in silke, when others royst* [5] *in ragges.*

Pasiph. O excellent verse! Who made it? Virgil?

Clean. Virgil? Tushe, it is written in one of our gloses.[6]

Pasiph. Sure, who-soeuer wrote it, the morall is excellent, and worthy to be written in letters of golde. But too the purpose: I thinke you shall neuer recouer the wealth that you loste at Otranto.

Clean. I thinke I haue dubled it, or rather made it foure times as muche! But, in-deed, I lost mine only sonne there, a childe of fiue yeres old.

Pasiph. O great pitie!

Clean. Yea, I had rather haue lost al the goods in the world.

Pasiph. Alas! alas! by God! And grafts of suche a stocke are very gayson [1] in these dayes.

Clean. I know not whether he were slayne, or the Turks toke him and kept him as a bond slaue.

Pasiph. Alas, I could weepe for compassion! But there is no remedy but patience. You shall get many by this yong damsell, with the grace of God.

Clean. Yea, if I get hir.

Pasiph. Get hir? Why doubt you of that?

Clean. Why? Hir father holds me off with delayes, so that I must needes doubt.

Pasiph. Content your selfe, sir: he is a wise man, and desirous to place his daughter well; he will not be too rashe in hys determination; he will thinke well of the matter. And lette him thinke! for the longer he thinketh, the more good of you shall he thinke. Whose welth? whose vertue? whose skill? or whose estimation can he compare to yours in this citie?

Clean. And hast thou not tolde him that I would make his daughter a dower of two thousand ducates?

Pasiph. Why, euen now I came but from thence since.

Clean. What said he?

Pasiph. Nothing, but that Erostrato had profered the like.

Clean. Erostrato? How can he make any dower, and his father yet aliue?

Pasiph. Thinke you I did not tell him so? Yes, I warrant you, I forgot nothing that may furder your cause. And doubte you not, Erostrato shal neuer haue hir — vnlesse it be in a dreame.

Clean. Well, gentle Pasiphilo, go thy wayes and tell Damon I require nothing but his daughter; I wil none of his goods; I shal enrich hir of mine owne; and if this dower of two thousand ducates seem not sufficient, I wil make it fiue hundreth more, yea a thousand, or what so euer he will demaund, rather then faile. Go to Pasiphilo! Shew thy selfe frendly in working this feate for me; spare for no cost! Since I haue gone thus farre, I wilbe loth to be out bidden. Go.

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[1] Ostentatiously.
[2] Lecturing.
[3] Trifling.
[4] Massive.
[5] Riot.
[6] Commentaries (written, presumably, by Cleander).

[1] Rare.

Pasiph. Where shall I come to you againe?

Clean. At my house.

Pasiph. When?

Clean. When thou wilte.

Pasiph. Shall I come at dinner time?

Clean. I would byd thee to dinner, but it is a Saincts euen, which I haue euer fasted.

Pasiph. [*aside*]. Faste till thou famishe!

Clean. Harke.

Pasiph. [*aside*]. He speaketh of a dead mans faste.[1]

Clean. Thou hearest me not.

Pasiph. [*aside*]. Nor thou vnderstandest me not.

Clean. I dare say thou art angrie I byd the not to dinner; but come, if thou wilte; thou shalt take such as thou findest.

Pasiph. What! think you I know not where to dine?

Clean. Yes, Pasiphilo, thou art not to seeke.[2]

Pasiph. No, be you sure; there are enowe will pray me.

Clean. That I knowe well enough, Pasiphilo. But thou canst not be better welcome in any place than to me. I will tarrie for thee.

Pasiph. Well, since you will needes, I will come.

Clean. Dispatche, then; and bring no newes but good.

Pasiph. [*aside*]. Better than my rewarde, by the rood!

*Cleander exit, Pasiphilo restat.*

## [ACTUS I]

### Scena IIJ

*Pasiphilo* [*remains*]. *Dulipo* [*enters later*].

[Pasiph.] O miserable, couetous wretche! He findeth an excuse by S. Nicolas fast, bicause I should not dine with him — as though I should dine at his owne dishe! He maketh goodly feasts, I promise you! It is no wonder though hee thinke me bounde vnto him for my fare; for, ouer and besides that his prouision is as skant as may be, yet there is great difference betweene his diet and mine: I neuer so much as sippe of the wine that he tasteth; I feede at the bordes ende with browne bread — marie, I reach always to his owne dishe, for there are no more but that only on the table. Yet he thinks that for one such dinner I am bound to do him al the seruice that I can, and thinks me sufficiently rewarded for all my trauell with one suche festiuall promotion! And yet, peraduenture, some men thinke I haue great gaines vnder him; but I may say, and sweare, that this dosen yeere I haue not gayned so muche in value as the points [1] at my hose (whiche are but three, with codpeece poynt and al). He thinkes that I may feede vpon his fauour and faire wordes; but if I could not otherwise prouide for one, Pasiphilo were in a wyse case. Pasiphilo hath mo pastures to passe in than one, I warrant you! I am of housholde with this scholer Erostrato (his riuale), as well as with Domine Cleander: nowe with the one, and then with the other, according as I see their caters [2] prouide good cheere at the market; and I finde the meanes so to handle the matter that I am welcome too bothe. If the one see me talke with the other, I make him beleeue it is to harken newes in the furtherance of his cause; and thus I become a broker on bothe sides. Well, lette them bothe apply the matter as well as they can; for, in-deede, I will trauell [3] for none of them bothe, yet will I seeme to worke wonders on eche hande. But is not this one of Damons seruants that commeth foorth? It is. Of him I shall vnderstand where his master is. Whither goeth this ioyly gallant?

[*Enter Dulipo from Damon's house.*]

Dul. I come to seeke some body that may accompany my master at dinner; he is alone, and woulde fayne haue good company.

Pasiph. Seeke no further! You coulde neuer haue found one better than me.

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[1] Which is absolute and eternal.

[2] Deficient (probably with a pun).

[1] Laces used to fasten certain parts of the dress.

[2] Caterers.

[3] Labor.

Dul. I haue no commission to bring so many.

Pasiph. How, many? I will come alone.

Dul. How canst thou come alone that hast continually a legion of rauening wolues within thee?

Pasiph. Thou doest (as seruants commonly doe) hate al that loue to visite their maisters.

Dul. And why?

Pasiph. Because they haue too many teeth, as you thinke.

Dul. Nay, bicause they haue to many tongues.

Pasiph. Tongues? I pray you, what did my tongue euer hurt you?

Dul. I speake but merily with you, Pasiphilo. Goe in; my maister is ready to dine.

Pasiph. What! dineth he so earely?

Dul. He that riseth early, dineth early.

Pasiph. I would I were his man. Maister Doctor neuer dineth till noone, and how delicately then, God knoweth! I wil be bolde to goe in, for I count my selfe bidden.

Dul. You were best so.

[*Pasiphilo enters Damon's house.*] [1]

[Dul.] Hard hap had I when I first began this vnfortunate enterprise! For I supposed the readiest medicine to my miserable affects [2] had bene to change name, clothes, and credite with my seruant, and to place my selfe in Damons seruice; thinking that, as sheuering colde by glowing fire, thurst by drinke, hunger by pleasant repasts, and a thousande suche like passions finde remedie by their contraries, so my restlesse desire might haue founde quiet by continuall contemplation. But, alas! I find that only loue is vnsaciable: for, as the flie playeth with the flame till at last she is cause of hir owne decay, so the louer that thinketh with kissing and colling [3] to content his vnbrideled apetite, is commonly seene the only cause of his owne consumption. Two yeeres are nowe past since (vnder the colour [4] of Damons seruice) I haue bene a sworne seruant to Cupid — of whom I haue receiued as much fauour and grace as euer man founde in his seruice. I haue free libertie at al times to behold my desired, to talke with hir, to embrace hir, yea (be it spoken in secrete) to lie with hir. I reape the fruites of my desire; yet, as my ioyes abounde, euen so my paines encrease. I fare like the couetous man, that hauing all the world at will is neuer yet content: the more I haue, the more I desire. Alas! what wretched estate haue I brought my selfe vnto, if in the ende of all my farre fetches she be giuen by hir father to this olde doting doctor, this buzard, this bribing villaine, that by so many meanes seeketh to obtain hir at hir fathers hands! I know she loueth me best of all others. But what may that preuaile when perforce she shalbe constrained to marie another? Alas! the pleasant tast of my sugred ioyes doth yet remaine so perfect in my remembrance, that the least soppe of sorow seemeth more soure than gal in my mouth. If I had neuer knowen delight, with better contentation might I haue passed these dreadful dolours. And if this olde *mumpsimus* [1] (whom the pockes consume!) should win hir, then may I say, "Farewell the pleasant talke, the kind embracings, yea, farewel the sight of my Polynesta!" For he, like a ielouse wretch, will pen hir vp, that I thinke the birdes of the aire shall not winne the sighte of hir. I hoped to haue caste a blocke in his waie by the meanes that my seruant (who is supposed to be Erostrato, and with my habite and credite is wel esteemed) should proffer himself a suter — at the least to counteruaile the doctors proffers. But my maister, knowing the wealth of the one and doubting the state [2] of the other, is determined to be fed no longer with faire wordes, but to accept the doctor (whom he right well knoweth) for his sonne-in-law. Wel, my seruant promised me yesterday to deuise yet againe some newe conspiracie to driue Maister Doctor out of conceite, and to laye a snare that the foxe himselfe might be caughte in! What it is, I knowe not, nor I saw him not since he went about it. I will goe see if he be within, that at least if he helpe me not he maye yet prolong my life for this once. But here commeth his lackie. Ho, Iack pack! where is Erostrato?

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[1] Original has *Pasiphilo intrat. Dul. restat.*

[2] Desires.

[3] Embracing.

[4] Pretence.

[1] Consumptive.

[2] Estate.

*Here must Crapine be comming in with a basket, and a sticke in his hand.*

## [ACTUS I]

### Scena IIIJ

[*Enter*] *Crapino, the Lackie,* [*to*] *Dvlipo.*

[Crapino.] Erostrato? mary, he is in his skinne.

Dul. Ah, hooreson boy! I say, howe shall I finde Erostrato?

Cra. Finde him? howe meane you — by the weeke [1] or by the yeere?

Dul. You cracke-halter! [2] if I catche you by the eares I shall make you answere me directly.

Cra. In-deede?

Dul. Tarry me a little.

Cra. In faith, sir, I haue no leisure.

Dul. Shall we trie who can runne fastest?

Cra. Your legges be longer than mine; you should haue giuen me the aduauntage.

Dul. Go to! Tell me where is Erostrato?

Cra. I left him in the streete, where he gaue me this casket (this basket I would haue sayde), and bad me beare it to Dalio, and returne to him at the Dukes Palace.

Dul. If thou see him, tell him I must needes speake with him immediatly; or, abide awhyle; I will go seeke him my selfe, rather than be suspected by going to his house.

*Crapino departeth, and Dulipo also: after Dulipo commeth in agayne seeking Erostrato.*

FINIS ACTUS I.

## ACTUS IJ

### Scena J

[*Enter*] *Dulipo* [*seeking*] *Erostrato.*

[Dulipo.] I thinke if I had as many eyes as Argus I coulde not haue sought a man more narrowly in euery streete and euery by-lane! There are not many gentlemen, scholers, nor marchauntes in the citie of Ferara but I haue mette with them, excepte him. Peraduenture hee is come home an other way. But looke where he commeth at the last.

[*Enter Erostrato.*]

Erost. In good time haue I spied my good maister!

Dul. For the loue of God call me "Dulipo," not "master." Maintayne the credite that thou haste hitherto kepte, and let me alone.

Erost. Yet, sir, let me sometimes do my duetie vnto you, especially where no body heareth.

Dul. Yea, but so long the parat vseth to crie knappe [1] in sporte, that at the last she calleth hir maister knaue in earnest; so long you will vse to call me master, that at the last we shall be heard. What newes?

Erost. Good!

Dul. In-deede?

Erost. Yea, excellent. We haue as good as won the wager!

Dul. Oh, how happie were I if this were true!

Erost. Heare you me. Yesternight in the euening I walked out, and founde Pasiphilo, and with small entreating I had him home to supper; where by suche meanes as I vsed he became my great friend, and tolde me the whole order of our aduersaries determination; yea, and what Damon doth intende to do also; and hath promised me that from time to time, what he can espie he will bring me word of it.

Dul. I can not tel whether you know him or no. He is not to trust vnto — a very flattering and a lying knaue.

Erost. I know him very well; he can not deceiue me. And this that he hath told me I know must needes be true.

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[1] Punning on the meaning of "find," to board, support.

[2] Alluding to the gallows.

[1] Rascal.

Dul. And what was it in effect?

Erost. That Damon had purposed to giue his daughter in mariage to this doctor vpon the dower that he hath profered.

Dul. Are these your good newes? your excellent newes?

Erost. Stay a whyle; you will vnderstande me before you heare me.

Dul. Well, say on.

Erost. I answered to that, I was ready to make hir the lyke dower.

Dul. Well sayde.

Erost. Abide; you heare not the worst yet.

Dul. O God, is there any worsse behinde?

Erost. Worsse? why what assurance coulde you suppose that I might make without some speciall consent from Philogano, my father?

Dul. Nay, you can tell; you are better scholer than I.

Erost. In-deede, you haue lost your time; for the books that you tosse now a dayes treate of smal science!

Dul. Leaue thy iesting, and proceede.

Erost. I sayd further, that I receyued letters lately from my father, whereby I vnderstoode that he woulde be heere very shortly to performe all that I had profered; therefore I required him to request Damon, on my behalf, that he would stay his promise to the doctor for a fourtnight or more.

Dul. This is somewhat yet; for by this meanes I shal be sure to linger and liue in hope one fourtnight longer. But, at the fourthnights ende when Philogano commeth not, how shall I then do? Yea, and though he came, howe may I any way hope of his consent, when he shall see that to follow this amorous enterprise I haue set aside all studie, all remembraunce of my ductie, and all dread of shame. Alas, alas, I may go hang my selfe!

Erost. Comforte your selfe, man; and trust in me. There is a salue for euery sore, and doubt you not, to this mischeefe we shall finde a remedie.

Dul. O, friend, reuiue me, that hitherto, since I first attempted this matter, haue bene continually dying.

Erost. Well, harken a while then. This morning I tooke my horse and rode into the fieldes to solace my self; and, as I passed the foorde beyonde S. Anthonies gate, I met at the foote of the hill a gentleman riding with two or three men; and, as me thought by his habite and his lookes, he should be none of the wisest. He saluted me, and I him. I asked him from whence he came, and whither he would. He answered that he had come from Venice, then from Padua, nowe was going to Ferrara, and so to his countrey, whiche is Scienna. As soone as I knewe him to be a Scenese,[1] sodenly lifting vp mine eyes (as it were with an admiration), I sayd vnto him, "Are you a Scenese, and come to Ferrara?" "Why not?" sayde he. Quoth I (halfe and more with a trembling voyce), "Know you the daunger that should ensue if you be knowne in Ferrara to be a Scenese?" He, more than halfe amased, desired me earnestly to tell him what I ment.

Dul. I vnderstande not wherto this tendeth.

Erost. I beleeue you. But harken to me.

Dul. Go too, then.

Erost. I answered him in this sorte: "Gentleman, bycause I haue heretofore founde very curteous entertaynement in your countrey, beeing a student there, I accompt my self, as it were, bounde to a Scenese; and therefore if I knewe of any mishappe towards any of that countrey, God forbid but I should disclose it. And I maruell that you knewe not of the iniurie that your countreymen offered this other day to the Embassadours of Counte Hercules."

Dul. What tales he telleth me! What appertayne these to me?

Erost. If you will harken a whyle, you shall finde them no tales, but that they appertayne to you more than you thinke for.

Dul. Foorth.

Erost. I tolde him further, these Ambassadoures of Counte Hercules had dyuers mules, waggens, and charettes,[2] laden with diuers costly iewels, gorgeous furniture, and other things, which they caried as presents (passing that way) to the king of Naples; the which were not only stayd in Sciene by the officers whom you cal customers, but serched, ransacked, tossed, and turned, and, in the end, exacted for tribute, as if they had bene the goods of a meane marchaunt.

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[1] Sienese.

[2] Carts.

Dul. Whither the diuell wil he! Is it possible that this geare appertaine any thing to my cause? I finde neither head nor foote in it.

Erost. O how impacient you are! I pray you, stay a while.

Dul. Go to yet a while, then.

Erost. I proceeded, that vpon these causes the Duke sent his Chauncelor to declare the case vnto the Senate there, of whome he had the moste vncurteous answere that euer was heard; whervpon he was so enraged with all of that countrey, that for reuenge he had sworne to spoyle as many of them as euer should come to Ferara, and to sende them home in their dublet and their hose.

Dul. And, I pray thee, how couldest thou vpon the sudden deuise or imagine suche a lye? and to what purpose?

Erost. You shall heare by and by a thing as fitte for our purpose as any could haue happened.

Dul. I would fayne heare you conclude.

Erost. You would fayne leape ouer the stile before you come at the hedge. I woulde you had heard me, and seene the gestures that I enforced to make him beleeue this!

Dul. I beleeue you; for I knowe you can counterfet wel.

Erost. Further, I sayde, the Duke had charged vpon great penalties that the inholders and vitlers shoulde bring worde dayly of as many Sceneses as came to their houses. The gentleman, beeing (as I gessed at the first) a man of smal sapientia, when he heard these newes, would haue turned his horse an other way.

Dul. By likelyhoode he was not very wise when hee would beleeue that of his countrey, which, if it had bene true, euery man must needes haue knowen it.

Erost. Why not — when he had not beene in his countrey for a moneth paste, and I tolde him this had hapned within these seuen dayes?

Dul. Belike he was of small experience.

Erost. I thinke of as litle as may be. But beste of all for our purpose, and good aduenture it was, that I mette with such an one. Now harken, I pray you.

Dul. Make an ende, I pray thee.

Erost. He, as I say, when he hard these words, would haue turned the bridle; and I, fayning a countenance as though I were somewhat pensiue and carefull for him, paused a while, and after, with a great sighe, saide to him: "Gentleman, for the curtesie that (as I said) I haue found in your countrey, and bicause your affaires shall be the better dispatched, I will finde the meanes to lodge you in my house, and you shal say to euery man that you are a Sicilian of Cathanea, your name Philogano, father to me — that am indeede of that countrey and citie — called here Erostrato. And I, to pleasure you, will, during your abode here, do you reuerence as you were my father."

Dul. Out vpon me! what a grosse hedded foole am I! Now I perceiue wherto this tale tendeth.

Erost. Well, and how like you of it?

Dul. Indifferently.[1] But one thing I doubt.

Erost. What is that?

Dul. Marie, that when he hath bene here twoo or three dayes, he shal heare of euery man that there is no such thing betwene the Duke and the towne of Sciene.

Erost. As for that let me alone. I doe entertaine and will entertaine him so well, that within these two or three daies I will disclose vnto him all the whole matter, and doubte not but to bring him in for performance of as muche as I haue promised to Damon. For what hurte can it be to him, when he shall binde a strange name and not his owne?

Dul. What! thinke you he will be entreated to stande bounde for a dower of two thousand ducates by the yeere?

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[1] To some extent.

Erost. Yea, why not — if it were ten thousande — as long as he is not in-deede the man that is bound?

Dul. Well, if it be so, what shall we be the neerer to our purpose?

Erost. Why, when we haue done as muche as we can, how can we doe any more?

Dul. And where haue you left him?

Erost. At the inne, bicause of his horses. He and his men shall lie in my house.

Dul. Why brought you him not with you?

Erost. I thought better to vse your aduise first.

Dul. Well, goe take him home; make him all the cheere you can; spare for no cost; I will alowe it.

Erost. Content. Looke where he commeth.

Dul. Is this he? Goe meete him. By my trouthe, he lookes euen lyke a good soule! He that fisheth for him mighte bee sure to catche a cods heade! I will rest here a while to discipher him.

*Erostrato espieth the Scenese and goeth towards him: Dulipo standeth aside.*

## [ACTUS II]

### Scena IJ

[*Enter*] *The Scenese* [*attended by*] *Paqvetto and Petrvcio, his seruants. Erostrato* [*and Dulipo stand aside*].

[Scenese.] He that trauaileth in this worlde passeth by many perilles.

Paq. You saye true, sir. If the boate had bene a little more laden this morning at the ferrie wee had bene all drowned; for, I thinke, there are none of vs that could haue swomme.

Scen. I speake not of that.

Paq. O, you meane the foule waye that we had since wee came from this Padua. I promise you, I was afraide twice or thrice that your mule would haue lien fast in the mire.

Scen. Jesu, what a blockehead thou art! I speake of the perill we are in presently since we came into this citie.

Paq. A great peril, I promise you! — that we were no sooner arriued but you founde a frende that brought you from the inne and lodged you in his owne house.

Scen. Yea, marie, God rewarde the gentle yong man that we mette; for else we had bene in a wise case by this time. But haue done with these tales. And take you heede, and you also, sirra, take heede that none of you saie we be Sceneses; and remember that you call me Philogano of Cathanea.

Paq. Sure, I shal neuer remember these outlandish words! I could well remember Haccanea.[1]

Scen. I say, Cathanea, and not Haccanea, with a vengeance!

Paq. Let another name it, then, when neede is, for I shall neuer remember it.

Scen. Then holde thy peace; and take heede thou name not Scene.[2]

Paq. Howe say you if I faine my selfe dum, as I did once in the house of Crisobolus?

Scen. Doe as thou thinkest best. [*Erostrato advances.*] But looke where commeth the gentleman whom we are so much bounde vnto.

Erost. Welcome, my deare father Philogano.

Scen. Gramercie, my good sonne Erostrato.

Erost. That is well saide. Be mindefull of your toung, for these Ferareses be as craftie as the deuill of hell.

Scen. No, no; be you sure we will doe as you haue bidden vs!

Erost. For if you should name Scene they would spoile you immediatly, and turne you out of the towne with more shame than I woulde shoulde befall you for a thousande crownes.

Scen. I warant you, I was giuing them warning as I came to you; and I doubt not but they will take good heede.

Erost. Yea, and trust not the seruauntes of my housholde to far, for they are Ferareses all, and neuer knew my father, nor came neuer in Sicilia. This is my house. Will it please you to goe in? I will follow.

---

[1] Possibly a pun on *hackney* (*hakenai, hackenaye*), a prostitute.

[2] Siena.

*They goe in. Dulipo tarieth, and espieth the Doctor comming in with his man.*

## [ACTUS II]

### Scena IIJ

*Dvlipo alone.*

[Dulipo.] This geare hath had no euill beginning, if it continue so and fall to happie ende. But is not this the silly Doctor with the side bonet — the doting foole — that dare presume to become a suter to such a peerlesse paragone? O how couetousnesse doth blind the common sort of men! Damon, more desirous of the dower than mindfull of his gentle and gallant daughter, hath determined to make him his sonne-in-law, who for his age may be his father-in-law; and hath greater respect to the abundance of goods than to his owne naturall childe. He beareth well in minde to fill his owne purse, but he litle remembreth that his daughters purse shalbe continually emptie — vnlesse Maister Doctour fill it with double ducke egges.[1] Alas, I iest, and haue no ioy! I will stand here aside and laugh a litle at this lobcocke.

*Dulippo espieth the Doctor and his man comming.*

## [ACTUS II]

### Scena IIIJ

[*Enter*] *Carion, the doctors man,* [*attending his master*] *Cleander. Dvlipo* [*stands aside*].

[Carion.] Maister, what the diuel meane you to go seeke guestes at this time of the day? The maiors officers haue dined ere this time, which are alway the last in the market.

Clean. I come to seeke Pasiphilo, to the ende he may dine with mee.

Car. As though sixe mouthes, and the cat for the seuenth, bee not sufficient to eate an harlotrie shotterell,[1] a penniеworth of cheese, and halfe a score spurlings![2] This is all the dainties you haue dressed for you and your familie.

Clean. Ah, greedie gut, art thou afearde thou shalt want?

Car. I am afearde in-deede! It is not the first time I haue founde it so.

Dul. [*aside*]. Shall I make some sporte with this gallant? What shall I say to him?

Clean. Thou arte afearde, belike, that he will eate thee and the rest.

Car. Nay, rather that he will eate your mule, both heare and hyde.

Clean. Heare and hyde? and why not flesh and all?

Car. Bicause she hath none. If she had any flesh, I thinke you had eaten hir your selfe by this time.

Clean. She may thanke you then, for your good attendance.

Car. Nay she may thanke you for your small allowance.

Dul. [*aside*]. In faith, now, let me alone.

Clean. Holde thy peace, drunken knaue; and espie me Pasiphilo.

Dul. [*aside*]. Since I can doe no better, I will set such a staunce[3] betweene him and Pasiphilo that all this towne shall not make them friendes.

Car. Could you not haue sent to seeke him, but you must come your selfe? Surely you come for some other purpose; for if you would haue had Pasiphilo to dinner, I warant you he would haue taried here an houre since.

Clean. Holde thy peace. Here is one of Damons seruaunts; of him I shall vnderstand where he is. Good fellow, art not thou one of Damons seruaunts?

Dul. Yes sir, at your knamandement.[4]

Clean. Gramercie. Tell me, then, hath Pasiphilo bene there this day or no?

Dul. Yes sir, and I thinke he be there still. Ah, ah, ah!

Clean. What laughest thou?

---

[1] Pun on "duckets," and also with a further and coarse meaning.

[1] Pike.

[2] Smelts.

[3] Distance.

[4] So all the editions; command.

Dul. At a thing — that euery man may not laugh at.

Clean. What?

Dul. Talke that Pasiphilo had with my master this day.

Clean. What talke, I pray thee?

Dul. I may not tell it.

Clean. Doth it concerne me?

Dul. Nay, I will say nothing.

Clean. Tell me.

Dul. I can say no more.

Clean. I woulde but knowe if it concerne mee. I pray thee tell mee.

Dul. I would tell you, if I were sure you would not tell it againe.

Clean. Beleue me, I will kepe it close. Carion, giue vs leaue a litle; goe aside.

[*Carion stands aside.*]

Dul. If my maister shoulde know that it came by me, I were better die a thousand deaths!

Clean. He shall neuer know it. Say on.

Dul. Yea, but what assurance shall I haue?

Clean. I lay thee my faith and honestie in paune.

Dul. A pretie paune! The fulkers[1] will not lend you a farthing on it.

Clean. Yea, but amongst honest men it is more worth than golde.

Dul. Yea, marie sir, but where be they? But will you needes haue me tell it vnto you?

Clean. Yea, I pray thee, if it any thing appertaine to me.

Dul. Yes, it is of you. And I would gladly tell it you, bicause I would not haue suche a man of worship so scorned by a villaine ribaulde.

Clean. I pray thee tell me then.

Dul. I will tell you, so that you will sweare neuer to tell it to Pasiphilo, to my maister, nor to any other bodie.

Car. [*aside*]. Surely it is some toye[2] deuised to get some money of him.

Clean. I thinke I haue a booke here.

Car. [*aside*]. If he knew him as well as I, he woulde neuer goe aboute it, for he may as soone get one of his teeth from his iawes with a paire of pinchers as a pennie out of his purse with such a conceite.

Clean. Here is a letter wil serue the turne. I sweare to thee by the contents hereof neuer to disclose it to any man.

Dul. I will tell you, I am sorie to see how Pasiphilo doth abuse you, perswading you that alwayes he laboureth for you, where, in-deede, he lieth on[1] my maister continually, as it were with tooth and naile, for a straunger, a scholer, borne in Sicilia; they call him Roscus, or Arskisse — he hathe a madde name, I can neuer hit vpon it.

Clean. And thou recknest it as madly; is it not Erostrato?

Dul. That same. I should neuer haue remembred it! And the villaine speaketh al the euill of you that can be deuised.

Clean. To whom?

Dul. To my maister; yea, and to Polynesta hirselfe sometimes.

Clean. Is it possible? Ah slaue! And what saith he?

Dul. More euill than I can imagine. That you are the miserablest and most nigardly man that euer was —

Clean. Sayeth Pasiphilo so by me?

Dul. And that as often as he commeth to your house he is like to die for hunger, you fare so well.

Clean. That the deuill take him else!

Dul. And that you are the testiest man, and moste diuers to please, in the whole worlde, so that he cannot please you vnlesse he should euen kill himselfe with continuall paine.

Clean. O deuilish tong!

Dul. Furthermore, that you cough continually and spit, so that a dogge cannot abide it.

Clean. I neuer spitte nor coughe more than thus, vho, vho; and that but since I caughte this murre.[2] But who is free from it?

Dul. You saye true, sir. Yet further he sayth, your arme holes stincke, your feete worse than they, and your breathe worst of all.

Clean. If I quite him not for this geare!

---

[1] Usurers.

[2] Trick.

[1] Urgeth.

[2] Catarrh.

DUL. And that you are bursten in the cods.

CLEAN. O villaine! He lieth! And if I were not in the streete thou shouldest see them.

DUL. And he saith that you desire this yong gentlewoman as much for other mens pleasure as for your owne.

CLEAN. What meaneth he by that?

DUL. Peraduenture that by hir beautie you woulde entice many yong men to your house.

CLEAN. Yong men? To what purpose?

DUL. Nay, gesse you that.

CLEAN. Is it possible that Pasiphilo speaketh thus of me?

DUL. Yea, and much more.

CLEAN. And doth Damon beleeue him?

DUL. Yea, more than you would thinke; in such sort, that long ere this he woulde haue giuen you a flat repulse, but Pasiphilo intreated him to continue you a suter, for his aduantage.

CLEAN. How for his aduantage?

DUL. Marie, that during your sute he might still haue some rewarde for his great paines.

CLEAN. He shall haue a rope! and yet that is more than he deserueth. I had thought to haue giuen him these hose [1] when I had worne them a little nearer, but he shall haue a &c.[2]

DUL. In good faith, sir, they were but loste on him. Will you any thing else with me sir?

CLEAN. Nay, I haue heard to much of thee already.

DUL. Then I will take my leaue of you.

CLEAN. Farewell! But tell me, may I not know thy name?

DUL. Sir, they call me Foule-fall-you.

CLEAN. An ill fauored name, by my trouthe! Arte thou this countreyman?

DUL. No sir, I was borne by a castle men cal Scabbe-catch-you. Fare you well sir! [*Exit Dulipo.*]

CLEAN. Farewel! Oh, God, how haue I bene abused! What a spokesman! what a messanger had I prouided!

CAR. Why, sir, will you tarie for Pasiphilo till we die for hunger?

CLEAN. Trouble me not, that the deuill take you both!

CAR. [*aside*]. These newes, what so euer they be, like him not.

CLEAN. Art thou so hungrie yet? I pray to God thou be neuer satisfied!

CAR. By the masse, no more I shal, as long as I am your seruant.

CLEAN. Goe, with mischaunce!

CAR. Yea, and a mischiefe to you, and to al such couetous wretches! [*Exeunt.*]

FINIS ACTUS 2.

## ACTUS IIJ

### SCENA J

[*Enter*] *Dalio, the cooke,* [*and*] *Crapine the lackie.* [*Later enter*] *Erostrato* [*and*] *Dvlipo.*

[DALIO, *to Crapine*]. By that time we come to the house I truste that of these xx. egges in the basket we shall find but very few whole. But it is a folly to talke to him. What the deuill! wilt thou neuer lay that sticke out of thy hande? He fighteth with the dogges, beateth the beares; at euery thing in the streate he findeth occasion to tarie. If he spie a slipstring [1] by the waye, such another as himself, a page, a lackie, or a dwarfe, the deuill of hell cannot holde him in chaynes but he will be doing with him. I cannot goe two steppes but I muste looke backe for my yonker. Goe to, halter-sicke! [2] if you breake one egge I may chance breake &c.

CRA. What will you breake? your nose in mine &c?

DAL. Ah, beast!

CRA. If I be a beast, yet I am no horned [3] beast.

DAL. Is it euen so? Is the winde in that doore? If I were vnloden I would tel you whether I be a horned beast or no.

---

[1] Breeches.

[2] Possibly the actor was supposed to fill out the sentence (with something unprintable?).

[1] A gadding boy, a truant.

[2] Ready for the gallows.

[3] Alluding to the horns of the cuckold.

Cra. You are alway laden either with wine or with ale.

Dal. Ah, spitefull boy! Shall I suffer him? [*Strikes him.*]

Cra. Ah, cowardely beast! darest thou strike and say neuer a woorde?

Dal. Well, my maister shall know of this geere. Either he shall redresse it, or he shall lose one of vs.

Cra. Tel him the worst thou canst by me.

[*Enter Erostrato unexpectedly.*] [1]

Erost. What noise! what a rule is this!

Cra. Marie sir, he striketh mee bicause I tell him of his swearing.

Dal. The villaine lieth deadly! He reuiles me bicause I bid him make hast.

Erost. Holla! no more of this. Dalio, doe you make in a readinesse those pigeons, stock doues, and also the breast of veale; and let your vessell be as cleare as glasse against I returne, that I may tell you which I will haue roasted, and which boyled. [*Exit Dalio.*] Crapine, lay downe that basket, and followe me. Oh that I coulde tell where to finde Pasiphilo!

*Dulipo is espied by Erostrato.*

But looke where he commeth that can tell me of him.

Dul. What haue you done with Philogano your father?

Erost. I haue left him within. I would faine speake with Pasiphilo; can you tell me where he is?

Dul. He dined this day with my maister, but whether he went from thence I know not. What would you with him?

Erost. I woulde haue him goe tell Damon that Philogano, my father, is come, and ready to make assurance of as much as he wil require. Now shall I teach Maister Doctor a schole point; he trauaileth to none other end but to catche *Cornua*,[2] and he shall haue them, for, as old as he is, and as many subtilties as he hath learned in the law, he can not goe beyond me one ace.

Dul. O, deere friend, goe thy wayes; seeke Pasiphilo; finde him out; and conclude somewhat to our contentation.

Erost. But where shall I finde him?

Dul. At the feasts, if there be any; or else in the market with the poulters or the fishmongers.

Erost. What should he doe with them?

Dul. Mary, he watcheth whose caters bie the best meat. If any bie a fat capon, a good breast of veale, fresh samon, or any suche good dishe, he followeth to the house, and either with some newes, or some stale iest, he will be sure to make himselfe a geast.

Erost. In faith, and I will seeke there for him.

Dul. Then muste you needes finde him; and when you haue done I will make you laughe.

Erost. Whereat?

Dul. At certaine sport I made to day with Master Doctor.

Erost. And why not now?

Dul. No, it asketh further leysure. I pray thee dispatche, and finde out Pasiphilo that honest man.

*Dulipo tarieth. Erostrato [followed by Crapino] goeth out.*

## [ACTUS III]

### Scena IJ

*Dvlipo, alone.*

[Dulipo.] This amorous cause that hangeth in controuersie betwene Domine Doctor and me may be compared to them that play at primero:[1] of whom some one, peraduenture, shal leese a great sum of money before he win one stake, and at last, halfe in anger, shal set vp his rest,[2] win it, and after that another, another, and another, till at last he draw the most part of the money to his heape, the other, by litle and litle, stil diminishing his rest, til at last he be come as neere the brinke as earst the other was; yet again, peraduenture, fortune smiling on him, he shal, as it were by peece-meale, pull out the guts of his fellows bags, and bring him barer than he himselfe was tofore; and so in play continue stil (fortune fauoring now this way, now that way) til at last the one of them is left with as many crosses[1] as God hath brethren. O, howe often haue I thoughte my selfe sure of the vpper hande herein! — but I triumphed before the victorie. And then, how ofte againe haue I thoughte the fielde loste! Thus haue I beene tossed, nowe ouer, nowe vnder, euen as fortune list to whirle the wheele, neither sure to winne, nor certayne to loose the wager. And this practise that nowe my seruaunte hath deuised, although hitherto it hath not succeeded amisse, yet can I not count my selfe assured of it; for I feare still that one mischance or other wyll come and turne it topsie turuie. But looke where my mayster commeth.

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[1] The original edition has in the margin: *Erostra & Du. ex improuiso.* But Dulipo enters later.

[2] An allusion to the horns of the cuckold.

[1] A favorite gambling game of cards.

[2] Stake all on one play.

*Damon comming in, espieth Dulipo and calleth him.*

## [ACTUS III]

### SCENA IIJ

[*Enter*] *Damon* [*to*] *Dvlipo.* [*Later enter*] *Nevola, and two mo seruants.*

[DAMON.] Dvlipo.

DUL. Here sir.

DAM. Go in and bid Neuola and his felowes come hither, that I may tell them what they shall goe about. And go you into my studie; there vpon the shelfe you shall find a roule of writings which Iohn of the Deane made to my Father when he solde him the Grange ferme, endorced with bothe their names. Bring it hither to me.

DUL. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*]

DAM. Go. I wil prepare other maner of writings for you than you are aware of! O fooles, that trust any man but themselues now adaies! Oh spiteful fortune! thou doest me wrong, I thinke, that from the depth of hell pitte thou haste sente mee this seruaunt to be the subuersion of me and all mine!

*The seruants come in.*

Come hither sirs, and heare what I shal say vnto you. Go into my studie, where you shall finde Dulipo. Step to him all at once, take him, and, with a corde that I haue laide on the table for the nonce, bind him hande and foote, carie him into the dungeon vnder the stayres, make faste the dore, and bring me the key — it hangeth by vpon a pin on the wall. Dispatche, and doe this geare as priuily as you can. And thou, Neuola, come hither to me againe with speede.

NEV. Well I shall.

[*Exit Nevola and the other servants.*]

DAM. Alas, how shall I be reuenged of this extreme despite? If I punishe my seruant according to his diuelishe deserts, I shall heape further cares vpon mine owne head. For to suche detestable offences no punishment can seeme sufficient but onely death; and in such cases it is not lawful for a man to be his owne caruer. The lawes are ordeyned, and officers appoynted to minister iustice for the redresse of wrongs; and if to the potestates[1] I complayne me, I shall publishe mine owne reproche to the worlde. Yea, what should it preuayle me to vse all the puinishments that can be deuised? The thing, once done, can not be vndone. My daughter is defloured, and I vtterly dishonested. How can I then wype that blot off my browe? And on whome shall I seeke reuenge? Alas, alas, I my-selfe haue bene the cause of all these cares, and haue deserued to beare the punishment of all these mishappes! Alas, I should not haue committed my dearest darling in custodie to so carelesse a creature as this olde Nurse! for we see by common proofe that these olde women be either peeuishe, or pitifull; either easily enclined to euill, or quickly corrupted with bribes and rewards. O wife, my good wife (that nowe lyest colde in the graue), now may I well bewayle the wante of thee! and mourning nowe may I bemone that I misse thee! If thou hadst liued, suche was thy gouernement of the least things that thou wouldest prudently haue prouided for the preseruation of this pearle. A costly iewell may I well accompte hir, that hath been my cheefe comforte in youth, and is nowe become the corosiue of mine age! O Polynesta, full euill hast thou requited the clemencie of thy carefull father! And yet to excuse thee giltlesse before God, and to condemne thee giltie before the worlde, I can count none other but my wretched selfe the caytife and causer of all my cares. For of al the dueties that are requisite in humane lyfe, onely obedience is by the parents to be required of the childe: where, on the other side, the parents are bound, first to beget them, then to bring them foorth, after to nourish them, to preserue them from bodily perils in the cradle, from daunger of soule by godly education, to matche them in consort [1] enclined to vertue, too banish them all ydle and wanton companie, to allow them sufficiente for their sustentation, to cut off excesse — the open gate of sinne, — seldome or neuer to smile on them vnlesse it be to their encouragement in vertue, and, finally, to prouide them mariages in time conuenient, lest (neglected of vs) they learne to sette either to much or to litle by themselues. Fiue years are past since I might haue maried hir, when by continuall excuses I haue prolonged it to my owne perdition. Alas, I shoulde haue considered she is a collop[2] of my owne flesh. What! shold I think to make hir a princesse? Alas, alas, a poore kingdome haue I now caught to endowe hir with! It is too true, that of all sorowes this is the head source and chiefe fountaine of all furies: the goods of the world are incertain, the gaines [litle] [3] to be reioyced at, and the losse not greatly to be lamented; only the children, cast away, cutteth the parents throate with the knife of inward care. Which knife will kill me surely, I make none other accompte.

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[1] Certain coins marked with the cross.

[1] Magistrates.

*Damons seruants come to him againe.*

## [ACTUS III]

### SCENA IIIJ

[*Re-enter*] *Nevola* [*to*] *Damon*. [*Later enter*] *Pasiphilo.*

[NEVOLA.] Sir, we haue done as you badde vs; and here is the key.

DAM. Well, go then, Neuola, and seeke master Casteling, the iayler; he dwelleth by S. Antonies Gate. Desire him too lend me a paire of the fetters he vseth for his prisoners; and come againe quickly.

NEV. Well, sir.

DAM. Heare you; if he aske what I would do with them, say you can not tell. And tell neither him nor any other what is become of Dulipo.

*Damon goeth out.*

[NEV.] I warant you, sir. Fye vpon the deuill! it is a thing almost vnpossible for a man nowe a dayes to handle money but the mettal will sticke on his fingers. I maruelled alway at this fellowe of mine, Dulipo, that of the wages he receiued he could maintaine himselfe so brauely apparelled; but nowe I perceiue the cause. He had the disbursing and receit of all my masters affaires; the keys of the granarie; Dulippo here, Dulippo there; in fauoure with my maister, in fauoure with his daughter — what woulde you more, he was *magister factotum*. He was as fine as the crusadoe,[1] and wee silly wretches as course as canuas. Wel, behold what it is come to in the ende! He had bin better to haue done lesse.

[*Pasiphilo suddenly and unexpectedly enters from Damon's house.*] [2]

PASIPH. Thou saist true, Neuola! He hath done to much, in-deed.

NEV. From whence commest thou, in the deuils name?

PASIPH. Out of the same house thou camest from, but not out of the same dore.

NEV. We had thought thou hadst bene gone long since.

PASIPH. When I arose from the table I felte a rumbling in my belly, whiche made me runne to the stable; and there I fell on sleepe vppon the strawe, and haue line there euer since. And thou — whether goest thou?

NEV. My master hath sent me on an errand in great hast.

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[1] Society. [2] Slice. [3] Added by Bond.

[1] A coin bearing the figure of the cross.

[2] Original edition has in the margin: *Pasi. subito & improuiso venit.*

Pasiph. Whether, I pray thee?

Nev. Nay, I may not tell. Farewell.

[*Exit Nevola down the street.*]

Pasiph. As though I neede any further instructions! O God, what newes I heard euen now, as I lay in the stable! O good Erostrato, and pore Cleander, that haue so earnestly strouen for this damsel! Happie is he that can get hir, I promise you! He shall be sure of mo than one at a clap that catcheth hir — eyther Adam or Eue within hir belie. Oh God, how men may be deceiued in a woman! Who wold haue beleeued the contrary but that she had bin a virgin? Aske the neighbours, and you shall heare very good report of hir; marke hir behauiors, and you would haue iudged hir very maydenly; seldome seene abroade but in place of prayer, and there very deuout; and no gaser at outwarde sightes, no blaser of hir beautie aboue in the windowes, no stale[1] at the doore for the bypassers: you would haue thought hir a holy yong woman. But muche good doe it Domine Doctor! Hee shall be sure to lacke no corne[2] in a deare yere, whatsoeuer he haue with hir else. I beshrewe me if I let[3] the mariage any way. But is not this the old scabbed queane that I heard disclosing all this geere to hir master as I stoode in the stable ere nowe? It is shee. Whither goeth, Psiteria?

*Pasiphilo espieth Psiteria comming.*

## [ACTUS III]

### Scena V

[*Enter*] *Psiteria* [*to*] *Pasiphilo.*

[Psit.] To a gossip of myne heereby.

Pasiph. What? to tattle of the goodly stirre that thou keptst concerning Polynesta.

Psit. No, no. But how knew you of that geere?

Pasiph. You tolde me.

Psit. I? When did I tell you?

Pasiph. Euen now when you tolde it to Damon. I both sawe you and heard you, though you saw not me. A good parte, I promise you, to accuse the poore wenche, kill the olde man with care, ouer and besides the daunger you haue brought Dulipo and the Nursse vnto, and many moe! Fie! fie!

Psit. In-deed, I was to blame; but not so much as you think.

Pasiph. And how not so muche? Did I not heare you tell?

Psit. Yes. But I will tell you how it came to passe: I haue knowen for a great while that this Dulipo and Polynesta haue lyen togither, and all by the meanes of the Nurse; yet I held my peace, and neuer tolde it. Now this other day the Nursse fell on scolding with me, and twyce or thryce called me drunken olde whore, and suche names that it was too badde; and I called hir baude, and tolde hir that I knew well enoughe howe often she had brought Dulipo to Polynestas bed. Yet all this while I thought not that anye body had heard me; but it befell cleane contrarye, for my maister was on the other side of the wall, and heard all our talke. Wherevpon he sent for me, and forced me to confesse all that you heard.

Pasiph. And why wouldest thou tell him? I woulde not for &c.

Psit. Well, if I had thought my maister would haue taken it so, he should rather haue killed me.

Pasiph. Why, how could he take it?

Psit. Alas, it pitieth me to see the poore yong woman, how she weepes, wailes, and teares hir heare, not esteming hir owne life halfe so deare as she doth poore Dulipos; and hir father, he weepes on the other side, that it would pearce an hart of stone with pitie. But I must be gone.

Pasiph. Go, that the gunne pouder consume thee, olde trotte![1]

FINIS ACTUS 3.

## ACTUS IIIJ

### Scena J

[*Enter*] *Erostrato, fained,* [*attended by the lackey, Crapine.*]

[Erost.] What shall I doe? Alas! what remedie shall I finde for my ruefull estate? What escape or what excuse may I now deuise to shifte ouer our subtile supposes? For though to this day I haue vsurped the name of my maister, and that without checke or controll of any man, now shal I be openly discyphred, and that in the sight of euery man; now shal it openly be knowen, whether I be Erostrato the gentleman, or Dulipo the seruaunt. We haue hitherto played our parts in abusing others; but nowe commeth the man that wil not be abused — the right Philogano, the right father of the right Erostrato. Going to seke Pasiphilo, and hearing that he was at the water gate, beholde I espied my fellowe Litio, and by and by my olde maister Philogano setting forth his first step on land. I to fuge,[1] and away hither as fast as I could to bring word to the right Erostrato, of his right father Philogano, that to so sodaine a mishap some subtile shift might be vpon the sodaine deuised. But what can be imagined to serue the turne, although we had monethes respite to beate oure braines about it, since we are commonly knowen — at the least supposed — in this towne, he for Dulipo, a slaue and seruant to Damon, and I for Erostrato, a gentleman and a student? But beholde, runne, Crapine, to yonder olde woman before she get within the doores, and desire hir to call out Dulipo. But heare you — if she aske who would speake with him, saye thy selfe and none other.

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[1] Lure.
[2] A pun on "horns," in cuckoldry.
[3] Hinder.

[1] Hag.

*Erostrato espieth Psiteria comming, and sendeth his lackey to hir.*

## [ACTUS IV]

### Scena IJ

*Crapine* [*goes to*] *Psiteria. Erostrato, fained,* [*stands waiting*].

[Crapine.] Honest woman! you gossip! thou rotten whore! hearest thou not, olde witche?

Psit. A rope stretche your yong bones! Either you muste liue to be as old as I, or be hanged while you are yong.

Cra. I pray thee, loke if Dulipo be within.

Psit. Yes, that he is, I warrant him!

Cra. Desire him, then, to come hither and speake a word with me. He shall not tarie.

Psit. Content your selfe; he is otherwise occupied.

Cra. Yet tell him so, gentle girle.

Psit. I tell you, he is busie.

Cra. Why, is it such a matter to tell him so, thou crooked crone?

Psit. A rope stretche you, marie!

Cra. A pockes eate you, marie!

Psit. Thou wilt be hanged, I warant thee, if thou liue to it.

Cra. And thou wilt be burnt, I warant thee, if the canker consume thee not.

Psit. If I come neere you, hempstring, I will teache you to sing sol fa![1]

Cra. Come on! and if I get a stone I will scare crowes with you.

Psit. Goe, with a mischiefe! I thinke thou be some deuill that woulde tempte me. [*Exit Psiteria.*]

Erost. Crapine! Heare you? Come away. Let hir goe, with a vengeance! Why come you not? Alas! loke where my maister Philogano commeth. What shall I doe? Where shall I hide me? He shall not see me in these clothes, nor before I haue spoken with the right Erostrato.

*Erostrato espyeth Phylogano comming, and runneth about to hide him.*

## [ACTUS IV]

### Scena IIJ

[*Enter*] *Philogano, Ferrarese the Inne keper,* [*and*] *Litio, a seruant* [*to Philogano*].

[Philo.] Honest man, it is euen so: be you sure there is no loue to be compared like the loue of the parents towards their children. It is not long since I thought that a very waightie matter shoulde not haue made me come out of Sicilia; and yet now I haue taken this tedious toyle and trauaile vpon me, only to see my sonne, and to haue him home with me.

Fer. By my faith, sir, it hath ben a great trauaile in-dede, and to much for one of your age.

---

[1] Flee.

[1] Scream (with pain).

PHILO. Yea, be you sure. I came in companie with certaine gentlemen of my countrey, who had affaires to dispatche as far as to Ancona, from thence by water too Rauenna, and from Rauenna hither, continually against the tide.

FER. Yea, and I think that you had but homly[1] lodging by the way.

PHILO. The worst that euer man had. But that was nothing to the stirre that the serchers[2] kept with me when I came aborde the ship. Jesus, how often they vntrussed my male,[3] and ransaked a litle capcase[4] that I had, tossed and turned al that was within it, serched my bosome, yea my breeches, that I assure you I thought they would haue flayed me to searche betwene the fell[5] and the fleshe for fardings.[6]

FER. Sure, I haue heard no lesse, and that the marchants bobbe[7] them somtimes; but they play the knaues still.

PHILO. Yea, be you well assured; suche an office is the inheritancee of a knaue, and an honest man will not meddle with it.

FER. Wel, this passage shal seme pleasant vnto you when you shall finde your childe in health and well. But, I praye you, sir, why did you not rather send for him into Sicilia than to come your selfe, specially since you had none other businesse? Peraduenture you had rather endanger your selfe by this noysome[8] iourney than hazard to drawe him from his studie.

PHILO. Nay, that was not the matter, for I had rather haue him giue ouer his studie altogither and come home.

FER. Why, if you minded not to make him learned, to what ende did you send him hither at the first?

PHILO. I will tell you. When he was at home he did as most yong men doe — he played many mad prankes, and did many things that liked me not very well; and I, thinking that by that time he had sene the worlde he would learne to know himselfe better, exhorted him to studie, and put in his election what place he would go to. At the last he came hither. And I thinke he was scarce here so sone as I felt the want of him, in suche sorte as from that day to this I haue passed fewe nightes without teares. I haue written to him very often that he shoulde come home, but continually he refused stil, beseching me to continue his studie, wherein he doubted not (as he said) but to profite greatly.

FER. In-dede, he is very much commended of al men, and specially of the best reputed studentes.

PHILO. I am glad he hath not lost his time; but I care not greatly for so muche knowledge. I would not be without the sighte of hym againe so long for all the learning in the worlde! I am olde nowe, and if God shoulde call me in his absence, I promise you I thinke it would driue me into disperation.

FER. It is commendable in a man to loue his children, but to be so tender ouer them is more womanlike.

PHILO. Well, I confesse it is my faulte. And yet I will tell you another cause of my comming hither, more waightie than this. Diuers of my countrey haue bene here since hee came hither, by whome I haue sente vnto him, and some of them haue bene thrice, some foure or fiue times at his house, and yet could neuer speake with him. I feare he applies his studie so that he will not leese the minute of an houre from his booke. What, alas! he might yet talke with his countrymen for a while! He is a yong man, tenderly brought vp, and if he fare thus continually night and day at his booke, it may be enough to driue him into a frenesie.

FER. In-dede, enough were as good as a feast. Loe you, sir, here is your sonne Erostratoes house. I will knocke.

PHILO. Yea, I pray you knocke.

[*He knocks on the door.*]

FER. They heare not.

PHILO. Knocke againe.

FER. I thinke they be on slepe.

LIT. If this gate were your grandefathers soule, you coulde not knocke more softly. Let me come. [*He knocks violently.*] Ho, ho! Is there any body within?

---

[1] Poor, ordinary.

[2] Customs officers.

[3] Opened up my trunk.

[4] A traveling case.

[5] Skin.

[6] Goods on which a farthing's duty was levied.

[7] Jeer at.

[8] Troublesome.

*Dalio commeth to the wyndowe, and there maketh them answere.*

## [ACTUS IV]

### Scena IIIJ

*Dalio, the cooke,* [*at the window*]. *Ferarese the inholder, Philogano,* [*and*] *Litio, his man,* [*below*].

[Dalio.] What deuill of hell is there? I thinke hee will breake the gates in peeces!

Lit. Marie, sir, we had thoughte you had beene on sleepe within, and therefore we thought best to wake you. What doth Erostrato?

Dal. He is not within.

Philo. Open the dore, good fellow, I pray thee.

Dal. If you thinke to lodge here, you are deceiued, I tell you; for here are guestes enowe already.

Philo. A good fellow, and much for thy maisters honesty, by our Ladie! And what guestes, I pray thee?

Dal. Here is Philogano, my maisters father, lately come out of Sicilia.

Philo. Thou speakest truer than thou arte aware of. He will be, by that time thou hast opened the dore. Open, I pray thee hartily.

Dal. It is a small matter for me to open the dore; but here is no lodging for you, I tell you plaine; the house is full.

Philo. Of whome?

Dal. I tolde you: here is Philogano, my maisters father, come from Cathanea.

Philo. And when came he?

Dal. He came three houres since, or more. He alighted at the Aungell, and left his horses there; afterwarde my maister brought him hither.

Philo Good fellow, I thinke thou hast good sport to mocke mee.

Dal. Nay, I thinke you haue good sporte to make me tary here, as though I haue nothing else to doe. I am matched with an vnrulye mate in the kitchin. I will goe looke to him another while.

Philo. I thinke he be drunken.

Fer. Sure he semes so; see you not how redde he is about the gilles?

Philo. Abide, fellow. What Philogano is it whome thou talkest of?

Dal. An honest gentleman, father to Erostrato, my maister.

Philo. And where is he?

Dal. Here within.

Philo. May we see him?

Dal. I thinke you may, if you be not blind.

Philo. Go to! Go tel him here is one wold speake with him.

Dal. Mary, that I will willingly doe.

*Dalio draweth his hed in at the wyndowe.*[1]

Philo. I can not tell what I shoulde say to this geere. Litio, what thinkest thou of it?

Lit. I cannot tell you what I shoulde say, sir. The worlde is large and long; there maye be moe Philoganos and moe Erostratos than one, yea and moe Ferraras, moe Sicilias, and moe Cathaneas; peraduenture this is not that Ferrara whiche you sent your sonne vnto.

Philo. Peraduenture thou arte a foole, and he was another that answered vs euen now. [*To the innholder.*] But be you sure, honest man, that you mistake not the house?

Fer. Nay, then God helpe! Thinke you I knowe not Erostratos house? Yes, and himselfe also. I sawe him here no longer since than yesterday. But here commes one that wil tell vs tydings of him. I like his counternaunce better than the others that answered at the windowe erewhile.

*The Scenese* [*led by Dalio*] *commeth out.*

## [ACTUS IV]

### Scena V

[*Enter the*] *Scenese* [*to*] *Philogano,* [*Ferarese, and Litio.*] *Dalio* [*accompanies the Scenese*].

[Scenese.] Would you speake with me, sir?

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[1] This is printed at the end of the scene.

PHILO. Yea, sir; I would faine knowe whence you are.

SCEN. Sir, I am a Sicilian, at your commaundement.

PHILO. What part of Sicilia?

SCEN. Of Cathanea.

PHILO. What shall I call your name?

SCEN. My name is Philogano.

PHILO. What trade doe you occupie?

SCEN. Marchandise.

PHILO. What marchandise brought you hither?

SCEN. None. I came onely to see a sonne that I haue here whom I sawe not these two yeares.

PHILO. What call they your sonne?

SCEN. Erostrato.

PHILO. Is Erostrato your sonne?

SCEN. Yea verily.

PHILO. And are you Philogano?

SCEN. The same.

PHILO. And a marchant of Cathanea?

SCEN. What neede I tell you so often? I will not tell you a lye.

PHILO. Yes, you haue told me a false lie! and thou arte a vilaine, and no better!

SCEN. Sir, you offer me great wrong with these iniurious wordes.

PHILO. Nay, I will doe more than I haue yet proffered to doe, for I will proue thee a lyer and a knaue to take vpon thee that thou art not.

SCEN. Sir, I am Philogano of Cathanea, out of all doubte. If I were not, I would be loth to tell you so.

PHILO. Oh, see the boldnesse of this brute beast! What a brasen face he setteth on it!

SCEN. Well, you may beleue me if you liste. What wonder you?

PHILO. I wonder at thy impudencie; for thou, nor nature that framed thee, can euer counterfaite thee to be me, ribauld villaine and lying wretch that thou arte!

DAL. Shall I suffer a knaue to abuse my maisters father thus? [*Draws his sword.*] Hence villaine! Hence, or I will sheath this good fawchion in your paunch! If my maister Erostrato find you prating here on this fashion to his father, I wold not be in your coate for mo conney skins[1] than I gat these twelue monethes. Come you in againe, sir, and let this curre barke here till he burst!

*Dalio pulleth the Scenese in at the dores.*

## [ACTUS IV]

### SCENA VJ

*Philogano, Litio,* [*and*] *Ferarese* [*remain*].

[PHILO.] Litio, how likest thou this geere?

LIT. Sir, I like it as euill as may be. But haue you not often heard tell of the falsehood of Ferara? and now may you see, it falleth out accordingly.

FER. Friend, you do not well to slaunder the citie. These man are no Ferrareses, you may know by their tong.

LIT. Well, there is neuer a barrell better herring beetwene you both.[2] But, indeed, your officers are most to blame, that suffer such faultes to escape vnpunished.

FER. What knowe the officers of this? Thinke you they know of euery fault?

LIT. Nay, I thinke they will knowe as little as may bee, specially when they haue no gaines by it; but they ought to haue their eares as open to heare of such offences, as the ingates be to receiue guests.

PHILO. Holde thy peace, foole!

LIT. By the masse, I am afearde that we shall be proued fooles, both two.

PHILO. Well, what shall we doe?

LIT. I would thinke best we should go seeke Erostrato him selfe.

FER. I will waite vpon you willingly; and either at the schooles, or at the conuocations, we shall find him.

PHILO. By our Lady, I am wery. I will run no longer about to seke him. I am sure hither he will come at the last.

LIT. Sure, my mind giues me that we shall find a new Erostrato ere it be long.

*Erostrato is espied vppon the stage running about.*[3]

FER. Looke where he is! Whether runnes he? Stay you awhile; I will goe tell him that you are here. Erostrato! Erostrato! ho, Erostrato! I would speake with you!

---

[1] Rabbit skins, which the cook saved and sold.

[2] A proverbial phrase, meaning "there is no difference between you two."

[3] Printed at the end of the scene.

## [ACTUS IV]

### SCENA VIJ

*Fained Erostrato* [*is approached by*] *Ferarese. Philogano, Litio,* [*and*] *Dalio* [*remain*].

[EROST.] Nowe can I hide me no longer. Alas! what shall I doe? I will set a good face on, to beare out the matter.

FERA. O Erostrato! Philogano, your father, is come out of Sicilia.

EROST. Tell me that I knowe not. I haue bene with him, and seene him alredy.

FERA. Is it possible? And it seemeth by him that you know not of his comming.

EROST. Why, haue you spoken with him? When saw you him, I pray you?

FERA. Loke you where he standes. Why go you not too him? Looke you, Philogano; beholde your deare son Erostrato.

PHILO. Erostrato? This is not Erostrato. Thys seemeth rather to be Dulipo — and it is Dulipo, in-deede.

LIT. Why, doubte you of that?

EROST. What saith this honest man?

PHILO. Mary, sir, in-deede you are so honorably cladde it is no maruell if you loke bigge.

EROST. To whome speaketh he?

PHILO. What! God helpe! do you not know me?

EROST. As farre as I remember, sir, I neuer sawe you before.

PHILO. Harke Litio, here is good geere! this honest man will not know me!

EROST. Gentleman, you take your markes amisse.

LIT. Did I not tell you of the falsehood of Ferrara, master? Dulipo hath learned to play the knaue indifferently well since he came hither.

PHILO. Peace, I say.

EROST. Friend, my name is not Dulipo. Aske you thoroughout this towne of great and small; they know me. Aske this honest man that is with you, if you wyll not beleeue me.

FERRA. In-deede, I neuer knewe him otherwise called than Erostrato; and so they call him, as many as knowe him.

LIT. Master, nowe you may see the falsehood of these fellowes: this honest man, your hoste, is of counsaile with him, and would face vs down that it is Erostrato. Beware of these mates!

FERA. Friende, thou doest me wrong to suspect me; for sure I neuer hearde hym otherwise called than Erostrato.

EROST. What name could you heare me called by but by my right name? But I am wise enough to stand prating here with this old man! I thinke he be mad.

PHILO. Ah, runnagate! ah, villaine traitour! doest thou vse thy master thus? What hast thou done with my son, villain?

[*Enter Dalio and other servants.*]

DAL. Doth this dogge barke here still? And will you suffer him, master, thus to reuile you?

EROST. Come in, come in. What wilt thou do with thys pestil?

DAL. I will rap the olde cackabed [1] on the costerd.[2]

EROST. Away with it. And you, sirra, lay downe these stones. Come in at dore, euery one of you. Beare with him, for his age. I passe not of his euill wordes.

*Erostrato taketh all his seruantes in at the dores.*

## [ACTUS IV]

### SCENA VIIJ

*Philogano, Ferarese,* [*and*] *Litio* [*remain*].

[PHILO.] Alas, who shall relieue my miserable estate? To whome shall I complaine? since he whome I brought vp of a childe, yea and cherished him as if he had bene mine owne, doth nowe vtterly denie to knowe me! And you, whome I toke for an honest man and he that should haue broughte me to the sighte of my sonne, are compacte with this false wretch, and woulde face me downe that he is Erostrato. Alas, you might haue some compassion of mine age, to the miserie I am now in, and that I am a stranger desolate of all comforte in this countrey; or, at the least, you shoulde haue feared the vengeaunce of God, the supreme iudge, whiche knoweth the secrets of all harts, in bearing this false witnesse with him, whome neauen and earth doe knowe to be Dulipo and not Erostrato.

---

[1] A term of abuse.

[2] Head (apple).

Lit. If there be many such witnesses in this countrey, men may go about to proue what they wil in controuersies here.

Fer. Well, sir, you may iudge of me as it pleaseth you; and how the matter commeth to passe I know not; but, truly, euer since he came first hither I haue knowen him by the name of Erostrato, the sonne of Philogano a Cathanese. Nowe, whether he be so in-deede, or whether he be Dulipo, as you alledge, let that be proued by them that knewe him before he came hether. But I protest before God that whiche I haue said is neither a matter compact with him, nor any other, but euen as I haue hard him called and reputed of al men.

Philo. Out and alas! he whom I sent hither with my son to be his seruaunt and to giue attendance on him, hath eyther cut his throate, or by some euill meanes made him away, and hath not onely taken his garmentes, his bookes, his money, and that whiche he brought out of Sicilia with him, but vsurpeth his name also, and turneth to his owne commoditie the bills of exchaunge that I haue alwayes allowed for my sonnes expences. Oh miserable Philogano! Oh vnhappie old man! Oh eternall God! Is there no iudge, no officer, no higher powers whom I may complaine vnto for redresse of these wrongs?

Fer. Yes sir, we haue potestates,[1] we haue iudges, and, aboue al, we haue a most iuste prince. Doubt you not but you shall haue iustice, if your cause be iust.

Philo. Bring me then to the iudges, to the potestates, or to whome you thinke best; for I will disclose a packe of the greatest knauerie, a fardell of the fowlest falsehoode, that euer was heard of!

Lit. Sir, he that wil goe to the lawe must be sure of foure things: first, a right and a iust cause; then, a righteous aduocate to pleade; nexte, fauour *coram iudice;*[1] and, aboue all, a good purse to procure it.

Fer. I haue not heard that the law hath any respect to fauour; what you meane by it I cannot tell.

Philo. Haue you no regard to his wordes; he is but a foole.

Fer. I pray you, sir, let him tell me what is fauour.

Lit. Fauour cal I to haue a friend neere about the iudge, who may so sollicite thy cause, as, if it be right, speedie sentence may ensue without any delayes; if it be not good, then to prolong it, till at the last thine aduersarie, being wearie, shal be glad to compound with thee.

Fer. Of thus much (although I neuer heard thus muche in this countrey before) doubt you not, Philogano, I will bring you to an aduocate that shall speede you accordingly.

Philo. Then shall I giue my selfe, as it were, a pray to the lawyers, whose insatiable iawes I am not able to feede although I had here all the goods and landes which I possesse in mine own countrey; much lesse, being a straunger in this miserie. I know their cautels[2] of old. At the first time I come they wil so extoll my cause as though it were already won; but within a seuennight or ten daies, if I do not continually feede them, as the crow doth hir brattes, twentie times in an houre, they will begin to waxe colde, and to finde cauils in my cause, saying that at the firste I did not well instructe them; till, at the last, they will not onely drawe the stuffing out of my purse but the marrow out of my bones.

Fer. Yea, sir; but this man that I tell you of is halfe a saincte.

Lit. And the other halfe a deuill, I hold[3] a pennie!

Philo. Well sayd, Litio. In-deede I haue but smal confidence in their smothe lookes.

Fer. Well, sir, I thinke this whom I meane is no suche manner of man. But if he were, there is such hatred and euil-wil betwene him and this gentleman (whether he be Erostrato or Dulipo, what-so-euer he be) that I warrant you he will doe whatsoeuer he can do for you, were it but to spite him.

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[1] Magistrates.

[1] "Before a judge."

[2] Tricks.

[3] Wager.

PHILO. Why, what hatred is betwixt them?

FER. They are both in loue and suters to one gentlewoman, the daughter of a welthie man in this citie.

PHILO. Why, is the villeine become of such estimation that he dare presume to be a suter to any gentlewoman of a good familie?

FER. Yea, sir, out of all doubt.

PHILO. How call you his aduersarie?

FER. Cleander, one of the excellentest doctors in our citie.

PHILO. For Gods loue let vs goe to him!

FER. Goe we, then. [*Exeunt.*]

FINIS ACTUS 4.

## ACTUS V

### SCENA I

[*Enter*] *Fayned Erostrato.*

[EROST.] What a mishappe was this! that before I could meete with Erostrato I haue light euen ful in the lap of Philogano! where I was constrained to denie my name, to denie my master, and to faine that I knew him not, to contend with him, and to reuile him in such sort that hap what hap can, I can neuer hap well in fauour with him againe. Therefore, if I could come to speake with the right Erostrato, I will renounce vnto him both habite and credite, and away as fast as I can trudge into some strange countrey where I may neuer see Philogano againe. Alas, he that of a litle childe hath brought me vp vnto this day, and nourished me as if I had bene his owne: and, in-deede (to confesse the trouth) I haue no father to trust vnto but him. But looke where Pasiphilo commeth, the fittest man in the world to goe on my message to Erostrato.

*Erostrato espieth Pasiphilo comming towards him.*

## [ACTUS V]

### SCENA IJ

[*Enter*] *Pasiphilo* [*to Fayned*] *Erostrato.*

[PASIPH.] Two good newes haue I heard to day alreadie: one, that Erostrato prepared a great feast this night; the other, that he seeketh for me. And I, to ease him of his trauaile, least he shoulde runne vp and downe seeking me, and bicause no man loueth better than I to haue an erand where good cheere is, come in post-hast euen home to his owne house. And loke where he is.

EROST. Pasiphilo, thou muste doe one thing for me, if thou loue me.

PASIPH. If I loue you not, who loues you? Commaunde me.

EROST. Go then a litle there, to Damons house; aske for Dulipo, and tell him —

PASIPH. Wot you what? I cannot speake with him. He is in prison.

EROST. In prison! How commeth that to passe? Where is he in prison?

PASIPH. In a vile dungeon, there, within his masters house.

EROST. Canst thou tell wherefore?

PASIPH. Be you content to know he is in prison. I haue told you to muche.

EROST. If euer you will doe any thing for me, tell me.

PASIPH. I pray you, desire me not. What were you the better if you knew?

EROST. More than thou thinkest, Pasiphilo, by God.

PASIPH. Well, and yet it standes me vpon, more than you thinke, to keepe it secrete.

EROST. Why, Pasiphilo, is this the trust I haue had in you? Are these the faire promises you haue alwayes made me?

PASIPH. By the masse, I would I had fasted this night with Maister Doctor, rather than haue come hither.

EROST. Wel, Pasiphilo, eyther tel me, or at few woordes neuer thinke to be welcome to this house from hence forthe!

PASIPH. Nay, yet I had rather leese all the gentlemen in this towne. But if I tell you any thing that displease you, blame no body but your selfe now.

Erost. There is nothing can greue me more than Dulipoes mishappe — no, not mine owne; and therfore I am sure thou canst tell me no worsse tidings.

Pasiph. Well, since you would needes haue it, I wil tell you. He was taken a bed with your beloued Polynesta.

Erost. Alas! and doth Damon knowe it?

Pasiph. An olde trotte in the house disclosed it to him; whervpon he tooke bothe Dulipo and the Nurse, which hath bene the broker of all this bargayne, and clapte them bothe in a cage — where, I thinke they shall haue sowre soppes too their sweete meates.

Erost. Pasiphilo, go thy wayes into the kitchin, commaund the cooke to boyle and roast what liketh thee best. I make thee supra visour of this supper.

Pasiph. By the masse, if you should haue studied this seuennight you could not haue appointed me an office to please me better! You shall see what dishes I will deuise.

*Pasiphilo goeth in, Erostrato tarieth.*

## [ACTUS V]

### Scena IIJ

*Fayned Erostrato alone.*

[Erost.] I was glad to rid him out of the way, least he shoulde see me burst out of these swelling teares, which hitherto with great payne I haue prisoned in my brest, and least he shoulde heare the eccho of my doubled sighes, whiche bounce [1] from the botome of my heuy heart. O cursed I! O cruell fortune! that so many dispersed griefes, as were sufficient to subuert a legion of louers, hast sodenly assembled within my carefull carkase to freat this fearfull heart in sunder with desperation! Thou that hast kepte my master all his youthe within the realme of Sicilia, reseruing the wind and waues in a temperate calme — as it were at his commaunde — nowe to conuey his aged limmes hither, neither sooner nor later, but euen in the worst time that may be! If at any time before thou haddest conducted him, this enterprise had bene cut off without care in the beginning; and if neuer so little longer thou hadst lingred [1] his iorney, this happie day might then haue fully finished our drifts and deuises. But, alas, thou hast brought him euen in the very worst time, to plunge vs al in the pit of perdition! Neither art thou content to entangle me alone in thy ruinous ropes, but thou must also catch the right Erostrato in thy crooked clawes, to reward vs both with open shame and rebuke. Two yeeres hast thou kept secrete our subtill supposes, euen this day to discipher them with a sorowfull successe.[2] What shall I do? Alas, what shift shall I make? It is too late now to imagine any further deceite, for euery minute seemeth an houre til I find some succour for the miserable captiue Erostrato. Wel, since there is no other remedie, I wil go to my master Philogano, and to him will I tell the whole truth of the matter, that at the least he may prouide in time before his sonne feele the smart of some sharpe reuenge and punishment. This is the best; and thus wil I do. Yet I know that for mine owne parte I shal do bitter penance for my faults forepassed! But suche is the good will and duetie that I beare to Erostrato, as euen with the losse of my life I must not sticke to aduenture any thing which may turne to his commoditie. But what shall I do? Shal I go seeke my master about the towne, or shall I tarrie his returne hither? If I meete him in the streetes, he wil crie out vpon me; neither will he harken to any thing that I shall say till he haue gathered all the people wondring about me as it were at an owle. Therefore I were better to abide here. And yet, if he tarrie long, I will goe seeke him rather than prolong the time to Erostratos perill.

*Pasiphilo returneth to Erostrato.*

## [ACTUS V]

### Scena IIIJ

[*Re-enter*] *Pasiphilo* [*to*] *Fayned Erostrato.*

[Pasiph.] [*To Dalio within.*] Yea, dresse them, but lay them not to the fire till they will be ready to sit downe. [*To Erostrato.*] This geere goeth in order; but if I had not gone in, there had fallen a foule faulte.

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[1] Bound (or explode).

[1] Delayed.

[2] Result.

EROST. And what fault, I pray thee?

PASIPH. Marie, Dalio would haue layd the shoulder of mutton and the capon bothe to the fire at once, like a foole! He did not consider that the one would haue more roasting than the other.

EROST. [*aside*]. Alas, I would this were the greatest fault.

PASIPH. Why, and either the one should haue bene burned before the other had bene roasted; or else he muste haue drawne them off the spitte, and they would haue bene serued to the boorde either colde or rawe.

EROST. Thou hast reason, Pasiphilo.

PASIPH. Now, sir, if it please you I will goe into the towne and buye oranges, oliues, and caphers; for without suche sauce the supper were more than halfe lost.

EROST. There are within already. Doubt you not there shal lacke nothing that is necessarie.

*Erostrato exit.*

PASIPH. Since I told him these newes of Dulipo, he is cleane beside himself. He hath so many hammers in his head that his braynes are ready to burst. And let them breake. So I may suppe with him to night, what care I? But is not this *Dominus noster Cleandrus* that commeth before? Well sayde. By my truth, we will teache Maister Doctor to weare a cornerd cappe [1] of a new fashion. By God, Polynesta shal be his! He shall haue hir, out of doubt; for I haue tolde Erostrato such newes of hir that he will none of hir.

*Cleander and Philogano come in, talking of the matter in controuersie.*

## [ACTUS V]

### SCENA V

[*Enter*] *Cleander*, *Philogano*, [*and*] *Litio*. *Pasiphilo* [*remains*].

[CLEAND.] Yea, but howe will ye proue that he is not Erostrato, hauing such presumptions to the contrarie? Or how shall it be thought that you are Philogano, when an other taketh vpon him this same name, and for proofe bringeth him for a witnesse which hath bene euer reputed here for Erostrato?

PHILO. I will tel you, sir. Let me be kept here fast in prison, and at my charges let there be some man sent into Sicilia that may bring hither with him two or three of the honestest men in Cathanea, and by them let it be proued if I, or this other, be Philogano, and whether he be Erostrato, or Dulipo my seruant; and if you finde me contrarie, let me suffer death for it.

PASIPH. I will go salute Master Doctour.

CLEAN. It will aske great labour and great expences to proue it this way; but it is the best remedie that I can see.

PASIPH. God saue you, sir!

CLEAN. And reward you as you haue deserued.

PASIPH. Then shall he giue me your fauour continually.

CLEAN. He shall giue you a halter, knaue and villein that thou arte!

PASIPH. I knowe I am a knaue, but no villein. I am your seruaunt.

CLEAN. I neither take thee for my seruant, nor for my friend.

PASIPH. Why, wherein haue I offended you sir?

CLEAN. Hence to the gallowes, knaue!

PASIPH. What! softe and faire, sir, I pray you; *I præ, sequar;* [1] you are mine elder.

CLEAN. I will be euen with you, be you sure. Honest man —

PASIPH. Why, sir? I neuer offended you.

CLEAN. Well, I will teach you. Out of my sight, knaue!

PASIPH. What! I am no dogge, I would you wist.

CLEAN. Pratest thou yet, villein? I will make thee —

PASIPH. What will you make me? I

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[1] Another allusion to the horns of the cuckold.

[1] "You go first, I'll follow." Quoted from Terence, *Andria*, I, i, 144.

see wel the more a man doth suffer you, the worsse you are.

Clean. Ah, villein, if it were not for this gentleman, I wold tell you what I —

Pasiph. Villein? Nay, I am as honest a man as you.

Clean. Thou liest in thy throate, knaue!

Philo. O, sir, stay your wisedome.

Pasiph. What! will you fight? Marie, come on!

Clean. Well, knaue, I will meete with you [1] another time. Goe your way.

Pasiph. Euen when you list sir, I will be your man.

Clean. And if I be not euen with thee, call me cut! [2]

Pasiph. Nay, by the masse, all is one. I care not, for I haue nothing. If I had either landes or goods, peraduenture you would pull me into the lawe.

[*Exit Pasiphilo.*]

Philo. Sir, I perceiue your pacience is moued.

Clean. This villaine! But let him goe. I will see him punished as he hath deserued. Now to the matter. How said you?

Philo. This fellow hath disquieted you, sir. Peraduenture you would be loth to be troubled any further.

Clean. Not a whit.[3] Say on, and let him go — with a vengeance!

Philo. I say, let them send at my charge to Cathanea.

Clean. Yea, I remember that wel; and it is the surest way as this case requireth. But tel me, how is he your seruant? and how come you by him? Enforme me fully in the matter.

Philo. I will tell you sir. When the Turkes won Otranto —

Clean. Oh, you put me in remembrance of my mishappes!

Philo. How, sir?

Clean. For I was driuen among the rest out of the towne (it is my natiue countrey), and there I lost more than euer I shall recouer againe while I liue.

Philo. Alas, a pitifull case, by S. Anne!

Clean. Well, proceede.

Philo. At that time, as I saide, there were certaine of our countrey that scoured those costes vpon the seas with a good barke, well appointed for the purpose, and had espiall of a Turkey vessell that came laden from thence with great aboundance of riches.

Clean. And peraduenture most of mine.

Philo. So they boarded them, and in the end ouercame them; and brought the goods to Palermo, from whence they came; and amongst other things that they had was this villeine, my seruaunt, a boy at that time, I thinke not past fiue yeeres olde.

Clean. Alas, I lost one of that same age there.

Philo. And I beyng there, and liking the childes fauour well, proffered them foure and twentie ducates for him, and had him.

Clean. What! was the childe a Turke? or had the Turkes brought him from Otranto?

Philo. They saide he was a childe of Otranto. But what is that to the matter? Once xxiiij Ducattes he cost me — that I wot well.

Clean. Alas, I speake it not for that, sir. I woulde it were he whome I meane.

Philo. Why, whom meane you sir?

Liti. Beware sir; be not to lauish!

Clean. Was his name Dulipo then? or had he not another name?

Liti. Beware what you say, sir!

Philo. What the deuill hast thou to doe! — Dulipo? No, sir; his name was Carino.

Liti. Yea, well said! Tell all, and more to; doe!

Clean. O Lord, if it be as I thinke how happie were I! And why did you change his name then?

Philo. We called him Dulipo bycause when he cryed, as Children doe sometimes, he woulde alwayes cry on that name Dulipo.

Clean. Well, then I see well it is my owne onely childe, whome I loste when I loste my countrie! He was named Carino after his grandfather; and this Dulipo, whome he alwayes remembred in his lamenting, was his foster father that nourished him and brought him vp.

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[1] Get even with you.

[2] Horse (a term of disparagement).

[3] In the margin: "Lawyers are neuer weary to get money."

Liti. Sir, haue I not told you enough of the falshood of Ferara? This gentleman will not only picke your purse, but beguile you of your seruaunt also, and make you beleue he is his son.

Clean. Well, goodfellow, I haue not vsed to lie.

Liti. Sir, no; but euery thing hath a beginning.

Clean. Fie! Philogano, haue you not the least suspecte that may be of me?

Liti. No, marie; but it were good he had the most suspecte that may be.

Clean. Well, hold thou thy peace a litle, good fellow. I pray you tell me, Philogano, had the child any remembrance of his fathers name, his mothers name, or the name of his familie?

Philo. He did remember them, and could name his mother also; but sure I haue forgotten the name.

Liti. I remember it well enough!

Philo. Tell it then.

Liti. Nay, that I will not, marie! You haue tolde him too much al ready.

Philo. Tell it, I say, if thou can.

Liti. Can? yes, by the masse, I can wel enough! But I wil haue my tong pulled out rather than tell it, vnlesse he tell it first. Doe you not perceiue, sir, what he goeth about?

Clean. Well, I will tell you then. My name you know alredy; my wife, his mothers, name was Sophronia; the house that I came of they call Spiagia.

Liti. I neuer heard him speake of Spiagia; but, in-deede, I haue heard him say his mothers name was Sophronia. But what of that? A great matter, I promise you! It is like enoughe that you two haue compact together to deceiue my maister.

Clean. What nedeth me more euident tokens? This is my sonne out of doubt, whom I lost eighteen yeares since; and a thousand thousand times haue I lamented for him. He shuld haue also a mould on his left shoulder.

Liti. He hath a moulde there, in-deede; and an hole in an other place, to — I would your nose were in it.

Clean. Faire wordes, fellow Litio. Oh, I pray you, let vs goe talke with him! O fortune, howe much am I bounde to thee if I finde my sonne!

Philo. Yea, how little am I beholden to fortune, that know not where my sonne is become, and you, whome I chose to be mine aduocate, will nowe (by the meanes of this Dulipo) become mine aduersarie!

Clean. Sir, let vs first goe find mine; and, I warrant you, yours will be founde also ere it be long.

Philo. God graunt! Goe we, then.

Clean. Since the dore is open I will neuer knocke nor cal, but we will be bolde to goe in.

Liti. [*to Philogano*]. Sir, take you heede, least he leade you to some mischiefe.

Philo. Alas, Litio, if my sonne be loste what care I what become of me?

Liti. Well. I haue tolde you my minde Sir. Doe you as you please.

*Exeunt* [*into Erostrato's house*]; *Dam*
*and Psiteria come in.*

## [ACTUS V]

### Scena VJ [1]

[*Enter*] *Damon* [*and*] *Psiteria* [*in the street*].

[Damon.] Come hither, you olde kallat! [2] you tatling huswife! — that the deuill cut oute your tong! Tell me, howe could Pasiphilo know of this geere but by you?

Psit. Sir, he neuer knewe it of me; he was the firste that tolde me of it.

Dam. Thou liest, old drabbe! But I would aduise you tel me the truth, or I wil make those old bones rattle in your skin.

Psit. Sir, if you finde me contrarie, kill me.

Dam. Why, where should he talke with thee?

Psit. He talked with me of it here in the streete.

Dam. What did you here?

Psit. I was going to the weauers for a webbe of clothe you haue there.

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[1] Edition of 1575 has *sexta*.

[2] Whore.

DAM. And what cause coulde Pasiphilo haue to talke of it, vnlesse thou began the mater first?

PSIT. Nay, he began with me sir, reuiling me bycause I had tolde you of it. I asked him how he knewe of it, and he said he was in the stable when you examined me erewhile.

DAM. Alas, alas! what shall I doe then? In at dores, olde whore! I wil plucke that tong of thine out by the rootes one day. [*Exit Psiteria.*] Alas, it greeueth me more that Pasiphilo knoweth it than all the rest. He that will haue a thing kept secrete, let him tell it to Pasiphilo! the people shall knowe it, and as many as haue eares, and no mo. By this time he hath tolde it in a hundreth places! Cleander was the firste, Erostrato the seconde; and so, from one to another, throughout the citie. Alas, what dower, what mariage shall I nowe prepare for my daughter? O poore dolorous Damon, more miserable than miserie it selfe! Would God it were true that Polynesta tolde me ere while — that he who hathe defloured hir is of no seruile estate (as hitherto he hath bene supposed in my seruice), but that he is a gentleman, borne of a good parentage in Sicilia. Alas, small riches shoulde content me if he be but of an honest familie. But I feare that he hathe deuised these toyes to allure my daughtres loue. Well, I wil goe examine hir againe. My minde giueth me that I shall perceiue by hir tale whether it be true or not. But is not this Pasiphilo that commeth out of my neighbours house? What the deuill ayleth him to leape and laughe so like a foole in the high way?

*Pasiphilo commeth out of the house* [1] *laughing.*

## [ACTUS V]

### SCENA VIJ [2]

[*Enter*] *Pasiphilo* [*to*] *Damon.*

[PASIPH.] O God, that I might finde Damon at home!

DAM. What the diuill would he with me?

PASIPH. That I may be the firste that shall bring him these newes!

DAM. What will he tell me, in the name of God?

PASIPH. O Lord, how happie am I! loke where he is.

DAM. What newes, Pasiphilo, that thou arte so merie?

PASIPH. Sir, I am mery to make you glad. I bring you ioyfull newes!

DAM. And that I haue nede of, Pasiphilo.

PASIPH. I knowe, sir, that you are a sorowfull man for this mishap that hath chaunced in your house. Peraduenture you thoughte I had not knowen of it. But let it passe! Plucke vp your sprits, and reioyce! for he that hath done you this iniurie is so well borne, and hath so riche parents, that you may be glad to make him your sonne in law.

DAM. How knowest thou?

PASIPH. His father, Philogano, one of the worthiest men in all Cathanea, is nowe come to the citie, and is here in your neighbours house.

DAM. What, in Erostratos house?

PASIPH. Nay, in Dulipos house. For where you haue alwayes supposed this gentleman to be Erostrato, it is not so; but your seruaunt, whom you haue imprisoned, hitherto supposed to be Dulipo, he is in-dede Erostrato, and that other is Dulipo. And thus they haue alwayes, euen since their first arival in this citie, exchaunged names, to the ende that Erostrato, the maister, vnder the name of Dulipo, a seruant, might be entertained in your house, and so winne the loue of your daughter.

DAM. Wel, then I perceiue it is euen as Polinesta told me.

PASIPH. Why, did she tell you so?

DAM. Yea; but I thought it but a tale.

PASIPH. Well, it is a true tale. And here they will be with you by and by — both Philogano, this worthie man, and Maister Doctor, Cleander.

DAM. Cleander? What to doe?

PASIPH. Cleander? Why therby lies another tale — the moste fortunate aduenture that euer you heard! Wot you what? This other Dulipo, whome all this while we supposed to be Erostrato, is founde to be the sonne of Cleander, whome he lost at the losse of Otranto, and was after solde in Sicilia too this Philogano. The strangest case that euer you heard! A man might make a comedie of it. They wil come euen straight, and tell you the whole circumstance of it themselues.

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[1] Misprinted *towne*, but corrected in "Faults escaped."

[2] Ed. 1575, *septima*.

DAM. Nay, I will first goe heare the storie of this Dulipo, be it Dulipo or Erostrato, that I haue here within, before I speake with Philogano.

PASIPH. So shall you doe well, sir. I will goe tell them that they may stay a while. But loke where they come.

*Damon goeth in; Scenese, Cleander and Philogano come vpon the stage.*

## [ACTUS V]

### SCENA VIIJ

[*Enter*] *Scenese, Cleander,* [*Carino, and*] *Philogano.* [*Pasiphilo remains.*]

[SCENESE.] Sir, you shal not nede to excuse the matter any further. Since I haue receiued no greater iniurie than by words, let them passe like wind; I take them well in worthe, and am rather well pleased than offended. For it shall bothe be a good warning to me another time howe to trust euery man at the firste sighte, yea, and I shall haue good game hereafter to tel this pleasant story another day in mine owne countrey.

CLEAN. Gentleman, you haue reason; and be you sure that as many as heare it will take great pleasure in it. And you, Philogano, may thinke that God in heauen aboue hath ordained your comming hither at this present to the ende I might recouer my lost sonne, whom by no other meanes I coulde euer haue founde oute.

PHILO. Surely, sir, I thinke no lesse; for I think that not so much as a leafe falleth from the tree without the ordinance of God. But let vs goe seke Damon, for me thinketh euery day a yeare, euery houre a daye, and euery minute to much, till I see my Erostrato.

CLEAN. I cannot blame you. Goe we, then. Carino, take you that gentleman home in the meane time. The fewer the better to be present at such affaires.

*Pasiphilo stayeth their going in.*

## [ACTUS V]

### SCENA IX

*Pasiphilo* [*advances to*] *Cleander.*

[PASIPH.] Maister Doctor, will you not shew me this fauour, to tell me the cause of your displeasure?

CLEAN. Gentle Pasiphilo, I muste needes confesse I haue done thee wrong, and that I beleued tales of thee, whiche, indeede, I finde now contrary.

PASIPH. I am glad, then, that it proceeded rather of ignorance than of malice.

CLEAN. Yea, beleue me, Pasiphilo.

PASIPH. O, sir, but yet you shoulde not haue giuen me suche foule wordes.

CLEAN. Well, content thy selfe, Pasiphilo. I am thy frende, as I haue alwayes bene; for proofe whereof, come suppe with me to night, and from day to day this seuen night be thou my guest. But beholde, here commeth Damon out of his house.

*Here they come all togither.*

## [ACTUS V]

### SCENA X [1]

[*In the street gather*] *Cleander, Philogano, Damon, Erostrato, Pasiphilo,* [*and*] *Polinesta.* [*Later enter*] *Nevola. And other seruaunts.*

[CLEAN. *addressing Damon.*] We are come vnto you, sir, to turne your sorowe into ioy and gladnesse: the sorow, we meane, that of force you haue sustained since this mishappe of late fallen in your house. But be you of good comforte, sir, and assure your selfe that this yong man, which youthfully and not maliciously hath committed this amorous offence, is verie well able (with consent of this worthie man, his father) to make you sufficient amendes, being borne in Cathanea of Sicilia, of a noble house, no way inferiour vnto you, and of wealth (by the reporte of suche as knowe it) farre exceeding that of yours.

---

[1] Ed. 1575, *decima.*

Philo. And I here, in proper person, doe presente vnto you, sir, not onely my assured frendship and brotherhoode, but do earnestly desire you to accepte my poore childe (though vnworthy) as your sonne-in-lawe. And for recompence of the iniurie he hath done you, I profer my whole lands in dower to your daughter; yea, and more would, if more I might.

Clean. And I, sir, who haue hitherto so earnestly desired your daughter in mariage, doe now willingly yelde vp and quite claime to this yong man, who, both for his yeares and for the loue he beareth hir, is most meetest to be hir husband. For wher I was desirous of a wife by whom I might haue yssue, to leaue that litle which God hath sent me, now haue I litle neede, that (thankes be to God) haue founde my deerely beloued sonne, whom I loste of a childe at the siege of Otranto.

Dam. Worthy gentleman, your friendship, your alliaunce, and the nobilitie of your birthe are suche as I haue muche more cause to desire them of you than you to request of me that which is already graunted. Therfore I gladly and willingly receiue the same, and thinke my selfe moste happie now of all my life past that I haue gotten so toward a sonne-in-lawe to my selfe, and so worthye a father-in-lawe to my daughter. Yea, and muche the greater is my contentation, since this worthie gentleman, Maister Cleander, doth holde himselfe satisfied. And now, behold your sonne.

[*Enter Erostrato.*]

Erost. O father!

Pasiph. Beholde the naturall loue of the childe to the father. For inwarde ioye he cannot pronounce one worde, in steade wherof he sendeth sobbes and teares to tell the effect of his inward intention. But why doe you abide here abrode? Wil it please you to goe into the house sir?

Dam. Pasiphilo hath saide well. Will it please you to goe in sir?

[*Enter Nevola with fetters.*]

Nev. Here I haue brought you, sir, bothe fetters and boltes.

Dam. Away with them, now!

Nev. Yea, but what shal I doe with them?

Dam. Marie, I will tell thee, Neuola: to make a righte ende of our supposes, lay one of those boltes in the fire, and make thee a suppositorie [1] as long as mine arme. God saue the sample!

[*Turning to the audience.*]

Nobles and gentlemen, if you suppose that our *Supposes* haue giuen you sufficient cause of delighte, shewe some token, whereby we may suppose you are content.

*Et plauserunt.*

FINIS.

---

[1] A medical device, with a pun on "suppose."

# XII

# THE COURT DRAMA

# THE EXCELLENT COMEDIE

## OF TWO THE MOSTE FAITHFULLEST FREENDES,

# DAMON AND PITHIAS[1]

Newly Imprinted, as the same was shewed before the Queenes Maiestie, by the Children of her Graces Chappell, except the Prologue that is somewhat altered for
the proper vse of them that hereafter shall haue occasion to plaie it, either
in Priuate, or open Audience. Made by Maister Edwards, then
beynge Maister of the Children.

1571

Imprinted at London in Fleetelane by Richarde Iohnes, and are to be solde at his
shop, ioyning to the Southwest doore of Paules Churche.

## THE SPEAKERS' NAMES[2]

Aristippus, a Pleasant Gentleman.
Carisophus, a Parasite.
Damon, }
Pithias, } Two Gentlemen of Greece.
Stephano, Servant to Damon and Pithias.
Will, Aristippus' Lackey.
Jack, Carisophus' Lackey.
Snap, the Porter.
Dionysius, the King.
Eubulus, the King's Councillor.
Gronno, the Hangman.
Grim, the Collier.

---

[1] Richard Edwards, musician and poet, was appointed Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal in 1561, and thenceforth devoted his energies to writing plays to be acted by the boys before Elizabeth. Although he is known to have composed numerous plays for the Court, only *Damon and Pithias* was published under his name. It was probably performed during the Christmas season of 1564–65. Notable as the first tragi-comedy in England, it well illustrates the refined drama with which the child-actors were accustomed to entertain courtly audiences. Professor Wallace (*The Evolution of the English Drama up to Shakespeare*, 1912, p. 110) writes: "This fine old tale out of Syracusan history, with its tragic and comic elements happily mingled in a rising tide of suspense to the climax, as presented by Edwards, formed the high-water mark of English drama up to that time."

The earliest extant edition (A) bears the date 1571, but the title-page describes the text as "newly imprinted." Another edition appeared in 1582. I have based the present reprint on Farmer's photographic facsimile reproduction of the copy of the 1571 edition in the British Museum. All changes are recorded in footnotes, and additions set in brackets. The spelling of the original edition is so atrocious that I deemed it wise to modernize, in so far as possible, the spelling as well as the punctuation. John S. Farmer, in *Early English Dramatists*, 1906, professed to reprint the play "from the edition of 1571," but he merely reproduced the Hazlitt-Dodsley (H.) text. It has not seemed worth while to note all the errors in the exceedingly inaccurate Hazlitt-Dodsley edition; I have observed more than twenty words carelessly dropped, eight words inserted without authority, and over forty serious corruptions of the text, besides innumerable minor mistakes.

[2] In A. this is printed after the prologue.

# THE PROLOGUE

On every side whereas I glance my roving eye,
Silence in all ears bent I plainly do espy.
But if your eager looks do long such toys to see
As heretofore in comical wise were wont abroad to be,
Your lust is lost, and all the pleasures that you sought
Is frustrate quite of toying [1] plays. A sudden change is wrought.
For lo, our author's muse, that masked in delight,
Hath forc'd his pen against his kind [2] no more such sports to write.
Muse he that lust, right worshipful, for chance hath made this change,
For that to some he seemed too much in young desires [3] to range;
In which, right glad to please, seeing that he did offend,
Of all he humbly pardon craves: his pen that shall amend.
And yet, worshipful audience, thus much I dare avouch:
In comedies the greatest skill is this: rightly to touch
All things to the quick, and eke to frame each person so
That by his common talk you may his nature rightly know.
A roister [4] ought not preach — that were too strange to hear, —
But, as from virtue he doth swerve, so ought his words appear.
The old man is sober; the young man rash; the lover triumphing in joys;
The matron grave; the harlot wild, and full of wanton toys:
Which all in one course they no wise do agree,
So correspondent to their kind their speeches ought to be.
Which speeches, well-pronounc'd, with action lively framed —
If this offend the lookers on, let Horace then be blamed,
Which hath our author taught at school, from whom he doth not swerve,
In all such kind of exercise *decorum* to observe.
Thus much for his defence (he saith), as poets earst have done,
Which heretofore in comedies the self-same race did run.
But now, for to be brief, the matter to express
Which here we shall present is this: *Damon and Pithias*,
A rare ensample of friendship true. It is no legend-lie,
But a thing once done, indeed, as histories do descry;
Which, done of yore in long time past, yet present shall be here
Even as it were in doing now, so lively it shall appear.
Lo, here is [5] Syracuse, th' ancient town which once the Romans won,
Here Dionysius palace, within whose court this thing most strange was done.
Which matter, mix'd with mirth and care, a just name to apply
As seems most fit, we have it termed a "tragical comedy." [6]
Wherein, talking of courtly toys, we do protest this flat: —
We talk of Dionysius court; we mean no court but that!
And that we do so mean, who wisely calleth to mind
The time, the place, the author,[7] here most plainly shall it find.
Lo, this I speak for our defence, lest of others we should be shent.[8]
But, worthy audience, we you pray, take things as they be meant.
Whose upright judgment we do crave with heedful ear and eye
To hear the cause and see th' effect of this new tragical comedy. *Exit.*

---

[1] Amorously sportive. [2] Its nature. [3] I.e., in love. [4] Cf. Roister Doister.

[5] A. *in*. Since the play was staged by the Office of the Revels with "players' houses," probably the speaker pointed to the "city" on one side, and to Dionysius' palace on the other side. The personages enter from Damon's lodgings in the "city," from the palace, or from the rear of the stage.

[6] Apparently the earliest occurrence of the word, earlier than any noted in *N.E.D.*

[7] A. *Authours*. [8] Blamed.

# [DAMON AND PITHIAS]

*[On one side, the city of Syracuse, with the lodging of Damon and Pithias in the foreground; on the other side, the palace of King Dionysius.]*

*Here entereth Aristippus.*

[Aristippus.] Too [1] strange, perhaps, it seems to some
That I, Aristippus, a courtier am become;
A philosopher of late, not of the meanest name,
But now to the courtly behaviour my life I frame.
Muse he that list. To you of good skill
I say that I am a philosopher still.
Loving of wisdom is termed philosophy;[2]
Then who is a philosopher so rightly as I?
For in loving of wisdom proof doth this try,
That *frustra sapit, qui non sapit sibi.*[3]
I am wise for myself: then tell me, of troth,
Is not that great wisdom, as the world go'th?
Some philosophers in the street go ragged and torn,
And feed [4] on vile roots, whom boys laugh to scorn;
But I in fine silks haunt Dionysius' palace,
Wherein with dainty fare myself I do solace.
I can talk of philosophy as well as the best,
But the strait [5] kind of life I leave to the rest.
And I profess now the courtly philosophy;
To crouch, to speak fair, myself I apply,
To feed the king's humour with pleasant devices;
For which I am called *Regius canis.*[6]
But wot ye who named me first the king's dog?
It was the rogue Diogenes, that vile grunting hog!
Let him roll in his tub to win a vain praise;
In the court pleasantly I will spend all my days.
Wherein what to do I am not to learn;
What will serve mine own turn I can quickly discern.
All my time at school I have not spent vainly;
I can help one! Is not that a good point of philosophy?

*Here entereth Carisophus.*

[Carisophus.] I beshrew your fine ears, since you came from school
In the court you have made many a wise man a fool!
And though you paint out your feigned philosophy,
So God help me, it is but a plain kind of flattery!
Which you use so finely in so pleasant a sort
That none but Aristippus now makes the king sport.
Ere you came hither poor I was somebody;
The king delighted in me. Now I am but a noddy.[1]

Aristippus. In faith, Carisophus, you know yourself best!
But I will not call you noddy but only in jest.
And thus I assure you: though I came from school
To serve in this court, I came not yet to be the king's fool,
Or to fill his ears with servile squirrility.[2]
That office is yours! You know it right perfectly!
Of parasites and sycophants you are a grave bencher;[3]
The king feeds you often from his own trencher.[4]
I envy not your state, nor yet your great favour;
Then grudge not at all if in my behaviour

---

[1] H. misprints *Tho'*.
[2] A. *Lovers of wisdom, are termed philosophie.* Emend. by Collier.
[3] "He is wise to no purpose who is not wise for himself."
[4] A. *feedes.*
[5] Abstemious.
[6] King's dog.

[1] Fool.
[2] Scurrility.
[3] Magistrate.
[4] Plate, dish.

I make the king merry with pleasant urbanity,
Whom I never abused to any man's injury.
CARISOPHUS. By Cock,[1] sir, yet in the court you do best thrive —
For you get more in one day than I do in five.
ARISTIPPUS. Why, man, in the court do you not see
Rewards given for virtue to every degree?
To reward the unworthy — that world is done.
The court is changed. A good thread hath been spun
Of dog's wool heretofore; and why? because it was liked,
And not for that it was best trimmed and picked.
But now men's ears are finer, such gross toys are not set by;
Therefore to a trimmer kind of mirth myself I apply:
Wherein, though I please, it cometh not of my desert
But of the king's favour.
CARISOPHUS. It may so be. Yet in your prosperity
Despise not an old courtier. Carisophus is he
Which hath long time fed Dionysius' humour.
Diligently to please, still at hand, there was never rumour
Spread in this town of any small thing but I
Brought it to the king in post by and by.[2]
Yet now I crave your friendship; which if I may attain,
Most sure and unfeigned friendship I promise you again.
So we two, link'd in friendship, brother and brother,
Full well in the court may help one another.
ARISTIPPUS. By'r Lady, Carisophus, though you know not philosophy,
Yet surely you are a better courtier than I!
And yet I not so evil a courtier that will seem to despise
Such an old courtier as you, so expert, and so wise.
But where-as you crave mine, and offer your friendship so willingly,
With heart I give you thanks for this your great courtesy,
Assuring of friendship both with tooth and nail,
Whiles life lasteth, never to fail.
CARISOPHUS. A thousand thanks I give you. O friend Aristippus!
ARISTIPPUS. O friend Carisophus!
CARISOPHUS. How joyful am I, sith I have to friend Aristippus now!
ARISTIPPUS. None so glad of Carisophus' friendship as I, I make God a vow!
I speak as I think, believe me.
CARISOPHUS. Sith we are now so friendly joined, it seemeth to me
That one of us help each other in every degree.
Prefer you my cause when you are in presence;
To further your matters to the king let me alone in your absence.
ARISTIPPUS. Friend Carisophus, this shall be done as you would wish.
But, I pray you, tell me thus much by the way —
Whither now from this place will you take your journey?
CARISOPHUS. I will not dissemble — that were against friendship:
I go into the city some knaves to nip[1]
For talk, with their goods to increase the king's treasure.
In such kind of service I set my chief pleasure.
Farewell, friend Aristippus, now, for a time. *Exit.*
ARISTIPPUS. Adieu, friend Carisophus. In good faith now,
Of force I must laugh at this solemn vow!
Is Aristippus link'd in friendship with Carisophus?
*Quid cum tanto asino talis philosophus?*[2]
They say *Morum similitudo consuit*[3] *amicitias;*[4]
Then how can this friendship between us two come to pass?

---

[1] God.
[2] At once, immediately.

[1] Arrest (*N.E.D.*).
[2] "What has such a philosopher in common with such an ass."
[3] A. *consultat.*
[4] "Likeness of character cements friendships."

We are as like in condition as Jack Fletcher[1] and his bolt:
I brought up in learning, but he is a very dolt
As touching good letters; but otherwise such a crafty knave
If you seek a whole region his like you cannot have;
A villain for his life; a varlet dyed in grain;
You lose money by him if you sell him for one knave, for he serves for twain;
A flattering parasite; a sycophant also;
A common accuser of men; to the good an open foe.
Of half a word he can make a legend of lies,
Which he will avouch with such tragical cries
As though all were true that comes out of his mouth,
Where, indeed, to be hanged by and by,
He cannot tell one tale but twice he must lie.
He spareth no man's life to get the king's favour;
In which kind of service he hath got such a savour
That he will never leave. Methink then that I
Have done very wisely to join in friendship with him, lest perhaps I
Coming in his way might be nipp'd; for such knaves in presence
We see oft times put honest men to silence.
Yet I have played with his beard[2] in knitting this knot;
I promis'd friendship; but you love few words — I spake it, but I meant it not.
Who marks this friendship between us two
Shall judge of the worldly friendship without any more ado;
It may be a right pattern[3] thereof. But true friendship, indeed,
Of nought but of virtue doth truly proceed.
But why do I now enter into philosophy
Which do profess the fine kind of courtesy?
I will hence to the court with all haste I may.
I think the king be stirring, it is now bright day.
To wait at a pinch still in sight I mean;
For, wot ye what? a new broom sweeps clean.[1]
As to high honour I mind not to climb,
So I mean in the court to lose no time.
Wherein, happy man be his dole,[2] I trust that I
Shall not speed worst, and that very quickly. *Exit.*

*Here entereth Damon and Pithias like mariners.*

[Damon.] O Neptune, immortal be thy praise,
For that so safe from Greece we have pass'd the seas
To this noble city Syracuse, where we
The ancient reign of the Romans may see,
Whose force Greece also heretofore hath known,
Whose virtue the shrill trump of fame so far hath blown.

Pithias. My Damon, of right high praise we ought to give
To Neptune, and all the gods, that we safely did arrive.
The seas, I think, with contrary winds never raged so!
I am even yet so seasick that I faint as I go.
Therefore let us get some lodging quickly.
But where is Stephano?

*Here entereth Stephano* [*laden with baggage*].

[Stephano.] Not far hence! A pox take these mariner-knaves!
Not one would help me to carry this stuff. Such drunken slaves
I think be accursed of the gods' own mouths!

Damon. Stephano, leave thy raging, and let us enter Syracuse.
We will provide lodging, and thou shalt be eased of thy burden by and by.

---

[1] A fletcher is one who makes arrows. Possibly the allusion is to some ballad; cf. Twyne's *Patterne of Painfull Adventures*, 1576: "No more like than Jack Fletcher and his bolt."

[2] Deluded him.

[3] A. *patron*. Cf. l. 1566.

[1] An old proverb.

[2] Lot in life (a proverbial exclamation equivalent to "Good luck!").

Stephano. Good master, make haste! for I tell you plain,
This heavy burden puts poor Stephano to much pain.
Pithias. Come on thy ways. Thou shalt be eased, and that anon.
*Exit [Pithias, followed by Damon and Stephano].*

*Here entereth Carisophus.*

[Carisophus]. It is a true saying, that oft hath been spoken:
"The pitcher goeth so long to the water, that it [1] cometh home broken."
My own proof this hath taught me; for truly, sith I
In the city have used to walk very slyly,
Not with one can I meet that will in talk join with me.
And to creep into men's bosoms [2] some talk for to snatch,
By [3] which into one trip [4] or other I might trimly them catch,
And so accuse them — now not with one can I meet
That will join in talk with me. I am shunn'd like a devil in the street!
My credit is crack'd where I am known. But yet [5] I hear say
Certain strangers are arrived. They were a good prey.
If happily I might meet with them, I fear not, I,
But in talk I should trip them, and that very finely.
Which thing, I assure you, I do for mine own gain, —
Or else I would not plod thus up and down, I tell you plain.
Well, I will for a while to the court to see
What Aristippus doth. I would be loth in favour he should overrun me.
He is a subtle child! He flattereth so finely that I fear me
He will lick all [6] the fat from my lips, and so outwear [7] me.
Therefore I will not be long absent, but at hand,
That all his fine drifts I may understand.
*Exit.*

*Here entereth Will and Jack.*

[Will.] I wonder what my master Aristippus means now-a-days
That he leaveth philosophy and seeks to please
King Dionysius with such merry toys.
In Dionysius' court now he only joys,
As trim a courtier as the best,
Ready to answer, quick in taunts, pleasant to jest,
A lusty companion to devise with fine dames,
Whose humour to feed his wily wit he frames.
Jack. By Cock, as you say, your master is a minion! [1]
A foul coil he keeps in this court! Aristippus alone
Now rules the roast [2] with his pleasant devices,
That I fear he will put out of conceit my master Carisophus.
Will. Fear not that, Jack; for, like brother and brother,
They are knit in true friendship the one with the other.
They are fellows, you know, and honest men both;
Therefore the one to hinder the other they will be loth.
Jack. Yea, but I have heard say there is falsehood in fellowship.
In the court sometimes one gives another finely the slip;
Which when it is spied, it is laugh'd out with a scoff,
And with sporting and playing quickly [3] shaken off.
In which kind of toying thy master hath such a grace
That he will never blush; he hath a wooden face.
But, Will, my master hath bees in his head;
If he find me here prating, I am but dead.

---

[1] A. *he;* modernized by Dodsley.
[2] Confidence.
[3] H. *But.*
[4] Mistake.
[5] H. omits.
[6] H. omits.
[7] Consume. A. *outwery.*

[1] A favorite with a sovereign.
[2] Has the mastery.
[3] A. *quietly.*

He is still trotting in the city; there is somewhat in the wind;
His looks bewrays his inward troubled mind.
Therefore I will be packing to the court by and by.
If he be once angry, Jack shall cry, "woe the pie!"
Will. By'r Lady, if I tarry long here, of the same sauce shall I taste!
For my master sent me on an errand, and bad me make haste.
Therefore we will depart together.
*Exeunt.*

*Here entereth Stephano.*

[Stephano.] Ofttimes I have heard, before I came hither,
That "no man can serve two masters together";
A sentence so true, as most men do take it,
At any time false that no man can make it.
And yet, by their leave that first have it spoken,
How that may prove false, even here I will open:
For I, Stephano, lo, so named by my father,
At this time serve two masters together,
And love them alike; the one and the other
I duly obey — I can do no other.
A bondman I am, so nature hath wrought me;
One Damon of Greece, a gentleman, bought me;
To him I stand bound; yet serve I another,
Whom Damon, my master, loves as his own brother,
A gentleman, too, and Pithias he is named,
Fraught with virtue, whom vice never defamed.
These two, since at school they fell acquainted,
In mutual friendship at no time have fainted,
But loved so kindly and friendly each other
As though they were brothers by father and mother.
Pythagoras' learning these two have embraced,
Which both are in virtue so narrowly laced
That all their whole doings do fall to this issue —
To have no respect but only to virtue.
All one in effect, all one in their going,
All one in their study, all one in their doing,
These gentlemen both, being of one condition,
Both alike of my service have all the fruition.
Pithias is joyful if Damon be pleased;
If Pithias be[1] served, then Damon is eased.
Serve one, serve both (so near[2]), who would win them.
I think they have but one heart between them!
In travelling countries we three have contrived[3]
Full many a year; and this day arrived
At Syracuse in Sicilia, that ancient town,
Where my masters are lodged; and I up and down
Go seeking to learn what news here are walking,
To hark of what things the people are talking.
I like not this soil; for as I go plodding
I mark there two, there three, their heads always nodding,
In close secret wise still whispering together.
If I ask any question, no man doth answer,
But shaking their heads they go their ways speaking.
I mark how with tears their wet eyes are leaking.
Some strangeness there is that breedeth this musing!
Well, I will to my masters and tell of their using,
That they may learn, and walk wisely together.
I fear we shall curse the time we came hither.
*Exit.*

*Here entereth Aristippus and Will.*

[Aristippus.] Will, didst thou hear the ladies so talk of me?

---

[1] H. *is.*
[2] I.e. So near are they. — *Hazlitt.*
[3] Spent the time.

What aileth them? From their nips [1] shall I never be free?
Will. Good faith, sir, all the ladies in the court do plainly report
That without mention of them you can make no sport.
They are your plain-song to sing descant upon; [2]
If they were not, your mirth were gone.
Therefore, master, jest no more with women in any wise.
If you do, by Cock, you are like to know the price!
Aristippus. By'r Lady, Will, this is good counsel! Plainly to jest
Of women, proof hath taught me, it is not best.[3]
I will change my copy; howbeit I care not a quinch;
I know the gall'd horse will soonest winch.
But learn thou secretly what [4] privily they talk
Of me in the court; among them slyly walk,
And bring me true news thereof.
Will. I will, sir master, thereof have no doubt; for I,
Where they talk of you, will inform you perfectly.
Aristippus. Do so, my boy. If thou bring it finely to pass,
For thy good service thou shalt go in thine old coat at Christmas. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Damon, Pithias, Stephano.*

[Damon.] Stephano, is all this true that thou hast told me?
Stephano. Sir, for lies hitherto ye never controll'd me.[5]
O, that we had never set foot on this land,
Where Dionysius reigns with so bloody a hand!
Every day he showeth some token of cruelty;
With blood he hath filled all the streets in the city;
I tremble to hear the people's murmuring;
I lament to see his most cruel dealing;
I think there is no such tyrant under the sun.
O, my dear masters, this morning what hath he done!
Damon. What is that? tell us quickly.
Stephano. As I this morning pass'd in the street,
With a woful man (going to his death) did I meet.
Many people followed; and I of one secretly
Asked the cause why he was condemned to die;
[Who] [1] whispered in mine ear: "Nought hath he done but thus:
In his sleep he dreamed he had killed Dionysius;
Which dream told abroad, was brought to the king in post;
By whom, condemned for suspicion, his life he hath lost."
Marcia was his name, as the people said.
Pithias. My dear friend Damon, I blame not Stephano
For wishing we had not come hither, seeing it is so
That for so small cause such cruel death doth ensue.
Damon. My Pithias, where tyrants reign such cases are not new,
Which fearing their own state for great cruelty,
To sit fast, as they think, do execute speedily
All such as any light suspicion have tainted.
Stephano (*aside*). With such quick carvers I list not be acquainted!
Damon. So are they never in quiet, but in suspicion still;
When one is made away, they take occasion another to kill;
Ever in fear, having no trusty friend, void of all peoples' love,
And in their own conscience a continual hell they prove.
Pithias. As things by their contraries are always best proved,
How happy then are merciful princes, of their people beloved!

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[1] Sarcasms.
[2] They are your simple musical theme to which you extemporise an accompaniment (of wit, or censorious criticism).
[3] H. *proof hath taught me is not the best.*
[4] H. *how.*
[5] Took me to task.

[1] Added in H.

Having sure friends everywhere, no fear doth touch them;
They may safely spend the day pleasantly, at night *securè dormiunt in utranque aurem.*[1]
O, my Damon, if choice were offered me I would choose to be Pithias
As I am — Damon's friend — rather than to be King Dionysius.
Stephano. And good cause why: for you are entirely beloved of one,
And, as far as I hear, Dionysius is beloved of none.
Damon. That state is most miserable! Thrice happy are we,
Whom true love hath joined in perfect amity;
Which amity first sprung — without vaunting be it spoken, that is true —
Of likeness of manners, took root by company, and now is conserved by virtue;
Which virtue always, though [2] worldly things do not frame,
Yet doth she achieve to her followers immortal fame.
Whereof if men were careful, for virtue's sake only
They would honour friendship, and not for commodity.
But such as for profit in friendship do link,
When storms come they slide away sooner than a man will think.
My Pithias, the sum of my talk falls to this issue —
To prove no friendship is sure but that which is grounded on virtue.
Pithias. My Damon, of this thing there needs no proof to me.
The gods forbid but that Pithias with Damon in all things should agree.
For why is it said, *Amicus alter ipse*,[3]
But that true friends should be two in body, but one in mind,
As it were, one [4] transformed into another? Which, against kind
Though it seem, yet, in good faith, when I am alone
I forget I am Pithias, methink I am Damon.
Stephano. That could I never do, to forget myself! Full well I know,
Wheresoever I go, that I am *pauper* [1] Stephano!
But I pray you, sir, for all your philosophy,
See that in this court you walk very wisely.
You are but newly come hither; being strangers, ye know,
Many eyes are bent on you in the streets as ye go.
Many spies are abroad; you can not be too circumspect.
Damon. Stephano, because thou art careful of me, thy master, I do thee praise.
Yet think this for a surety: no state to displease
By talk or otherwise my friend and I intend; we will here
As men that come to see the soil and manners of all men of every degree.
Pythagoras said that this world was like a stage,
Whereon many play their parts; the lookers-on, the sage
Philosophers are, saith he, whose part is to learn
The manners of all nations, and the good from the bad to discern.
Stephano. Good faith, sir, concerning the people — they are not gay;
And, as far as I see, they be mummers,[2] for nought they say
For the most part, whatsoever you ask them.
The soil is such that to live here I cannot like.
Damon. Thou speakest according to thy learning; but I say,
*Omne solum forti* [3] *patria*, a wise man may live everywhere.
Therefore, my dear friend Pithias,
Let us view this town in every place,
And then consider the people's manners also.

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[1] "They sleep securely on either ear." Cf. Terence, *Self Tormenter*, 342.
[2] A. *through*.
[3] "A friend is a second self."
[4] Omitted by H.

[1] Poor.
[2] Actors in dumb-shows, or in mummings.
[3] A. *Omnis solum fortis.* "Every soil is a fatherland to a brave man."

Pithias. As you will, my Damon. But how say you, Stephano?
Is it not best, ere we go further, to take some repast?
Stephano. In faith, I like well [1] this question, sir! For all your haste,
To eat somewhat I pray you think it no folly.
It is high dinner time, I know by my belly.
Damon. Then let us to our lodging depart. When dinner is done
We will view this city as we have begun.
*Exeant.*

*Here entereth Carisophus.*

[Carisophus.] Once again in hope of good wind I hoise up my sail;
I go into the city to find some prey for mine avail.
I hunger while I may see these strangers that lately
Arrived. I were safe if once I might meet them happily.
Let them bark that lust at this kind of gain,
He is a fool that for his profit will not take pain!
Though it be joined with other men's hurt, I care not at all.
For profit I will accuse any man, hap what shall.
But soft, sirs; I pray you hush! What are they that comes here?
By their apparel and countenance some strangers they appear.
I will shroud myself secretly even here for a while,
To hear all their talk, that I may them beguile. [*He stands aside.*]

*Here entereth Damon and Stephano.*

[Stephano.] A short horse soon curried! My belly waxeth thinner;
I am as hungry now as when I went to dinner.
Your philosophical diet is so fine and small
That you may eat your dinner and supper at once, and not surfeit at all.
Damon. Stephano, much meat breeds heaviness; thin diet makes thee light.
Stephano. I may be lighter thereby, but I shall never run the faster.
Damon. I have had sufficiently; discourse of amity,
Which I had at dinner with Pithias, and his pleasant company
Hath fully satisfied me. It doth me good to feed mine eyes on him.
Stephano. Course or discourse, your course is very coarse. For all your talk,
You had but one bare course, and that was pick, rise, and walk.
And surely, for all your talk of philosophy,
I never heard that a man with words could fill his belly.
Feed your eyes, quoth you? the reason from my wisdom swerveth;
I stared on you both — and yet my belly starveth!
Damon. Ah, Stephano, small diet maketh a fine memory.
Stephano. I care not for your crafty sophistry.
You two are fine; let me be fed like a gross knave still.
I pray you licence me for a while to have my will
At home to tarry whiles you take view of this city.
To find some odd victuals in a corner I am very witty.
Damon. At your pleasure, sir; I will wait on myself this day.
Yet attend upon Pithias, which for a purpose tarrieth at home;
So doing, you wait upon me also.
Stephano. With wings on my feet I go! [*Exit.*
Damon. Not in vain the poet saith, *Naturam furcâ expellas, tamen usque recurret;* [1]
For train up a bondman never to so good a behaviour,
Yet in some point of servility he will savour:
As this Stephano, trusty to me his master, loving and kind,
Yet touching his belly a very bondman I him find.

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[1] Omitted by H.

[1] "Drive nature out with a pitchfork, still ever will she return." Horace, *Epistles*, I. 10. 24.

He is to be borne withal,[1] being so just and true.
I assure you, I would not change him for no new.
But methinks this is a pleasant city.
The seat is good,[2] and yet not strong; and that is great pity.
Carisophus (*aside*). I am safe; he is mine own!
Damon. The air subtle and fine; the people should be witty
That dwell under this climate in so pure a region.
A trimmer plat I have not seen in my peregrination.
Nothing misliketh me in this country
But that I hear such muttering of cruelty.
Fame reporteth strange things of Dionysius.
But kings' matters, passing our reach, pertain not to us.
Carisophus [*advancing*]. Dionysius, quoth you? Since the world began,
In Sicilia never reigned so cruel a man!
A despiteful tyrant to all men! I marvel, I,
That none makes him away, and that suddenly.
Damon. My friend, the gods forbid so cruel a thing
That any man should lift up his sword against the king,
Or seek other means by death him to prevent,
Whom to rule on earth the mighty gods have sent.
But, my friend, leave off this talk of King Dionysius.
Carisophus. Why, sir? He cannot hear us.
Damon. What, then? *An nescis longas regibus esse manus?*[3]
It is no safe talking of them that strikes afar off.
But, leaving kings' matters, I pray you show me this courtesy,
To describe in few words the state of this city.
A traveller I am, desirous to know
The state of each country wherever I go —
Not to the hurt of any state, but to get experience thereby.
It is not for nought that the poet doth cry,
*Dic mihi musa virum, captæ post tempore Troyæ,*
*Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.*[1]
In which verses, as some writers do scan,
The poet describeth a perfect wise man;[2]
Even so I, being a stranger addicted to philosophy,
To see the state of countries myself I apply.
Carisophus. Sir, I like this intent. But may I ask your name without scorn?
Damon. My name is Damon, well known in my country, a gentleman born.
Carisophus. You do wisely to search the state of each country
To bear intelligence thereof whither you lust. [*Aside.*] He is a spy.
Sir, I pray you have patience awhile, for I have to do hereby.
View this weak part of this city as you stand, and I very quickly
Will return to you again; and then will I show
The state of all this country, and of the court also. *Exit.*
Damon. I thank you for your courtesy. This chanceth well, that I
Met with this gentleman so happily;
Which, as it seemeth, misliketh something,
Else he would not talk so boldly of the king,
And that to a stranger. But lo, where he comes in haste.

*Here entereth Carisophus and Snap.*

[Carisophus.] This is he, fellow Snap. Snap him up! Away with him!
Snap. Good fellow, thou must go with me to the court.
Damon. To the court, sir! and why?
Carisophus. Well, we will dispute that

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[1] With. [2] The situation is good.
[3] "Know you not that kings have long hands?" Ovid, *Heroides*, xvi [xvii], 166.

[1] A. prints the second line: *Multorum hominum mores qui vidit et urbis.* Corrected by Collier. "Tell me, O Muse, of the man, who, after the capture of Troy, saw the manners and cities of many men." From the opening lines of the Odyssey.
[2] Scholars thought that in Odysseus Homer was attempting to portray the virtues of the ideal man in private life.

before the king. Away with him quickly!
Damon. Is this the courtesy you promised me, and that very lately?
Carisophus. Away with him, I say!
Damon. Use no violence; I will go with you quietly.
*Exeunt omnes*

*Here entereth Aristippus.*

[Aristippus.] Ah, sirrah, by'r Lady, Aristippus likes Dionysius' court very well,
Which in passing joys and pleasures doth excel,
Where he hath *dapsiles cœnas, geniales lectos, et auro*
*Fulgentem tyranni zonam.*[1]
I have plied the harvest, and stroke when the iron was hot.
When I spied my time, I was not squeamish to crave, God wot!
But with some pleasant toy [2] I crept into the king's bosom,
For which Dionysius gave me *Auri talentum magnum* [3] —
A large reward for so simple services.
What, then? the king's praise standeth chiefly in bountifulness;
Which thing, though I told the king very pleasantly,
Yet can I prove it by good writers of great antiquity.
But that shall not need at this time, since that I have abundantly;
When I lack hereafter I will use this point of philosophy.
But now, whereas I have felt the king's liberality,
As princely as it came I will spend it as regally.
Money is current, men say, and current comes of *currendo;*
Then will I make money run, as his nature requireth, I trow.
For what becomes a philosopher best
But to despise money above the rest?
And yet not so despise it but to have in store
Enough to serve his own turn, and somewhat more.
With sundry sports and taunts yesternight I delighted the king,
That with his loud laughter the whole court did ring —
And I thought he laugh'd not merrier than I when I got this money!
But, mumbudget! [1] for Carisophus I espy
In haste to come hither. I must handle the knave finely.
O Carisophus! my dearest friend! my trusty companion!
What news with you? Where have you been so long?

*Here entereth Carisophus.*

[Carisophus.] My best beloved friend Aristippus, I am come at last.
I have not spent all my time in waste;
I have got a prey, and that a good one, I trow.
Aristippus. What prey is that? fain would I know.
Carisophus. Such a crafty spy I have caught, I dare say,
As never was in Sicilia before this day!
Such a one as viewed every weak place in the city,
Surviewed the haven, and each bulwark; in talk very witty —
And yet by some words himself he did bewray.
Aristippus. I think so in good faith — as you did handle him.
Carisophus. I handled him clerkly.[2] I joined in talk with him courteously;
But when we were entered, I let him speak his will; and I
Suck'd out thus much of his words, that I made him say plainly
He was come hither to know the state of the city;
And not only this, but that he would understand
The state of Dionysius' court and of the whole land.
Which words when I heard, I desired him to stay

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[1] A. *Dapsiiæ cœnas, gemalis lectes, et auro. Fulgentii turgmani zonam.* Emended in Hazlitt, and translated: "Plentiful suppers, luxurious couches, and the king's purse full of gold at command."

[2] A. *tyoe.*

[3] "A great talent of gold." A. *aure.*

[1] Mum's the word!

[2] Artfully.

Till I had done a little business of the way,
Promising him to return again quickly; and so did convey
Myself to the court for Snap the tipstaff;[1] which came and upsnatched him,
Brought him to the court, and in the porter's lodge dispatched him.
After I ran to Dionysius as fast as I could,
And bewrayed this matter to him which I have you told.
Which thing when he heard, being very merry before,
He suddenly fell in dump, and, foaming like a boar,
At last he swore in great rage that he should die
By the sword or the wheel, and that very shortly.
I am too shamefast; for my travail[2] and toil
I crave nothing of Dionysius but only his spoil.
Little hath he about him but a few moth-eaten crowns of gold.
Cha pouch'd[3] them up already — they are sure in hold.
And now I go into the city, to say sooth,
To see what he hath at his lodging to make up my mouth.[4]

Aristippus. My Carisophus, you have done good service. But what is the spy's name?

Carisophus. He is called Damon, born in Greece, from whence lately he came.

Aristippus. By my troth, I will go see him, and speak with him too, if I may.

Carisophus. Do so, I pray you. But yet, by the way,
As occasion serveth, commend my service to the king.

Aristippus. *Dictum sapienti sat est:*[5] friend Carisophus, shall I forget that thing?
No, I warrant you! Though I say little to your face,
I will lay on with my mouth[6] for you to Dionysius, when I am in place.
[*Aside.*] If I speak one word for such a knave, hang me! *Exit.*

Carisophus. Our fine philosopher, our trim learned elf,
Is gone to see as false a spy as himself!
Damon smatters[1] as well as he of crafty philosophy,
And can turn cat in the pan[2] very prettily;
But Carisophus hath given him such a mighty check
As, I think, in the end will break his neck.
What care I for that! Why would he then pry,
And learn the secret estate of our country and city?
He is but a stranger! By his fall let others be wise.
I care not who fall, so that I may rise!
As for fine Aristippus, I will keep in with him;
He is a shrewd fool to deal withal; he can swim.
And yet, by my troth, to speak my conscience plainly,
I will use his friendship to mine own commodity.[3]
While Dionysius favoureth him, Aristippus shall be mine;
But if the king once frown on him, then good night, Tomalin![4]
He shall be as strange[5] as though I never saw him before.
But I tarry too long; I will prate no more.
Jack, come away!

Jack. At hand, sir.

Carisophus. At Damon's lodging if that you see
Any stir to arise, be still at hand by me;
Rather than I will lose the spoil I will blade[6] it out.

[*Exeunt Carisophus and Jack.*]

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[1] Constable, bailiff.
[2] Labor.
[3] Pursed.
[4] Provision (especially court-provision).
[5] "A word to the wise is sufficient."
[6] A. *I wyll lay one month.* Emend. by Collier.

[1] Talks superficially.
[2] A proverbial expression meaning "to reverse the order of things so dexterously as to make them appear the very opposite of what they really are." (*N.E.D.*)
[3] Profit, advantage.
[4] Hazlitt cites this phrase in his *Proverbs.*
[5] As a stranger to me.
[6] Fight the matter out with my sword.

*Here entereth Pithias and Stephano.*

[PITHIAS.] What strange news are these! Ah, my Stephano,
Is my Damon in prison, as the voice doth go?
STEPHANO. It is true. O cruel hap! He is taken for a spy,
And, as they say, by Dionysius' own mouth condemned to die.
PITHIAS. To die! Alas! for what cause?
STEPHANO. A sycophant falsely accused him; other cause there is none.
But,[1] O Jupiter, of all wrongs the revenger,
Seest thou this unjustice, and wilt thou stay any longer
From heaven to send down thy hot consuming fire
To destroy the workers of wrong, which provoke thy just ire?
Alas, Master Pithias, what shall we do,
Being in a strange country, void of friends and acquaintance too?
Ah, poor Stephano, hast thou lived to see this day,
To see thy true master unjustly made away?
PITHIAS. Stephano, seeing the matter is come to this extremity,
Let us make virtue our friend of mere necessity.
Run thou to the court, and understand secretly
As much as thou canst of Damon's cause; and I
Will make some means to entreat Aristippus.
He can do much, as I hear, with King Dionysius.
STEPHANO. I am gone, sir. Ah, I would to God my travail and pain
Might restore my master to his liberty again!
PITHIAS. Ah, woful Pithias, sith now I am alone
What way shall I first begin to make my moan?
What words shall I find apt for my complaint?
Damon, my friend, my joy, my life, is in peril! Of force I must now faint.
But, O music, as in joyful times[1] thy merry notes I did borrow,
So now lend me thy yearnful tunes to utter my sorrow.

*Here Pithias sings, and the regals[2] play.*

*Awake, ye woful wights*
*That long have wept in woe!*
*Resign to me your plaints and tears,*
*My hapless hap to show.*
*My woe no tongue can tell,*
*Ne[3] pen can well descry.*
*O, what a death is this to hear,*
*Damon my friend must die!*

*The loss of worldly wealth*
*Man's wisdom may restore;*
*And physic hath provided too*
*A salve for every sore:*
*But my true friend once lost,*
*No art can well supply.*
*Then, what a death is this to hear,*
*Damon my friend must die!*

*My mouth, refuse the food*
*That should my limbs sustain.*
*Let sorrow sink into my breast*
*And ransack every vein.*
*You[4] Furies, all at once*
*On me your torments try.*
*Why should I live, since that I hear*
*Damon my friend must[5] die?*

*Gripe me, you greedy grief,*
*And present pangs of death!*
*You sisters three with cruel hands,*
*With speed now[6] stop my breath!*
*Shrine me in clay alive.*
*Some good man stop mine eye.*
*O death, come now, seeing I hear*
*Damon my friend must die.*

*He speaketh this after the song.*

In vain I call for death, which heareth not my complaint.
But what wisdom is this, in such extremity to faint?

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[1] A. *That.* Silently emended in Hazlitt.

[1] A. *tunes.* Emend. by Collier.
[2] Small portable organs.
[3] H. *No.*
[4] H. *Ye.*
[5] A. *should.*
[6] H. alters to *come.* At this point I cease to note the errors in Hazlitt's text, although these errors become more numerous and serious.

*Multum juva[t] in re malâ annimus bonus.*[1]
I will to the court myself to make friends, and that presently.
I will never forsake my friend in time of misery.
But do I see Stephano amazed hither to run?

*Here entereth Stephano.*

[Stephano.] O Pithias! Pithias! we are all undone!
Mine own ears have sucked in mine own sorrow!
I heard Dionysius swear that Damon should die to-morrow.
Pithias. How camest thou so near the presence of the king
That thou mightest hear Dionysius speak this thing?
Stephano. By friendship I gat into the court, where in great audience
I heard Dionysius with his own mouth give this cruel sentence
By these express words: that Damon, the Greek, that crafty spy,
Without further judgment to-morrow should die.
Believe me, Pithias, with these ears I heard it myself.
Pithias. Then how near is my death also! Ah, woe is me!
Ah my Damon, another myself, shall I forego thee?
Stephano. Sir, there is no time of lamenting now. It behoveth us
To make means to them which can do much with Dionysius,
That he be not made away ere his cause be fully heard; for we see
By evil report things be made to princes far worse than they be.
But lo, yonder cometh Aristippus, in great favour with king Dionysius.
Entreat him to speak a good word to the king for us,
And in the mean season I will to your lodging to see all things safe there. *Exit.*
Pithias. To that I agree. But let us slip aside his talk to hear.
[*He stands aside.*]

*Here entereth Aristippus.*

[Aristippus.] Here is a sudden change, indeed! a strange metamorphosis!
This court is clean altered. Who would have thought this?
Dionysius, of late so pleasant and merry,
Is quite changed now into such melancholy
That nothing can please him. He walketh up and down
Fretting and chaffing; on every man he doth frown.
In so much that when I in pleasant words began to play,
So sternly he frowned on me, and knit me up so short,
I perceive it is no safe playing with lions but when it please them;
If you claw where it itch not, you shall disease[1] them —
And so perhaps get a clap. Mine own proof taught me this —
That it is very good to be merry and wise.
The only cause of this hurly-burly is Carisophus, that wicked man,
Which lately took Damon for a spy, a poor gentleman,
And hath incensed the king against him so despitefully
That Dionysius hath judged him to-morrow to die.
I have talk'd with Damon, whom though in words I found very witty,
Yet was he more curious[2] than wise in viewing this city.
But truly, for aught I can learn, there is no cause why
So suddenly and cruelly he should be condemned to die.
Howsoever it be, this is the short and long —
I dare not gainsay the king, be it right or wrong.
I am sorry; and that is all I may or can do in this case.
Nought availeth persuasion where froward opinion taketh place.

[*Pithias advances.*]

Pithias. Sir, if humble suits you would not despise,

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[1] A. *annimas.* "A good spirit in misfortune helps much." Cf. Plautus, *Captives*, 202.

[1] Discomfort.

[2] Desirous of knowledge.

Then bow on me your pitiful eyes.
My name is Pithias, in Greece well known,
A perfect friend to that woful Damon,
Which now a poor captive in this court doth lie,
By the king's own mouth, as I hear, condemned to die;
For whom I crave your mastership's goodness,
To stand his friend in this his great distress.
Nought hath he done worthy of death; but very fondly,[1]
Being a stranger, he viewed this city,
For no evil practices, but to feed his eyes.
But seeing Dionysius is informed otherwise,
My suit is to you, when you see time and place,
To assuage the king's anger, and to purchase his grace.
In which doing you shall not do good to one only,
But you shall further two, and that fully.

ARISTIPPUS. My friend, in this case I can do you no pleasure.

PITHIAS. Sir, you serve in the court, as fame doth tell.

ARISTIPPUS. I am of the court, indeed, but none of the Council.

PITHIAS. As I hear, none is in greater favour with the king than you at this day.

ARISTIPPUS. The more in favour, the less I dare say.

PITHIAS. It is a courtier's praise to help strangers in misery.

ARISTIPPUS. To help another, and hurt myself, it is an evil point of courtesy.

PITHIAS. You shall not hurt yourself to speak for the innocent.

ARISTIPPUS. He is not innocent whom the king judgeth nocent.

PITHIAS. Why, sir, do you think this matter past all remedy?

ARISTIPPUS. So far past that Dionysius hath sworn Damon to-morrow shall die.

PITHIAS. This word my trembling heart cutteth in two.
Ah, sir, in this woful case what wist [ye] I best to do?

ARISTIPPUS. Best to content yourself when there is no remedy.
He is well relieved that foreknoweth his misery.
Yet, if any comfort be, it resteth in Eubulus,
The chiefest councillor about King Dionysius,
Which pitieth Damon's case in this great extremity,
Persuading the king from all kind of cruelty.

PITHIAS. The mighty gods preserve you for this word of comfort!
Taking my leave of your goodness, I will now resort
To Eubulus, that good councillor.
But hark! methink I hear a trumpet blow.

ARISTIPPUS. The king is at hand. Stand close in the prease.[1] Beware! If he know
You are friend to Damon, he will take you for a spy also.
Farewell; I dare not be seen with you.

*Here entereth King Dionysius, Eubulus the Councillor, and Gronno the Hangman.*

DIONYSIUS. Gronno, do my commandment; strike off Damon's irons by and by,
Then bring him forth. I myself will see him executed presently.[2]

GRONNO. O mighty king, your commandment will I do speedily.

DIONYSIUS. Eubulus, thou hast talked in vain, for sure he shall die.
Shall I suffer my life to stand in peril of every spy?

EUBULUS. That he conspired against your person, his accuser cannot say.
He only viewed your city; and will you for that make him away?

DIONYSIUS. What he would have done, the guess is great. He minded me to hurt
That came so slyly to search out the secret estate of my court.

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[1] Foolishly.

[1] Crowd, press of people.

[2] At once.

Shall I still live in fear? No, no; I will cut off such imps betime,
Lest that to my farther danger too high they climb.
**Eubulus.** Yet have the mighty gods immortal fame assigned
To all worldly princes which in mercy be inclined.
**Dionysius.** Let fame talk what she list, so I may live in safety.
**Eubulus.** The only mean to that is to use mercy.
**Dionysius.** A mild prince the people despiseth.
**Eubulus.** A cruel king the people hateth.
**Dionysius.** Let them hate me, so they fear me.
**Eubulus.** That is not the way to live in safety.
**Dionysius.** My sword and power shall purchase my quietness.
**Eubulus.** That is sooner procured by mercy and gentleness.
**Dionysius.** Dionysius ought to be feared.
**Eubulus.** Better for him to be well beloved.
**Dionysius.** Fortune maketh all things subject to my power.
**Eubulus.** Believe her not, she is a light goddess; she can laugh and low'r.
**Dionysius.** A king's praise standeth in the revenging of his enemy.
**Eubulus.** A greater praise to win him by clemency.
**Dionysius.** To suffer the wicked live, it is no mercy.
**Eubulus.** To kill the innocent, it is great cruelty.
**Dionysius.** Is Damon innocent which so craftily undermined [1] Carisophus
To understand what he could of king Dionysius?
Which surviewed the haven, and each bulwark in the city,
Where battery might be laid, what way best to approach? Shall I
Suffer such a one to live, that worketh me such despite?
No, he shall die! Then I am safe: a dead dog cannot bite.
**Eubulus.** But yet, O mighty [king,] [1] my duty bindeth me
To give such counsel as with your honour may best agree.
The strongest pillars of princely dignity
I find this — justice with mercy, and prudent liberality:
The one judgeth all things by upright equity,
The other rewardeth the worthy, flying each extremity.
As to spare those which offend maliciously,
It may be called no justice, but extreme injury;
So, upon suspicion of each thing not well-proved,
To put to death presently whom envious flattery accused,
It seemeth of tyranny. And upon what fickle ground all tyrants do stand,
Athens and Lacedemon can teach you, if it be rightly scann'd;
And not only these citizens, but who curiously seeks
The whole histories of all the world — not only of Romans and Greeks —
Shall well perceive of all tyrants the ruinous fall;
Their state uncertain, beloved of none, but hated of all.
Of merciful princes to set out the passing [2] felicity
I need not; enough of that even these days do testify.
They live devoid of fear, their sleeps are sound, they dread no enemy,
They are feared and loved. And why? they rule with justice and mercy —
Extending justice to such as wickedly from justice have swerved,
Mercy unto those who in opinion of simpleness [3] have mercy deserved.
Of liberty nought I say, but only this thing:
Liberty upholdeth the state of a king,
Whose large bountifulness ought to fall to this issue —

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[1] Questioned guilefully.

[1] Supplied from the 1582 ed.

[2] Surpassing.

[3] A. *where opinion simplenesse;* emend. by Hazlitt, who explains: "Simpleness, ignorance — i.e., who have deserved mercy, having offended from not knowing better."

To reward none but such as deserve it for virtue.
Which merciful justice, if you would follow, and provident liberality,
Neither the caterpillars of all courts, *et fruges consumere nati*,[1]
Parasites with wealth puff'd up, should not look so high;
Nor yet for this simple fact poor Damon should die.

DIONYSIUS. With pain mine ears have heard this vain talk of mercy.
I tell thee, fear and terror defendeth kings only.
Till he be gone, whom I suspect, how shall I live quietly,
Whose memory with chilling horror fills my breast day and night violently?
My dreadful dreams of him bereaves my rest; on bed I lie
Shaking and trembling, as one ready to yield his throat to Damon's sword.
This quaking dread nothing but Damon's blood can stay.
Better he die, than I to be tormented with fear alway.
He shall die, though Eubulus consent not thereto.
It is lawful for kings, as they list, all things to do.

*Here Gronno* [*assisted by Snap*] *bringeth in Damon; and Pithias meeteth him by the way.*

PITHIAS. O my Damon!

DAMON. O my Pithias! Seeing death must part us, farewell for ever!

PITHIAS. O Damon! O my sweet friend!

SNAP. Away from the prisoner! What a prease have we here!

GRONNO. As you commanded, O mighty king, we have brought Damon.

DIONYS[IUS]. Then, go to; make ready. I will not stir out of this place
Till I see his head stroken off before my face.

GRONNO. It shall be done, sir. [*To Damon.*] Because your eyes have made such a-do
I will knock down this your lantern, and shut up your shop-window too.

DAMON. O mighty king, where-as no truth my innocent life can save,
But that so greedily you thirst[1] my guiltless blood to have,
Albeit (even in thought) I had not ought against your person.[2]
Yet now I plead not for life, ne will I crave your pardon.
But seeing in Greece, my country, where well I am known,
I have worldly things fit for mine alliance[3] when I am gone,
To dispose them ere I die, if I might obtain leisure,
I would account it (O king) for a passing great pleasure —
Not to prolong my life thereby (for which I reckon not this),
But to set my things in a stay.[4] And surely I will not miss,
Upon the faith which all gentlemen ought to embrace,
To return again, at your time to appoint, to yield my body here in this place.
Grant me (O king) such time to despatch this inquiry,[5]
And I will not fail, when you appoint, even here my life to pay.[6]

DIONYSIUS. A pleasant request! as though I could trust him absent
Whom in no wise I cannot trust being present!
And yet, though I sware the contrary, do that I require —
Give me a pledge for thy return — and have thine own desire.
He is as near now as he was before!

DAMON. There is no surer nor greater pledge than the faith of a gentleman.

DIONYSIUS. It was wont to be; but otherwise now the world doth stand.
Therefore do as I say, else presently yield thy neck to the sword.
If I might with my honour, I would recall my word.

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[1] "And born to consume the fruits of the earth." Horace *Epistl.*, 1. 2. 27.

[1] A. *thrust.*

[2] A. *Albeit (euen for thought) for ought against your person.* Silently emended in Hazlitt as above.

[3] Kindred

[4] Put in order.

[5] A. *injurie*, which may be correct. Changed by Hazlitt.

[6] The 1582 ed. has *to yeelde speedily*, which rhymes with the preceding line.

Pithias [*advancing*]. Stand to your word, O king! for kings ought nothing say
But that they would perform in perfect deeds alway.
A pledge you did require when Damon his suit did meve;
For which with heart and stretched hands most humble thanks I give.
And that you may not say but Damon hath a friend
That loves him better than his own life, and will do, to his end,
Take me, O mighty king! My life I pawn for his.
Strike off my head, if Damon hap at his day to miss.
Dionysius. What art thou that chargest me with my word so boldly here?
Pithias. I am Pithias, a Greek born, which hold Damon my friend full dear.
Dionysius. Too dear, perhaps, to hazard thy life for him! What fondness [1] moveth thee?
Pithias. No fondness at all, but perfect amity.
Dionysius. A mad kind of amity! Advise thyself well: if Damon fail at his day,
Which shall be justly appointed, wilt thou die for him, to me his life to pay?
Pithias. Most willingly, O mighty king. If Damon fail, let Pithias die.
Dionysius. Thou seemest to trust his words that pawnest thy life so frankly.
Pithias. What Damon saith, Pithias believeth assuredly.
Dionysius. Take heed! For life wordly men break promise in many things.
Pithias. Though wordly men do so, it never haps amongst friends.
Dionysius. What callest thou friends? Are they not men? is not this true?
Pithias. Men they be, but such men as love one another only for virtue.
Dionysius. For what virtue dost thou love this spy, this Damon?
Pithias. For that virtue which yet to you is unknown.
Dionysius. Eubulus, what shall I do? I would despatch this Damon fain;
But this foolish fellow so chargeth me that I may not call back my word again.
Eubulus. The reverent majesty of a king stands chiefly in keeping his promise.
What you have said this whole court beareth witness.
Save your honour, whatsoever you do.
Dionysius. For saving mine honour, I must forbear my will. Go to.
Pithias, seeing thou tookest me at my word, take Damon to thee;
For two months he is thine. [*To Gronno.*] Unbind him; I set him free.
Which time once expired, if he appear not the next day by noon,
Without further delay thou shalt lose thy life, and that full soon!
Whether he die by the way, or lie sick in his bed,
If he return not then, thou shalt either hang or lose thy head!
Pithias. For this, O mighty king, I yield immortal thanks! O joyful day!
Dionysius. Gronno, take him to thee. Bind him; see him kept in safety:
If he escape, assure thyself for him thou shalt die.
Eubulus, let us depart to talk of this strange thing within.
Eubulus. I follow.

*Exit* [*Eubulus following Dionysius and his train. Gronno, Snap, Damon and Pithias remain*].

Gronno. Damon, thou servest the gods well to-day; be thou of comfort.
As for you, sir, I think you will be hanged in sport.
You heard what the king said; I must keep you safely.
By Cock, so I will! You shall rather hang than I!
Come on your way.
Pithias. My Damon, farewell! The gods have thee in keeping.
Damon. O, my Pithias, my pledge, farewell! I part from thee weeping.
But joyful at my day appointed I will return again,
When I will deliver thee from all trouble and pain.

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[1] Folly.

Stephano will I leave behind me to wait upon thee in prison alone;
And I, whom fortune hath reserved to this misery, will walk home.
Ah, my Pithias, my pledge, my life, my friend, farewell!
Pithias. Farewell, my Damon!
Damon. Loth I am to depart. Sith sobs my trembling tongue doth stay,
O music, sound my doleful plaints when I am gone my way. [*Exit Damon.*]
Gronno. I am glad he is gone; I had almost wept too. Come, Pithias.
So God help me, I am sorry for thy foolish case.
Wilt thou venter thy life for a man so fondly?
Pithias. It is no venter; my friend is just, for whom I desire to die.
Gronno. Here is a madman! I tell thee, I have a wife whom I love well,
And if ich would die for her, chould ich were in hell!
Wilt thou do more for a man than I would for a woman?
Pithias. Yea, that I will.
Gronno. Then, come on your ways; you must to prison in haste.
I fear you will repent this folly at last.
Pithias. That shalt thou never see. But, O music, as my Damon requested thee,
Sound out thy doleful tunes in this time of calamity.
*Exit* [*Pithias, led away by Gronno*].

*Here the regals play a mourning song, and Damon cometh in in mariner's apparel and Stephano with him.*

[Damon.] Weep no more, Stephano; this is but destiny.
Had not this happ'd, yet I know I am born to die;
Where or in what place, the gods know alone
To whose judgment myself I commit. Therefore leave off thy moan,
And wait upon Pithias in prison till I return again,
In whom my joy, my care, and life doth only remain.
Stephano. O my dear master, let me go with you; for my poor company
Shall be some small comfort in this time of misery.
Damon. O Stephano, hast thou been so long with me,
And yet dost not know the force of true amity?
I tell thee once again, my friend and I are but one.
Wait upon Pithias, and think thou art with Damon.
Whereof I may not now discourse, the time passeth away;
The sooner I am gone, the shorter shall be my journey.
Therefore farewell, Stephano! Commend me to my friend Pithias,
Whom I trust to deliver in time out of this woful case.
Stephano. Farewell, my dear master, since your pleasure is so.
[*Exit Damon.*]
O cruel hap! O poor Stephano!
O cursed Carisophus, that first moved this tragedy!
[*He hears a noise in Damon's lodging.*]
But what a noise is this? Is all well within, trow ye?
I fear all be not well within; I will go see. —
[*He goes in.*]
Come out, you weasel! Are you seeking eggs in Damon's chest?
Come out, I say! Wilt thou be packing? By Cock, you were best!

[*Re-enter Stephano, pulling out Carisophus, Jack following.*]

Carisophus. How durst thou, villain, to lay hands on me?
Stephano. Out, sir knave, or I will send ye!
Art thou not content to accuse Damon wrongfully,
But wilt thou rob him also, and that openly?
Carisophus. The king gave me the spoil; to take mine own wilt thou let[1] me?
Stephano. Thine own, villain! Where is thine authority?
Carisophus. I am authority of myself; dost thou not know?

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[1] Prevent, hinder.

Stephano. By'r Lady, that is somewhat! But have you no more to show?
Carisophus. What if I have not?
Stephano. Then for an earnest penny take this blow. [*Strikes him.*]
I shall bombast you, you mocking knave! Chill put pro[1] in my purse for this time!
Carisophus. Jack, give me my sword and target.
Jack. I cannot come to you, master; this knave doth me let. Hold, master.
[*Extending the sword.*]
Stephano [*to Jack*]. Away, Jackanapes, else I will colpheg[2] you by and by!
Ye slave, I will have my pennyworths of thee therefore, if I die!
About, villain! [*He beats Carisophus.*]
Carisophus. O citizens, help to defend me!
Stephano. Nay, they will rather help to hang thee.
Carisophus. Good fellow, let us reason this matter quietly; beat me no more.
Stephano. Of this condition I will stay — if thou swear, as thou art an honest man,
Thou wilt say nothing to the king of this when I am gone.
Carisophus. I will say nothing — here is my hand — as I am an honest man.
Stephano. Then say on thy mind. I have taken a wise oath on him, have I not, trow ye,
To trust such a false knave upon his honesty?
As he is an honest man (quoth you!) he may bewray all to the king,
And break his oath for this never a whit — but, my franion,[3] I tell you this one thing:
If you disclose this I will devise such a way
That whilst thou livest thou shalt remember this day.
Carisophus. You need not devise for that, for this day is printed in my memory!
I warrant you I shall remember this beating till I die.
But seeing of courtesy you have granted that we should talk quietly,
Methinks in calling me knave you do me much injury.
Stephano. Why so, I pray thee heartily?
Carisophus. Because I am the king's man. Keeps the king any knaves?
Stephano. He should not; but what he doth, it is evident by thee.
And, as far as I can learn or understand,
There is none better able to keep knaves in all the land.
Carisophus. O sir, I am a courtier; when courtiers shall hear tell
How you have used me, they will not take it well.
Stephano. Nay, all right courtiers will ken[1] me thank. And wot you why?
Because I handled a counterfeit courtier in his kind so finely.
What, sir! all are not courtiers that have a counterfeit show;
In a troop of honest men some knaves may stand, ye know —
Such as by stealth creep in under the colour of honesty,
Which sort under that cloak do all kinds of villainy.
A right courtier is virtuous, gentle, and full of urbanity,
Hurting no man, good to all, devoid of all villainy;
But such as thou art, fountains of squirrility and vain delights;
Though you hang by the courts, you are but flatt'ring parasites,
As well deserving the right name of courtesy
As the coward knight the true praise of chivalry.
I could say more, but I will not, for that I am your well-willer.
In faith, Carisophus, you are no courtier, but a caterpillar,
A sycophant, a parasite, a flatterer, and a knave!
Whether I will or no, these names you mu
have;

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[1] ? [2] Cuff. [3] Gay fellow.

[1] Give.

How well you deserve this by your deeds it is known,
For that so unjustly thou hast accused poor Damon,
Whose woful case the gods help alone.

Carisophus. Sir, are you his servant that you pity his case so?

Stephano. No, bum troth, goodman Grumb; his name is Stephano.
I am called Onaphets,[1] if needs you will know.
[*Aside.*] The knave beginneth to sift me; but I turn my name in and out,
*Cretiso cum Cretense*,[2] to make him a lout.[3]

Carisophus. What mumble you with yourself, Master Onaphets?

Stephano. I am reckoning with myself how I may pay my debts.

Carisophus. You have paid me more than you did owe me!

Stephano. Nay, upon a farther reckoning, I will pay you more, if I know
Either you talk of that is done, or by your sycophantical envy
You prick forth Dionysius the sooner that Damon may die.
I will so pay thee that thy bones shall rattle in thy skin.
Remember what I have said; Onaphets is my name. *Exit.*

Carisophus. The sturdy knave is gone; the devil him take!
He hath made my head, shoulders, arms, sides, and all to ache.
Thou whoreson villain boy, why didst thou wait no better?
As he paid me, so will I not die thy debtor. [*Strikes him.*]

Jack. Master, why do you fight with me? I am not your match, you see.
You durst not fight with him that is gone; and will you wreak your anger on me?

Carisophus. Thou villain, by thee I have lost mine honour, —
Beaten with a cudgel like a slave, a vacabone,[4] or a lazy lubber,
And not given one blow again! Hast thou handled me well?

Jack. Master, I handled you not, but who did handle you very handsomely, you can tell.

Carisophus. Handsomely, thou crack-rope? [1]

Jack. Yea, sir, very handsomely! I hold [2] you a groat,
He handled you so handsomely that he left not one mote in your coat.

Carisophus. O, I had firk'd him trimly, thou villain, if thou hadst given me my sword.

Jack. It is better as it is, master, believe me, at a word.
If he had seen your weapon he would have been fiercer,
And so perhaps beat you worse. I speak it with my heart,
You were never yet at the dealing of fence-blows [3] but you had four away for your part.
It is but your luck. You are man good enough;
But the Welsh Onaphets was a vengeance-knave, and rough!
Master, you were best go home and rest in your bed;
Methinks your cap waxeth too little for your head.

Carisophus. What! doth my head swell?

Jack. Yea, as big as a codshead, and bleeds too.

Carisophus. I am ashamed to show my face with this hue.

Jack. No shame at all; men have been beaten far better than you.

Carisophus. I must go to the chirurgeon's. What shall I say when I am a-dressing?

Jack. You may say truly you met with a knave's blessing.[4] *Exeunt.*

*Here entereth Aristippus.*

[Aristippus.] By mine own experience I prove true that many men tell:
To live in court not beloved, better be in hell.
What crying out, what cursing is there within of Carisophus,

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[1] "Stephano" spelled backwards.
[2] "I lie with the Cretan." The Cretans were famous as liars.
[3] Fool.
[4] Vagabond.

[1] Rascal destined for the gallows.
[2] Wager.
[3] Fencing.
[4] A cant term for a beating.

Because he accused Damon to King Dionysius!
Even now he came whining and crying into the court for the nonce,
Showing that one Onaphets had broke his knave's sconce.
Which strange name, when they heard, every man laugh'd heartily,
And I by myself scann'd his name secretly;
For well I knew it was some mad-headed child
That invented this name that the log-headed knave might be beguil'd.
In tossing it often with myself to and fro,
I found out that Onaphets backward spelled Stephano.
I smiled in my sleeve to see [1] how by turning his name he dress'd [2] him,
And how for Damon his master's sake with a wooden cudgel he bless'd him.
None pitied the knave, no man nor woman; but all laugh'd him to scorn.
To be thus hated of all, better unborn!
Far better Aristippus hath provided, I trow;
For in all the court I am beloved both of high and low.
I offend none; insomuch that women sing this to my great praise,
*Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et locus et res.*[3]
But in all this jollity one thing 'mazeth me:
The strangest thing that ever was heard or known
Is now happened in this court by that Damon
Whom Carisophus accused: Damon is now at liberty,
For whose return Pithias his friend lieth in prison, alas, in great jeopardy!
To-morrow is the day; which day by noon, if Damon return not, earnestly
The king hath sworn that Pithias should die;
Whereof Pithias hath intelligence very secretly,
Wishing that Damon may not return till he hath paid
His life for his friend. Hath it been heretofore ever said
That any man for his friend would die so willingly?
O noble friendship! O perfect amity!
Thy force is here seen, and that very perfectly.
The king himself museth hereat; yet is he far out of square,
That he trusteth none to come near him. Not his own daughters will he have
Unsearch'd to enter his chamber; which he hath made barbers his beard to shave,
Not with knife or razor — for all edge-tools he fears —
But with hot burning nutshells they singe off his hairs.
Was there ever man that lived in such misery?
Well, I will go in — with a heavy and pensive heart, too,
To think how Pithias, this poor gentleman, to-morrow shall die. *Exit.*

*Here entereth Jack and Will.*

[JACK.] Will, by my honesty, I will mar your monkey's face if you so fondly prate!

WILL. Jack, by my troth, seeing you are without the court-gate,
If you play Jack-napes in mocking my master and despising my face,
Even here with a pantacle [1] I will you disgrace.
And though you have a far better face than I,
Yet who is better man of us two these fists shall try,
Unless you leave your taunting.

JACK. Thou began'st first. Didst thou not say even now
That Carisophus, my master, was no man, but a cow,
In taking so many blows, and gave never a blow again?

WILL. I said so, indeed. He is but a tame ruffian
That can swear by his flask and twich-box,[2] and God's precious lady,

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[1] A. *how to see.* [2] Deceived.
[3] A. *docuit colore.* "Every color, place, and thing suited Aristippus."

[1] Pantofle, or slipper, symbolical of pages.
[2] Touch-box, filled with priming-powder for the musket.

And yet will be beaten with a faggot-stick!
These barking whelps were never good biters,
Ne yet great crakers[1] were ever great fighters.
But seeing you egg me so much, I will somewhat more recite:
I say Carisophus, thy master, is a flatt'ring parasite,
Gleaning away the sweet from the worthy in all the court.
What tragedy hath he moved of late! The devil take him! he doth much hurt.
Jack. I pray you, what is Aristippus, thy master? Is not he a parasite too,
That with scoffing and jesting in the court makes so much a-do?
Will. He is no parasite, but a pleasant gentleman full of courtesy.
Thy master is a churlish lout, the heir of a dungfork; as void of honesty
As thou art of honour.
Jack. Nay, if you will needs be prating of my master still,
In faith I must cool you, my friend dapper Will.
Take this at the beginning! *[Strikes him.]*
Will. Praise well your winning. My pantacle is as ready as yours.
Jack. By the mass, I will box you!
Will. By Cock, I will fox you!
Jack. Will, was I with you?
Will. Jack, did I fly?
Jack. Alas, pretty cockerel, you are too weak!
Will. In faith, dutting duttell, you will cry creak!

*Here entereth Snap.*

[Snap.] Away, you crack-ropes![2] Are you fighting at the court-gate?
And I take you here again I will swinge you both; what! *Exit.*
Jack. I beshrew Snap the tipstaff, that great knave's heart, that hither did come!
Had he not been, you had cried ere this *Victus, victa, victum.*[1]
But seeing we have breathed ourselves, if ye list,
Let us agree like friends, and shake each other by the fist.
Will. Content am I, for I am not malicious; — but on this condition,
That you talk no more so broad of my master as here you have done.
But who have we here? 'Tis Coals, I spy,[2] coming yonder.
Jack. Will, let us slip aside and view him well. *[They stand aside.]*

*Here entereth Grim the Collier, whistling.*

[Grim.] What devil! ich ween the porters are drunk. Will they not dup[3] the gate to-day?
Take in coals for the king's own mouth![4] Will nobody stir, I say?
Ich might have lain tway hours longer in my bed;
Cha tarried so long here that my teeth chatter in my head.
Jack. Will, after our falling out wilt thou laugh merrily?
Will. Ay, marry, Jack, I pray thee heartily.
Jack. Then follow me, and hem in a word now and then. *[They advance.]*
What brawling knave is there at the court-gate so early?
Will. It is some brainsick villain, I durst lay a penny.
Jack. It was you, sir, that cried so loud, I trow,
And bid us take in coals for the king's mouth even now.
Grim. 'Twas I, indeed.
Jack. Why, sir, how dare you speak such petty treason?
Doth the king eat coals at any season?
Grim. Here is a gay world! Boys now sets old men to school.
I said well enough. What, Jack-sauce! think'st cham a fool?

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[1] Boasters.

[2] A term of opprobrium, usually applied to boys; the allusion is to the hangman's rope.

[1] Conquered (mas.), conquered (fem.), conquered (neut.).

[2] A. *Cobex epi.* Emended by Hazlitt.

[3] Open.

[4] Provision. A technical phrase in court records; cf. *Bouche de la cour.*

At bakehouse, butt'ry-hatch, kitchen, and cellar,
Do they not say "for the king's mouth"?
Will. What, then, goodman collier?
Grim. What, then! seeing without coals they cannot finely dress the king's meat,
May I not say "take in coals for the king's mouth," though coals he do not eat?
Jack. James Christe! came ever from a collier an answer so trim?
You are learned, are you not, father Grim?
Grim. Grim is my name, indeed. Cham not learned, and yet the king's collier;
This vorty winter cha been to the king a servitor.
Though I be not learned, yet cha mother-wit enough, whole and some.
Will. So it seems; you have so much mother-wit that you lack your father's wisdom.
Grim. Mass, cham well-beset! Here's a trim cast of murlons![1]
What be you, my pretty cockerels, that ask me these questions?
Jack. Good faith, Master Grim, if such merlins on your pouch[2] may light,
They are so quick of wing that quickly they can carry it out of your sight;
And though we are cockerels now, we shall have spurs one day,
And shall be able perhaps to make you a capon [to your pay.[3]]
But to tell you the truth, we are the porter's men, which early and late
Wait on such gentlemen as you, to open the court-gate.
Grim. Are ye servants then?
Will. Yea, sir; are we not pretty men?
Grim. Pretty men, quoth you? nay, you are strong men, else you could not bear these breeches.[4]
Will. Are these great hose?
In faith, goodman collier, you see with your nose.
By mine honesty, I have but for one lining in one hose but seven ells of rug.[1]
Grim. This is but a little, yet it makes thee seem a great bug.[2]
Jack. How say you, goodman collier, can you find any fault here?
Grim. Nay, you should find fau't. Marry, here's trim gear!
Alas, little knave, dost not sweat? Thou goest with great pain.
These are no hose, but water-bougets,[3] I tell thee plain;
Good for none but such as have no buttocks.
Did you ever see two such little Robin ruddocks
So laden with breeches? Chill say no more, lest I offend.
Who invented these monsters first, did it to a ghostly[4] end,
To have a mail[5] ready to put in other folks' stuff;
We see this evident by daily proof.
One preached of late not far hence, in no pulpit but in a wain-cart,
That spake enough of this. But for my part,
Chill say no more; your own necessity
In the end will force you to find some remedy.
Jack. Will, hold this railing knave with a talk when I am gone;
I will fetch him his filling ale for his good sermon.
Will. Go thy way. [*Exit Jack.*] Father Grim, gaily well you do say.
It is but young men's folly that list to play
And mask awhile in the net of their own device;
When they come to your age they will be wise.
Grim. Bum troth, but few such roisters come to my years at this day;
They be cut off betimes ere they have gone half their journey —
I will not tell why; let them guess that can;
I mean somewhat thereby.[6]

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[1] Merlins, a species of very small hawks.
[2] Purse.
[3] Added by Hazlitt.
[4] Grim is sneering at the big stuffed breeches (called "slops") then worn by men of fashion.

[1] Coarse woolen cloth.
[2] Hobgoblin, bugbear.
[3] Leather bags used, in pairs, to carry water.
[4] Spiritual, religious (used sarcastically).
[5] Bag.
[6] He means, of course, the gallows.

*Enter Jack with a pot of wine, and a cup to drink on.*

[Jack.] Father Grim, because you are stirring so early
I have brought you a bowl of wine to make you merry.
Grim. Wine! marry, that is welcome to colliers! Chill swap't off by and by.[1]
Chwas stirring so early that my very soul is dry.
Jack. This is stoutly done. Will you have it warmed, Father Grim?
Grim. No, it is warm enough; it is very lousious[2] and trim.
'Tis musselden,[3] ich ween! Of fellowship let me have another spurt.
Ich can drink as easily now as if I sat in my shirt.
Jack. By Cock, and you shall have it! But I will begin, and that anon:
*Je bois a vous, mon compagnon!*[4]
Grim. *J'ai vous pleigé, petit Zawne!*[5]
Jack. Can you speak French? Here is a trim collier, by this day!
Grim. What, man! ich learned this when ich was a soldier;
When ich was a lusty fellow, and could yerk a whip trimly —
Better than these boy-colliers that come to the court daily;
When there were not so many captious fellows as now,
That would torup[6] men for every trifle — I wot not how:
As there was one, Damon, not long since taken for a spy —
How justly I know not, but he was condemned to die.
Will [*aside*]. This wine hath warmed him. This comes well to pass;
We shall know all now, for *in vino veritas.*[7]
Father Grim, who accused this Damon to King Dionysius?
Grim. A vengeance take him! 'twas a gentleman, one Master Crowsphus.
Will. Crowsphus! You clip the king's language; you would have said Carisophus.
But I perceive now either the wind is at the south,
Or else your tongue cleaveth to the roof of your mouth.
Grim. A murrain take thi[l]k wine! It so intoxicate my brain
That, to be hanged by and by, I cannot speak plain.
Jack [*aside*]. You speak knavishly plain, seeing my master you do mock.
In faith, ere you go, I will make you a lobcock.
Father Grim, what say they of this Damon abroad?
Grim. All men are sorry for him, so help me God!
They say a false knave 'cused him to the king wrongfully;
And he is gone, and should be here tomorrow to die,
Or else his fellow, which is in prison, his room shall supply.
Chill not be his half for vorty shillings, I tell you plain!
I think Damon be too wise to return again.
Will. Will no man speak for them in this woful case?
Grim. No, chill warrant you. One Master Stippus is in place
Where he may do good; but he frames himself so,
Whatsoever Dionysius willeth, to that he will not say no.
'Tis a subtle vox! He will not tread on thorns for none!
A merry harecop[1] 'tis, and a pleasant companion,
A right courtier, and can provide for one.
Jack [*aside to Will*]. Will, how like you this gear? Your master Aristippus also
At this collier's hand hath had a blow!
But, in faith, Father Grim, cannot ye colliers
Provide for yourselves far better than courtiers?

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[1] At once.
[2] Luscious.
[3] Muscatel wine.
[4] A. *Jebit avow, mon companion.*
[5] A. *Ihar vow pleadge, pety Zawne.* "Zawne" seems to be used for "Zany," clown.
[6] Not in *N.E.D.* Possibly Grim means *interrupt*, or *take up.*
[7] "In wine the truth."

[1] Hare-brain?

Grim. Yes, I trow! Black colliers go in threadbare coats,
Yet so provide they that they have the fair white groats.
Ich may say in counsel, though all day I moil in dirt
Chill not change lives with any in Dionysius' court;
For though their apparel be never so fine,
Yet sure their credit is far worse than mine.
And, by Cock, I may say, for all their high looks,
I know some sticks full deep in merchants' books;[1]
And deeper will fall in, as fame me tells,
As long as instead of money they take up hauks' hoods and bells.
Whereby they fall into a swelling disease, which colliers do not know;
'T'ath a mad name! it is called, ich ween, *Centum pro cento*.[2]
Some other in courts make others laugh merrily,
When they wail and lament their own estate secretly.
Friendship is dead in court; hypocrisy doth reign;
Who is in favour now, to-morrow is out again:
The state is so uncertain that I, by my will,
Will never be courtier but a collier still.
Will. It seemeth that colliers have a very trim life.
Grim. Colliers get money still; tell me, of troth,
Is not that a trim life now, as the world go'th?
All day though I toil with main and might,
With money in my pouch I come home merry at night,
And sit down in my chair by my wife, fair Alison,
And turn a crab in the fire[3] as merry as Pope John.
Jack. That pope was a merry fellow of whom folk talk so much.
Grim. H'ad to be merry withal — h'ad gold enough in his hutch.
Jack. Can gold make men merry? They say, "Who can sing so merry a note
As he that is not able to change a groat?"
Grim. Who sings in that case sings never in tune. I know, for my part,
That a heavy pouch with gold makes a light heart;
Of which I have provided for a dear year good store; [*He shows his purse.*]
And these benters,[1] I trow, shall anon get me more.
Will. By serving the court with coals you gain'd all this money?
Grim. By the court only, I assure ye.
Jack. After what sort, I pray thee tell me?
Grim. Nay, there bate an ace, quod Bolton![2] I can wear a horn and blow it not.
Jack. By'r Lady, the wiser man!
Grim. Shall I tell you by what sleight I got all this money?
Then ich were a noddy indeed! No, no, I warrant ye!
Yet in few words I tell you this one thing —
He is a very fool that cannot gain by the king.
Will. Well said, Father Grim! you are a wily collier, and a brave.
I see now there is no knave to the old knave.
Grim. Such knaves have money when courtiers have none.
But tell me, is it true that abroad is blown?
Jack. What is that?
Grim. Hath the king made those fair damsels, his daughters,
To become now fine and trim barbers?
Jack. Yea, truly, — to his own person.
Grim. Good fellows, believe me, as the case now stands
I would give one sack of coals to be wash'd at their hands!
If ich came so near them, for my wit chould not give three chips
If ich could not steal one swap at their lips!
Jack [*aside*]. Will, this knave is drunk. Let us dress[3] him;

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[1] Indebted to merchants.
[2] "Hundred per cent."
[3] A crab-apple roasted in the fire and dropped into a mug of ale to warm and flavor the drink.

[1] Debentures, vouchers given in the royal household for sums of money due.
[2] An old proverb.
[3] Play a prank upon him.

Let us rifle him so, that he have not one penny to bless him,
And steal away his debenters[1] too.
Will [*aside*]. Content; invent the way, and I am ready.
Jack [*aside*]. Faith, and I will make him a noddy.
Father Grim, if you pray me well, I will wash you and shave you too,
Even after the same fashion as the king's daughters do;
In all points as they handle Dionysius, I will dress you trim and fine.
Grim. Chuld vain learn that! Come on, then; chill give thee a whole pint of wine
At tavern for thy labour, when 'cha money for my benters here.

*Here Will fetcheth a barber's bason, a pot with water, a razor, and cloths, and a pair of spectacles.*

Jack. Come, mine own Father Grim; sit down.
Grim. Mass, to begin withal, here is a trim chair!
Jack. What, man, I will use you like a prince. Sir boy, fetch me my gear.
Will. Here, sir.
Jack. Hold up, Father Grim.
Grim. Me-seem my head doth swim.
Jack. My costly perfumes make that. Away with this, sir boy; be quick!

[*Hands Will the collier's purse.*]

Aloyse, aloyse,[2] how how pretty it is! Is not here a good face?
A fine owl's eyes! a mouth like an oven!
Father, you have good butter-teeth full seen.
[*Aside*] You were weaned, else you would have been a great calf.
Ah, trim lips to sweep a manger![3] Here is a chin,
As soft as the hoof of an horse.
Grim. Doth the king's daughters rub so hard?
Jack. Hold your head straight, man, else all will be marr'd.
By'r Lady, you are of a good complexion,
A right Croyden sanguine,[1] beshrew me.
Hold up, Father Grim. Will, can you bestir ye?
Grim. Methinks, after a marvellous fashion you do besmear me.
Jack. It is with unguentum of Daucus Maucus, that is very costly;
I give not this washing-ball[2] to everybody.
After you have been dress'd so finely at my hand,
You may kiss any lady's lips within this land.
Ah, you are trimly wash'd! How say you, is not this trim water?
Grim. It may be wholesome, but it is vengeance sour!
Jack. It scours the better. Sir boy, give me my razor.
Will. Here at hand, sir.
Grim. God's arms! 'tis a chopping knife! 'tis no razor.
Jack. It is a razor, and that a very good one!
It came lately from Palermo;[3] it cost me twenty crowns alone.
Your eyes dazzle after your washing; these spectacles put on.

[*He places spectacles, with dark lenses, on him.*]

Now view this razor; tell me, is it not a good one?
Grim. They be gay barnacles, yet I see never the better.
Jack. Indeed they be a young sight, and that is the matter.
But I warrant you this razor is very easy.
Grim. Go to, then; since you begun, do as please ye.
Jack. Hold up, Father Grim.
Grim. O, your razor doth hurt my lip.
Jack. No, it scrapeth off a pimple to ease you of the pip.
I have done now. How say you? are you not well?
Grim. Cham lighter than ich was, the truth to tell.

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[1] Debentures.
[2] This exclamation is not recorded in *N.E.D.*
[3] As an ass'.

[1] "'Supposed to be a kind of sallow colour' (Nares)." — *N.E.D.*
[2] Perfumed soap.
[3] A. *Pallarrime.*

Jack. Will you sing after your shaving?
Grim. Mass, content! But chill be poll'd[1] first, ere I sing.
Jack. Nay, that shall not need; you are poll'd[2] near enough for this time.
Grim. Go to, then, lustily. I will sing in my man's voice;
Chave a troubling base buss.[3]
Jack. You are like to bear the bob,[4] for we will give it.
Set out your bussing base, and we will quiddle[5] upon it.

*Grim singeth Buss.*

Jack (*sings*). *Too nidden and too nidden!*[6]
Will (*sings*). *Too nidden and toodle toodle doo nidden!*
*Is not Grim the collier most finely shaven?*[7]

Grim. Why, my fellows, think ich am a cow, that you make such toying?
Jack. Nay, by'r Lady, you are no cow, by your singing —
Yet your wife told me you were an ox.[8]
Grim. Did she so? 'tis a pestens[9] quean! she is full of such mocks.
But go to, let us sing out our song merrily

The Song at the shaving of the Collier

Jack. *Such barbers God send you at all times of need —*
Will. *That can dress you* [so] *finely, and make such quick speed.*
Jack. *Your face like an inkhorn now shineth so gay —*
Will. *That I with your nostrils of force must needs play,*
*With too nidden and too nidden!*
Jack. *With too nidden and todle todle doo nidden!*
*Is not Grim the collier most finely shaven?*

Will. *With shaving you shine like a pestle of pork.*[10]
Jack. *Here is the trimmest hog's flesh from London to York.*
Will. *It would be trim bacon to hang up awhile.*
Jack. *To play with this hoglin of course I must smile,*
*With too nidden and too nidden!*
Will. *With too nidden and todle, &c.*

Grim. *Your shaving doth please me; I am now your debtor.*
Will. *Your wife now will buss*[1] *you, because you are sweeter.*
Grim. *Near would I be polled, as near as cham shaven.*
Will. *Then out of your jerkin*[2] *needs must you be shaken.*
*With too nidden and too nidden, &c.*

Grim. *It is a trim thing to be wash'd in the court.*
Will. *Their hands are so fine, that they never do hurt.*
Grim. *Me-think ich am lighter than ever ich was.*
Will. *Our shaving in the court hath brought this to pass.*
*With two nidden and two nidden!*
Jack. *With too nidden and todle todle doo nidden!*
*Is not Grim the collier most finely shaven?*

*Finis*

Grim. This is trimly done! Now chill pitch my coals not far hence,
And then at the tavern chill bestow whole tway pence. [*Exit Grim.*]
Jack. Farewell, [by] Cock. Before the collier again do us seek,
Let us into the court to part the spoil, share and share [a]like. *Exit.*
Will. Away then. [*Exit.*]

*Here entereth Grim.*

[Grim.] Out, alas! where shall I make my moan?
My pouch, my benters, and all is gone!
Where is that villain that did me shave?
H'ath robbed me, alas, of all that I have.

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[1] Trimmed.
[2] With a pun on the sense "cheated," "fleeced."
[3] Buzz, hum.
[4] Refrain, with a pun on the meaning "bitter jest."
[5] Sing in a trifling way.
[6] A nonsense refrain.
[7] With a pun on *shaven*, cheated.
[8] The cuckold joke.
[9] Pestilent.
[10] Ham of a pig.

[1] Kiss.
[2] The outer jacket worn by men, often made of leather.

*Here entereth Snap.*

[SNAP.] Who crieth so at the court-gate?
GRIM. I, the poor collier, that was robbed of late.
SNAP. Who robbed thee?
GRIM. Two of the porter's men that did shave me.
SNAP. Why, the porter's men are no barbers.
GRIM. A vengeance take them, they are quick carvers.[1]
SNAP. What stature were they of?
GRIM. As little dapper knaves as they trimly could scoff.
SNAP. They were lackeys, as near as I can guess them.
GRIM. Such lackeys make me lack. An halter beswinge them!
Cham undone; they have my benters too.
SNAP. Dost thou know them if thou seest them?
GRIM. Yea, that I do!
SNAP. Then come with me; we will find them out, and that quickly.
GRIM. I follow, Mast Tipstaff. They be in the court, it is likely.
SNAP. Then cry no more; come away.
*Exeunt.*

*Here entereth Carisophus and Aristippus.*

[CARISOPHUS.] If ever you will show your friendship, now is the time.
Seeing the king is displeased with me of my part without any crime.
ARISTIPPUS. It should appear it comes of some evil behaviour
That you so suddenly are cast out of favour.
CARISOPHUS. Nothing have I done but this: in talk I overthwarted Eubulus
When he lamented Pithias' case to King Dionysius,
Which to-morrow shall die, but for that false knave Damon,
He hath left his friend in the briars, and now is gone.
We grew so hot in talk that Eubulus protested plainly,
Which[1] held his ears open to parasitical flattery.
And now in the king's ear like a bell he rings,
Crying that flatterers have been the destroyers of kings.
Which talk in Dionysius' heart hath made so deep impression
That he trusteth me not, as heretofore, in no condition;
And some words brake from him, as though that he
Began to suspect my truth and honesty.
Which you of friendship I know will defend, how so ever the world goeth.
My friend, for my honesty will you not take an oath?[2]
ARISTIPPUS. To swear for your honesty I should lose mine own.
CARISOPHUS. Should you so, indeed? I would that were known
Is your void friendship come thus to pass?
ARISTIPPUS. I follow the proverb: *Amicus usque ad aras.*[3]
CARISOPHUS. Where can you say I ever lost mine honesty?
ARISTIPPUS. You never lost it — for you never had it, as far as I know.
CARISOPHUS. Say you so, friend Aristippus, whom I trust so well?
ARISTIPPUS. Because you trust me, to you the truth I tell.
CARISOPHUS. Will you not stretch one point to bring me in favour again?
ARISTIPPUS. I love no stretching; so, may I breed mine own pain.
CARISOPHUS. A friend ought to shun no pain to stand his friend in stead.
ARISTIPPUS. Where true friendship is, it is so in very deed.
CARISOPHUS. Why, sir, hath not the chain of true friendship linked us two together?
ARISTIPPUS. The chiefest link lacked thereof; it must needs dissever.
CARISOPHUS. What link is that? fain would I know.
ARISTIPPUS. Honesty.

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[1] With a pun, "cheaters," "filchers."

[1] "I.e. Dionysius, to which Dodsley changed it" — Hazlitt.

[2] Will you not swear to my honesty?

[3] A. *auras.* "A friend even to the altar."

Carisophus. Doth honesty knit the perfect knot in true friendship?
Aristippus. Yea, truly; and that knot so knit will never slip.
Carisophus. Belike, then, there is no friendship but between honest men.
Aristippus. Between the honest only; for *Amicitia inter bonos*,[1] saith a learned man.
Carisophus. Yet evil men use friendship in things unhonest, where fancy doth serve.
Aristippus. That is no friendship, but a lewd liking; it lasts but a while.
Carisophus. What is the perfectest friendship among men that ever grew?
Aristippus. Where men love one another not for profit but for virtue.
Carisophus. Are such friends both alike in joy and also in smart?
Aristippus. They must needs; for in two bodies they have but one heart.
Carisophus. Friend Aristippus, deceive me not with sophistry:
Is there no perfect friendship but where is virtue and honesty?
Aristippus. What a devil then meant Carisophus
To join in friendship with fine Aristippus?
In whom is as much virtue, truth, and honesty
As there are true feathers in the Three Cranes of the Vintree.[2]
Yet these feathers have the shadow[3] of lively feathers, the truth to scan,
But Carisophus hath not the shadow of an honest man.
To be plain, because I know thy villainy
In abusing Dionysius to many men's injury,
Under the cloak of friendship I play'd with his head,
And sought means how thou with thine own fancy might be led.
My friendship thou soughtest for thine own commodity,
As worldly men do, by profit measuring amity;
Which I perceiving, to the like myself I framed,
Wherein I know of the wise I shall not be blamed.
If you ask me, *Quare?* I answer, *Quia prudentis est multum dissimulare*.[1]
To speak more plainer, as the proverb doth go,
In faith, Carisophus, *cum Cretense cretiso*.[2]
Yet a perfect friend I show myself to thee in one thing —
I do not dissemble now I say I will not speak for thee to the king.
Therefore sink in thy sorrow! I do not deceive thee;
A false knave I found thee, a false knave I leave thee! *Exit.*
Carisophus. He is gone! Is this friendship, to leave his friend in the plain field?
Well, I see now I myself have beguiled
In matching with that false fox in amity,
Which hath me used to his own commodity,
Which seeing me in distress, unfeignedly goes his ways.
Lo, this is the perfect friendship among men now-a-days!
Which kind of friendship toward him I used secretly;
And he with me the like hath requited me craftily.
It is the gods' judgment, I see it plainly;
For all the world may know, *Incide in foveam quam feci*.[3]
Well, I must content myself. None other help I know,
Until a merrier gale of wind may hap to blow. *Exit.*

[*Enter Eubulus.*]

Eubulus. Who deals with kings in matters of great weight,
When froward will doth bear the chiefest sway,
Must yield of force. There need no subtle sleight,

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[1] A. *bonus*. "Friendship between the good."
[2] The sign of a well-known tavern.
[3] Likeness.

[1] "Because it is the part of a wise man to dissemble much."
[2] A. *Cretence*. "With the Cretan I lie." Cf. line 971.
[3] "I have fallen into a pit which I myself digged."

Ne painted[1] speech the matter to convey.
No prayer can move when kindled is the ire;
The more ye quench, the more increased is the fire.
This thing I prove in Pithias' woful case,
Whose heavy hap with tears I do lament.
The day is come when he, in Damon's place,
Must lose his life; the time is fully spent.
Nought can my words now with the king prevail;
Against the wind and striving stream I sail —
For die thou must, alas! thou seely[2] Greek.
Ah, Pithias, now come is thy doleful hour!
A perfect friend; none such, a world to seek!
Though bitter death shall give thee sauce full sour,
Yet for thy faith enroll'd shall be thy name
Among the gods within the book of fame.
Who knoweth his case and will not melt in tears?
His guiltless blood shall trickle down anon.

*Then the Muses sing.*

[Muses.] *Alas, what hap hast thou, poor Pithias, now to die!*
*Woe worth the man which*[3] *for his death hath given us cause to cry!*

Eubulus. Methink I hear, with yellow rented hairs,
The Muses frame their notes my state to moan.
Among which sort, as one that mourneth with heart,
In doleful tunes myself will bear a part.

Muses. *Woe worth the man which for his death, &c.*

Eubulus. *With yellow rented hairs, come on, you Muses nine!*
*Fill now my breast with heavy tunes; to me your plaint resign;*
*For Pithias I bewail, which presently must die.*
*Woe worth the man which for his death hath given us cause, &c.*

Muses. *Woe worth the man which for his, &c.*

Eubulus. *Was ever such a man, that would die for his friend?*
*I think even from the heavens above the gods did him down send*
*To show true friendship's power, which forc'd thee now to die.*
*Woe worth the man which for thy death, &c.*

Muses. *Woe worth the man, &c.*

Eubulus. *What tiger's whelp was he that Damon did accuse!*
*What faith hast thou, which for thy friend thy death doth not refuse!*
*O heavy hap hadst thou to play this tragedy!*
*Woe worth the man which for thy death, &c.*

Muses. *Woe worth the man, &c.*

Eubulus. *Thou young and worthy Greek, that showeth such perfect love,*
*The gods receive thy simple ghost into the heavens above!*
*Thy death we shall lament with many a weeping eye.*
*Woe worth the man, which for his death, &c.*

Muses. *Woe worth the man, which for thy death hath given us cause to cry.*

*Finis*

Eubulus. Eternal be your fame, ye Muses, for that in misery
Ye did vouchsafe to strain your notes to walk.[1]
My heart is rent in two with this miserable case;
Yet am I charged by Dionysius' mouth to see this place
At all points ready for the execution of Pithias.
Need hath no law; will I or nil I,[2] it must be done.
But lo, the bloody minister is even here at hand.

[*Enter Gronno.*]

Gronno, I came hither now to understand

---

[1] Feigned. [2] Poor. [3] A. *which man.*

[1] To be in motion (or *wake*, to become animated).
[2] Whether I will or not.

If all things are well appointed for the execution of Pithias.
The king himself will see it done here in this place.
GRONNO. Sir, all things are ready. Here is the place, here is the hand, here is the sword!
Here lacketh none but Pithias, whose head at a word,
If he were present, I could finely strike off!
You may report that all things are ready.
EUBULUS. I go with an heavy heart to report it. Ah, woful Pithias!
Full near now is thy misery. [*Exit.*]
GRONNO. I marvel very much under what constellation
All hangmen are born; for they are hated of all, beloved of none.
Which hatred is showed by this point evidently —
The hangman always dwells in the vilest place of the city.
That such spite should be, I know no cause why,
Unless it be for their office's sake, which is cruel and bloody.
Yet some men must do it to execute laws.
Me-think they hate me without any just cause.
But I must look to my toil. Pithias must lose his head at one blow,
Else the boys will stone me to death in the street as I go.
But hark, the prisoner cometh, and the king also.
I see there is no help, Pithias his life must forego.

*Here entereth Dionysius and Eubulus* [*with courtiers and others*].

[DIONYSIUS.] Bring forth Pithias, that pleasant companion,
Which took me at my word, and became pledge for Damon.
It pricketh fast upon [1] noon. I do him no injury
If now he lose his head, for so he requested me,
If Damon return not, — which now in Greece is full merry.
Therefore shall Pithias pay his death, and that by and by.
He thought, belike, if Damon were out of the city
I would not put him to death for some foolish pity:
But seeing it was his request; I will not be mock'd. He shall die!
Bring him forth.

*Here entereth Snap* [*leading in Pithias, Stephano accompanying him*].

[SNAP.] Give place! Let the prisoner come by! give place!
DIONYSIUS. How say you, sir? where is Damon, your trusty friend?
You have play'd a wise part, I make God a vow!
You know what time a day it is; make you ready.
PITHIAS. Most ready I am, mighty king, and most ready also
For my true friend Damon this life to forego,
Even at your pleasure.
DIONYSIUS. A true friend! A false traitor that so breaketh his oath!
Thou shalt lose thy life, though thou be never so loth.
PITHIAS. I am not loth to do whatsoever I said,
Ne at this present pinch of death am I dismay'd.
The gods now I know have heard my fervent prayer,
That they have reserved me to this passing great honour
To die for my friend, whose faith even now I do not mistrust.
My friend Damon is no false traitor; he is true and just.
But sith he is no god, but a man, he must do as he may;
The wind may be contrary, sickness may let him,[1] or some misadventure by the way —
Which the eternal gods turn all to my glory,
That fame may resound how Pithias for Damon did die.
He breaketh no oath which doth as much as he can.

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[1] Approaches close to.

[1] Hinder him.

His mind is here; he hath some let; he is but a man.
That he might not return, of all the gods I did require,
Which now to my joy do[1] grant my desire.
But why do I stay any longer, seeing that one man's death
May suffice, O king, to pacify thy wrath?
[*Turning to Gronno.*]
O thou minister of justice, do thine office by and by.
Let not thy hand tremble, for I tremble not to die.
Stephano, the right pattern[2] of true fidelity,
Commend me to thy master, my sweet Damon! and of him crave liberty
When I am dead, in my name; for thy trusty services
Hath well deserved a gift far better than this.
O my Damon, farewell now for ever! a true friend, to me most dear!
Whiles life doth last, my mouth shall still talk of thee;
And when I am dead, my simple ghost, true witness of amity,
Shall hover about the place, wheresoever thou be.

DIONYSIUS. Eubulus, this gear is strange! And yet, because
Damon hath fals'd his faith, Pithias shall have the law.
Gronno, despoil[3] him, and eke dispatch him quickly.

GRONNO. It shall be done. Since you came into this place
I might have stroken off seven heads in this space.

[*Gronno takes off Pithias' outer garments.*]

By'r Lady, here are good garments! These are mine, by the rood!
It is an evil wind that bloweth no man good.
Now, Pithias, kneel down, ask me blessing like a pretty boy,
And with a trice thy head from thy shoulders I will convey.

[*Pithias kneels, and Gronno lifts his sword to strike.*]

*Here entereth Damon running, and stays the sword.*

[DAMON.] Stay! stay! stay! for the king's advantage, stay!
O mighty king, mine appointed time is not yet fully pass'd;
Within the compass of mine hour, lo, here I come at last.
A life I owe, a life I will you pay.
O my Pithias, my noble pledge, my constant friend!
Ah! woe is me! for Damon's sake how near were thou to thy end!
Give place to me; this room is mine; on this stage must I play.
Damon is the man, none ought but he to Dionysius his blood to pay.

GRONNO. Are you come, sir? You might have tarried, if you had been wise.
For your hasty coming you are like to know the price.

PITHIAS. O thou cruel minister, why didst not thou thine office?
Did not I bid thee make haste in any wise?
Hast thou spared to kill me once, that I may die twice?
Not to die for my friend is present death to me; and, alas!
Shall I see my sweet Damon slain before my face?
What double death is this! But, O mighty Dionysius,
Do true justice now; weigh this aright, thou noble Eubulus;
Let me have no wrong. As now stands the case
Damon ought not to die, but Pithias;
By misadventure — not by his will — his hour is past; therefore I,
Because he came not at his just time, ought justly to die.
So was my promise, so was thy promise, O king.
All this court can bear witness of this thing.

DAMON. Not so, O mighty king! To justice it is contrary
That for another man's fault the innocent should die:
Ne yet is my time plainly expired; it is not fully noon

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[1] A. *doth.* [2] A. *patrone.* Cf. l. 127.
[3] Strip off his outer garments.

Of this my day appointed, by all the clocks in the town.
Pithias. Believe no clock; the hour is past by the sun.
Damon. Ah, my Pithias, shall we now break the bonds of amity?
Will you now overthwart me, which heretofore so well did agree?
Pithias. My Damon, the gods forbid but we should agree!
Therefore agree to this — let me perform the promise I made for thee.
Let me die for thee; do me not that injury
Both to break my promise and to suffer me to see thee die,
Whom so dearly I love. This small request grant me;
I shall never ask thee more; my desire is but friendly.
Do me this honour, that fame may report triumphantly
That Pithias for his friend Damon was contented to die.
Damon. That you were contented for me to die, fame cannot deny;
Yet fame shall never touch me with such a villainy
To report that Damon did suffer his friend Pithias for him guiltless to die.
Therefore content thyself; the gods requite thy constant faith.
None but Damon's blood can appease Dionysius' wrath.
And now, O mighty king, to you my talk I convey.
Because you gave me leave my worldly things to stay,
To requite that good turn, ere I die, for your behalf this I say:
Although your regal state dame Fortune decketh so
That like a king in worldly wealth abundantly ye flow,
Yet fickle is the ground whereon all tyrants tread!
A thousand sundry cares and fears do haunt their restless head!
No trusty band, no faithful friends do guard thy hateful state.
And why? Whom men obey for deadly fear, sure them they deadly hate.
That you may safely reign, by love get friends, whose constant faith
Will never fail. This counsel gives poor Damon at his death.
Friends are the surest guard for kings. Gold in time do[es] wear away,
And other precious things do fade; friendship will never decay.
Have friends in store, therefore; so shall you safely sleep;
Have friends at home, of foreign foes so need you take no keep.
Abandon flatt'ring tongues, whose clacks truth never tells;
Abase the ill, advance the good, in whom dame virtue dwells;
Let them your playfellows be. But, O you earthly kings,
Your sure defence and strongest guard stands chiefly in faithful friends!
Then get you friends by liberal deeds. And here I make an end.
Accept this counsel, mighty king, of Damon, Pithias' friend.
O my Pithias! now farewell for ever! Let me kiss thee, ere I die.
My soul shall honour thee; thy constant faith above the heavens shall fly.

[*He divests himself, and kneels on the place of execution.*]

Come, Gronno, do thine office now. Why is thy colour so dead?
My neck is so [1] short that thou wilt never have honesty in striking off this head?
Dionysius. Eubulus, my spirits are suddenly appalled; my limbs wax weak!
This strange friendship amazeth me so that I can scarce speak.
Pithias. O mighty king, let some pity your noble heart meve.
You require but one man's death; take Pithias, let Damon live.
Eubulus. O unspeakable friendship!
Damon. Not so. He hath not offended. There is no cause why
My constant friend, my Pithias, for Damon's sake should die.
Alas, he is but young; he may do good to many.

---

[1] A. *is so is.*

Thou coward minister, why dost thou not let me die?
Gronno. My hand with sudden fear quivereth.
Pithias. O noble king, show mercy upon Damon; let Pithias die.
Dionysius. Stay, Gronno! My flesh trembleth. Eubulus, what shall I do?
Were there ever such friends on earth as were these two?
What heart is so cruel that would divide them asunder?
O noble friendship, I must yield! At thy force I wonder.
My heart this rare friendship hath pierc'd to the root,
And quenched all my fury. This sight hath brought this about,
Which thy grave counsel, Eubulus, and learned persuasion could never do.
[*To Damon and Pithias*] O noble gentlemen, the immortal gods above
Hath made you play this tragedy, I think, for my behoof.
Before this day I never knew what perfect friendship meant;
My cruel mind to bloody deeds was full and wholly bent;
My fearful life I thought with terror to defend.
But now I see there is no guard unto a faithful friend,
Which will not spare his life at time of present need.
O happy kings, who in[1] your courts have two such friends indeed!
I honour friendship now; which that you may plainly see,
Damon, have thou thy life; from death I pardon thee.
For which good turn, I crave, this honour do me lend:
O friendly heart, let me link with you! to you make me the third friend!
My court is yours; dwell here with me. By my commission large
Myself, my realm, my wealth, my health, I commit to your charge.
Make me a third friend. More shall I joy in that thing,
Than to be called, as I am, Dionysius the mighty king.
Damon. O mighty king, first for my life most humble thanks I give;
And next, I praise the immortal gods that did your heart so meve
That you would have respect to friendship's heavenly lore,
Foreseeing well he need not fear which hath true friends in store.
For my part, most noble king, as a third friend welcome to our friendly society!
But you must forget you are a king, for friendship stands in true equality.
Dionysius. Unequal though I be in great possessions,
Yet full equal shall you find me in my changed conditions.
Tyranny, flattery, oppression, lo, here I cast away;
Justice, truth, love, friendship, shall be my joy.
True friendship will I honour unto my life's end;
My greatest glory shall be to be counted a perfect friend.
Pithias. For this your deed, most noble king, the gods advance your name.
And since to friendship's lore you list your princely heart to frame,
With joyful heart, O king, most welcome now to me!
With you will I knit the perfect knot of amity;
Wherein I shall instruct you so, and Damon here your friend,
That you may know of amity the mighty force, and eke the joyful end,
And how that kings do stand upon a fickle ground
Within whose realm at time of need no faithful friends are found.
Dionysius. Your instruction will I follow; to you myself I do commit.
Eubulus, make haste to fet new apparel, fit
For my new friends.
Eubulus. I go with joyful heart. O happy day! *Exit.*
Gronno. I am glad to hear this word. Though their lives they do not lese,

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[1] A. *within.*

It is no reason the hangman should lose his fees.
These are mine, I am gone with a trice.
*Exit* [*Gronno with the discarded garments of Damon and Pithias*].

*Here entereth Eubulus with new garments.*

Dionysius. Put on these garments now. Go in with me, the jewels of my court.
Damon *and* Pithias. We go with joyful hearts.
Stephano. O Damon, my dear master, in all this joy remember me.
Dionysius. My friend Damon, he asketh reason.[1]
Damon. Stephano, for thy good service be thou free.

*Exeunt Dion.* [*and the rest. Stephano remains*].

Stephano. O most happy, pleasant, joyful, and triumphant day!
Poor Stephano now shall live in continual play.[2]
*Vive le roy*, with Damon and Pithias, in perfect amity!
*Vive tu*, Stephano, in thy pleasant liberality!
Wherein I joy as much as he that hath a conquest won.
I am a free man! None so merry as I now under the sun.
Farewell, my lords! Now the gods grant you all the sum of perfect amity,
And me long to enjoy my long-desired liberty. *Exit.*

*Here entereth Eubulus beating Carisophus.*

[Eubulus.] Away, villain! Away, you flatt'ring parasite!
Away, the plague of this court! Thy filed[3] tongue that forged lies
No more here shall do hurt. Away, false sycophant! wilt thou not?
Carisophus. I am gone, sir, seeing it is the king's pleasure.
Why whip ye me alone? A plague take Damon and Pithias! Since they came hither
I am driven to seek relief abroad, alas! I know not whither.
Yet, Eubulus, though I be gone, hereafter time shall try,
There shall be found, even in this court, as great flatterers as I.
Well, for a while I will forego the court, though to my great pain.
I doubt not but to spy a time when I may creep in again. *Exit.*
Eubulus. The serpent that eats men alive — flattery — with all her brood,
Is whipp'd away in princes' courts, which yet did never good.
What force, what mighty power true friendship may possess,
To all the world Dionysius' court now plainly doth express;
Who, since to faithful friends he gave his willing ear,
Most safely sitteth in his seat, and sleeps devoid of fear.
Purged is the court of vice since friendship ent'red in.
Tyranny quails; he studieth now with love each heart to win;
Virtue is had in price, and hath his just reward;
And painted speech, that gloseth for gain, from gifts is quite debarr'd.
One loveth another now for virtue, not for gain.
Where virtue doth not knit the knot, there friendship cannot reign;
Without the which no house, no land, ne kingdom can endure;
As necessary for man's life as water, air, and fire;
Which frameth the mind of man all honest things to do.
Unhonest things friendship ne craveth, ne yet consents thereto.
In wealth a double joy, in woe a present stay,
A sweet companion in each state true friendship is alway;
A sure defence for kings; a perfect trusty band;
A force to assail, a shield to defend the enemies' cruel hand;

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[1] A. adds at the extreme right *Dam. Pithias;* apparently a printer's blunder.
[2] A. *joy:* emend. by Hazlitt.
[3] Defiled.

A rare and yet the greatest gift that God can give to man; — 1755
So rare, that scarce four couple of faithful friends have been since the world began.
A gift so strange, and of such price, I wish all kings to have.
But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly crave
True friendship and true friends, full fraught with constant faith,
The giver of friends, the Lord, grant her, most noble Queen Elizabeth! 1760

FINIS

### THE LAST SONG [1]

*The strongest guard that kings can have*
*Are constant friends their state to save.*
*True friends are constant both in word and deed;*
*True friends are present, and help at each need;*
*True friends talk truly, they glose for no gain;*
*When treasure consumeth, true friends will remain;*
*True friends for their true prince refuseth not their death.*
*The Lord grant her such friends, most noble Queen Elizabeth!* 1768

*Long may she govern in honour and wealth,*
*Void of all sickness, in most perfect health!*
*Which health to prolong, as true friends require,*
*God grant she may have her own heart's desire,*
*Which friends will defend with most steadfast faith.*
*The Lord grant her such friends, most noble Queen Elizabeth!* 1774

**FINIS**

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[1] Added on the page following. Possibly it was sung by all the actors.

# CAMPASPE[1]

## PLAYED BEEFORE THE QUEENES MAIESTIE

## On Newyeares Day at Night, by Her Maiesties Children, and the Children of Paules

Imprinted at London for Thomas Cadman, 1584

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Alexander the Great, King of Macedon.
Hephaestion, his General and Confidant.
Clitus,
Parmenio, } Officers.
Milectus,
Phrygius, } Soldiers.
Melippus, Chamberlain to Alexander.
Diogenes,
Plato,
Aristotle,
Chrysippus,
Crates,
Cleanthes,
Anaxarchus,
Crysus, } Philosophers.
Apelles, a Painter.

Solinus,
Sylvius, } Citizens of Athens.
Perim,
Milo,
Trico, } Sons to Sylvius.
Granichus, Servant to Plato.
Manes, Servant to Diogenes.
Psyllus, Apprentice to Apelles.
Page to Alexander.
Citizens of Athens.
Soldiers.
Populace.

Campaspe,
Timoclea, } Theban Captives.
Lais, a Courtezan.

The Scene: Athens.]

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[1] John Lyly, who had attained great fame by his two novels, *Euphues the Anatomy of Wyt*, 1578, and *Euphues and his England*, 1580, was presented by the Earl of Oxford in the summer of 1583 with the lease of Blackfriars hall where the royal boy-choristers and the singing children of St. Paul's Cathedral were accustomed to present their plays — mainly designed for Court performance — before the general public. At once Lyly set himself to the task of writing plays, and within a few weeks had *Campaspe* ready for the stage. The comedy, after being shown to the public at Blackfriars (the performances served for dress-rehearsals), was acted at Court before Elizabeth on Newyear's Day at night.

The play was outfitted by the Office of the Revels, which supplied the customary "players' houses" of canvas painted and stretched on wooden frames. From the text it appears that on one side of the stage was placed the palace of Alexander, and on the opposite side the studio of Apelles (with a curtain that could be drawn open to reveal the interior); and between these two "houses" was an open street, or "market-place" in which was set Diogenes' tub. An entrance at the rear enabled persons to come in from the "city." The action moved freely from the palace-gate to the market-place (with its tub) and to Apelles' studio.

For the text I have used the second quarto of 1584 as reproduced by R. W. Bond in *The Complete Works of John Lyly*, 1902; but I have altered the original punctuation, and modernized the use of capital letters and italics. In brackets I have added stage-directions to enable the reader to visualize the movements of the actors on the stage peculiar to Court plays.

## THE PROLOGUE AT THE BLACK-FRYERS[1]

They that feare the stinging of waspes make fannes of peacockes tailes, whose spots are like eies; and Lepidus, which coulde not sleepe for the chatting of birdes, set vp a beaste whose head was like a dragon: and we, which stande in awe of reporte, are compelled to sette beefore our owle Pallas shield,[2] thinking by her vertue to couer the others deformitie. It was a signe of famine to Aegypte when Nilus flowed lesse then twelue cubites, or more then eighteene: and it may threaten dispaire vnto vs if we be lesse curious[3] then you looke for, or more combersome. But, as Theseus, being promised to be brought to an eagles neast, and trauailing al the day, found but a wrenne in a hedg, yet said, "This is a bird": so, we hope, if the shower of our swelling mountaine seeme to bring foorth some eliphant, perfourme but a mouse, you will gently say, "This is a beast." Basill softly touched yeeldeth a sweete sent, but chafed in the hand, a ranke sauour; wee feare, euen so, that our labours slylye[4] glaunced on will breede some content, but examined to the proofe, small commendation. The haste in performing[5] shall bee our excuse. There went two nightes to the begetting of Hercules; feathers appeare not on the Phœnix vnder seauen monethes; and the mulbery is twelue in budding: but our trauailes[6] are like the hares, who at one time bringeth foorth, nourisheth, and engendreth againe; or like the broode of Trochilus, whose egges in the same moment that they are layd become birdes. But howsoeuer we finish our worke, we craue pardon if we offend in matter, and patience if we transgresse in manners. We haue mixed mirth with counsell, and discipline with delight, thinking it not amisse in the same garden to sowe pot-hearbes that we set flowers. But we hope, as harts that cast their hornes, snakes their skinnes, eagles their bils, become more fresh for any other labour: so, our charge being shaken of, we shalbe fitte for greater matters. But least, like the Mindyans, we make our gates greater then our towne, and that our play runnes out at the preface, we here conclude: — wishing that although there bee in your precise iudgementes an vniuersall mislike, yet wee maye enioy by your woonted courtisies a general silence.

## THE PROLOGUE AT THE COURT

Wee are ashamed that our birde, which fluttered by twilight[7] seeming a swan, should bee proued a batte set against the sunne. But, as Iupiter placed Silenus asse among the starres, and Alcebiades couered his pictures, beeing owles and apes, with a courtaine embroidered with lions and eagles, so are we enforced vpon a rough discource to drawe on a smooth excuse; resembling lapidaries who thinke to hide the crake in a stone by setting it deepe in golde. The gods supped once with poore Baucis; the Persian kings sometimes shaued stickes: our hope is Your Heighnesse wil at this time lend an eare to an idle pastime. Appion, raising Homere from hell, demanded onely who was his father; and we, calling Alexander from his graue, seeke onely who was his loue. Whatsoeuer we present, we wish it may be thought the daunsing of Agrippa his shadowes, who, in the moment they were seene, were of any shape one woulde conceiue; or lynces, who hauing a quicke sight to discerne, haue a short memorie to forget. With vs it is like to fare as with these torches,[8] which, giuing light to others, consume themselues: and wee, shewing delight to others, shame our selues.

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[1] The small private theatre in which the children were accustomed to present their plays before the better class of Londoners.

[2] Alluding to the Queen. [3] Careful as to the standards of excellence. [4] Without full attention.

[5] Lyly acquired Blackfriars in June or July, 1583. He wrote *Campaspe* in great haste in order to have it ready for the Queen at the following Christmas season.

[6] Labors.

[7] Alluding to the public performances at Blackfriars. As this clause indicates, the play was first acted at Blackfriars.

[8] Wax candles. The stage was illuminated by candles set in "great branches" and "smaller branches" hung from wires overhead.

# CAMPASPE

## ACTUS PRIMUS

### Scæna Prima

[*The street, before Alexander's Palace. Enter two officers, Clitus and Parmenio.*][1]

Clitus. Parmenio, I cannot tel whether I should more commend in Alexanders victories courage or curtesie, in the one being a resolution without feare, in the other a liberality aboue custome. Thebes is rased, the people not racked; towers throwne down, bodies not thrust aside; a conquest without conflict, and a cruell warre in a milde peace.

Par. Clytus, it becommeth the sonne of Phillip to be none other then Alexander is; therfore, seeing in the father a ful perfection, who could haue doubted in the son an excellencie? For, as the moone can borrow nothing els of the sunne but light, so, of a sire in whome nothing but vertue was, what coulde the childe receiue but singular?[2] It is for turkies to staine each other,[3] not for diamondes; in the one to bee made a difference in goodnes, in the other no comparison.

Clitus. You mistake mee, Parmenio, if whilest I commend Alexander you imagine I call Phillip into question; vnlesse, happely, you coniecture (which none of iudgment will conceiue) that because I like the fruit, therefore I heaue[4] at the tree, or coueting to kisse the child, I therfore go about to poyson the teat.

Par. I[5] but, Clytus, I perceiue you are borne in the East, and neuer laugh but at the sunne-rising; which argueth, though a duetie where you ought, yet no great deuotion where you might.

Clitus. We will make no controuersie of that which there ought to be no question. Onely this shal be the opinion of vs both — that none was worthy to be the father of Alexander but Phillip, nor any meete to bee the sonne of Phillip but Alexander.

Par. Soft, Clytus! behold the spoiles and prisoners! A pleasaunt sight to vs, because profit is ioyned with honour; not much paineful to them, because their captiuitie is eased by mercy.

[*Enter soldiers with spoils, leading in as captives Timoclea, Campaspe, and other Thebans.*]

Timo. Fortune, thou didst neuer yet deceiue vertue, because vertue neuer yet did trust fortune. Sworde and fire will neuer get spoyle where wisdome and fortitude beares sway. O Thebes! thy walles were raysed by the sweetnesse of the harpe, but raced[1] by the shrilnes of the trumpet! Alexander had neuer come so neere the wals had Epaminondas walkt about the walles; and yet[2] might the Thebanes haue beene mery in there streetes if he had beene to watch their towers. But destinie is seldome foreseene, neuer preuented. We are here now captiues, whose neckes are yoaked by force, but whose harts can not yeelde by death! Come, Campaspe and the rest; let vs not be ashamed to cast our eyes on him, on whom wee feared not to cast our dartes.

Par. Madame, you neede not doubt;[3] it is Alexander that is the conquerour.

Timo. Alex[ander] hath ouercome, not conquered.

Par. To bring al vnder his subiection is to conquer.

Timo. He cannot subdue that which is diuine.

Par. Thebes was not.

Timo. Vertue is.

Clitus. Alexander, as he tendreth[4] vertue, so he will you. He drinketh not bloud, but thirsteth after honor; he is greedy of victory, but neuer satisfied with mercy. In fight terrible, as becometh a captaine; in conqueste milde, as beseemeth a king. In al things — then which nothing can be greater — he is Alexander!

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[1] In the original editions each scene is headed merely with a list of all the speakers. I have substituted for these lists descriptive stage-directions. For a discussion of the arrangement of the stage see page 424, note 1.

[2] Excellence, pre-eminence.

[3] Turquoises to surpass one another in beauty.

[4] Vomit.

[5] Aye (so frequently).

[1] Razed to the ground.

[2] Up to the present time.

[3] Fear.

[4] Cherisheth.

Camp. Then, if it be such a thing to be Alexander, I hope it shalbe no miserable thing[1] to be a virgin. For if he saue our honors, it is more then to restore our goods. And rather doe I wish hee preserue our fame, then our lyues; which if he do, wee will confesse there can be no greater thing then to be Alexander.

[*Enter from the palace Alexander with his general, Hephestion.*]

Alex. Clitus, are these prisoners? Of whence these spoiles?

Clitus. Like[2] your maiesty, they are prisoners, and of Thebes.

Alex. Of what calling or reputation?

Clitus. I know not; but they seeme to be ladies of honor.

Alex. I wil know. [*Turning to Timoclea.*] Madam, of whence you are I know; but who, I cannot tell.

Timo. Alexander, I am the sister of Theagenes, who fought a battell with thy father before the city of Chyronie, where he died, I say which none can gainsay, valiantly.

Alex. Lady, there seeme in your words sparkes of your brothers deedes, but woorser fortune in your life then his death. But feare not, for you shall liue without violence, enemies, or necessitie. [*Turning to Campaspe.*] But, what are you, fayre lady? Another sister to Theagines?

Camp. No sister to Theagines, but an humble hand-maid to Alexander; borne of a meane parentage,[3] but to extreame fortune.

Alex. Well, ladies — for so your vertues shew you whatsoeuer your birthes be — you shalbe honourably entreated. Athens shall be your Thebes, and you shal not be as abiectes[4] of warre, but as subiectes to Alexander. Permenio, conducte these honourable ladies into the citie. Charge the souldiers not so much as in wordes to offer them any offence; and let all wants be supplyed so farre forth as shalbe necessary for such persons and my prisoners.

*Exeunt Parme[nio] et captiui.*

[Alex.] Hephestion, it resteth now that we haue as great care to gouerne in peace as conquer in war; that, whilest armes cease, artes may flourish, and, ioyning letters with launces, we endeuor to be as good philosophers as soldiers, knowing it no lesse praise to be wise then commendable to be vailiant.

Hep. Your Maiestie therin sheweth that you haue as great desire to rule as to subdue. And needes must that common-wealth be fortunate whose captaine is a philosopher, and whose philosopher is a captaine!

*Exeunt.*

### [Actus Primus.] Schæna Secunda.

[*The street. Enter Manes, Granichus, and Psyllus.*]

Manes. I serue, in-steede of a maister, a mouse, whose house is a tub, whose dinner is a crust, and whose bed is a boord.[1]

Psyllus. Then art thou in a state of life which philosophers commend: a crumme for thy supper, an hande for thy cup, and thy clothes for thy sheetes. For *Natura paucis contenta.*[2]

Gran. Manes, it is pittie so proper a man should be cast away vppon a philosopher: but that Diogenes, that dogge,[3] should haue Manes, that dogbolt,[4] it grieeueth nature and spiteth arte, the one hauing found thee so dissolute — absolute,[5] I would say — in body, the other so single[6] — singular — in minde.

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[1] $Q_2$ *things;* $Q_3$ *thing.*

[2] Please.

[3] The reader should not overlook the fact that Campaspe was of middle-class birth, and hence unsuited to be the wife of Alexander.

[4] Outcasts.

[1] Diogenes affected the extremest austerity in living — his clothing was of the coarsest, his food of the plainest, and his bed was the ground or bare floor. At last he took up his residence in a tub.

[2] "Nature is content with few things."

[3] Diogenes earned this epithet by his sharp rebukes to the Athenians.

[4] Contemptible fellow.

[5] Perfect.

[6] Poor.

Manes. Are you mery? It is a signe, by the trip of your tongue and the toyes of your head, that you haue done that to day which I haue not done these three dayes.

Psyllus. What is that?

Manes. Dined!

Gran. I thinke Diogenes keepes but cold cheere.

Manes. I would it were so; but hee keepeth neither hot nor cold.

Gran. What, then? luke-warme? That made Manes runne from his maister last day.[1]

Psyllus. Manes had reason, for his name foretold as much.

Manes. My name? How so, sir boy?

Psyllus. You know that it is called *mons, à mouendo,*[2] because it standes still.

Manes. Good.

Psyllus. And thou art named *Manes, à manendo,*[3] beecause thou runst away.

Manes. Passing[4] reasons! I did not runne awaye, but retire.

Psyllus. To a prison, because thou woldest haue leisure to contemplate.

Manes. I will proue that my body was immortall beecause it was in prison.

Gran. As how?

Manes. Didde your maisters neuer teach you that the soule is immortall?

Gran. Yes.

Manes. And the body is the prison of the soule.

Gran. True.

Manes. Why then, thus: to make my body immortal I put it to prison.

Gran. Oh bad!

Psyllus. Excellent ill!

Manes. You may see how dull a fasting wit is. Therfore, Psyllus, let vs go to supper with Granichus. Plato is the best fellow of al phylosophers. Giue me him that reades in the morning in the schoole, and at noone in the kitchin!

Psyllus. And me!

Gran. Ah sirs, my maister is a king in his parlour[5] for the body, and a god in his study for the soule. Among all his menne he commendeth one that is an excellent musition; then stand I by and clap another on the shoulder, and say, "This is a passing good cooke."

Manes. It is well doone, Granichus! For giue me pleasure that goes in at the mouth, not the eare; I had rather fill my guttes then my braines.

Psyllus. I serue Apelles, whoe feedeth mee as Diogenes doth Manes; for at dinner the one preacheth abstinence, the other commendeth counterfeiting.[1] When I would eat meat, he paintes a spit, and when I thirst, "O," saith he, "is not this a faire pot?" and points to a table[2] whiche conteines The Banquet of the Gods, where are many dishes to feede the eie, but not to fill the gut.

Gran. What doost thou then?

Psyllus. This doeth hee then — bring in many examples that some haue liued by sauours; and proueth that much easier it is to fatte by colours; and telles of birdes that haue beene fatted by painted grapes in winter; and how many haue so fed their eies with their mistresse picture that they neuer desired to take food, being glutted with the delight in their fauours.[3] Then doth he shew me counterfeits [of] such as haue surfeited with their filthy and lothsome vomits, and with the riotous Bacchanalles of the god Bacchus and his disorderly crew — which are painted al to the life in his shop. To conclude, I fare hardly thogh I go richly. Which maketh me, when I shuld begin to shadow[4] a ladies face, to draw a lambes head — and sometime to set to the body of a maide a shoulder of mutton![5] for *semper animus meus est in patinis.*[6]

Manes. Thou art a god to me! for could I see but a cookes shop painted I would make mine eyes fatte as butter. For I haue nought but sentences to fil my maw: as, *Plures occidit crapula quàm gladius; Musa ieiunantibus amica;*[7] Repletion killeth delicately; and an old saw[8] of abstinence, Socrates': The belly is the heads graue. Thus, with sayings, not with meate, he maketh a gally-mafrey.[1]

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[1] Yesterday.

[2] "Mountain, from moving."

[3] "Manes, from standing still."

[4] Excellent.

[5] Dining hall.

[1] Painting.

[2] Picture.

[3] Features.

[4] Paint.

[5] With a pun, the word "mutton" meaning a woman of ill-fame.

[6] "My mind is always in the stew-pan."

[7] "Excess kills more than the sword; the Muse is a friend to those who fast."

[8] Saying.

Gran. But how doest thou then liue?

Manes. With fine iests, sweet aire, and the dogs almes.[2]

Gran. Wel, for this time I will stanch thy gut; and among pots and platters thou shalt see what it is to serue Plato.

Psyllus. For ioy of Granichus lets sing.

Manes. My voice is as cleare in the euening as in the morning.[3]

Gran. Another commodity[4] of emptines.

### Song[5]

Gran. O for a bowle of fatt canary!
Rich Palermo! sparkling sherry!
Some nectar, else, from Iuno's daiery.
O, these draughts would make vs merry!

Psyllus. O for a wench! (I deale in faces,
And in other dayntier things.)
Tickled am I with her embraces, —
Fine dancing in such fairy ringes!

Manes. O for a plump fat leg of mutton!
Veale, lambe, capon, pigge, and conney!
None is happy but a glutton,
None an asse but who wants money.

Chor. Wines, indeed, and girles are good,
But braue victuals feast the bloud.
For wenches, wine, and lusty cheere,
Ioue would leape down to surfet heere!

[*Exeunt.*]

### [Actus Primus.] Schæna Tertia.

[*The street, before Alexander's palace. Enter Melippus.*]

Melip. I had neuer such a doe to warne schollers to come before a king! First I cam to Crisippus, a tall leane old mad-man, willing him presently to appeare before Alexander. He stoode staring on my face, neither mouing his eies nor his body. I vrging him to giue some answer, hee tooke vp a booke, sate downe, and saide nothing! Melissa, his maid, told me it was his manner; and that oftentimes she was fain to thrust meate into his mouth, for that he wold rather starue then ceasse studie. Well, thoght I, seeing bookish men are so blockish, and so great clarkes[1] such simple courtiers, I wil neither be partaker of their commons[2] nor their commendations. From thence I came to Plato and to Aristotle, and to diuerse other; none refusing to come, sauing an olde obscure fellowe, who, sitting in a tub turned towardes the sunne, reade Greek to a yong boy. Him when I willed to appeare before Alexander, he answeared: "If Alexander wold faine see me, let him come to mee; if learne of me, lette him come to me; whatsoeuer it be, let him come to me." "Why," said I, "he is a king!" He answered, "Why: I am a philosopher." "Why, but he is Alexander!" "I, but I am Diogenes." I was halfe angry to see one, so crooked in his shape, to be so crabbed in his sayings. So, going my way, I said, "Thou shalt repent it if thou commest not to Alexander!" "Nay," smiling answered he, "Alexander may repent it if he come not to Diogenes; vertue must be sought, not offered." And so, turning himself to his cel, he grunted I know not what, like a pig vnder a tub. But I must be gone, the philosophers are comming.

*Exit* [*into the palace*].

[*Enter Plato, Aristotle, Cleanthes, Anaxarchus, Crates, and Chrysippus.*]

Plato. It is a difficult controuersie, Aristotle, and rather to be wondred at then beleeued, how natural causes should worke supernatural effects.

Aris. I doe not so much stand vpon the apparition is seene in the moone, neither the *Demonium* of Socrates, as that I cannot by naturall reason giue any reason of the ebbing and flowing of the sea; which makes me in the depth of my studies to crye out, *O ens entium, miserere mei!* [1]

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[1] Hash, a hodge-podge.
[2] Blows? Scraps such as are thrown to dogs?
[3] I.e. is not interfered with by a full stomach.
[4] Profit, advantage.
[5] One should remember that the choristers of the Chapel Royal and of St. Paul's Cathedral had charming voices.

[1] Scholars.
[2] Provisions, rations.

PLATO. Cleanthes and you attribute so muche to nature by searching for things which are not to be found, that, whilest you studie a cause of your owne, you omitte the occasion it selfe. There is no man so sauage in whom resteth not this diuine particle — that there is an omnipotent, eternal, and deuine mouer, which may be called "God."

CLEANT. I am of this minde: that that first mouer, which you tearme "God," is the instrument of all the mouings; which we attribute to nature. The earth, which is masse, swimmeth on the sea. Seasons deuided in themselues, fruits growing in themselues, the maiestie of the skie, the whole firmament of the world, and whatsoeuer els appeareth miraculous — what man, almost of meane capacity, but can proue it naturall?

ANAXAR. These causes shalbe debated at our philosophers feast, in which controuersie I wil take parte with Aristotle, that there is *Natura naturans*,[2] and yet not God.

CRATES. And I with Plato, that there is *Deus optimus maximus*,[3] and not nature.

ARIS. Here commeth Alexander.

[*Enter from the palace Alexander and Hephaestion.*]

ALEX. I see, Hephestion, that these philosophers are here attending for vs.

HEP. They were not philosophers if they knew not their dueties.

ALEX. But I much maruaile Diogenes shoulde be so dogged.

HEP. I doe not think but his excuse wilbe better then Melippus message.

ALEX. I will go see him, Hephestion, because I long to see him that would commaund Alexander to come, to whom al the world is like [4] to come. [*Turning to the philosophers.*] Aristotle and the rest, sithence my comming from Thebes to Athens, from a place of conquest to a pallace of quiet, I haue resolued with my selfe in my court to haue as many philosophers, as I had in my camp soldiers. My court shalbe a schole, wherein I wil haue vsed as great doctrine in peace as I did in warre discipline.

ARIS. We are al here ready to be commaunded; and glad we are that we are commaunded, for that nothing better becommeth kings then literature, which maketh them come as neere to the gods in wisdome as they do in dignitie.

ALEX. It is so, Aristotle; but yet there is among you — yea and of your bringing vp! — that sought to destroy Alexander: — Calistenes, Aristotle, whose treasons againste his prince shall not bee borne out with the reasons of his phylosophy.

ARIS. If euer mischiefe entred into the heart of Calistenes, let Calistenes suffer for it; but that Aristotle euer imagined any such thing of Calistenes, Aristotle doth denie.

ALEX. Well, Aristotle, kindred may blind thee, and affection [1] mee. But in kinges causes I will not stande to schollers arguments. This meeting shalbe for a commandement, that you all frequent my courte. Instructe the young with rules, confirme the olde with reasons, lette your liues be answerable to your learnings, leaste my proceedings be [2] contrary to my promises.

HEP. You sayde you woulde aske euery one of them a question, which yester-night none of vs coulde aunswere.

ALEX. I will. Plato, of all beastes which is the subtillest?

PLATO. That which man hetherto neuer knew.

ALEX. Aristotle, how should a man be thought a god?

ARIS. In doing a thing vnpossible for a man.

ALEX. Crisippus, which was first, the day or the night?

CHRYS. The day, by a day.

ALEX. Indeede, straunge questions must haue straung answeres. Cleanthes, what say you, is life or death the stronger?

CLE. Life, that suffereth so many troubles.

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[1] "Oh reality of realities, have mercy on me."
[2] Nature, a creative power in itself.
[3] A God, best, most powerful.
[4] Glad, pleased.

[1] Personal interest.
[2] $Q_2$ *by;* I adopt the reading of the other editions.

ALEX. Crates, how long should a man liue?

CRATES. Till he thinke it better to die then liue.

ALEX. Anaxarchus, whether doth the sea or the earth bring forth most creatures?

ANAX. The earth; for the sea is but a parte of the earth.

ALEX. Hephestion, me thinkes they haue aunswered all well; and in such questions I meane often to trie them.

HEP. It is better to haue in your courte a wise man, then in your ground a golden mine. Therefore would I leaue war to studie wisdom, were I Alexander.

ALEX. So would I, were I Hephestion. But come; let vs go and giue release, as I promised, to our Theban thralles.

[*Exeunt Alexander and Hephestion.*]

PLATO. Thou art fortunate, Aristotle, that Alexander is thy scholler.

ARIS. And you happy that he is your soueraigne.

CHRYS. I could like the man well if he could be contented to be but a man.

ARIS. He seeketh to draw neere to the gods in knowledge, not to be a god.

PLATO. Let us question a litle with Diogenes why he went not with vs to Alexander. [*They approach Diogenes, who is sitting in his tub.*] Diogenes, thou didst forget thy dutie that thou wentst not with vs to the king.

DIOG. And you your profession, that you went to the king.

PLATO. Thou takest as great pride to bee peeuish as others doe glory to bee vertuous.

DIOG. And thou as great honor, being a philosopher, to bee thought courtlike, as others shame, that be courtiers, to be accounted philosophers.

ARIS. These austere maners set a side, it is wel known that thou didst counterfeate monye.

DIOG. And thou thy maners, in that thou didste not counterfeite money.

ARIS. Thou hast reason to contemn the courte, being both in body and mynde too crooked for a courtier.

DIOG. As good be crooked, and endeuour to make my self straight, from the court, as to be straight, and learne to be crooked at the court.

CRATES. Thou thinkest it a grace to be opposite against Alexander.

DIOG. And thou to be iump with[1] Alexander.

ANAX. Let vs go; for in contemning him wee shall better please him than in wondring at him. [*They walk away.*]

ARIS. Plato, what dost thou thinke of Diogenes?

PLATO. To be Socrates furious.[2] Let vs go.

*Exeunt Philosophi.*

## ACTUS SECUNDUS

### SCHÆNA PRIMA

[*Diogenes advances from his tub, holding up a lantern as if seeking an honest man. Enter Psyllus, Manes, and Granicus.*]

PSYLLUS. Behold, Manes, where thy maister is, seeking either for bones for his dinner, or pinnes for his sleeues.[3] I wil go salute him.

MANES. Doe so; but mum! not a woord you sawe Manes.

GRAN. Then stay thou behinde, and I will goe with Psyllus.

[*Granichus and Psyllus approach Diogenes.*]

PSYLLUS. All haile, Diogenes, to your proper person!

DIOG. All hate to thy peeuish conditions.

GRAN. O Dogge!

PSYLLUS. What dost thou seeke for here?

DIOG. For a man, and a beast.

GRAN. That is easie without thy light to be found; bee not all these men? [*Pointing to the audience.*]

DIOG. Called men.

GRAN. What beast is it thou lookest for?

DIOG. The beast my man, Manes.

PSYLLUS. He is a beast indeede that will serue thee!

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[1] In accord with.
[2] Mad.
[3] Because so ragged.

Diog. So is he that begat thee.

Gran. What wouldest thou do if thou shouldest find Manes?

Diog. Giue him leaue to doo as hee hath done before.

Gran. Whats that?

Diog. To runne away.

Psyllus. Why, hast thou no neede of Manes?

Diog. It were a shame for Diogenes to haue neede of Manes, and for Manes to haue no need of Diogenes.

Gran. But put the case he were gone, wouldest thou entertaine [1] any of vs two?

Diog. Vpon condition.

Psyllus. What?

Diog. That you should tell me wherefore any of you both were good.

Gran. Why, I am a scholler, and well seene [2] in phylosophy.

Psyllus. And I a prentice, and well seene in painting.

Diog. Well then, Granichus, bee thou a painter to amend thine yll face; and thou, Psyllus, a phylosopher to correct thine euil manners. But who is that? Manes?

Manes [*advancing*]. I care not who I were, so I were not Manes.

Gran. You are taken tardie.

Psyllus. Let vs slip aside, Granichus, to see the salutation betweene Manes and his maister. [*They stand aside.*]

Diog. Manes, thou knowest the last day [3] I threw away my dish to drink in my hand, because it was superfluous; now I am determined to put away my man and serue my selfe, *quia non egeo tui vel te.*[4]

Manes. Maister, you know a while a goe I ran awaye; so doe I meane to do againe, *quia scio tibi non esse argentum.*[5]

Diog. I know I haue no mony; neither will I haue euer a man: for I was resolued longe sithence to put away both my slaues — money and Manes.

Manes. So was I determined to shake of both my dogs — hunger and Diogenes.

Psyllus. O sweete consent beetweene a crowde [1] and a Iewes harp!

Gran. Come, let vs reconcile them.

Psyllus. It shall not neede, for this is their vse. Nowe do they dine one vpon another.

*Exit Diogenes [into his tub].*

Gran. How now, Manes? art thou gone from thy maister?

Manes. Noe, I didde but nowe bynde my selfe to him.

Psyllus. Why, you were at mortall iars!

Manes. In faith, no; we brake a bitter iest one vppon another.

Gran. Why, thou art as dogged as he.

Psyllus. My father knew them both litle whelpes.

Manes. Well, I will hie mee after my maister.

Gran. Why, is it supper time with Diogenes?

Manes. I, with him at al times when he hath meate.

Psyllus. Why then, euery man to his home; and lette vs steale out againe anone.

Gran. Where shall we meete?

Psyllus. Why, at *Alæ vendibili suspensa hedera non est opus.*[2]

Manes. O Psyllus, *habeo te loco parentis*,[3] thou blessest me!

*Exeunt.*

### [Actus Secundus.] Schæna Secunda.

[*The street. Enter from the palace Alexander, Hephestion, and the Page.*]

Alex. Stand aside, sir boy, till you be called. [*The Page withdraws.*] Hephestion, how doe yee like the sweete face of Campaspe?

Hep. I cannot but commend the stoute courage of Timoclea.

Alex. Without doubt Campaspe had some great man to her father.

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[1] Accept into service.

[2] Skilled.

[3] Yesterday.

[4] An echo of William Lyly's Latin Grammar: "Egeo, or indigeo, tui *vel* te, I have need of thee"; that is, the verb is followed by either the genitive or the accusative.

[5] "Because I know you have no money." Manes takes his quip likewise from Lyly's Grammar.

[1] Harmony between a violin.

[2] "Good ale needs no bush," an old English proverb turned into Latin.

[3] "I have thee in place of a parent." From Lyly's Grammar.

Hep. You know Timoclea had Theagines to her brother.

Alex. Timoclea stil in thy mouth! Art thou not in loue?

Hep. Not I!

Alex. Not with Timoclea, you meane; wherein you resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her neast is not; and so you lead me from espying your loue with Campaspe, you cry Timoclea.

Hep. Could I aswell subdue kingdomes as I can my thoughtes, or were I as farre from ambition as I am from loue, al the world wold account mee as valiant in armes as I know my self moderate in affection.

Alex. Is loue a vice?

Hep. It is no vertue.

Alex. Well, now shalt thou see what small difference I make betweene Alexander and Hephestion. And sith thou haste beene alwayes partaker of my triumphes, thou shalt be partaker of my tormentes. I loue, Hephestion! I loue! I loue Campaspe! — a thing farre vnfit for a Macedonian, for a king, for Alexander. Why hangest thou down thy head, Hephestion? Blushing to heare that which I am not ashamed to tell?

Hep. Might my wordes craue pardon, and my counsel credite, I woulde both discharge the duetie of a subiect, for so I am, and the office of a friend, for so I will.

Alex. Speake Hephestion; for whatsoeuer is spoken, Hephestion speaketh to Alexander.

Hep. I can not tel, Alexander, whether the reporte be more shameful to be heard, or the cause sorrowfull to be beleeued! What! is the sonne of Phillip, king of Macedon, become the subiect of Campaspe, the captiue of Thebes? Is that minde, whose greatnes the world could not containe, drawn within the compasse of an idle alluring eie? Wil you handle the spindle with Hercules, when you should shake the speare with Achilles? Is the warlike sound of drumme and trumpe turned to the soft noyse of lire and lute? the neighing of barbed steeds, whose loudnes filled the ayre with terrour, and whose breathes dimmed the sunne with smoak, conuerted to dilicate tunes and amorous glaunces? O Alexander! that soft and yeelding minde should not bee in him, whose hard and vnconquered heart hath made so many yeelde. But, you loue. Ah griefe! But whom? Campaspe! Ah shame! A maide forsooth vnknowne, vnnoble;[1] and who can tell whether immodest? whose eies are framed by arte to inamour, and whose heart was made by nature to inchaunt. I, but she is bewtiful. Yea, but not therefore chast. I, but she is comly in al parts of the body. Yea, but she may be crooked in some part of the mind. I, but she is wise. Yea, but she is a woman! Bewty is like the blackberry, which seemeth red when it is not ripe; resembling pretious stones that are polished with honny, which, the smother they look, the sooner they breake. It is thought wonderful among the seamen, that mugil, of all fishes the swiftest, is found in the belly of the bret, of al the slowest; and shall it not seeme monstrous to wisemen that the hearte of the greatest conquerour of the worlde should be found in the handes of the weakest creature of nature? of a woman! of a captiue! Hermyns[2] haue faire skinnes, but fowle liuers: sepulchres fresh colours, but rotten bones; women faire faces, but false heartes. Remember, Alexander, thou hast a campe to gouerne, not a chamber! Fall not from the armour of Mars to the armes of Venus, from the fiery assaults of war, to the maidenly skirmishes of loue, from displaying the eagle in thine ensigne, to set downe the sparow.[3] I sighe, Alexander, that where fortune could not conquer, folly shuld ouercome. But behold al the perfection that may be in Campaspe: a hayre curling by nature not arte; sweete alluring eies; a faire face made in dispite of Venus, and a stately porte in disdaine of Iuno; a witte apt to conceiue and quick to answere; a skin as soft as silk, and as smooth as iet; a longe white hand; a fine litle foote; — to conclude, all partes answerable to the best part. What of this? Though she haue heauenly giftes, vertue and bewtie, is she not of earthly mettall, flesh and bloud? You, Alexander, that would be a god, shew your selfe in this worse then a man — so soone to be both ouerseene and ouertaken in a woman, whose false teares know their true times, whose smooth words wound deeper then sharpe swordes. There is no surfeit so dangerous as that of honney, nor anye poyson so deadly as that of loue; — in the one, phisicke cannot preuaile, nor in the other counsell.

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[1] Not of noble birth.

[2] Ermines.

[3] The symbol of Venus.

Alex. My case were light, Hephestion, and not worthy to be called loue, if reason were a remedy, or sentences could salue that sense cannot conceiue. Litle do you know — and therefore sleightly do you regarde — the dead embers in a priuate person, or liue coles in a great prince, whose passions and thoughts do as far excede others in extremitie, as their callings doe in maiestie.[1] An eclipse in the sunne is more then the falling of a starre; none can conceiue the torments of a king, vnlesse hee be a king, whose desires are not inferior to their dignities. And then iudge, Hephestion, if the agonies of loue be dangerous in a subiect, whether they be not more then deadly vnto Alexander, whose deep and not-to-be-conceiued sighes cleaue the hart in shiuers, whose wounded thoughtes can neither be expressed nor endured. Cease then, Hephestion, with arguments to seeke to refel[2] that which, with their deitie, the gods cannot resist; and let this suffice to aunswere thee, that it is a king that loueth, and Alexander, whose affections are not to be measured by reason, being immortall — nor, I feare me, to be borne, being intollerable!

Hep. I must needs yeeld when neither reason nor counsell can be heard.

Alex. Yeeld, Hephestion; for Alexander doth loue — and therefore must obtaine.

Hep. Suppose she loues not you? Affection commeth not by appointmente or birth; and then as good hated as enforced.

Alex. I am a king, and will commaund.

Hep. You may, to yeelde to luste by force; but to consent to loue by feare, you cannot!

Alex. Why, what is that which Alexander may not conquer as he list?

Hep. Why, that which you say the gods cannot resiste — loue.

Alex. I am a conquerour, she a captiue; I as fortunate as she faire; my greatnes may aunswere her wants, and the giftes of my minde the modestie of hers. Is it not likely, then, that she should loue? Is it not reasonable?

Hep. You say that in loue there is no reason, and therfore there can be no likelyhood.

Alex. No more, Hephestion! In this case I wil vse mine owne counsell, and in all other thine aduice. Thou maist be a good soldier, but neuer good louer. Cal my Page. [*Page advances.*] Sirha, goe presently to Apelles, and will him to come to me without either delay or excuse.

Page. I goe.

[*Exit the Page into the studio of Apelles.*]

Alex. In the meane season, to recreate my spirits, being so neare, we will goe see Diogenes. And see where his tub is. [*They cross over to Diogenes' tub.*] Diogenes?

Diog. [*from his tub*]. Who calleth?

Alex. Alexander. How happened it that you woulde not come out of your tub to my palace?

Diog. Because it was as far from my tub to your pallace as from your palace to my tub.

Alex. Why then, doest thou ow no reuerence to kings?

Diog. No.

Alex. Why so?

Diog. Because they be no gods.

Alex. They be gods of the earth.

Diog. Yea, gods of earth.

Alex. Plato is not of thy mind.

Diog. I am glad of it.

Alex. Why?

Diog. Because I would haue none of Diogenes minde but Diogenes.

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[1] Obviously intended as a compliment to Queen Elizabeth.

[2] Refute.

Alex. If Alexander haue any thing that may pleasure Diogenes, let me know, and take it.

Diog. Then take not from me that you cannot giue me — the light of the world.

[*Motions him to stand aside so as not to cut off the sun-light.*]

Alex. What doest thou want?

Diog. Nothing that you haue.

Alex. I haue the world at commaund!

Diog. And I, in contempt.

Alex. Thou shalt liue no longer than I will.

Diog. But I will die, whether you will or no.

Alex. How should one learn to be content?

Diog. Vnlearn to couet.

Alex. Hephestion, were I not Alexander, I wolde wishe to be Diogenes.

Hep. He is dogged, but discrete; I cannot tel how — sharpe, with a kinde of sweetenes, ful of wit, yet too too wayward.

Alex. Diogenes, when I come this way again, I will both see thee, and confer with thee.

Diog. Doe.

[*Enter Apelles from his studio.*]

Alex. But here commeth Apelles. How now, Apelles, is Venus face yet finished?

Apel. Not yet. Bewty is not so soone shadowed whose perfection commeth not within the compasse either of cunning or of colour.

Alex. Well, let it rest vnperfect; and come you with me, where I wil shewe you that finished by nature that you haue beene trifling about by art.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACTUS TERTIUS

### Schæna Prima

[*The street, before the studio of Apelles. Enter Apelles and Campaspe, with Psyllus attending.*]

Apel. Lady, I doubt whether there bee any colour so fresh that may shadow a countenance so faire.

Camp. Sir, I had thought you had beene commaunded to paint with your hand, not to glose[1] with your tongue. But, as I haue heard, it is the hardest thing in painting to set down a hard fauour;[2] which maketh you to dispair of my face: and then shall you haue as great thanks to spare your labour as to discredit your arte.

Apel. Mistresse, you neither differ from your selfe nor your sex; for, knowing your owne perfection, you seeme to dispraise that which men most commend, drawing them by that meane into an admiration,[3] where, feeding them selues, they fall into an extasie;[4] your modestie being the cause of the one, and of the other, your affections.[5]

Camp. I am too young to vnderstand your speache, thogh old enough to withstand your deuise: you haue bin so long vsed to colours, you can do nothing but colour.[6]

Apel. Indeed, the colours I see, I feare, wil alter the colour I haue! But come, madam; will you draw neere? for Alexander will be here anon. Psyllus, stay you heere at the window. If anye enquire for me, aunswere, *Non lubet esse domi.*[7]

*Exeunt* [*into studio*].

### [Actus Tertius.] Schæna Secunda.

[*The same. Psyllus remains.*]

Psyllus. It is alwayes my maisters fashion, when any fair gentlewoman is to be drawne within, to make mee to stay without. But if he shuld paint Iupiter like a bul, like a swan, like an eagle, then must Psyllus with one hand grind colours, and with the other hold the candle. But, let him alone! The better he shadowes her face, the more will he burne his owne heart. And now, if a manne cold meet with

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[1] Insert comments.
[2] Feature.
[3] Wonder.
[4] Madness.
[5] Bent of mind, disposition.
[6] Disguise things in fair words.
[7] "He is not pleased to be at home."

Manes, who, I dare say, lookes as leane as if Diogenes dropped out of his nose —

[*Enter Manes.*]

Manes. And here comes Manes, whoe hath as muche meate in his maw as thou hast honestie in thy head.

Psyllus. Then I hope thou art very hungry.

Manes. They that know thee know that.

Psyllus. But doest thou not remember that wee haue certaine licour to conferre withall.

Manes. I, but I haue busines; I must go cry[1] a thing.

Psyllus. Why, what hast thou lost?

Manes. That which I neuer had — my dinner.

Psyllus. Foule lubber, wilt thou crye for thy dinner?

Manes. I meane, I must "cry"; not as one would saye "cry," but "cry," — that is, make a noyse.

Psyllus. Why, foole, that is al one; for, if thou cry, thou must needes make a noise.

Manes. Boy, thou art deceiued. "Cry" hath diuerse significations, and may bee alluded to manye things; "knaue" but one, and can be applyed but to thee.

Psyllus. Profound Manes!

Manes. Wee Cynickes are madde fellowes. Didste thou not finde I did quip thee?

Psyllus. No, verely! Why, what is a quip?

Manes. Wee great girders[2] cal it a short saying of a sharp witte, with a bitter sense in a sweete word.

Psyllus. How! canst thou thus diuine, deuide, define, dispute, and all on the suddaine?

Manes. Wit wil haue his swing! I am bewitcht, inspird, inflamed, infected!

Psyllus. Well, then will not I tempt thy gybing spirite.

Manes. Do not, Psyllus; for thy dull head will bee but a grindstone for my quick wit, which if thou whet with ouerthwarts,[1] *perijsti, actum est de te;*[2] I haue drawne bloud at ones braines with a bitter bob.[3]

Psyllus. Let me crosse my selfe![4] for I die, if I crosse thee.

Manes. Let me do my busines. I my self am afraid least my wit should waxe warm — and then must it needs consume some hard head with fine and prety iests. I am some times in such a vaine that for want of some dull pate to worke on I begin to gird[5] my selfe.

Psyllus. The Gods shield mee from such a fine fellowe, whose words melt wits like waxe!

Manes. Well then, let vs to the matter. In fayth, my maister meaneth to morrow to fly.

Psyllus. It is a iest!

Manes. Is it a iest to flye? Shouldest thou flye so, soone thou shouldest repent it in earnest.

Psyllus. Well, I will be the cryer.

*Psyllus shouts the proclamation to the audience as Manes dictates.*]

Manes *and* Psyllus (*one after an other*). O ys! O ys! O ys! — Al manner of men, — women, or children, — that will come to-morow — into the market-place — between the houres of nine and ten, — shall see Diogenes the Cynick — flye.

[*The last word is pronounced by Manes only.*]

Psyllus. I do not think he will flye.

Manes. Tush! say "fly."

Psyllus. Fly!

Manes. Now let vs goe; for I will not see him againe til midnight. I haue a back way into his tub.

Psyllus. Which way callest thou the backwaye, when euery way is open?

Manes. I meane, to come in at his back.

Psyllus. Well, let vs goe away, that wee may returne speedily.

*Exeunt.*

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[1] Make a formal public proclamation.
[2] Persons dealing in caustic gibes at others.

[1] Retorts, contradictions.
[2] "You are ruined, it is all over with you!"
[3] Caustic gibe.
[4] With the sign of the cross.
[5] Gibe.

## [Actus Tertius.] Schæna Tertia.

[*The curtains to the studio of Apelles are drawn open, revealing Campaspe seated, and Apelles busily painting her portrait.*]

Apel. I shall neuer drawe your eies well, because they blind mine.

Camp. Why then, paint me without eies, for I am blind.

Apel. Were you euer shadowed before of any?

Camp. No. And would you could so now shadow me that I might not be perceiued of any![1]

Apel. It were pittie but that so absolute[2] a face should furnish Venus temple amongst these pictures.

Camp. What are these pictures?

Apel. This is Læda, whom Ioue deceiued in likenes of a swan.

Camp. A fair woman, but a foule deceit.

Apel. This is Alcmena, vnto whom Iupiter came in shape of Amphitrion her husband, and begat Hercules.

Camp. A famous sonne, but an infamous fact.

Apel. He might do it, because he was a god.

Camp. Nay, therefore it was euill done, because he was a god.

Apel. This is Danae, into whose prison Iupiter drisled a golden shewre, and obtained his desire.

Camp. What gold can make one yeelde to desire?

Apel. This is Europa, whom Iupiter rauished. This, Antiopa.

Camp. Were al the gods like this Iupiter.

Apel. There were many gods in this like Iupiter.

Camp. I thinke in those dayes loue was wel ratified among men on earth, when lust was so ful authorised by the gods in heauen.

Apel. Nay, you may imagine there wer women passing amiable, when there were gods exceeding amorous.

Camp. Were women neuer so faire, men wold be false.

Apel. Were women neuer so false, men wold be fond.

Camp. What counterfeit is this, Apelles?

Apel. This is Venus, the goddesse of loue.

Camp. What! be there also louing goddesses?

Apel. This is she that hath power to commaunde the very affections of the heart.

Camp. How is she hired? by praier, by sacrifice, or bribs?

Apel. By praier, sacrifice, and bribes.

Camp. What praier?

Apel. Vowes irreuocable.

Camp. What sacrifice?

Apel. Heartes euer sighing, neuer dissembling.

Camp. What bribes?

Apel. Roses and kisses. But were you neuer in loue?

Camp. No; nor loue in me.

Apel. Then haue you iniuried many.

Camp. How so?

Apel. Because you haue beene loued of many.

Camp. Flattered, parchance, of some.

Apel. It is not possible that a face so faire and a wit so sharpe, both without comparison, shuld not be apt to loue!

Camp. If you begin to tip your tongue with cunning, I pray dip your pensil in colours, and fall to that you must doe, not that you would doe.

[*The curtains remain open.*]

## [Actus Tertius.] Schæna Quarta.

[*In the street before Alexander's palace. Enter Clitus and Parmenio.*]

Clitus. Parmenio, I cannot tel how it commeth to passe that in Alexander now-a-daies there groweth an vnpatient kinde of life: in the morning he is melancholy, at noone solomne, at all times either more sower or seuere then he was accustomed.

Par. In kinges causes I rather loue to doubt then coniecture, and think it better to be ignoraunt then inquisitiue: they haue long eares and stretched armes, in whose heades suspition is a proofe, and to be accused is to be condemned.

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[1] Presumably by marriage.

[2] Perfect.

Clitus. Yet betweene vs there canne be no danger to finde out the cause, for that there is no malice to withstand it. It may be an vnquenchable thirste of conquering maketh him vnquiet. It is not vnlikly his long ease hath altred his humour. That he should bee in loue, it is not impossible.

Par. In loue, Clytus? No, no! it is as farre from his thought as treason in ours. He whose euer-waking eye, whose neuertyred heart, whose body patient of labour, whose mind vnsatiable of victory hath alwayes bin noted, cannot so soone be melted into the weak conceites of loue! Aristotle told him there were many worlds; and that he hath not conquered one that gapeth for al, galleth Alexander. But here he commeth.

[*From the palace enter Alexander and Hephestion.*]

Alex. Parmenio and Clitus, I would haue you both redy to go into Persia about an ambassage no lesse profitable to me then to your selues honourable.

Clitus. We are ready at all commaundes, wishing nothing els but continually to be commaunded.

Alex. Well then, withdraw your selues till I haue further considered of this matter.

*Exeunt Clytus and Parmenio.*

[*Alexander and Hephestion cross over towards Apelles' studio.*]

Alex. Now we wil see how Apelles goeth forward. I doubt me that nature hath ouercome arte, and her countenance his cunning.

Hep. You loue, and therefore think any thing.

Alex. But not so far in loue with Campaspe as with Bucephalus,[1] if occasion serue either of conflicte or of conquest.

Hep. Ocasion cannot want if wil doe not. Behold all Persia swelling in the pride of their owne power! the Scithians carelesse what courage or fortune can do! the Aegiptians dreaming in the southsayings of their Augures, and gaping ouer the smoak of their beasts intralles! All these, Alexander, are to bee subdued — if that world be not slipped out of your head, which you haue sworne to conquere with that hand.

Alex. I confesse the labours fit for Alexander; and yet recreation necessary among so many assaults, bloudye wounds, intollerable troubles. Giue mee leaue a litle, if not to sitte, yet to breath. And doubt not but Alexander can, when he wil, throw affections as farre from him as he can cowardise. [*They pause to watch Diogenes.*] But behold Diogenes talking with one at his tub.

Crysus [*at Diogenes' tub*]. One penny, Diogenes; I am a Cynick.

Diog. He made thee a begger that first gaue thee any thing.

Crysus. Why, if thou wilt giue nothing, no-body will giue thee.

Diog. I want nothing, till the springs dry and the earth perish.

Crysus. I gather for the gods.

Diog. And I care not for those gods which want money.

Crysus. Thou art a right Cynicke that will giue nothing.

Diog. Thou art not, that will beg any thing.

[*Crysus approaches Alexander.*]

Crysus. Alexander! King Alexander! giue a poore Cynick a groat.

Alex. It is not for a king to giue a groat.

Crysus. Then giue me a talent.

Alex. It is not for a begger to aske a talent. A-waye! [*Alexander and Hephestion proceed to Apelles' studio.*] Apelles?

Apel. Here.

Alex. Now, gentlewomanne, doeth not your beauty put the painter to his trump?

Camp. Yes, my lorde; seeing so disordered a countenaunce he feareth he shall shadow a deformed counterfeit.

Alex. Wold he could colour the life with the feature! And me thinketh, Apelles, were you as cunning as report saith you are, you may paint flowers aswell with sweete smels as fresh colours, obseruing in your mixture such things as should draw neere to their sauours.

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[1] The name of Alexander's famous war-horse.

Apel. Your maiestie must know it is no lesse harde to paint sauours then vertues; colours can neither speake nor think.

Alex. Where doe you first begin when you drawe any picture?

Apel. The proposition of the face, in iust compasse as I can.

Alex. I would begin with the eie, as a light to all the rest.

Apel. If you will paint as you are a king, your Maiestie may beginne where you please; but, as you wold be a painter, you must begin with the face.

Alex. Aurelius would in one houre colour four faces.

Apel. I meruaile in half an houre he did not foure.

Alex. Why, is it so easie?

Apel. No, but he doth it so homely.[1]

Alex. When will you finish Campaspe?

Apel. Neuer finishe! — for alwayes in absolute bewtie there is somwhat aboue arte.

Alex. Why should not I, by labour, bee as cunning as Apelles?

Apel. God shield you should haue cause to be so cunning as Apelles!

Alex. Me thinketh foure colours are sufficient to shadow any countenance; and so it was in the time of Phydias.

Apel. Then had men fewer fancies, and women not so many fauors. For now, if the haire of her eie-browes be black, yet must the haire of her head be yellowe;[2] the attire of her head must be different from the habit of her body — els must the picture seeme like the blason of auncient armorie, not like the sweet delight of new-found amiablenes. For, as in garden knottes[3] diuersitie of odours make a more sweet sauor, or as in musicke diuers strings cause a more delicate consent,[4] so in painting, the more colours the better counterfeit, obseruing blacke for a ground, and the rest for grace.

Alex. Lend me thy pensil, Apelles. I will paint, and thou shalt iudge.

Apel. Here.

[*Alexander attempts to paint.*]

Alex. The coale[1] breakes.

Apel. You leane too hard.

Alex. Now it blackes not.

Apel. You leane too soft.

Alex. This is awry.

Apel. Your eie goeth not with your hand.

Alex. Now it is worse.

Apel. Your hand goeth not with your mind.

Alex. Nay, if al be too hard or soft, so many rules and regardes that ones hand, ones eie, ones minde must all draw together, I had rather bee setting of a battell then blotting of a boord.[2] But how haue I done heere?

Apel. Like a king.

Alex. I thinke so; but nothing more vnlike a painter. Wel, Apelles, Campaspe is finished as I wish. Dismisse her, and bring presently[3] her counterfeit after me.

Apel. I will.

[*Alexander and Hephestion withdraw from the studio, and stand without.*]

Alex. Now, Hephestion, doth not this matter cotton[4] as I would? Campaspe looketh pleasauntlye, liberty wil encrease her bewty, and my loue shall aduaunce her honour.

Hep. I will not contrary your Maiestie; for time must weare out that loue hath wrought, and reason weane what appetite noursed.

[*Campaspe leaves the studio and passes down the street.*]

Alex. How stately she passeth bye! yet how soberly! a sweet consent in her countenance, with a chast disdaine! desire mingled with coynesse; and — I cannot tell how to tearme it — a curst yeelding modestie!

Hep. Let her passe.

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[1] Crudely.

[2] At this time, because Elizabeth had "yellow" hair, women were accustomed to dye their hair a similar color.

[3] Flower beds laid out in fanciful designs.

[4] Harmony.

[1] The pencil of charcoal.

[2] The panel on which pictures were painted.

[3] At once.

[4] Thrive, succeed.

Alex. So she shall — for the fairest on the earth!

*Exeunt* [*into the palace*].

### [Actus Tertius.] Schæna Quinta.

[*The street before the studio. Enter Psyllus and Manes.*]

Psyllus. I shalbe hanged for tarying so long.

Manes. I pray God my maister be not flowne before I come!

Psyllus. Away, Manes! my maister doth come!

[*Exit Manes.*]

[*From the studio enter Apelles with the portrait of Campaspe.*]

Apel. Where haue you bin all this while?

Psyllus. No where but heere.

Apel. Who was here since my comming?

Psyllus. No-body.

Apel. Vngratious wag, I perceiue you haue beene a loytering! Was Alexander no-body?

Psyllus. He was a king; I meant no meane body.

Apel. I will cogell your body for it; and then will I say it was "no-bodie," because it was no honeste body. Away! in!

*Exit Psyllus* [*into the studio*].

[Apel.] Vnfortunate Apelles! and therfore vnfortunate beecause Apelles! Hast thou by drawing her bewty broght to passe that thou canst scarse draw thine own breath? And by so much the more hast thou encreased thy care, by how much the more thou hast shewed thy cunning. Was it not sufficient to behold the fire and warme thee, but with Satyrus thou must kisse the fire and burne thee? O Campaspe! Campaspe! Arte must yeeld to nature, reason to appetite, wisdom to affection. Could Pigmalion entreate by prayer to haue his iuory turned into flesh? and cannot Apelles obtaine by plaints to haue the picture of his loue chaunged to life? Is painting so farre inferiour to caruing? or dost thou, Venus, more delight to be hewed with chizels then shadowed with colours? What Pigmalyon, or what Pyrgoteles, or what Lysippus is hee that euer made thy face so fayre, or spread thy fame so farre as I? Vnlesse, Venus, in this thou enuiest mine arte — that in colouring my sweete Campaspe I haue left no place by cunning to make thee so amiable! But, alas! she is the paramour to a prince. Alexander, the monarch of the earth, hath both her body and affection. For what is it that kinges cannot obtaine by praiers, threates, and promises? Wil not she think it better to sit vnder a cloth of estate [1] like a queene, then in a poore shop like a huswife? and esteme it sweeter to be the concubine of the lord of the world, then spouse to a painter in Athens? Yes, yes, Apelles! Thou maist swimme against the streame with the crab, and feede against the winde with the deere, and pecke against the steele with the cockatrice: starres are to be looked at, not reched at; princes to bee yeelded vnto, not contended with; Campaspe to bee honored, not obtained, to be painted, not possessed of thee! [*He holds up the portrait and gazes at it.*] O fair face! O vnhappy hand! And why didst thou draw it so faire a face? O bewtifull countenance! the expresse image of Venus, but somwhat fresher; the only pattern of that eternitie which Iupiter dreaming of aslepe could not conceiue again waking. Blush Venus, for I am ashamed to end thee! [2] Now must I paint things vnpossible for mine arte, but agreeable with my affections: — deepe and hollowe sighes, sadde and melancholye thoughtes, wounds and slaughters of conceites, a life posting to death, a death galloping from life, a wauering constancie, an vnsetled resolution, — and what not, Apelles? And what but Apelles? But, as they that are shaken with a feuer are to bee warmed with clothes, not groanes, and as he that melteth in a consumption is to bee recured by colices,[3] not conceites; so the feeding canker of my care, the neuer-dying worm of my hart, is to be killed by counsel, not cries, by applying of remedies, not by replying of reasons. And sith in cases desperat there must be vsed medicines that are extreme, I wil hazard that litle life that is left to restore the greater part that is lost. And this shalbe my first practise — for wit must work, where authoritie is not: as soone as Alexander hath viewed this portraiture, I will, by deuise, giue it a blemish, that by that meanes she may come again to my shop. And then, as good it were to vtter my loue and die with deniall, as conceale it and liue in despaire.

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[1] A canopy over a throne.

[2] To end thy portrait? (Cf. II, ii, 157.)

[3] Nourishing broths.

### SONG BY APELLES.

Cvpid and my Campaspe playd
At cardes for kisses. Cupid payd.
He stakes his quiuer, bow, and arrows,
His mothers doues, and teeme of sparows;
Looses them too. Then, downe he throwes
The corrall of his lippe, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
With these, the cristall of his brow;
And then the dimple of his chinne.
All these did my Campaspe winne!
At last, hee set her both his eyes;
Shee won, and Cupid blind did rise.
  O Loue! has shee done this to thee?
  What shall, alas! become of mee?

[*Exit into the palace.*]

## ACTUS QUARTUS

### SCHÆNA PRIMA.

[*The street, or market-place, before Diogenes' tub. Enter Solinus, a citizen, and Psyllus and Granicus.*]

SOLI. This is the place, the day, the time, that Diogenes hath appointed to flye.

PSYLLUS. I will not loose the flight of so faire a fowle as Diogenes is though my maister cogel my "no-bodie," as he threatned.

GRAN. What, Psyllus, will the beaste wag his winges to-day?

PSYLLUS. We shall heare; for here commeth Manes. Manes, will it be?

[*Enter Manes.*]

MANES. Be? He were best be as cunning as a bee, or else shortly he will not be at all.

GRAN. How is he furnished to fly? Hath he feathers?

MANES. Thou art an asse! Capons, geese, and owles haue feathers. He hath found Dedalus old waxen wings, and hath beene peecing them this moneth, he is so broade in the shoulders. O you shall see him cut the ayre — euen like a tortoys.

SOL. Me thinkes so wise a man should not be so mad. His body must needes be to heauy.

MANES. Why, hee hath eaten nothing this seuennight but corke and feathers.

PSYLLUS [*aside*]. Tutch him, Manes!

MANES. He is so light that he can scarse keepe him from flying at midnight.

*Populus intrat.*

MANES. See, they begin to flocke! And behold, my mayster bustels himselfe to flye!

[*Diogenes comes out of his tub, and addresses the assembled populace.*]

DIOG. Yee wicked and beewitched Atheneans, whose bodies make the earth to groane, and whose breathes infect the aire with stench! Come ye to see Diogenes fly? Diogenes commeth to see you sinke! Yee call me dog: so I am, for I long to gnaw the boanes in your skins! Yee tearme me an hater of menne: no, I am a hater of your maners. Your liues dissolute, not fearing death, will proue your deaths desperate, not hoping for life. What do you els in Athens but sleepe in the day and surfeite in the night? back-gods [1] in the morning with pride, in the euening belly-gods with gluttonie! You flatter kings, and call them gods: speake trueth of your selues, and confesse you are diuels! From the bee you haue taken not the honney but the wax to make your religion, framing it to the time, not to the trueth. Your filthy luste you colour vnder a courtly colour of loue, iniuries abroad vnder the title of pollicies at home, and secrete malice creepeth vnder the name of publick iustice. You haue caused Alexander to dry vp springs and plant vines, to sow roket [1] and weede endiffe,[2] to sheare sheepe and shrine foxes.[3] Al conscience is sealed at Athens. Swearing commeth of a hot mettal; lying, of a quick wit; flattery, of a flowing tongue; vndecent talk, of a mery disposition. Al things are lawfull at Athens! Either you thinke there are no gods, or I must think ye are no men. You build as though you should liue for euer, and surfet as though you should die to morow. None teacheth true phylosophy but Aristotle — because he was the kings schoolemaister! O times! O menne! O coruption in manners! Remember that greene grasse must turne to dry hay. When you sleep, you are not sure to wake; and when you rise, not certeine to lye downe. Looke you neuer so hie, your heads must lye leuell with your feete! Thus haue I flowne ouer your disordered liues; and if you wil not amend your manners, I wil study to fly further from you, that I may be neerer to honesty.

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[1] Referring to fine clothes.

Sol. Thou rauest, Diogenes, for thy life is different from thy words; did not I see thee come out of a brothel house? Was it not a shame?

Diog. It was no shame to go out, but a shame to goe in.

Gran. It were a good deede, Manes, to beate thy maister.

Manes. You were as good eate my maister.

One of the people. Hast thou made vs all fooles? And wilt thou not flye?

Diog. I tell thee, vnlesse thou be honest, I will flye.

People. Dog! Dog! Take a boane!

Diog. Thy father neede feare no dogs, but dogs thy father.

People. We wil tel Alexander that thou reprouest him behinde his back.

Diog. And I will tell him that you flatter him before his face.

People. We wil cause al the boyes in the streete to hisse at thee.

Diog. Indeede, I thinke the Athenians haue their children ready for any vice, because they be Athenians.

[*Exeunt the people.*]

Manes. Why maister! meane you not to flye?

Diog. No, Manes; not without wings.

Manes. Euery-body will account you a lyar.

Diog. No, I warrant you; for I will alwaies say the Athenians are mischieuous.

[*Diogenes returns to his tub.*]

Psyllus. I care not! It was sport ynogh for me to see these old huddles hit home.

Gran. Nor I.

Psyllus. Come, let vs goe. And hereafter, when I meane to raile vpon any body openly, it shall be giuen out I will flye.

*Exeunt.*

## [Actus Quartus.] Schæna Secunda.

[*The street before Apelles' studio. Enter Campaspe on her way to the studio.*]

Campaspe (*sola*). Campaspe, it is hard to iudge whether thy choice be more vnwise, or the chaunce vnfortunate. Doest thou preferre — ? but stay! vtter not that in woordes which maketh thine eares to glow with thoughts. Tush! better thy tongue wagge then thy heart break! Hath a painter crept further into thy mind then a prince? Apelles then Alexander? Fond wench! the basenes of thy mind bewraies the meannesse of thy birth. But, alas! affection is a fyre which kindleth as well in the bramble as in the oake, and catcheth hold where it first lighteth, not where it may best burne. Larkes that mount aloof in the ayre build their neastes below in the earth; and women that cast their eies vpon kinges may place their hearts vpon vassals. A needle will become thy fingers better then a lute, and a distaffe is fitter for thy hand then a scepter. Ants liue safely til they haue gotten wings, and iuniper is not blowne vp till it hath gotten an hie top. The meane estate is without care as long as it continueth without pride. But here commeth Apelles, — in whom I woulde there were the like affection!

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[1] The seeds were supposed to be provocative.
[2] Useful on the table as a food.
[3] Fleece the innocent, honor the cunning.

*[From the studio enter Apelles.]*

Apel. Gentlewoman, the misfortune I had with your picture wil put you to some paines to sitte againe to be painted.

Camp. It is smal paines for me to sit still, but infinit for you to draw still.[1]

Apel. No, madame. To painte Venus was a pleasure, but to shadowe the sweete face of Campaspe — it is a heauen!

Camp. If your tongue were made of the same flesh that your heart is, your wordes would bee as your thoughtes are: but such a common thing it is amongst you to commend, that oftentimes for fashion sake you cal them beautifull whom you know black.[2]

Apel. What might men doe to be beleeued?

Camp. Whet their tongues on their heartes.

Apel. So they doe, and speake as they thinke.

Camp. I would they did!

Apel. I would they did not!

Camp. Why, would you haue them dissemble?

Apel. Not in loue, but their loue. But wil you giue me leaue to aske you a question without offence?

Camp. So that you wil aunswere me another without excuse.

Apel. Whom do you loue best in the world?

Camp. He that made me last [3] in the world.

Apel. That was a god.

Camp. I had thought it had beene a man. But whome do you honour most, Apelles?

Apel. The thing that is lykest you, Campaspe.

Camp. My picture?

Apel. I dare not venture vpon your person! But come, let vs go in; for Alexander will thinke it long till we returne.

*Exeunt [into the studio].*

### [Actus Quartus.] Schæna Tertia.

*[The street before the palace. Enter Clytus and Parmenio.]*

Clitus. We heare nothing of our embassage. A colour, belike, to bleare our eyes, or ticle our eares, or inflame our heartes. But what doth Alexander in the meane season but vse for tantara, Sol-fa-la,[1] for his harde couch, downe beddes, for his handfull of water, his standinge-cup of wine?

Par. Clytus, I mislike this new delicacie and pleasing peace. For what els do we se now then a kind of softnes in euery mans mind; bees to make their hiues in soldiers helmets; our steedes furnished with foote-clothes [2] of gold in-steede of saddles of steele; more time to bee required to scoure the rust of our weapons then there was woont to be in subdewing the countries of our enemies. Sithence Alexander fell from his harde armour to his softe robes, beholde the face of his court: — youthes that were woont to carry deuises of victory in their shieldes engraue now posies [3] of loue in their ringes; they that were accustomed on trotting horses to charge the enimy with a launce, now in easie coches ride vp and downe to court ladies, in-steede of sword and target to hazard their liues, vse pen and paper to paint their loues! Yea, such a feare and faintnes is growne in courte that they wish rather to heare the blowing of a horne to hunt then the sound of a trumpet to fight! O Phillip, wert thou alive to see this alteration — thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to louers, gloues worne in veluet caps [4] in-steede of plumes in grauen helmets — thou wouldest ether die among them for sorrow, or confound them for anger.

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[1] Continually. [2] Ugly.
[3] I.e. who painted my likeness.

[1] The sound of the war-drums, the music of love ditties.
[2] A richly ornate cloth spread over a horse.
[3] Brief verses engraved in rings.
[4] As favors from their mistresses.

Clitus. Cease, Permenio! least in speaking what becommeth thee not, thou feele what liketh thee not. Truth is neuer without a scratcht face; whose tongue, although it cannot be cut out, yet must it be tied vp.

Par. It grieueth me not a little for Hephestion, whoe thirsteth for honour, not ease; but such is his fortune and neerenesse in friendship to Alexander that he must lay a pillowe vnder his head when he would put a targette in his hand. But let vs draw in, to see how well it becomes them to tread the measurs in a daunce that were wont to sette the order for a march.

*Exeunt* [*into the palace*].

## [Actus Quartus.] Schæna Quarta.

[*Apelles and Campaspe discovered in the studio.*]

Apel. I haue now, Campaspe, almost made an ende.

Camp. You tolde me, Apelles, you would neuer ende!

Apel. Neuer end my loue; for it shal be eternal.

Camp. That is, neither to haue beginning nor ending?

Apel. You are disposed to mistake; I hope you do not mistrust.

Camp. What will you saye if Alexander perceiue your loue?

Apel. I will say, it is no treason to loue.

Camp. But how if he wil not suffer thee to see my person?

Apel. Then wil I gase continually on thy picture.

Camp. That will not feede thy heart.

Apel. Yet shall it fill mine eye. Besides, the sweete thoughtes, the sure hopes, thy protested faith, wil cause me to imbrace thy shadow continually in mine armes; of the which by strong imagination I will make a substaunce.

Camp. Wel, I must be gon. But this assure your self, that I had rather bee in thy shop grinding colours then in Alexanders court following higher fortunes.

[*She leaves the studio.*]

Campaspe (*alone*). Foolish wensh, what hast thou done? That, alas! which cannot be vndone! and therefore I feare me vndone. But content is such a lif I care not for aboundance. O Apelles, thy loue commeth from the heart, but Alexanders from the mouth! The loue of kinges is like the blowinge of windes, whiche whistle sometimes gentlye amonge the leaues, and straight-wayes turne the trees vp by the rootes; or fire, which warmeth a farre off, and burneth neere-hand; or the sea, which maketh men hoyse their sayles in a flattering calme, and to cut their mastes in a rough storme. They place affection by times, by pollicie, by appointment. If they frowne, who dares cal them vnconstant? if bewray secretes, who will tearme them vntrue? if fall to other loues, who trembles not if he call them vnfaithfull? In kinges there can be no loue but to queenes; for as neere must they meete in maiestie as they doe in affection. It is requisite to stande aloofe from kinges loue, Ioue, and lightening!

*Exit.*

## [Actus Quartus.] Schena Quinta.

[*Apelles in the studio.*]

Apel. Now, Apelles, gather thy wits together. Campaspe is no lesse wise then fayre; thy selfe must bee no lesse cunning then faithfull. It is no small matter to be riuall with Alexander!

[*Enter the Page of Alexander.*]

Page. Apelles, you must come away quicklye with the picture; the king thinketh that now you haue painted it you play with it.

Apel. If I would play with pictures I haue ynough at home.

Page. None, parhaps, you like so well.

Apel. It may be I haue painted none so well.

Page. I haue knowne many fairer faces.

Apel. And I many better boyes.

*Exeunt* [*severally*].

## ACTUS QUINTUS

### Schæna Prima

[*Diogenes in his tub, Manes attending. To them enter Sylvius, bringing his sons, Perim, Milo, and Trico.*]

Sylvi. I haue brought my sons, Diogenes, to be taught of thee.

Diog. What can thy sonnes doe?

Syl. You shall see their qualities. Daunce, sirha!

*Then Perim daunceth.*

How like you this? Doth he well?

Diog. The better, the worser.

Syl. The musicke very good.

Diog. The musitions very badde, who onelye study to haue their stringes in tune, neuer framing their manners to order.

Syl. Now shall you see the other. Tumble, sirha!

*Milo tumbleth.*

How like you this? Why do you laugh?

Diog. To see a wagge that was born to break his neck by distinie, to practise it by arte.

Milo. This dogge will bite me! I will not be with him.

Diog. Feare not, boy; dogges eate no thistles.

Perim. I maruel what dog thou art, if thou be a dog.

Diog. When I am hungry, a mastyue, and when my belly is full, a spaniell.

Syl. Doest thou beleeue that there are any gods, that thou art so dogged?

Diog. I must needs beleeue there are gods, for I think thee an enimie to them.

Syl. Why so?

Diog. Because thou hast taught one of thy sonnes to rule his legges, and not to follow learning; the other, to bend his body euery way, and his minde no way.

Perim. Thou doest nothing but snarle and barke like a dogge!

Diog. It is the next way to driue away a theefe.

Syl. Now shall you heare the third, who singes like a nightingall.

Diog. I care not; for I haue heard a nightingall sing her selfe.

Syl. Sing, sirha!

*Trico singeth.*

Song

What bird so sings, yet so dos wayle?
O, 'tis the rauish'd nightingale!
"Iug, iug, iug, iug, tereu," shee cryes;
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Braue prick-song![1] who is't now we heare?
None but the larke so shrill and cleare.
How at heauens gats she claps her wings,
The morne not waking till shee sings!
Heark, heark, with what a pretty throat
Poore Robin red-breast tunes his note!
Heark how the iolly cuckoes sing!
"Cuckoe," to welcome in the spring,
"Cuckoe," to welcome in the spring!

Syl. Loe, Diogenes! I am sure thou canst not doe so much.

Diog. But there is neuer a thrush but can.

Syl. What hast thou taught Manes, thy man?

Diog. To be as vnlike as may be thy sonnes.

Manes. He hath taught me to fast, lye hard,[2] and runne away.

Syl. How sayest thou, Perim? wilte thou bee with him?

Perim. I — so he will teache me first to run away.

Diog. Thou needest not be taught, thy legges are so nimble.

Syl. How sayest thou, Milo? wilte thou bee with hym?

Diog. Nay, holde your peace; he shal not!

Syl. Why?

Diog. There is not roome enough for him and mee both to tumble[3] in one tub.

Syl. Well, Diogenes, I perceaue my sonnes brooke not thy manners.

Diog. I thought no lesse, when they knewe my vertues.

Syl. Farewel, Diogenes. Thou neededst not haue scraped rootes if thou wouldest haue followed Alexander.

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[1] Descant accompanying a simple melody.
[2] To sleep on a board.
[3] It should be noted that Milo was the tumbler.

Diog. Nor thou haue followed Alexander, if thou hadst scraped roots.

*Exeunt* [*Sylvius and his three sons*].

### [Actus Quintus.] Schæna Secunda.

[*The street. Enter Apelles from his studio.*]

Apelles (*alone*). I feare me, Apelles, that thine eies haue blabbed that which thy tongue durst not. What little regard hadst thou! whilst Alexander viewed the conterfeite of Campaspe, thou stoodest gazing on her countenaunce! If he espie, or but suspect, thou must needes twice perish — with his hate, and thine owne loue. Thy pale lookes when he blushed, thy sadde countenaunce when hee smiled, thy sighes when he questioned, may breede in him a ielosie, perchaunce a frenzye. O loue! I neuer before knewe what thou wert; and nowe haste thou made mee that I know not what my selfe am? Onely this I knowe, that I must endure intollerable passions for vnknowne pleasures. Dispute not the cause, wretch, but yeeld to it; for better it is to melt with desire then wrastle with loue. Cast thy selfe on thy carefull bedde; be content to lyue vnknowne; and die vnfounde! O Campaspe, I haue painted thee in my heart! Painted? nay, contrarye to myne arte, imprinted! — and that in suche deepe characters, that nothing can rase it out, vnlesse it rubbe my heart out.

*Exit* [*into the studio*].

### [Actus Quintus.] Schæna Tertia.

[*The street, or market-place, near Diogenes' tub. Enter two soldiers, Milectus and Phrigius, with the courtezan Lais.*]

Mil. It shal go hard but this peace shall bring vs some pleasure.

Phry. Downe with armes, and vp with legges! This is a world for the nonce!

Lais. Sweete youthes, if you knew what it were to saue your sweete bloud, you would not so foolishly go about to spend it. What delight can there be in gashinge, to make foule scarres in faire faces and crooked maimes in streight legges? as though men, being borne goodlye by nature, would of purpose become deformed by follye! And all, forsooth, for a new found tearme called "valiant" — a word which breedeth more quarrelles then the sense can commendation.

Mil. It is true, Lays! A featherbed hath no fellow! Good drinke makes good bloud, and shall pelting [1] words spill it?

Phry. I meane to inioy the world, and to draw out my life at the wiredrawers, not to curtall it off at the cuttelers.

Lais. You may talke of warre, speake bigge, conquer worldes with great wordes; but, stay at home — where, in-steede of alarums you shall haue daunces, for hot battelles with fierce menne, gentle skirmishes with fayre womenne. These pewter coates canne neuer sitte so wel as satten dublets. Beleeue mee, you cannot conceaue the pleasure of peace vnlesse you despise the rudenesse of warre.

Mil. It is so. But see Diogenes prying ouer his tubbe. [*They advance to Diogenes' tub.*] Diogenes, what sayest thou to such a morsel? [*Points to Lais.*]

Diog. I say, I would spit it out of my mouth because it should not poyson my stomack.

Phry. Thou speakest as thou art; it is no meate for dogges.

Diog. I am a dogge, and phylosophy rates [2] mee from carion.

Lais. Vnciuill wretch, whose manners are aunswerable to thy callynge, the time was thou wouldest haue hadde my company, had it not beene, as thou saidst, too deare!

Diog. I remember there was a thinge that I repented me of; and now thou haste told it. Indeed, it was to deare of nothing, and thou deare to no-bodye.

Lais. Downe, villaine! or I wil haue thy head broken!

Mil. Will you couch?

[*Diogenes withdraws into his tub.*]

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[1] Petty, trifling.

[2] Chides.

Phry. Auaunt, curre! Come, sweete Lays, let vs go to some place and possesse peace. But first let vs sing. There is more pleasure in tuning of a voyce then in a volly of shotte.

*[They sing.]* [1]

Mil. Now let vs make haste, least Alexander finde vs here.

*Exeunt.*

### [Actus Quintus.] Schæna Quarta.

[*The street, before the palace. From the palace enter Alexander, Hephestion, and the Page.*]

Alex. Mee thinketh, Hephestion, you are more melancholy then you were accustomed; but I perceiue it is all for Alexander. You can neither brooke this peace, nor my pleasure. Be of good cheare; though I winke, I sleepe not.

Hep. Melancholy I am not, nor well content; for, I know not how, there is such a rust crept into my bones with this long ease that I feare I shal not scowre it out with infinite labours.

Alex. Yes, yes; if all the trauails of conquering the world will set either thy body or mine in tune, wee will vndertake them. But what think you of Apelles? Did ye euer see any so perplexed? Hee neither aunswered directly to any question, nor looked stedfastly vppon anye thing. I hold my life the painter is in loue!

Hep. It may be; for commonly we see it incident in artificers to be inamoured of their own workes, as Archidamus of his woodden doue, Pigmalyon of his iuorie image, Arachne of his wodden swan; — especially painters, who playing with their owne conceits, now coueting to draw a glauncing eie, then a rolling, now a wincking, stil mending it, neuer ending it, til they be caught with it; and then, poore soules! they kisse the colours with their lippes, with which before they were loth to taint their fingers.

Alex. I wil finde it out. Page, goe speedely for Apelles. Wil him to come hither; and when you see vs earnestly in talke, sodenly cry out "Apelles shoppe is on fire!"

Page. It shalbe done.

Alex. Forget not your lesson.

[*Exit the Page.*]

Hep. I maruaile what your deuice shalbe.

Alex. The euent shall proue.

Hep. I pittie the poore painter if he be in loue.

Alex. Pittie him not. I pray thee, that seuere grauity set aside, what do you think of loue?

Hep. As the Macedonians doe of their hearbe beet, which, loking yellow in the ground, and blacke in the hand, thinke it better seene then toucht.

Alex. But what do you imagine it to be?

Hep. A word, by superstition thought a god, by vse turned to an humour, by selfwil made a flattering madnesse.

Alex. You are too hard-harted to think so of loue. Let vs go to Diogenes. Diogenes, thou maist think it somwhat that Alexander commeth to thee againe so soone.

Diog. If you come to learne, you could not come soone enough; if to laugh, you be come to soone.

Hep. It would better become thee to be more curteous, and frame thy selfe to please.

Diog. And you better to be lesse,[1] if you durst displease.

Alex. What dost thou think of the time we haue here?

Diog. That we haue little, and lose much.

Alex. If one be sick, what wouldest thou haue him do?

Diog. Be sure that he make not his phisition his heire.

Alex. If thou mightest haue thy wil, how much ground would content thee?

Diog. As much as you in the ende must be contented withall.

Alex. What? a world?

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[1] The song, for which the scene was mainly created, has been lost.

[1] Less courteous.

DIOG. No; the length of my body.

ALEX. Hephestion, shal I be a litle pleasant with him?

HEP. You may; but he will be very peruerse with you.

ALEX. It skilleth not; I cannot be angry with him. Diogenes, I pray thee what doost thou think of loue?

DIOG. A little worser then I can of hate.

ALEX. And why?

DIOG. Because it is better to hate the thinges whiche make to loue, then to loue the things which giue occasion of hate.

ALEX. Why, bee not women the best creatures in the world?

DIOG. Next men and bees.

ALEX. What dost thou dislyke chiefly in a woman?

DIOG. One thing.

ALEX. What?

DIOG. That she is a woman.

ALEX. In mine opinion thou wert neuer born of a woman that thou thinkest so hardly of women. But now commeth Apelles, who, I am sure is as far from thy thoght as thou art from his cunning. Diog[enes], I will haue thy cabin remoued nerer to my court, bicause I wilbe a philosopher.

DIOG. And when you haue done so, I pray you remoue your court further from my cabinne, because I wil not be a courtier.

[*From the studio enter Apelles accompanied by the Page.*]

ALEX. But here commeth Apelles. Apelles, what peece of worke haue you in hand?

APEL. None in hand, if it like your maiestie; but I am deuising a platforme [1] in my head.

ALEX. I think your hand put it in your head. Is it nothing about Venus?

APEL. No, but some thing aboue Venus!

PAGE [*shouting*]. Apelles! Apelles! looke about you! your shop is on fire!

APEL. Ay me! if the picture of Campaspe be burnt, I am vndone!

[*He starts to run; Alexander stops him.*]

ALEX. Stay, Apelles. No hast. It is your hart is on fire, not your shop; and if Camp[aspe] hang ther, I wold she were burnt! But haue you the picture of Campaspe? Belike you loue her wel that you care not thogh al be lost so she be safe.

APEL. Not loue her! — but your Maiestie knowes that painters in their last works are said to excel themselues; and in this I haue so much pleased my selfe that the shadow as much delighteth mee, being an artificer, as the substaunce doth others, that are amorous.

ALEX. You lay your colours grosely! Though I could not paint in your shop, I can spy into your excuse. Be not ashamed, Apelles; it is a gentlemans sport to be in loue. [*To the Page.*] Call hither Campaspe. [*Exit the Page.*] Me thinks I might haue bin made priuie to your affection; though my counsell had not bene necessary, yet my countenance [1] might haue bin thought requisite. But Apelles, forsooth, loueth vnder hand; yea, and vnder Alexanders nose! and — but I say no more.

APEL. Apelles loueth not so; but he liueth to do as Alexander will.

[*Enter Campaspe led in by the Page.*]

ALEX. Campaspe, here is newes! Apel[les] is in loue with you!

CAMP. It pleaseth your Maiestie to say so.

ALEX [*aside*]. Hephestion, I wil trye her to. — Campas[pe], for the good qualities I know in Apelles, and the vertue I see in you, I am determined you shal enioy one the other. How say you, Campaspe? would you say "I"?

CAMP. Your handmaid must obey, if you commaund.

ALEX. Think you not, Hephestion, that she wold faine be commaunded?

HEP. I am no thought catcher, but I gesse vnhappily.[2]

ALEX. I will not enforce mariage where I cannot compel loue.

CAMP. But your Maiestie may moue a question where you be willing to haue a match.

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[1] Scheme, outline, plan.

[1] Consent.

[2] I.e. she would be "unhappily" commanded.

Alex. Beleeue me, Hephestion, these parties are agreed! They would haue me both priest and witnesse! Apelles, take Campaspe. Why moue ye not? Campaspe, take Apelles. Wil it not be? If you be ashamed one of the other, by my consent you shal neuer come togeather. But dissemble not; Campaspe, do you loue Apelles?

Camp. Pardon, my lord, I loue Apelles.

Alex. Apelles, it were a shame for you, being loued so openly of so faire a virgin, to say the contrary. Doe you loue Campaspe?

Apel. Onely Campaspe!

Alex. Two louing wormes, Hephestion! I perceiue Alexander cannot subdue the affections of men, though he conquer their countries. Loue falleth like dew aswel vpon the low grasse as vpon the high cæder. Sparkes haue their heate, antes their gall, flyes their splene. Well, enioy one an other! I giue her thee franckly, Apelles. Thou shalt see that Alexander maketh but a toye of loue, and leadeth affection in fetters, vsing fancy[1] as a foole to make him sport, or a minstrell to make him mery. It is not the amorous glaunce of an eie can settle an idle thought in the heart. No, no; it is childrens game; a life for seamsters and scholers: the one, pricking in cloutes,[2] haue nothing els to thinke on, the other, picking fancies out of books, haue little els to meruaile at. Go, Apelles; take with you your Campaspe! Alexander is cloied with looking on that which thou wondrest at.

Apel. Thankes to your Maiestie on bended knee; you haue honoured Apelles!

Camp. Thankes, with bowed heart; you haue blessed Campaspe!

*Exeunt* [*Apelles and Campaspe*].

Alex. Page, goe warne Clitus and Parmenio and the other lordes to be in a readines. Let the trumpet sound! strike vp the drumme! and I will presently into Persia. How now, Hephestion? is Alexander able to resiste loue as he list?

Hep. The conquering of Thebes was not so honourable as the subdueing of these thoughts!

Alex. It were a shame Alexander should desire to commaund the world if he could not commaund himselfe. But come, let vs go. I wil try whether I can better beare my hand with my hart then I could with mine eie.[1] And, good Hephestion, when al the world is woone, and euery countrey is thine and mine, either find me out an-other to subdue, or, of my word, I wil fall in loue!

*Exeunt.*

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[1] Love.

[2] Sticking needles in cloths.

[1] Referring to the scene (III. iv. 160 70) in which he attempted to draw.

## THE EPILOGUE AT THE BLACKE-FRYERS

Where the rainebowe toucheth the tree, no caterpillers wil hang on the leaues; where the gloworm creepeth in the night, no addar wil goe in the day: we hope in the eares where our trauails be lodged, no carping shal harbour in those tongues. Our exercises must be as your iudgment is, resembling water, which is alwaies of the same colour into what it runneth.

In the Troaine horse lay couched soldiers with children; and in heapes of many words we feare diuerse vnfitte among some allowable. But, as Demosthenes with often breathing vp the hill amended his stammering, so wee hope with sundry labours against the haire [1] to correcte our studies. If the tree be blasted that blossomes, the faulte is in the wind and not in the roote; and if our pastimes be misliked that haue bin allowed,[2] you must impute it to the malice of others and not our endeuour. And so wee rest in good case, if you rest well content.

## THE EPILOGUE AT THE COURT

We cannot tell whether we are fallen among Diomedes birds or his horses; the one receiued some men with sweet notes, the other bitte al men with sharp teeth. But, as Homers gods conueied them into clouds whom they would haue kept from curses, and as Venus, least Adonis shuld be pricked with the stings of adders, couered his face with the winges of swans; so, we hope, being shielded with your Highnesse countenaunce, wee shall, though heare the neighing, yet not feele the kicking of those iades, and receiue, though no praise (which we cannot deserue) yet a pardon, — which in all humilytie we desire. As yet we cannot tell what we should tearme our labours, yron or bullyon; only it belongeth to your Majestie to make them fitte either for the forge, or the mint, currant by the stampe, or counterfeit by the anuil. For, as nothing is to be called whit[e] vnles it had bin named "white" by the firste creator, so can there be nothing thought good in the opinion of others vnlesse it be christened "good" by the iudgement of your selfe. For our selues againe, we are those torches — waxe, — of whiche, being in your highnesse handes, you may make doues or vultures, roses or nettles, lawrell for a garland, or elder for a disgrace.[3]

FINIS

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[1] Against the grain.

[2] Possibly this phrase was added after the play had been approved in the Court performance; or the allusion may be to the allowance by the Master of the Revels.

[3] Judas was supposed to have hanged himself on an elder-tree.

# XIII

# PLAYS OF THE PROFESSIONAL TROUPES

# A LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE[1]

## MIXED FULL OF PLESANT MIRTH, CONTAINING

# THE LIFE OF CAMBISES, KING OF PERCIA

## FROM THE BEGINNING OF HIS KINGDOME, VNTO HIS DEATH, HIS ONE GOOD DEEDE OF EXECUTION, AFTER THAT MANY WICKED DEEDES AND TYRANNOUS MURDERS, COMMITTED BY AND THROUGH HIM, AND LAST OF ALL, HIS ODIOUS DEATH BY GODS IUSTICE APPOINTED. DONE IN SUCH ORDER AS FOLLOWETH.

By THOMAS PRESTON

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[1] *Cambises*, though entered for publication in 1569, may have been written several years earlier, perhaps as early as 1560. It was obviously designed for performance by a traveling troupe of professional actors (six men and two boys), and for presentation on a bare platform-stage. I agree with Professor Manly (*The Cambridge History of English Literature*, vi, 321) that it is difficult to identify the author, Thomas Preston, with the distinguished scholar of the same name, a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, A.B. (1557), A.M. (1561), Proctor of his college (1568), and Master of Trinity Hall (1584). Our crude writer seems to have been one of the obscure poets, possibly an actor-playwright, who in the early days of the professional drama supplied troupes with manuscripts. The play, which won great and lasting favor, is interesting as showing the popular tastes in tragedy, and hence may be profitably compared with *Gorboduc*. It is also interesting for the fact that Shakespeare was familiar with its lines (possibly he acted one of its rôles), and frequently laughed at its gross absurdities

In 1569 John Alde entered the play in the Stationers' Registers, and then or shortly after published, without date, the first edition (A.); his son, Edward Alde, who succeeded to the business in 1584, issued the second edition (B.), also without date. I have reproduced the text of Edward Alde's edition from Farmer's photographic facsimile of the copy in the British Museum. I have, of course, modernized the punctuation, and I have added in brackets a few stage-directions. I do not know which copy of this edition Manly printed from, but his text shows some fifty or more different readings and spellings.

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Cambises, King of Persia.
Smirdis, brother of the king.
Sisamnes, the judge.
Otian, his son.
Praxaspes, a councellor.
Young Child, his son.
Lords,
Knights, } in attendance on the king.
Queen, wife of Cambises.
Waiting-maid, attending the queen.
Wife of Praxaspes.

Shame.
Ambidexter.
Councell.
Attendance.
Diligence.
Preparation.

Small Hability.
Commons Cry.
Commons Complaint.
Triall.
Proof.
Execution.
Cruelty.
Murder.

Huf,
Ruf, } ruffianly soldiers.
Snuf,
Meretrix, their companion.
Hob,
Lob, } clownish countrymen.
Marian-may-be-good, Hob's wife.

Venus.
Cupid.

The Scene: Persia.]

## THE DIUISION OF THE PARTS[1]

Councell
Huf
Praxaspes
Murder
Lob
The third Lord } For one man.

Lord
Ruf
Commons Cry
Commons Complaint
Lord Smirdis
Venus } For one man.

Knight
Snuf
Small Hability
Proof
Execution
Attendance
Second Lord } For one man.

Cambises
Epilogus } For one man.

Prologue
Sisamnes
Diligence
Crueltie
Hob
Preparation
The i Lord } For one man.

Ambidexter
Triall } For one man.

Meretrix
Shame
Otian
Mother
Lady
Queene } For one man.

Yong Child
Cupid } For one man.

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[1] This is printed on the title-page of the original edition. Since the last two parts were for boys, it will be observed that the play is constructed so that a troupe of six men and two boys could act it.

## [PROLOGUE]

*The Prologue entreth.*

Agathon, he whose counsail wise to princes weale[1] extended,
By good advice unto a prince three things he hath commended:
First is, that he hath government and ruleth over men;
Secondly, to rule with lawes, eke iustice, saith he, then;
Thirdly, that he must wel conceive he may not alwaies raigne.
Lo, thus the rule unto a prince Agathon squared plaine!
Tullie[2] the wise, whose sapience in volumes great doth tell,
Who in wisedome in that time did many men excel, —
"A prince," saith he, "is, of himselfe, a plaine and speaking law;
The law, a schoolmaister devine," — this by his rule I draw.
The sage and wittie Seneca his words therto did frame:
"The honest exercise of kings, men wil insue[3] the same;
But, contrariwise, if that a king abuse his kingly seat,
His ignomie and bitter shame in fine shalbe more great."
In Percia there raignd a king, who Cirus hight[4] by name,
Who did deserve, as I do read, the lasting blast of fame;
But he, when Sisters Three[5] had wrought to shere his vital threed,
As heire due, to take the crowne Cambises did proceed.
He in his youth was trained up by trace[6] of vertues lore;
Yet, being king, did cleane forget his perfect race before;
Then, cleaving more unto his wil, such vice did immitate
As one of Icarus his kind; forewarning then did hate,
Thinking that none could him dismay, ne none his fact[7] could see.
Yet at the last a fall he tooke, like Icarus to be.
Els, as the fish, which oft had take the pleasant bait from hooke,
In safe[8] did spring and pearce the streams when fisher fast[9] did looke
To hoist up from the watry waves unto the dried land,
Then skapte, at last by suttle bait come to the fishers hand;
Even so this King Cambises heere. When he had wrought his wil,
Taking delight the innocent his guiltlesse blood to spil,
Then mighty Iove would not permit to procecute offence,
But, what mesure the king did meat, the same did Iove commence,
To bring to end with shame his race. Two yeares he did not raign.
His cruelty we wil delate, and make the matter plaine.
Craving that this may suffice now your patience to win,
I take my way. Beholde, I see the players comming in.

FINIS

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[1] Welfare.
[2] Cicero.
[3] Follow.
[4] Was called.
[5] The three Fates, supposed to determine the length of a man's life.
[6] Course.
[7] Deed.
[8] In safety.
[9] Confidently.

# [A COMEDIE OF KING CAMBISES.][1]

*First enter Cambises, the king, Knight, [Lord], and Councell.*[2]

CAMB. My Counsaile grave and sapient, with lords of legall traine,
Attentive ears towards me bend, and mark what shalbe sain;
So you likewise, my valiant knight, whose manly acts doth flie
By brute of Fame, that sounding tromp doth perce the azur sky.
My sapient words, I say, perpend,[3] and so your skil delate!
You know that Mors[4] vanquished hath Cirus, that king of state,
And I, by due inheritance, possesse that princely crowne,
Ruling by sword of mighty force in place of great renowne.
You knowe, and often have heard tell, my fathers worthy facts, —
A manly Marsis[5] heart he bare, appearing by his acts.
And what? shall I to ground let fall my fathers golden praise?
No, no! I meane for to attempt this same more large to raise.
In that, that I, his sonne, succeed his kingly seat, as due,
Extend your councell unto me in that I aske of you: —
I am the king of Persia, a large and fertile soile;
The Egyptians against us repugne[6] as varlets slave and vile;
Therefore I mean with Marsis hart with wars them to frequent,
Them to subdue as captives mine, — this is my hearts intent;
So shall I win honors delight, and praise of me shall go.
My Councell, speake, and, lordings, eke: is it not best do so?

COUNC. O puisant king, your blisful words deserves abundant praise,
That you in this doo go about your fathers fame to raise.
O blisful day, that king so yoong such profit should conceive,
His fathers praise and his to win from those that wold deceive!
Sure, my true and soveraigne king, I fall before you prest,[1]
Answere to give, as dutie mine, in that your Grace request.
If that your heart adicted be the Egyptians to convince,[2]
Through Marsis aid the conquest wun, then deed of hapy prince
Shall pearce the skies unto the throne of the supernal seat,
And merite there a iust reward of Iupiter the Great.
But then your Grace must not turne backe from this pretenced will;
For to proceed in vertuous life imploy indevour stil;
Extinguish vice, and in that cup to drinke have no delight;
To martiall feats and kingly sport fix all your whole delight.

KING. My Councel grave, a thousand thanks with hart I do you render,
That you my case so prosperous intirely doo tender!
I wil not swerve from those your steps whereto you wold me train.
But now, my lord and valiant knight, with words give answer plain:
Are you content with me to go the Marsis games to try?

LORD. Yea, peerelesse prince! To aid your Grace my-selfe wil live and die.

KNIGHT. And I, for my hability, for feare will not turne backe,
But, as the ship against the rocks, sustaine and bide the wracke.

KING. O willing harts! A thousand thanks I render unto you!
Strik up your drums with corage great. We wil martch foorth even now!

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[1] This is the running-title, though the title-page calls the play "a lamentable Tragedie."
[2] B. Councellor.
[3] Weigh carefully.
[4] Death.
[5] Mars'.
[6] Offer resistance.

[1] Promptly.
[2] Overcome, conquer.

Counc. Permit, O king, few wordes to heer, — my duty serves no lesse;
Therefore give leave to Councel thine his mind for to expresse!
King. Speake on, my Councel; what it be, you shal have favor mine.
Counc. Then wil I speake unto your Grace as duty doth me bind.
Your Grace doth meane for to attempt of war the manly art;
Your Grace therein may hap receive, with others, for your part,
The dent of death, — in those affaires all persons are alike, —
The heart couragious often times his detriment doth seeke:
Its best therefore for to permit a ruler of your land
To sit and iudge with equity when things of right are skand.
King. My Grace doth yeeld to this your talke. To be thus now it shall.
My knight, therefore prepare your-selfe Sisamnes for to call:
A iudge he is of prudent skil; even he shal beare the sway
In absence mine, when from the land I do depart my way.
Knight. Your knight before your Grace even heer himselfe hath redy prest
With willing heart for to fulfill as your Grace made request.

*Exit* [*Knight*].

Counc. Pleaseth your Grace, I iudge of him to be a man right fit;
For he is learned in the law, having the gift of wit;
In your Graces precinct I do not view for it a meeter man.
His learning is of good effect — bring proofe thereof I can;
I doo not know what is his life, — his conscience hid from me;
I dout not but the feare of God before his eies to be.
Lord. Report declares he is a man that to himselfe is nie,[1]
One that favoureth much the world, and sets to much thereby.
But this I say of certainty: If hee your Grace succeed
In your absence but for a-while, he wil be warnd indeed
No iniustice for to frequent, no partiall iudge to proove,
But rule all things with equitie, to win your Graces love.
King. Of that he shall a warning have my heasts[1] for to obay;
Great punishment for his offence against him will I lay.

[*Enter Sisamnes.*]

Counc. Behold, I see him now agresse[2] and enter into place!
Sisam. O puissant prince and mighty king, the gods preserve your Grace!
Your Graces message came to me, your wil purporting forth;
With grateful mind I it receiv'd according to mine oath,
Erecting then my-selfe with speed before your Graces eies,
The tenor of your princely wil from you for to agnise.[3]
King. Sisamnes, this the whole effect the which for you I sent:
Our mind it is to elevate you to great preferment.
My Grace, and gracious Councel eke, hath chose you for this cause, —
In iudgement you do office beare, which have the skil in lawes,
We thinke that you accordingly by iustice rule wil deale,
That for offence none shal have cause, of wrong you to appeale.[4]
Sisam. Abundant thankes unto your Grace for this benignity!
To you, his Councel, in like case, with lords of clemency!
What-so your Grace to me permits, if I therein offend,
Such execution then commence — and use it to this end —
That all other, by that my deed, example so may take,
To admonish them to flee the same by feare it may them make!

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[1] Nigh (i.e. a man who is self-seeking).

[1] Commands.
[2] Approach.
[3] Learn.
[4] Accuse.

**King.** Then, according to your words, if you therein offend,
I assure you, even from my brest correction shall extend.
From Persia I meane to go into the Egypt land,
Them to convince by force of armes, and win the upper hand.
While I therefore absent shall be, I doe you full permit,
As governour in this my right, in that estate to sit,
For to detect, and eke correct, those that abuse my grace.
This is the totall of my wil. Give answere in this case!

**Sisam.** Unworthy much, O prince, am I, and for this gift unfit;
But, sith that it hath pleasd your Grace that I in it must sit,
I do avouch, unto my death, according to my skil,
With equity for to observe your Graces mind and wil,
And nought from it to swarve, indeed, but sincerely to stay —
Els let me tast the penalty, as I before did say.

**King.** Wel then, of this authoritie I give you ful possession.

**Sisam.** And I will it fulfil, also, as I have made profession.

**King.** My Councel, then let us depart a final stay to make;
To Egypt land now forth with speed my voyage will I take.
Strike up your drums, us to reioyce to hear the warlike sound.
Stay you heere, Sisamnes, iudge, and looke wel to your bound![1]

*Exeunt King, Lord, and Councell.*

**Sisam.** Even now the king hath me extold, and set me up aloft;
Now may I weare the bordred guard,[2] and lie in downe-bed soft;
Now may I purchase house and land, and have all at my wil;
Now may I build a princely place, my mind for to fulfil;
Now may I abrogate the law as I shall thinke it good;
If any-one me now offend, I may demaund his blood.
According to the proverbe old, my mouth I wil up-make.[1]
Now it doth lie all in my hand to leave, or els to take,
To deale with iustice to my [2] bound, and so to live in hope.
But oftentimes the birds be gone while one for nest doth grope.
Doo well or il, I dare avouch some evil on me wil speake.
No, truly — yet I do not meane the kings precepts to breake;
To place I meane for to returne my duty to fulfil.

*Exit.*

*Enter the Vice,* [*Ambidexter,*] *with an old capcase* [3] *on his head, an olde paile about his hips for harnes,*[4] *a scummer* [5] *and a potlid by his side, and a rake on his shoulder.*

**Amb.** Stand away! stand away! for the passion of God!
Harnessed I am, prepared to the field!
I would have bene content at home to have bod,
But I am sent forth with my speare and shield.
I am appointed to fight against a snaile,
And Wilken Wren the ancient [6] shal beare.
I dout not but against him to prevaile, —
To be a man my deeds shall declare!
If I overcome him, then a butter-flie takes his part.
His weapon must be a blew-specked hen;
But you shall see me overthrow him with a fart.
So, without conquest, he shal go home againe.
If I overcome him, I must fight with a flie;

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[1] Bond, agreement.
[2] Ornamental borders on garments.

[1] Please (as with something delicious); see Heywood's *Proverbs*.
[2] B. *me*.
[3] Box or chest; cf. hat-box.
[4] Knightly armor.
[5] A long ladle for removing scum from boiling liquids. This served for his sword, the potlid for his buckler, and the rake for his spear.
[6] Banner.

And a blacke-pudding the flies weapon must be.
At the first blow on the ground he shall lie;
I wil be sure to thrust him through the mouth to the knee!
To conquest these fellowes the man I wil play.
Ha, ha, ha! now ye wil make me to smile.
. . . . . . . . [1]
To see if I can all men beguile.
Ha! my name? My name would ye so faine know?
Yea, iwis, shal ye, and that with al speed! —
I have forgot it, therefore I cannot show.
A! a! now I have it! I have it, in-deed!
My name is Ambidexter. I signifie one
That with both hands finely can play;
Now with King Cambises, and by-and-by gone.
Thus doo I run this way, and that way.
For while I meane with a souldier to be,
Then give I a leape to Sisamnes the iudge, —
I dare avouch you shall his destruction see!
To all kinde of estates I meane for to trudge.
Ambidexter? Nay, he is a fellow, if ye knew all!
Cease for a while; heereafter heare more ye shall!

*Enter* [*as if prepared for the war*] *three ruffins, Huf, Ruf, and Snuf, singing.*

**Huf.** Gogs flesh and his wounds, these warres reioyce my hart!
By His wounds, I hope to doo well, for my part!
By Gogs hart! the world shall goe hard if I doo not shift;
At some olde carles [2] budget I meane for to lift.
**Ruf.** By His flesh, nose, eyes, and eares,
I will venter void of all cares!
He is not a souldier that doth feare any doubt
If that he would bring his purpose about.
**Snuf.** Feare that feare list, it shall not be I.
By Gogs wounds, I will make some Lecke stand awry!
If I loose my share, I sweare by Gogs hart,
Then let another take up my parte!
**Huf.** Yet I hope to come the richest souldier away.
**Ruf.** If a man aske ye, ye may hap to say nay.
**Snuf.** Let all men get what they can, not to leese I hope;
Wheresoever I goe, in eche corner I will grope.
**Amb.** What and ye run in the corner of some prittie maide?
**Snuf.** To grope there, good fellow, I will not be afraid.

[*They spy Ambidexter.*]

**Huf.** Gogs wounds, what art thou that with us doost mel?
Thou seemest to be a souldier, the truth to tel;
Thou seemest to be harnessed — I cannot tel how;
I thinke he came lately from riding some cow.
Such a deformed slave did I never see!
Ruf, doost thou know him? I pray thee, tel me!
**Ruf.** No, by my troth, fellow Huf, I never see him before!
**Snuf.** As for me, I care not if I never see him more.
Come, let us run his arse against the poste!
**Amb.** A, ye slaves! I will be with you at oste! [1]
Ah, ye knaves! I wil teach ye how ye shal me deride!

*Heere let him swinge them about.*

Out of my sight! I can ye not abide!
Now, goodman poutchmouth, I am a slave with you?
Now have at ye a-fresh, againe, even now!
Mine arse against the poste you will run?
But I wil make you from that saying to turn!
**Huf.** I beseech ye hartely to be content.
**Ruf.** I insure you, by mine honesty, no hurt we ment.

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[1] A line missing.

[2] Countryman's.

[1] Lie at the same inn with you; hence, be familiar with you.

Beside that, againe, we do not know what ye are.
Ye know that souldiers their stoutnes will declare;
Therefore, if we have any thing offended,
Pardon our rudenes, and it shalbe amended.
**Amb.** Yea, Gods pittie, begin ye to intreat me?
Have at ye once againe! By the masse, I will beat ye!

*Fight againe.*

**Huf.** Gogs hart, let us kill him! Suffer no longer!

*Draw their swords.*

**Snuf.** Thou slave, we will see if thou be the stronger!
**Ruf.** Strike of his head at one blow!
That we be souldiers, Gogs hart, let him know!
**Amb.** O the passion of God, I have doon! by mine honestie!
I will take your part heerafter, verily.
**All.** Then come, let us agree!
**Amb.** Shake hands with me, I shake hands with thee.
Ye are full of curtesie, that is the best.
And you take great paine, ye are a mannerly guest.
Why, maisters, doo you not know me? the truth to me tel!
**All.** No, trust us; not very well.
**Amb.** Why, I am Ambidexter, who[m] many souldiers doo love.
**Huf.** Gogs hart, to have thy company needs we must prove!
We must play with both hands, with our hostes and host,
Play with both hands, and score on the poste;[1]
Now and then, with our captain, for many a delay,
We wil not sticke with both hands to play.
**Amb.** The honester man, ye may me trust!

*Enter Meretrix, with a staffe on her shoulder.*

**Mer.** What! is there no lads heere that hath a lust
To have a passing trul to help at their need?
**Huf.** Gogs hart, she is come, indeed!
What, Mistres Meretrix, by His wounds, welcome to me!
**Mer.** What wil ye give me? I pray you, let me see.
**Ruf.** By His hart, she lookes for gifts by-and-by![1]
**Mer.** What? Maister Ruf? I cry you mercy!
The last time I was with you I got a broken head,
And lay in the street all night for want of a bed!
**Snuf.** Gogs wounds, kisse me, my trull so white![2]
In thee, I sweare, is all my delight!
If thou shouldst have had a broken head for my sake,
I would have made his head to ake!
**Mer.** What? Maister Ambidexter? Who looked for you?
**Amb.** Mistres Meretrix, I thought not to see you heere now.
There is no remedy, — at meeting I must have a kisse!
**Mer.** What, man, I wil not sticke for that, by Gisse!

*Kisse.*

**Amb.** So now, gramercy! I pray thee be gone!
**Mer.** Nay, soft, my freend; I meane to have one!

[*She kisses him.*]

Nay, soft! I sweare, and if ye were my brother,
Before I let go, I wil have another!

*Kisse, kisse, kisse.*

**Ruf.** Gogs hart, the whore would not kisse me yet!
**Mer.** If I be a whore, thou art a knave; then it is quit!
**Huf.** But hearst thou, Meretrix? With who this night wilt thou lye?
**Mer.** With him that giveth the most money.

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[1] The door-post in a tavern on which was scored up the reckonings of the guests.

[1] Immediately.

[2] Dear.

Huf. Gogs hart, I have no money in purse, ne yet in clout![1]
Mer. Then get thee hence and packe, like a lout!
Huf. Adieu, like a whore!

*Exit Huf.*

Mer. Farwell, like a knave!
Ruf. Gogs nailes, Mistres Meretrix, now he is gone,
A match ye shall make straight with me:
I wil give thee sixpence to lye one night with thee.
Mer. Gogs hart, slave, doost thinke I am a sixpeny iug?[2]
No, wis ye, Iack, I looke a little more smug!
Snuf. I will give her xviii pence to serve me first.
Mer. Gramercy, Snuf, thou art not the wurst!
Ruf. By Gogs hart, she were better be hanged, to forsake me and take thee!
Snuf. Were she so? that shall we see!
Ruf. By Gogs hart, my dagger into her I will thrust!
Snuf. A, ye boy, ye would doo it and ye durst!
Amb. Peace, my maisters; ye shall not fight.
He that drawes first, I will him smite.
Ruf. Gogs wounds, Maister Snuf, are ye so lusty?
Snuf. Gogs sides, Maister Ruf, are ye so crusty?
Ruf. You may happen to see!
Snuf. Doo what thou darest to me!

*Heer draw and fight. Heere she must lay on and coyle[3] them both; the Vice must run his way for feare; Snuf fling down his sword and buckler and run his way.*

Mer. Gogs sides, knaves! seeing to fight ye be so rough,
Defend yourselves, for I will give ye both inough!
I will teach ye how ye shall fall out for me!
Yea, thou slave, Snuf! no more blowes wilt thou bide?
To take thy heeles a time hast thou spied?
Thou villaine, seeing Snuf has gone away,
A little better I meane thee to pay!

*He falleth downe; she falleth upon him, and beats him, and taketh away his weapons.*

Ruf. Alas, good Mistres Meretrix, no more!
My legs, sides, and armes with beating be sore!
Mer. Thou a souldier, and loose thy weapon!
Goe hence, sir boy; say a woman hath thee beaten!
Ruf. Good Mistres Meretrix, my weapon let me have;
Take pittie on me, mine honestie to save!
If it be knowne this repulse I sustaine,
It will redound to my ignomy and shame.
Mer. If thou wilt be my man, and waite upon me,
This sword and buckler I wil give thee.
Ruf. I will doo all at your commaundement;
As servant to you I wilbe obedient.
Mer. Then let me see how before me you can goe.
When I speake to you, you shall doo so:
Of with your cap at place and at boord,[1] —
"Forsooth, Mistres Meretrix," at every word.
Tut! tut! in the campe such souldiers there be,
One good woman would beat away two or three!
Wel, I am sure customers tarry at home.
Manerly before, and let us be gone!

*Exeunt [with Ruf walking in advance as a gentleman-usher].*

*Enter Ambidexter.*

Amb. O the passion of God! be they heer still or no?
I durst not abide to see her beat them so!
I may say to you I was[2] in such a fright,[3]
Body of me, I see the heare of my head stand upright!
When I saw her so hard upon them lay on,
O the passion of God! thought I, she wil be with me anon!
I made no more[4] adoo but avoided the thrust,

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[1] In my clothes.
[2] Joan, woman of light fame.
[3] Beat.

[1] Table.
[2] B. *wis*.
[3] B. *flight*.
[4] B. *mare*.

And to my legs began for to trust;
And fell a-laughing to my-selfe, when I was once gone.
It is wisdome, quoth I, by the masse, to save one!
Then into this place I intended to trudge,
Thinking to meete Sisamnes the iudge.
Beholde where he commeth! I will him meet,
And like a gentleman I meane him to greet.

*Enter Sisamnes.*

**Sisam.** Since that the Kings Graces Maiestie in office did me set,
What abundance of wealth to me might I get!
Now and then some vantage I atchive; much more yet may I take,
But that I fear unto the king that some complaint will make.
**Amb.** Iesu, Maister Sisamnes, you are unwise!
**Sisam.** Why so? I pray thee let me agnise.
What, Master Ambidexter, is it you?
Now welcome to me, I make God a-vow!
**Amb.** Iesu, Maister Sisamnes, with me you are wel acquainted!
By me rulers may be trimly painted.
Ye are unwise if ye take not time while ye may;
If ye wil not now, when ye would ye shall have nay.
What is he that of you dare make exclamation,
Of your wrong-dealing to make explication?
Can you not play with both hands? and turn with the winde?
**Sisam.** Beleeve me, your words draw deepe in my minde.
In collour [1] wise unto this day, to bribes I have inclined;
More the same for to frequent, of truth I am now minded.
Beholde, even now unto me suters doo proceed.

[*Enter Small Habilitie.*]

**Sm. Hab.** I beseech you heer, good Maister Iudge, a poor mans cause to tender!
Condemne me not in wrongfull wise that never was offender.
You know right wel my right it is. I have not for to give.
You take away from me my due, that should my corps releeve.
The commons of you doo complaine from them you devocate;[1]
With anguish great and grevos words their harts do penetrate;
The right you sell unto the wrong, your private gain to win;
You violate the simple man, and count it for no sinne.
**Sisam.** Hold thy tung, thou pratling knave! and give to me reward,
Els, in this wise, I tell thee truth, thy tale wil not be heard.
Ambidexter, let us goe hence, and let the knave alone!
**Amb.** Farwell, Small Habilitie, for helpe now get you none;
Bribes hath corrupt him good lawes to polute.

*Exeunt* [*Sisamnes and Ambidexter*].

**Sm. Hab.** A naughty man, that will not obay the kings constitute!
With hevy hart I wil return, til God redresse my pain. *Exit.*

*Enter Shame, with a trump blacke,* [*sounding a blast*].

**Shame.** From among the grisly ghosts I come, from tirants testy train.
Unseemely Shame, of sooth, I am, procured to make plaine
The odious facts and shameles deeds that Cambises king doth use.
All pietie and vertuous life he doth it cleane refuse;
Lechery and drunkennes he doth it much frequent;
The tigers kinde to imitate he hath given full consent;
He nought esteems his Counsel grave ne vertuous bringing-up,
But dayly stil receives the drink of damned Vices cup;

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[1] In outward appearance.

[1] "Perhaps 'to make calls or demands,' if not a misprint for *derogate*." (*N.E.D.*)

He can bide no instruction, he takes so great delight
In working of iniquitie for to frequent his spight.
As Fame doth sound the royal trump of worthy men and trim,
So Shame doth blow with strained blast the trump of shame on him.

*Exit* [*blowing the trumpet*].

*Enter the King, Lord, Praxaspes, and Sisamnes.*

KING. My Iudge, since my departure hence, have you used iudgement right?
If faithful steward I ye finde, the same I wil requite.
SISAM. No doubt your Grace shal not once hear that I have done amis.
PRAX. I much reioyce to heare so good newes as this.

*Enter Commons Cry running in; speake this verse; and goe out againe hastily.*

COM. CRY. Alas! alas! how are the commons oppressed
By that vile iudge, Sisamnes by name!
I doo not know how it should be redressed!
To amend his life no whit he dooth frame.
We are undoone and thrown out of doore,
His damnable dealing dooth us so torment!
At his hand we can finde no releefe nor succour.
God graunt him grace for to repent!

*Run away crying.*

KING. What doleful cries be these, my l[ord], that sound do in mine eare?
Intelligence if you can give, unto your king declare.
To me it seemeth my commons al they doo lament and cry
Out of Sisamnes, iudge most cheefe, even now standing us by.
PRAX. Even so, O king, it seemd to me, as you rehearsall made.
I doubt the iudge culpable be in some respect or trade.[1]
SISAM. Redouted king, have no mistrust! No whit your minde dismay!
There is not one that can me charge, or ought against me lay.

*Enter Commons Complaint, with Proofe and Triall.*

COM. COMP. Commons Complaint I represent, with thrall of dolfull state.
My urgent cause erected foorth my greefe for to dilate.
Unto the king I wil prepare my miserie to tell,
To have releefe of this my greefe and fettered feet so fel.

[*Kneels before Cambises.*]

Redoubted prince and mighty king, myself I prostrat heere!
Vouchsafe, O king, with me to beare for this that I appeere!
With humble sute I pardon crave of your most Royall Grace,
To give me leave my minde to break before you in this place.
KING. Commons Complaint, keep nothing back! Fear not thy tale to tel.
What-ere he be within this land that hath not used thee wel,
As princes mouth shal sentence give, he shal receive the same.
Unfolde the secrets of thy brest, for I extinguish blame.
COM. COMP. God preserve your Royall Grace, and send you blisfull daies,
That all your deeds might stil accord to give the god[s] the praise!
My complaint is, O mighty king, against that iudge you by,
Whose careles deeds, gain to receive, hath made the commons cry.
He, by taking bribes and gifts, the poore he doth oppresse,
Taking releefe from infants yong, widows, and fatherles.
KING [*to Sisamnes*]. Untrustfull traitor and corrupt iudge, how likest thou this complaint?
Forewarning I to thee did give of this to make restraint.
And hast thou doon this divelish deed mine ire for to augment?

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[1] Course, way.

I sentence give, thou Iudas iudge. Thou shalt thy deed repent!
SISAM. O pusant prince, it is not so! His complaint I deny.
COM. COMP. If it be not so, most mighty king, in place then let me dye!
Behold that I have brought with me both Proof and Triall true,
To stand even heere, and sentence give what by him did insue.
PROOF. I, Proof, do him in this appeal:[1] he did the commons wrong;
Uniustly he with them hath delt, his greedy was so strong;
His hart did covet in to get, he cared not which way;
The poor did leese their due and right, because they want[2] to pay
Unto him for bribes, indeed, — this was his wanted use;
Whereas your Grace good lawes did make, he did the same abuse.
TRIALL. I, Triall, heer to verifie what Proof dooth now unfolde,
To stand against him in his wrong, as now I dare be bolde.
KING. How likest thou this, thou caitive vile? Canst thou the same deny?
SISAM. O noble king, forgive my fact![3] I yeeld to thy mercy.
KING. Complaint[4] and Proof, redresse will I all this your misery.
Depart with speed from whence you came; and straight commaund by me
The execution-man to come before my Grace with haste.
ALL. For to fulfill this your request no time we meane to waste.

*Exeunt they three.*

KING. My lord, before my Grace goe call Otian, this iudges sonne,
And he shal heare and also see what his father hath doon.
The father he shal suffer death, the sonne his roome succeed;
And, if that he no better prove, so likewise shall he speed.
PRAX. As your Grace hath commaundment given, I mean for to fulfil.

*Step aside and fetch him.*

KING. Accursed iudge, couldst thou consent to do this cursed ill?
According unto thy demaund, thou shalt, for this thy gilt,
Receive thy death before mine eyes. Thy blood it shalbe spilt.

[*Re-enter Praxaspes bringing in Otian.*]

PRAX. Beholde, O king, Sisamnes sonne before you doth appere.
KING. Otian, this is my minde, therefore to me come neere:
Thy father heer for iudgment wrong procured hath his death,
And thou, his son, shalt him succeed when he hath lost his breth;
And, if that thou dost once offend, as thou seest thy father have,
In like wise thou shalt suffer death No mercy shal thee save!
OTIAN. O mighty king, vouchsafe your grace my father to remit.
Forgive his fault. His pardon I doo aske of you as yet.
Alas! although my father hath your princely hart offended,
Amends for misse he wil now make, and faults shalbe amended.
In-stead of his requested life, pleaseth your Grace take mine!
This offer I as tender childe, so duty doth me binde.
KING. Doo not intreat my grace no more, for he shal dye the death!
Where is the execution-man him to bereave of breath?

*Enter Execution.*

EXEC. At hand, and if it like your Grace, my duty to dispatch,
In hope that I, when deede is doone, a good reward shall catch.
KING. Dispatch with sword this iudges life; extinguish fear and cares:
So doon, draw thou his cursed skin strait over both his eares.
I wil see the office done, and that before mine eyes.
EXEC. To doo the thing my king commaunds I give the enterprise.[1]

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[1] Accuse.
[2] Failed.
[3] Deed.
[4] B. *Complaints*.

[1] Readiness to engage in a task.

SISAM. Otian, my sonne, the king to death by law hath me condemned,
And you in roome and office mine his Graces wil hath placed;
Use iustice, therefore, in this case, and yeeld unto no wrong,
Lest thou do purchase the like death ere ever it be long.[1]
OTIAN. O father deer, these words to hear, — that you must dye by force, —
Bedews my cheeks with stilled teares. The king hath no remorce.
The greevous greefes and strained sighes my hart doth breake in twaine,
And I deplore, most woful childe, that I should see you slaine.
O false and fickle frowning dame, that turneth as the winde,
Is this the ioy in fathers age thou me assignest to finde?
O dolefull day, unhappy houre, that loving childe should see
His father deer before his face thus put to death should be!
Yet, father, give me blessing thine, and let me once imbrace
Thy comely corps in foulded arms, and kisse thy ancient face!
SISAM. O childe, thou makes my eyes to run, as rivers doo, by streame.
My leave I take of thee, my sonne. Beware of this my beame![2]
KING. Dispatch even now, thou man of death; no longer seem to stay!
EXEC. Come, M[aster] Sisamnes, come on your way.
My office I must pay; forgive therefore my deed.
SISAM. I doo forgive it thee, my freend; dispatch therefore with speed!

*Smite him in the neck with a sword to signifie his death.*

PRAX. Beholde, O king, how he dooth bleed, being of life bereft!
KING. In this wise he shall not yet be left.
Pull his skin over his eares[3] to make his death more vile.
A wretch he was, a cruell theefe, my commons to beguile!

*Flea him with a false skin.*

OTIAN. What childe[1] is he of natures mould could bide the same to see, —
His father fleaed in this wise? Oh, how it greeveth me!
KING. Otian thou seest thy father dead, and thou art in his roome:
If thou beest proud, as he hath beene, even thereto shalt thou come.
OTIAN. O king, to me this is a glasse: with greefe in it I view
Example that unto your Grace I deo not prove untrue.
PRAX. Otian, convay your father hence to tomb where he shall lye.
OTIAN. And if it please your lordship, it shall be done by-and-by.
Good execution-man, for need, helpe me with him away.
EXEC. I wil fulfill, as you to me did say.

*They take him away.*[2]

KING. My l[ord], now that my Grace hath seen that finisht is this deed,
To question mine give tentive eare, and answere make with speed:
Have not I doon a gratious deed, to redresse my commons woe?
PRAX. Yea, truely, if it please your Grace, you have indeed doon so.
But now, O king, in freendly wise I councel you in this, —
Certain vices for to leave that in you placed is:
The vice of drunkennes, Oh king, which doth you sore infect,
With other great abuses, which I wish you to detect.
KING. Peace, my lord! What needeth this? Of this I will not heare!
To pallace now I will returne, and thereto make good cheere.
God Baccus he bestows his gifts, we have good store of wine,
And also that the ladies be both passing brave and fine.

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[1] This line omitted in B.

[2] Distress, alluding to the cross. But cf. *N.E.D. beam*, sb.$^2$

[3] B. *eyes*.

[1] B. *thilde*.

[2] Since there were no stage-curtains, the actors had to make some provision for removing each "dead" player.

But stay! I see a lord now come, and eke a valiant knight.
What news, my lord? To see you heer my hart it doth delight.

*Enter Lord and Knight to meet the King.*

Lord. No news, O king; but of duty come to wait upon your Grace.
King. I thank you, my l[ord] and loving knight. I pray you with me trace.[1]
My lords and knight, I pray ye tel, — I wil not be offended, —
Am I worthy of any crime once to be reprehended?
Prax. The Persians much doo praise your Grace, but one thing discommend,
In that to wine subiect you be, wherein you doo offend.
Sith that the might of wines effect doth oft subdue your brain,
My counsel is, to please their harts from it you would refrain.
Lord [*to Praxaspes*]. No, no, my lord! it is not so! For this of prince they tel,
For vertuous proofe and princely facts Cirus he doth excel.
By that his Grace by conquest great the Egiptians did convince,
Of him report abroad doth passe to be a worthy prince.
Knight. In person of Cresus I answer make: we may not his Grace compare
In whole respect for to be like Cirus, the kings father,
In-so-much your Grace hath yet no childe as Cirus left behinde,
Even you I meane, Cambises king, in whom I favour finde.
King. Cresus said well in saying so. But, Praxaspes, tel me why
That to my mouth in such a sort thou should avouch a lye,
Of drunkenes me thus to charge! But thou with speed shalt see
Whether that I a sober king or els a drunkard be.
I know thou hast a blisfull babe, wherein thou doost delight;
Me to revenge of these thy words I wil go wreke this spight:
When I the most have tasted wine, my bow it shalbe bent, —
At hart of him even then to shoote is now my whole intent;
And, if that I his hart can hit, the king no drunkard is;
If hart of his I doo not kill, I yeeld to thee in this.
Therefore, Praxaspes, fetch to me thy yongest son with speed.
There is no way, I tell thee plaine, but I wil doo this deed!
Prax. Redoubted prince, spare my sweet childe. He is mine only ioy!
I trust your Grace to infants hart no such thing will imploy.
If that his mother hear of this, she is so nigh her flight,
In clay her corps wil soone be shrinde to passe from worlds delight.
King. No more adoe! Go fetch me him! It shalbe as I say.
And if that I doo speak the word, how dare ye once say nay?
Prax. I wil go fetch him to your Grace; but so, I trust, it shall not be!
King. For feare of my displeasure great, goe fetch him unto me.

[*Exit Praxaspes.*]

Is he gone? Now, by the gods, I will doo as I say!
My lord, therefore fill me some wine, I hartely you pray;
For I must drinke to make my braine somewhat intoxicate.
When that the wine is in my head, O, trimly I can prate!
Lord. Heere is the cup, with filled wine, thereof to take repast.
King. Give it me to drinke it off, and see no wine be wast.

*Drink.*

Once againe inlarge this cup, for I must tast it stil.[1]

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[1] Proceed, go.

[1] Shakespeare laughs at this scene in *I Henry IV*, II, iv: "Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein."

*Drink.*

By the gods, I think of plesant wine I cannot take my fill!
Now drink is in, give me my bow and arrows from sir knight;
At hart of childe I meane to shoot, hoping to cleve it right.
KNIGHT. Behold, O king, where he doth come, his infant yong in hand.

[*Re-enter Praxaspes, leading in the Child.*]

PRAX. O mighty king, your Grace behest with sorrow I have scand,
And brought my childe fro mothers knee before you to appeer,
And she thereof no whit doth know that he in place is heer.
KING. Set him up, my marke to be! I will shoot at his hart.
PRAX. I beseech your Grace not so to doo! Set this pretence a-part!
Farewel, my deer and loving babe! Come, kisse thy father deer!
A greevous sight to me it is to see thee slaine even heere.
Is this the gaine now from the king for giving councell good, —
Before my face with such despight to spil my sons hart-blood?
O heavy day to me this is, and mother in like case!
YONG CHILDE. O father, father, wipe your face;
  I see the teares run from your eye.
My mother is at home sowing of a band.
  Alas! deere father, why doo you cry?
KING. Before me as a mark now let him stand!
I wil shoot at him my minde to fulfill.
YONG CHILDE. Alas, alas, father, wil you me kill?
Good Master king, doo not shoot at me; my mother loves me best of all.

*Shoot.*

KING. I have despatched him! Down he doth fall!
As right as a line his hart I have hit.
Nay, thou shalt see, Praxaspes, stranger newes yet.
My knight, with speed his hart cut out and give it unto me.
KNIGHT. It shalbe doon, O mighty king, with all seleritie.
LORD. My lord Praxaspes, this had not been but your tung must be walking!
To the king of correction you must needs be talking!
PRAX. No correction, my lord, but councel for the best.

[*The knight presents the child's heart to the king.*]

KNIGHT. Heere is the hart, according to your Graces behest.
KING. Beholde, Praxaspes, thy sonnes owne hart! O, how well the same was hit!
After this wine to doo this deed I thought it very fit.
Esteem thou maist right well therby no drunkard is the king
That in the midst of all his cups could doo this valiant thing.
My lord and knight, on me attend; to pallace we will goe,
And leave him heer to take his son when we are gone him fro.
ALL. With al our harts we give consent to wait upon your Grace.

[*Exeunt all except Praxaspes.*]

PRAX. A wofull man, O Lord, am I, to see him in this case!
My daies, I deem, desires their end. This deed wil help me hence.
To have the blossoms of my feeld destroyed by violence!

*Enter Mother.*

[MOTHER.] Alas, alas! I doo heare tell the king hath kild my sonne!
If it be so, wo worth the deed that ever it was doone!
It is even so! My lord I see, how by him he dooth weepe.
What ment I, that from hands of him this childe I did not keepe?
Alas! husband and lord, what did you meane to fetch this childe away?
PRAX. O lady wife, I little thought for to have seene this day.

**Mother.** O blisful babe! O ioy of womb! Harts comfort and delight!
For councel given unto the king is this thy iust requite?
O hevy day and dolefull time, these mourning tunes to make!
With blubred eies, into mine armes from earth I wil thee take,
And wrap thee in mine apron white. But, oh my heavy hart!
The spiteful pangs that it sustains wold make it in two to part,
The death of this my sonne to see! O hevy mother now,
That from thy sweet and sugred ioy to sorrow so shouldst bow!
What greef in womb did I retain before I did thee see!
Yet at the last, when smart was gone, what ioy wert thou to me!
How tender was I of thy food, for to preserve thy state!
How stilled I thy tender hart at times early and late!
With velvet paps I gave thee suck with issue from my brest,
And danced thee upon my knee to bring thee unto rest.
Is this the ioy of thee I reap? O king, of tigers brood!
Oh tigers whelp, hadst thou the hart to see this childs hart-blood?
Nature inforseth me, alas! in this wise to deplore,
To wring my hands. O welaway, that I should see this houre!
Thy mother yet wil kisse thy lips, silk-soft, and pleasant white,
With wringing hands lamenting for to see thee in this plight!
My lording deer, let us goe home our mourning to augment.
**Prax.** My lady deer, with heavy hart to it I doo consent,
Between us both the childe to bere unto our lordly place.

*Exeunt* [*bearing the body*].

*Enter Ambidexter.* [*He addresses the audience.*]

**Amb.** Indeed, as ye say, I have been absent a long space.
But is not my cosin Cutpurse [1] with you in the meane-time?
To it! to it, cosin, and doo your office fine!
How like you Sisamnes for using of me?
He plaid with both hands, but he sped ilfavourdly!
The king himselfe was godly up trained;
He professed vertue — but I think it was fained.
He plaies with both hands, good deeds and ill;
But it was no good deed Praxaspes sonne for to kill.
As he for the good deed on the iudge was commended,
For all his deeds els he is reprehended.
The most evill-disposed person that ever was
All the state of his life he would not let passe —
Some good deeds he will doo, though they be but few:
The like things this tirant Cambises doth shew.
No goodnes from him to none is exhibited,
But still malediction abroad is distributed;
And yet ye shall see in the rest of his race
What infamy he will work against his owne grace.
Whist! no more words! heere comes the kings brother.

*Enter Lord Smirdis, with Attendance and Diligence.*

**Smir.** The kings brother by birth am I, issued from Cirus loynes;
A greefe to me it is to heare of this the king repines.[2]
I like not well of those his deeds that he dooth still frequent;
I wish to God that other waies his minde he could content.
Yong I am, and next to him; no moe of us there be.
I would be glad a quiet realme in this his reign to see.
**Att.** My lord, your good a[nd] [3] willing hart the gods wil recompence,

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[1] The audiences, crowded in the yard about the stage, were much troubled by pickpockets, as the early plays abundantly testify.
[2] Feels discontent. B. reads *kings repines.*
[3] Added by Manly.

In that your minde so pensive is for those his great offence.
My lord, his Grace shall have a time to paire and to amend.
Happy is he that can escape and not his Grace offend.
DIL. If that wicked vice he could refraine, from wasting wine forbere,
A moderate life he would frequent, amending this his square.
AMB. My lord, and if your Honor it shall please,
I can informe you what is best for your ease:
Let him alone, of his deeds doo not talke,
Then by his side ye may quietly walke;
After his death you shalbe king,
Then may you reforme eche kinde of thing;
In the meane-time live quietly, doo not with him deale; —
So shall it redound much to your weale.
SMIR. Thou saist true, my freend; that is the best.
I know not whether he love me or doo me detest.
ATT. Leane from his company all that you may.
I, faithfull Attendance, wil your Honor obay;
If against your Honor he take any ire,
His Grace is as like to kindle his fire
To your Honors destruction as otherwise.
DIL. Therefore, my lord, take good advise,
And I, Diligence, your case wil so tender
That to his Grace your Honor shalbe none offender.
SMIR. I thank you both, intire freends. With my Honor stil remaine.
AMB. Beholde where the king doth come with his train!

*Enter King, and a Lord.*

KING. O lording deer and brother mine, I ioy your state to see,
Surmising much what is the cause you absent thus from me.
SMIR. Pleaseth your Grace, no absence I, but redy to fulfill,
At all assaies, my prince and king, in that your Grace me will.
What I can doo in true defence to you, my prince, aright,
In readines I alwaies am to offer foorth my might.
KING. And I the like to you againe doo heer avouch the same.
ALL. For this your good agreement heer, now praised be Gods name!
AMB. [*to Smirdis*]. But heare ye, noble prince; harke in your eare:
It is best to doo as I did declare.
KING. My lord and brother Smirdis, now this is my minde and will:
That you to court of mine returne, and there to tary still
Till my returne within short space your Honor for to greet.
SMIR. At your behest so wil I doo till time againe we meet.
My leave I take from you, O king; even now I doo departe.

*Exeunt Smirdis, Attendance and Diligence.*

KING. Farwel, lord and brother mine! farwel with all my hart!
My lord, my brother Smerdis is of youth and manly might,
And in his sweet and pleasant face my hart doth take delight.
LORD. Yea, noble prince, if that your Grace before his Honor dye,
He wil succeede, a vertuous king, and rule with equitie.
KING. As you have said, my lord, he is cheefe heire next my Grace,
And, if I dye to-morrow, next he shall succeed my place.
AMB. And if it please your Grace, O king, I heard him say,
For your death unto the god[s] day and night he did pray;
He would live so vertuously and get him such a praise
That Fame by trump his due deserts in honor should upraise;
He said your Grace deserved had the cursing of all men;
That ye should never after him get any praise againe.
KING. Did he speake thus of my Grace in such despightful wise?
Or els doost thou presume to fill my princely eares with lyes?

LORD. I cannot think it in my hart that he would report so.
KING. How saist thou? Speake the truth: was it so or no?
AMB. I thinke so, if it please your Grace, but I cannot tell.
KING. Thou plaist with both hands, now I perceive well!
But, for to put al doubts aside, and to make him leese his hope,
He shall dye by dint of swoord or els by choking rope.
Shall he succeed when I am gone, to have more praise then I?
Were he father, as brother, mine, I swere that he shal dye!
To pallaice mine I will therefore, his death for to pursue.

*Exit [King with the Lord].*

AMB. Are ye gone? Straightway I will follow you.

*[Turning to the audience.]*

How like ye now, my maisters? Dooth not this geere cotten? [1]
The proverbe olde is verified: "soone ripe, and soone rotten!"
He wil not be quiet til his brother be kild;
His delight is wholly to have his blood spild.
Mary, sir, I tolde him a notable lye!
If it were to doo againe, I durst [not] doo it, I!
Mary, when I had doon, to it I durst not stand;
Thereby ye may perceive I use to play with eche hand.
But how now, cosin Cutpursse, with whom play you?
Take heed, for his hand is groping even now!
Cosin, take heed, if you doo secretly grope;
If ye be taken, cosin, ye must looke through a rope.

*Exit.*

*Enter Lord Smirdis alone.*

[SMIR.] I am wandring alone, heere and there to walke;
The Court is so unquiet, in it I take no ioy.
Solitary to my-selfe now I may talke.
If I could rule, I wist what to say.

*Enter Cruelty and Murder with bloody hands.*

CRUEL. My coequall partner, Murder, come away;
From me long thou maist not stay.
MURD. Yes, from thee I may stay, but not thou from me;
Therefore I have a prerogative above thee.
CRUEL. But in this case we must togither abide.
Come, come! Lord Smirdis I have spide.
Lay hands on him with all festination,[1]
That on him we may worke our indignation!

*[They lay hands upon him.]*

SMIR. How now, my freends? What have you to doo with me?
MURD. King Cambises hath sent us unto thee,
Commaunding us straightly, without mercy or favour,
Upon thee to bestow our behaviour,
With cruelty to murder you and make you away.
SMIR. Yet pardon me, I hartely you pray!
Consider, the king is a tirant tirannious,
And all his dooings be damnable and parnitious:
Favour me therfore; I did him never offend.
CRUEL. No favour at all! Your life is at an end!
Even now I strike, his body to wound.

*Strike him in divers places.*[2]

Beholde, now his blood springs out on the ground!

*A little bladder of vineger prickt.*[3]

MURD. Now he is dead, let us present him to the king.
CRUEL. Lay to your hand, away him to bring.

*Exeunt [bearing the body].*

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[1] Prosper, succeed.

[1] Speed.
[2] In B. this stage direction is opposite line 723.
[3] In B. this stage direction is opposite line 727.

*Enter Ambidexter.*

**Amb.** O the passion of God, yonder is a hevy Court!
Some weepes, some wailes — and some make great sport.
Lord Smirdis by Cruelty and Murder is slaine;
But, Iesus! for want of him how some doo complaine!
If I should have had a thousand pound I could not forbeare weeping.
Now Iesus have his blessed soule in keeping!
Ah good Lord! to think on him, how it dooth me greeve!
I cannot forbeare weeping, ye may me beleeve.

*Weep.*

O my hart! how my pulses doo beate,
With sorrowfull lamentations I am in such a heate!
Ah, my hart, how for him it doth sorrow!

[*He begins to laugh.*]

Nay, I have done, in faith, now. And God give ye good morrow!
Ha, ha! Weep? Nay, laugh, with both [1] hands to play!
The king through his cruelty hath made him away;
But hath not he wrought a most wicked deed,
Because king after him he should not proceed, —
His owne naturall brother, and having no more, —
To procure his death by violence sore?
In spight, because his brother should never be king,
His hart, being wicked, consented to this thing.
Now he hath no more brothers nor kinred alive.
If the king use this geere still, he cannot long thrive.

*Enter Hob and Lob.*

**Hob.** Gods hat, neighbour, come away! Its time to market to goe!
**Lob.** Gods vast,[1] naybor, zay ye zo?
The clock hath stricken vive, ich [2] think, by Laken!
Bum vay, vrom sleep cham not very well waken!
But, naybor Hob, naybor Hob, what have ye to zel?
**Hob.** Bum troth, naybor Lob, to you I chil tel:
Chave two goslings, and a chine of porke —
There is no vatter between this and Yorke; —
Chave a pot of strawberies, and a calves head —
A zennight zince,[3] to-morrow, it hath been dead.
**Lob.** Chave a score of egges, and of butter a pound;
Yesterday a nest of goodly yong rabits I vound;
Chave vorty things mo, of more and of lesse, —
My brain is not very good them to expresse.
But, Gods hat, naybor, wotst [4] what?
**Hob.** No, not wel, naybor; whats that?
**Lob.** Bum vay, naybor, maister king is a zhrode [5] lad!
Zo God help me, and holidam, I think the vool [6] be mad!
Zome zay he deale cruelly: his brother he did kill,
And also a goodly yung lads hart-blood he did spill.
**Hob.** Vorbod of God, naybor! Has he plaid zuch a volish deed?
**Amb.** Goodman Hob and goodman Lob, God be your speed!
As you two towards market doo walke,
Of the kings cruelty I did heare you talke:
I insure you he is a king most vile and parnitious, —
His dooings and life are odious and vicious.
**Lob.** It were a good deed zome-body would break his head.
**Hob.** Bum vay, naybor Lob, I chuld [7] he were dead!

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[1] B. *buth.*

[1] Fist.
[2] By this time the reader has learned to identify this brogue with the stage rustic.
[3] Sennight since.
[4] Knowest.
[5] Shrewd.
[6] Fool.
[7] I would.

**Amb.** So would I, Lob and Hob, with all my hart!
[*To the audience*] Now with both hands will you see me play my parte. —
A, ye whorson traitorly knaves,
Hob and Lob, out upon you, slaves!
**Lob.** And thou calst me knave, thou art another!
My name is Lob, and Hob my next naybor.
**Amb.** Hob and Lob! a, ye cuntry patches! [1]
A, ye fooles! ye have made wrong matches!
Ye have spoken treason against the kings Grace!
For it I will accuse ye before his face;
Then for the same ye shalbe martered.
At the least ye shalbe hangd, drawne, and quartered!
**Hob.** O gentleman, ye shal have two peare-pyes, and tel not of me!
**Lob.** By God, a vat gooce [2] chil give thee.
I think no hurt, by my vathers soule I zweare!
**Hob.** Chave lived wel all my life-time, my naybors among;
And now chuld be loth to come to zuch wrong —
To be hanged and quartered — the greefe would be great!
**Lob.** A foule evil on thee, Hob! Who bid thee on it treat?
Vor it was thou that first did him name.
**Hob.** Thou lyest like a varlet and thou zaist the zame!
It was zuch a foolish Lob as thou.
**Lob.** Speak many words, and, by Cods nailes [3] I vow,
Upon thy pate my staffe I will lay!
**Amb.** [*aside*]. By the masse, I will cause them to make a fray. —
Yea, Lob, thou saist true: all came through him.
**Lob.** Bum vay, thou Hob,[4] a little would make me thee [5] trim!
Give thee a zwap on thy nose till thy hart ake!
**Hob.** If thou darest, doo it! Els, man, cry creke! [6]
I trust, before thou hurt me,
With my staffe chil make a Lob of thee!

*Heer let them fight with their staves, not come neer an-other by three or foure yardes; the Vice set them on as hard as he can; one of their wives come out, and all to-beat the Vice; he run away.*

*Enter Marian-may-be-good, Hobs wife, running in with a broome, and parte them.*

**Marian.** O the body of me! husband Hob, what meane ye to fight?
For the passion of God, no more blowes smite!
Neighbours and freends so long, and now to fall out?
What! in your age to seeme so stout?
If I had not parted ye, one had kild another.
**Lob.** I had not cared, I swere by Gods Mother!
**Marian.** Shake hands againe at the request of me;
As ye have been freends, so freends still be.
**Hob.** Bum troth, cham content and zaist word, neighbour Lob.
**Lob.** I am content; agreed, neighbor Hob!

*Shake hands and laugh hartily one at another.*

**Marian.** So, get you to market; no longer stay.
And with yonder knave let me make a fray.
**Hob.** Content, wife Marian; chill doo as thou doost say.
But busse me, ich pray thee, at going away!

*Exeunt Hob, Lob.*

**Marian.** Thou whorson knave, and prickeard boy, why didst thou let them fight?
If one had kild another heer, couldst thou their deaths requite?
It beares a signe by this thy deed a cowardly knave thou art,
Els wouldst thou draw that weapon thine, like a man,[1] them to parte.
**Amb.** What, Marian-may-be-good, are you come prattling?
Ye may hap get a box on the eare with your talking!
If they had kild one another, I had not cared a pease.

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[1] Fools. [2] Goose.
[3] By God's nails. [4] B. *Hod.* [5] B. *ye.*
[6] Confess yourself beaten; give up.

[1] B. *knaue.*

*Heer let her swinge him in her brome; she gets him down, and he her down, — thus one on the top of another make pastime.*

MARIAN. A, villain! my-selfe on thee I must ease!
Give me a box on the eare? that will I try.
Who shalbe maister, thou shalt see by-and-by!
AMB. O, no more! no more, I beseech you hartily!
Even now I yeeld, and give you the maistry.

*Run his way out while she is down.*

MARIAN. A, thou knave! doost thou throw me down and run thy [1] way?
If he were heere againe, oh, how I would him pay!
I will after him; and, if I can him meet,
With these my nailes his face I wil greet.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Venus leading out her sonne, Cupid, blinde: he must have a bow and two shafts, one headed with golde and th' other headed with lead.*

VENUS. Come foorth, my sonne. Unto my words attentive eares resigne;
What I pretend, see you frequent, to force this game of mine.
The king a kinswoman hath, adornd with beauty store;
And I wish that Dianas gifts they twain shal keep no more,
But use my silver sugred game their ioyes for to augment.
When I doo speak, to wound his hart, Cupid my son, consent.
And shoot at him the shaft of love that beares the head of golde,
To wound his hart in lovers wise, his greefe for to unfolde.
Though kin she be unto his Grace, that nature me expell,
Against the course thereof he may in my game please me wel.
Wherfore, my sonne, doo not forget; forthwith pursue the deed!
CUPID. Mother, I meane for to obay as you have whole decreed;
But you must tel me, mother deere, when I shal arrow draw,
Els your request to be attaind wil not be worth a straw;
I am blinde and cannot see, but stil doo shoot by gesse, —
The poets wel, in places store, of my might doo expresse.
VENUS. Cupid my son, when time shall serve that thou shalt do this deed,
Then warning I to thee wil give; but see thou shoot with speed.

*Enter a Lord, a Lady, and a Waiting-maid.*

LORD. Lady deer, to king a-kin, forthwith let us proceed
To trace abroad the beauty feelds, as erst we had decreed.
The blowing buds whose savery sents our sence wil much delight,
The sweet smel of musk white-rose to please the appetite,
The chirping birds whose pleasant tunes therein shal hear record,[1]
That our great ioy we shall it finde in feeld to walk abroad,
On lute and cittern there to play a heavenly harmony:
Our eares shall heare, hart to content, our sports to beautify.
LADY. Unto your words, most comely lord, my-selfe submit doo I;
To trace with you in feeld so green I meane not to deny.

*Heere trace up and downe playing* [*on the lute and cittern*].

MAID. And I, your waiting-maid, at hand with diligence will be,
For to fulfil with hart and hand, when you shal commaund me.

*Enter King, Lord, and Knight.*

KING. Come on, my lord and knight; abroad our mirth let us imploy.
Since he is dead, this hart of mine in corps I feel it ioy.
Should brother mine have raigned king when I had yeelded breth?

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[1] B. *the.*

[1] Warble.

A thousand brothers I rather had to put them all to death.
But, oh beholde, where I doo see a lord and lady faire!
For beauty she most worthy is to sit in princes chaire.
Venus. Shoot forth, my son! Now is the time that thou must wound his hart.
Cupid. Content you, mother; I will doo my parte.

*Shoote there; and goe out, Venus and Cupid.*

King. Of truth, my lord, in eye of mine all ladies she doth excell.
Can none reporte what dame she is, and to my Grace it tell?
Lord. Redouted prince, pleaseth your Grace, to you she is a-kin,
Cosin-iarmin,[1] nigh of birth, by mothers side come in.
Knight. And that her waiting-maiden is, attending her upon.
He is a lord of princes court, and wil be there anon.
They sport themselves in pleasant feeld, to former used use.
King. My lord and knight, of truth I speak: my hart it cannot chuse
But with my lady I must speake and so expresse my minde.

[*He calls to the lady and her attendants.*]

My lord and ladyes, walking there, if you wil favour finde,
Present your-selves unto my Grace, and by my side come stand.
First Lord. We wil fulfil, most mighty king, as your Grace doth commaund.
King. Lady deere, intelligence my Grace hath got of late,
You issued out of mothers stocke and kin unto my state.
According to rule of birth you are cosin-iarmin mine;
Yet do I wish that farther of this kinred I could finde;
For Cupid he, that eylesse boy, my hart hath so enflamed
With beauty you me to content the like cannot be named;
For, since I entred in this place and on you fixt mine eyes,
Most burning fits about my hart in ample wise did rise.
The heat of them such force doth yeeld, my corps they scorch, alas!
And burns the same with wasting heat, as Titan doth the gras.
And, sith this heat is kindled so and fresh in hart of me,
There is no way but of the same the quencher you must be.
My meaning is that beauty yours my hart with love doth wound;
To give me love minde to content; my hart hath you out found;
And you are she must be my wife, els shall I end my daies.
Consent to this — and be my queen, to weare the crown with praise!
Lady. If it please your Grace, O mighty king, you shall not this request.
It is a thing that Natures course doth utterly detest,
And high it would the god[s] displease, — of all that is the woorst.
To graunt your Grace to marry so, it is not I that durst.
Yet humble thanks I render now unto you, mighty king,
That you vouchsafe to great estate so gladly would me bring.
Were it not it were offence, I would it not deny,
But such great honor to atchive my hart I would apply.
Therefore, O king, with humble hart in this I pardon crave;
My answer is: in this request your minde ye may not have.
King. May I not? Nay, then, I will! by all the gods I vow!
And I will mary thee as wife. This is mine answere now!
Who dare say nay what I pretend? Who dare the same withstand
Shal lose his head, and have reporte as traitor through my land.
There is no nay. I wil you have, and you my queene shalbe!
Lady. Then, mighty king, I crave your Grace to heare the words of me:

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[1] Cousin-german.

Your councel take of lordings wit, the lawes aright peruse;
If I with safe may graunt this deed, I will it not refuse.
KING. No, no! What I have said to you, I meane to have it so.
For councel theirs I mean not, I, in this respect to goe;
But to my pallaice let us goe, the mariage to prepare;
For, to avoid my wil in this, I can it not forbeare.
LADY. O God, forgive me, if I doo amisse!
The king by compultion inforceth me this.
MAID. Unto the gods for your estate I will not cease to pray,
That you may be a happy queen, and see most ioyfull day.
KING. Come on, my lords; with gladsome harts let us reioyce with glee!
Your musick shew to ioy this deed at the request of me!
BOTH. For to obey your Graces words our Honors doo agree.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Ambidexter.*

AMB. O the passion of me! Mary, as ye say, yonder is a royal court!
There is triumphing, and sporte upon sporte,
Such loyall lords, with such lordly exercise,
Frequenting such pastime as they can devise,
Running at tilt, iusting, with running at the ring,
Masking and mumming, with eche kinde of thing,
Such daunsing, such singing, with musicall harmony, —
Beleeve me, I was loth to absent their company.
But wil you beleeve? Iesu, what hast they made till they were maried!
Not for a milion of pounds one day longer they would have tar[i]ed!
Oh! there was a banquet royall and superexcellent!
Thousands and thousands at that banquet was spent.
I muse of nothing but how they can be maried so soone;
I care not if I be maried before to-morrow at noone,
If mariage be a thing that so may be had.

[*To one in the audience.*]

How say you, maid? to marry me wil ye be glad?
Out of doubt, I beleeve it is some excellent treasure, —
Els to the same belongs abundant pleasure.
Yet with mine eares I have heard some say:
"That ever I was maried, now cursed be the day!"
Those be they [that] [1] with curst wives be matched.
That husband for haukes meat [2] of them is up-snatched,
Head broke with a bedstaffe, face all to-be-scratched,
"Knave!" "slave!" and "villain!" a coylde [3] cote now and than, —
When the wife hath given it, she wil say, "Alas, good man!"
Such were better unmarried, my maisters, I trow,
Then all their life after be matched with a shrow.

*Enter Preparation.*

PREP. With speed I am sent all things to prepare,
My message to doe as the king did declare.
His Grace doth meane a banquet to make,
Meaning in this place repast for to take.
Wel, the cloth shalbe laid, and all things in redines,
To court to return, when doon is my busines.
AMB. A proper man and also [a] [4] fit
For the kings estate to prepare a banquet!
PREP. What, Ambidexter? Thou art not unknowen!
A mischeefe on all good faces, so that I curse not mine owne!
Now, in the knaves name, shake hands with me.

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[1] B. omits; supplied from A.
[2] Hawk's meat, something snatched up greedily.
[3] Beaten.
[4] Supplied from A.

**Amb.** Wel said, goodman pouchmouth; your reverence I see.
I will teach ye, if your manners no better be!
A, ye slave! the king doth me a gentleman allow;
Therefore I looke that to me ye should bow.

*Fight.*

**Prep.** Good Maister Ambidexter, pardon my behaviour;
For this your deeds you are a knave, for your labour!
**Amb.** Why, ye stale counterly[1] villain, nothing but "knave"?

*Fight.*

**Prep.** I am sorry your maistership offended I have;
Shake hands, that betweene us agreement may be.
I was over-shot with my-selfe, I doo see.
Let me have your helpe this furniture to provide.
The king from this place wil not long abide.

*Set the fruit on the boord.*

**Amb.** Content; it is the thing that I would wish.
I my-selfe wil goe fetch one dish.

*Let the Vice fetch a dish of nuts, and let them fall in the bringing of them in.*

**Prep.** Clenly, Maister Ambidexter; for faire on the ground they lye.
**Amb.** I will have them up againe by-and-by.
**Prep.** To see all in redines I will put you in trust;
There is no nay, to the court needs I must.

*Exit Preparation.*

**Amb.** Have ye no doubt but all shalbe wel.
Mary, sir, as you say, this geer dooth excell!
All things is in a readines, when they come hither, —
The kings Grace and the queene both togither.

[*To the audience.*]

I beseech ye, my maisters, tell me, is it not best
That I be so bolde as to bid a guest?
He is as honest a man as ever spurd cow, —
My cosin Cutpursse, I meane; I beseech ye, iudge you.
Beleeve me, cosin, if to be the kings guest ye could be taken,
I trust that offer will never be forsaken.
But, cosin, because to that office ye are not like to come,
Frequent your exercises — a horne on your thum,[1]
A quick eye, a sharpe knife, at hand a receiver.
But then take heed, cosin, ye be a clenly convayour.
Content your-selfe, cosin; for this banquet you are unfit,
When such as I at the same am unworthy to sit.

*Enter King, Queene, and his traine.*

**King.** My queen and lords, to take repast, let us attempt the same.
Heer is the place; delay no time, but to our purpose frame.
**Queene.** With willing harts your whole behest we minde for to obay.
**All.** And we, the rest of princes traine, will doo as you doo say.

*Sit at the banquet.*

**King.** Me think mine eares doth wish the sound of musicks harmony;
Heer, for to play before my Grace, in place I would them spy.

*Play at the banquet.*

**Amb.** They be at hand, sir, with sticke and fiddle;
They can play a new daunce, called Hey-diddle-diddle.
**King.** My queene, perpend. What I pronounce, I wil not violate,

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[1] Referring to the Counter (prison); jail-bird.

[1] A casing of horn was worn over the thumb by the cutpurse, apparently to resist the sharp edge of the knife in cutting purses. *Horn-thumb* became a cant-term for a cutpurse.

But one thing which my hart makes glad I minde to explicate: [1]
You know in court uptrained is a lyon very yong;
Of one litter two whelps [2] beside, as yet not very strong.
I did request one whelpe to see and this yong lyon fight;
But lion did the whelpe convince by strength of force and might.
His brother whelpe, perceiving that the lion was too good,
And he by force was like to see the other whelp his blood,
With force to lyon he did run, his brother for to helpe.
A wonder great it was to see that freendship in a whelpe!
So then the whelps between them both the lyon did convince.
Which thing to see before mine eyes did glad the hart of prince.

*At this tale tolde, let the Queene weep.*

**Queene.** These words to heare makes stilling teares issue from christall eyes.[3]
**King.** What, doost thou meane, my spouse? to weep for losse of any prise?
**Queene.** No, no, O king; but, as you see, freendship in brothers whelp:
When one was like to have repulse, the other yeelded helpe.
And was this favour shewd in dogs, to shame of royall king?
Alack, I wish these eares of mine had not once heard this thing!
Even so should you, O mighty king, to brother beene a stay,
And not, without offence to you, in such wise him to slay.
In all assaies it was your part his cause to have defended,
And, who-so-ever had him misused, to have them reprehended.
But faithfull love was more in dog then it was in your Grace.
**King.** O cursed caitive, vicious and vile! I hate thee in this place!
This banquet [now] [1] is at an end; take all these things away.
Before my face thou shalt repent the words that thou dost say.
O wretch most vile! didst thou the cause of brother mine so tender
The losse of him should greeve thy hart, — he being none offender?
It did me good his death to have — so will it to have thine!
What freendship he had at my hands, the same even thou shalt finde.
I give consent, and make a-vow, that thou shalt dye the death!
By Cruels sword and Murder fel even thou shalt lose thy breth.
Ambidexter, see with speed to Cruelty ye goe;
Cause him hither to approche, Murder with him also.
**Amb.** I am redy for to fulfil,
If that it be your Graces will.[2]
**King.** Then nought oblight [3] my message given; absent thy-selfe away.
**Amb.** Then in this place I will no longer stay.
[*whispering to the Queen*] If that I durst, I would mourne your case;
But, alas! I dare not, for feare of his Grace.
*Exit Ambidex.*

**King.** Thou cursed Iill! by all the gods I take an othe and sweare,
That flesh of thine these hands of mine in peeces small could tere!
But thou shalt dye by dent of sword: there is no freend ne fee
Shall finde remorce at princes hand to save the life of thee!
**Queene.** O mighty king and husband mine, vouchsafe to heare me speak,
And licence give to spouse of thine her patient minde to breake.
For tender love unto your Grace my words I did so frame;
For pure love doth hart of king me violate and blame.

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[1] Explain, unfold.
[2] Dogs were often pitted against animals, especially bears, in England.
[3] Shakespeare gives an amusing parody of this scene in *I Henry IV*, II, iv.

[1] Supplied by Manly.
[2] B. has lines 1052–53 as one. I follow Manly's division.
[3] Forget.

And to your Grace is this offence that I should purchase death?
Then cursed time that I was queene to shorten this my breth!
Your Grace doth know by mariage true I am your wife and spouse,
And one to save anothers helth at trothplight made our vowes;
Therefore, O king, let loving queen at thy hand finde remorse,
Let pitie be a meane to quench that cruell raging force,
And pardon, plight from princes mouth, yeeld grace unto your queen,
That amity with faithfull zeal may ever be us between.

**King.** A, caitive vile! to pitie thee my hart it is not bent;
Ne yet to pardon your offence it is not mine intent.

**First Lord.** Our mighty prince, with humble sute of your Grace this I crave,
That this request it may take place, your favour for to have.
Let mercy yet aboundantly the life of queen preserve,
Sith she in most obedient wise your Graces will doth serve.
As yet your Grace but while with her hath had cohabitation,
And sure this is no desert[1] why to yeeld her indignation.
Therefore, O king, her life prolong, to ioy her daies in blisse!

**Second Lord.** Your Grace shal win immortall fame in graunting unto this.
She is a queene whose goodly hue[2] excelles the royall rose,
For beauty bright Dame Nature she a large gift did dispose.
For comelines who may compare? Of all she beares the bell.[3]
This should give cause to move your Grace to love her very wel.
Her silver brest in those your armes to sing the songs of love, —
Fine qualities most excellent to be in her you prove;
A precious pearle of prise to prince, a iewell passing all!
Therefore, O king, to beg remorce on both my knees I fall;
To graunt her grace to have her life, with hart I doo desire.

**King.** You villains twain! with raging force ye set my hart on fire!
If I consent that she shall dye, how dare ye crave her life?
You two to aske this at my hand dooth much inlarge my strife.
Were it not for shame, you two should dye, that for her life do sue!
But favour mine from you is gone; my lords, I tell you true.
I sent for Cruelty of late; if he would come away,
I would commit her to his hands his cruell part to play.
Even now I see where he dooth come; it dooth my hart delight.

*Enter Cruelty and Murder.*

**Cruel.** Come, Murder, come; let us goe foorth with might;
Once againe the kings commaundement we must fulfill.

**Murd.** I am contented[1] to doo it with a good will.

**King.** Murder and Cruelty, for both of you I sent,
With all festination[2] your offices to frequent.
Lay holde on the queene; take her to your power,
And make her away within this houre!
Spare for no feare; I doo you full permit.
So I from this place doo meane for to flit.[3]

**Both.** With couragious harts, O king, we will obay.

**King.** Then come, my lords, let us departe away.

**Both the Lords.** With hevy harts we will doo all your Grace dooth say.

*Exeunt King and Lord*[s].

**Cruel.** Come, lady and queene; now are you in our handling;
In faith, with you we will use no dandling.

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[1] Deserving.
[2] Complexion.
[3] Takes precedence.

[1] B. *contended.*
[2] Speed.
[3] Betake myself.

Murd. With all expedition I, Murder, will take place;
Though thou be a queene, ye be under my grace.
Queene. With patience I will you both obay.[1]
Cruel. No more woords, but goe with us away!
Queene. Yet, before I dye, some psalme to God let me sing.
Both. We be content to permit you that thing.
Queene. Farwell, you ladies of the court,
  With all your masking hue!
I doo forsake these brodered gardes [2]
  And all the fashions new,
The court and all the courtly train
  Wherin I had delight;
I banished am from happy sporte,
  And all by spitefull spite;
Yet with a ioyfull hart to God
  A psalme I meane to sing,
Forgiving all [men] [3] and the king
  Of eche kinde of thing.

*Sing,[4] and exeunt.*

*Enter Ambidexter weeping.*

Amb. A, a, a, a! I cannot chuse but weepe for the queene!
Nothing but mourning now at the court there is seene.
Oh, oh! my hart, my hart! O, my bum will break!
Very greefe so torments me that scarce I can speake.
Who could but weep for the losse of such a lady?
That cannot I doo, I sweare by mine honestie.
But, Lord! so the ladies mourne, crying "Alack!"
Nothing is worne now but onely black:
I beleeve all [the] [5] cloth in Watling Street to make gowns would not serve, —
If I make a lye, the devill let ye sterve!
All ladyes mourne, both yong and olde;
There is not one that weareth a points woorth of golde.
There is a sorte for feare for the king doo pray
That would have him dead, by the masse, I dare say.
What a king was he that hath used such tiranny!
He was akin to Bishop Bonner,[1] I think verily!
For both their delights was to shed blood,
But never intended to doo any good.
Cambises put a iudge to death, — that was a good deed, —
But to kill the yong childe was worse to proceed,
To murder his brother, and then his owne wife, —
So help me God and holidom, it is pitie of his life!
Heare ye? I will lay twenty thousand pound
That the king himselfe dooth dye by some wound;
He hath shed so much blood that his will be shed.
If it come to passe, in faith, then he is sped.

*Enter the King, without a gowne, a swoord thrust up into his side, bleeding.*

King. Out! alas! What shal I doo? My life is finished!
Wounded I am by sodain chaunce; my blood is minished.
Gogs hart, what meanes might I make my life to preserve?
Is there nought to be my helpe? nor is there nought to serve?
Out upon the court, and lords that there remaine!
To help my greefe in this my case wil none of them take paine?
Who but I, in such a wise, his deaths wound could have got?
As I on horseback up did leap, my sword from scabard shot,
And ran me thus into the side — as you right well may see.

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[1] B. interchanges this word and its rhyme-mate *away*.
[2] Ornamental borders on garments.
[3] Supplied by Manly.
[4] The song is lost.
[5] Supplied by Hazlitt.

[1] Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London, who, by his cruel persecution of Protestant martyrs during Queen Mary's Reign, became odious.

A marvels chaunce unfortunate, that in this wise should be!
I feele my-selfe a-dying now; of life bereft am I;
And Death hath caught me with his dart, for want of blood I spy.
Thus, gasping, heer on ground I lye; for nothing I doo care.
A iust reward for my misdeeds my death doth plaine declare.

*Heere let him quake and stir.*

**Amb.** How now, noble king? Pluck up your hart!
What! will you dye, and from us depart?
Speake to me and ye be alive!
He cannot speak. But beholde, how with Death he doth strive.

[*The king dies.*]

Alas, good king! Alas, he is gone!
The devill take me if for him I make any mone.
I did prognosticate of his end, by the masse!
Like as I did say, so is it come to passe.
I wil be gone. If I should be found heere,
That I should kill him it would appeer.
For feare with his death they doo me charge,
Farwell, my maisters, I will goe take barge;
I meane to be packing; now is the tide;
Farwell, my maisters, I will no longer abide!

*Exit Ambidexter.*

*Enter three Lords.*

**First Lord.** Beholde, my lord[s], it is even so as he to us did tell!
His Grace is dead, upon the ground, by dint of sword most fel.

**Second Lord.** As he in saddle would have lept, his sword from sheath did goe,
Goring him up into the side, — his life was ended so.

**Third Lord.** His blood so fast did issue out that nought could him prolong;
Yet, before he yeelded up the ghost, his hart was very strong.

**First Lord.** A iust reward for his misdeeds the God above hath wrought,
For certainly the life he led was to be counted nought.

**Second Lord.** Yet a princely buriall he shall have, according to his estate;
And more of him heere at this time we have not to dilate.

**Third Lord.** My lords, let us take him up, and carry him away!

**Both.** Content we are with one accord to doo as you doo say.

*Exeunt all* [*bearing out the body of Cambises*].

# EPILOGUE

Right gentle audience, heere have you perused
The tragicall history of this wicked king.
According to our duty, we have not refused,
But to our best intent exprest everything.
We trust none is offended for this our dooing.
Our author craves likewise, if he have squared amisse,
By gentle admonition to know where the fault is.

His good will shall not be neglected to amend the same.
Praying all to beare, therefore, with this simple deed
Untill the time serve a better he may frame.
Thus yeelding you thanks, to end we decreed
That you so gently have [1] suffered us to proceed,
In such patient wise as to heare and see.
We can but thank ye therfore; we can doo no more, we!

As duty bindes us, for our noble Queene let us pray,
And for her Honorable Councel, the truth that they may use,
To practise iustice and defend her Grace eche day;
To maintain Gods woord they may not refuse,
To correct all those that would her Grace and Graces lawes abuse;
Beseeching God over us she may raigne long,
To be guided by truth and defended from wrong.

Amen, quod Thomas Preston.[2]

*Imprinted at London by Edward Allde.*

[1] B. *huue.*

[2] B. *Prestou.*

# THE FAMOVS VICTORIES OF HENRY THE FIFTH [1]

## CONTAINING THE HONOURABLE BATTELL OF AGIN-COURT: AS IT WAS PLAIDE BY THE QUEENES MAIESTIES PLAYERS

London: Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598

*Enter the yoong Prince, Ned, and Tom.*

HENRY THE FIFTH. Come away, Ned and Tom.

BOTH. Here, my lord.

HEN. 5. Come away, my lads. Tell me, sirs, how much gold haue you got?

NED. Faith, my lord, I haue got fiue hundred pound.

HEN. 5. But tell me, Tom, how much hast thou got?

TOM. Faith, my lord, some foure hundred pound.

HEN. 5. Foure hundred pounds! Brauely spoken, lads! But tell me, sirs, thinke you not that it was a villainous part of me to rob my fathers receiuers?[1]

NED. Why no, my lord; it was but a tricke of youth.

HEN. 5. Faith, Ned, thou sayest true. But tell me, sirs, whereabouts are we?

TOM. My lord, we are now about a mile off London.

HEN. 5. But, sirs, I maruell that Sir Iohn Old-castle comes not away. Sounds![1] see where he comes.

*Enters Iockey.*

How now, Iockey? what newes with thee?

IOCKEY. Faith, my lord, such newes as passeth! For the towne of Detfort is risen with hue and crie after your man, which parted from vs the last night and has set vpon and hath robd a poore carrier.[2]

HEN. 5. Sownes! the vilaine that was wont to spie out our booties?

IOCK. I, my lord, euen the very same.

HEN. 5. Now, base-minded rascal to rob a poore carrier! Wel, it skils not; Ile saue the base vilaines life i[f] I may. But tel me, Iockey, whereabout be the receiuers?

IOC. Faith, my lord, they are hard by; but the best is we are a horse-backe and they be a-foote, so we may escape them.

HEN. 5. Wel, i[f] the vilaines come, let

[1] Officers appointed to receive money due.

[1] By God's wounds.

[2] One who conveyed goods and parcels on a certain route at certain times.

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[1] *The Famous Victories*, written before 1588, is of importance as being our earliest extant history, or chronicle play, a type which later became exceedingly popular as a result of the victory over the Spanish Armada. It is also of interest as being the inspiration for Shakespeare's splendid trilogy, *I Henry IV*, *II Henry IV*, and *Henry V*. Sir John Oldcastle, sometimes called Jockey, was the original of Sir John Falstaff (whom Shakespeare first named Oldcastle); and Ned and the other "evil companions" who foregathered with the young Prince at "the old taverne in Eastcheape," find their counterpart in Ned, Poins, and the rest, of the famous Boar's Head. From *Tarlton's Jests* we learn that the immortal Dick Tarlton, "the lord of mirth," who died in 1588, assumed the clown's part of Dericke; possibly he created the rôle. The play must have been a favorite with theatre-goers; Nash, in *Pierce Penilesse* (1592), speaks of it in terms that imply its popularity. The text as we have it seems to have been cut down and otherwise mangled for traveling purposes; but this has not seriously affected its power to entertain.

The play was entered in the Stationers' Registers in May, 1594; our earliest edition (A.) bears the date 1598. Another edition was published in 1617. I have reproduced the text of the 1598 quarto from Farmer's photographic facsimile of the copy in the Bodleian Library. In the original many lines are set as though they were verse (as is often the case with plays printed from prompt copies); I have chosen to print these as prose. And, of course, I have modernized the punctuation and the use of capital letters, and have added, in brackets, a few stage-directions.

me alone with them! But tel me, Iockey, how much gots thou from the knaues? For I am sure I got something, for one of the vilaines so belamed me about the shoulders as I shal feele it this moneth.

Iock. Faith, my lord, I haue got a hundred pound.

Hen. 5. A hundred pound! Now brauely spoken, Iockey. But come, sirs; laie al your money before me. [*They lay down the money.*] Now, by heauen, here is a braue shewe! But, as I am true gentleman, I wil haue the halfe of this spent to-night! But, sirs, take vp your bags, here comes the receiuers. Let me alone.

*Enters two Receiuers.*

One. Alas, good fellow, what shal we do? I dare neuer go home to the Court, for I shall be hangd. But looke, here is the yong Prince. What shal we doo?

Hen. 5. How now, you vilaines! What are you?

One Recei. Speake you to him.

Other. No, I pray speake you to him.

Hen. 5. Why, how now, you rascals! why speak you not?

One. Forsooth, we be — pray speake you to him.

Hen. 5. Sowns, vilains, speak, or Ile cut off your heads!

Other. Forsooth, he can tel the tale better then I.

One. Forsooth, we be your fathers receiuers.

Hen. 5. Are you my fathers receiuers? Then I hope ye haue brought me some money.

One. Money? Alas, sir, we be robd!

Hen. 5. Robd! How many were there of them?

One. Marry, sir, there were foure of them; and one of them had Sir Iohn Oldcastles bay hobbie, and your blacke nag.

Hen. 5. Gogs wounds! How like you this, Iockey? Blood, you vilaines! my father robd of his money abroad, and we robd in our stables! But tell me, how many were of them?

One Recei. If it please you, there were foure of them; and there was one about the bignesse of you; — but I am sure I so belambd him about the shoulders that he wil feele it this month.

Hen. 5. Gogs wounds, you lamd them faierly — so that they haue carried away your money. But come, sirs, what shall we do with the vilaines?

Both Recei. I beseech your Grace, be good to vs.

Ned. I pray you, my lord, forgiue them this once.

[Hen. 5.] Well, stand vp, and get you gone. And looke that you speake not a word of it — for, if there be, sownes! Ile hang you, and all your kin!

*Exit Purseuant*[*s*].

Hen. 5. Now, sirs, how like you this? Was not this brauely done? For now the vilaines dare not speake a word of it, I haue so feared them with words. Now, whither shall we goe?

All. Why, my lord, you know our old hostes at Feuersham.

Hen. 5. Our hostes at Feuersham! Blood, what shal we do there? We haue a thousand pound about vs, and we shall go to a pettie ale-house? No, no. You know the olde tauerne in Eastcheape; there is good wine: — besides, there is a pretie wench that can talke well; for I delight as much in their toongs as any part about them.

All. We are readie to waite vpon your Grace.

Hen. 5. Gogs wounds, "wait"? we will go altogither; we are all fellowes. I tell you, sirs, and the king my father were dead, we would be all kings. Therefore, come away!

Ned. Gogs wounds, brauely spoken, Harry!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter Iohn Cobler, Robin Pewterer, Lawrence Costermonger,* [*the watch*].

Iohn Cob. All is well here; all is well, maisters.

Robin. How say you, neighbour Iohn Cobler? I thinke it best that my neighbour, Robin Pewterer, went to Pudding Lane End, and we will watch here at

Billinsgate Ward. How say you, neighbour Robin? how like you this?

Robin. Marry, well, neighbours; I care not much if I goe to Pudding Lanes End. But, neighbours, and you heare any adoe about me, make haste; and if I heare any ado about you, I will come to you.

*Exit Robin.*

Law. Neighbor, what newes heare you of the young Prince?

Iohn. Marry, neighbor, I heare say he is a toward yoong Prince; for if he me[e]t any by the hie-way he will not let [1] to talke with him; — I dare not call him theefe, but sure he is one of these taking fellowes.[2]

Law. Indeed, neighbour, I heare say he is as liuely a young Prince as euer was.

Iohn. I, and I heare say if he vse it long, his father will cut him off from the crowne. But, neighbour, say nothing of that!

Law. No, no, neighbour, I warrant you!

Iohn. Neighbour, me-thinkes you begin to sleepe. If you will, we will sit down; for I thinke it is about midnight.

Law. Marry, content, neighbour; let vs sleepe. [*They fall asleep.*]

*Enter Dericke rouing.*

Dericke. Who![3] who, there! who, there!

*Exit Dericke. Enter Robin.*

Robin. O neighbors, what meane you to sleepe, and such ado in the streetes?

Ambo. How now, neighbor, whats the matter?

*Enter Dericke againe.*

Dericke. Who, there! who, there! who, there!

Cobler. Why, what ailst thou? here is no horses.[4]

Dericke. O alas, man, I am robd! Who there! who there!

Robin. Hold him, neighbor Cobler.

Robin. Why, I see thou art a plaine clowne.

Dericke. Am I a clowne? Sownes, maisters, do clownes go in silke apparell? I am sure all we gentlemen-clownes in Kent scant go so well. Sownes! you know clownes very well! Heare you, are you Maister Constable? And you be, speake, for I will not take it at his hands.

Iohn. Faith, I am not Maister Constable; but I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here.

Dericke. Is not Maister Constable here? Well, it is no matter. Ile haue the law at his hands.

Iohn. Nay, I pray you, do not take the law of vs.

Der. Well, you are one of his beastly officers.

Iohn. I am one of his bad officers.

Der. Why, then, I charge thee looke to him!

Cobler. Nay, but heare ye, sir; you seeme to be an honest fellow, and we are poore men; and now tis night, and we would be loth to haue any thing adoo; therefore, I pray thee, put it vp.

Der. First, thou saiest true; I am an honest fellow — and a proper, hansome fellow, too! and you seeme to be poore men; therefore I care not greatly. Nay, I am quickly pacified. But, and you chance to spie the theefe, I pray you laie hold on him.

Robin. Yes, that we wil, I warrant you.

Der. [*to the audience*]. Tis a wonderful thing to see how glad the knaue is, now I haue forgiuen him.

Iohn. Neighbors, do ye looke about you. How now, who's there?

*Enter the Theefe.*

Theefe. Here is a good fellow. I pray you, which is the way to the old tauerne in Eastcheape?

Der. Whoope hollo! Now, Gads Hill, knowest thou me?

Theef. I know thee for an asse.

Der. And I know thee for a taking fellow vpon Gads Hill in Kent. A bots light vpon ye!

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[1] Hesitate.

[2] A highwayman, thief.

[3] An exclamation to attract attention; *Isaiah*, lv, 1: "Ho, every one that thirsteth."

[4] Compare the modern call to horses, "Whoa, there!" and Thomas Heywood's *Fortune by Land and Sea* (Pearson ed., 1874, vi, 384): "Come, Ile teach ye *hayte*, and *ree*, *gee* and *whoe*."

Theef. The whorson vilaine would be knockt.

Der. Villaine! Maisters,[1] and ye be men, stand to him, and take his weapon from him. Let him not passe you!

[*They lay hands on him.*]

Iohn. My friend, what make you abroad now? It is too late to walke now.

Theef. It is not too late for true men to walke.

Law. We know thee not to be a true man.

Theef. Why, what do you meane to do with me? Sownes, I am one of the kings liege people.

Der. Heare you, sir, are you one of the kings liege people?

Theef. I, marry am I, sir! What say you to it?

Der. Marry, sir, I say you are one of the kings filching people.

Cob. Come, come, lets haue him away.

Theef. Why, what haue I done?

Robin. Thou hast robd a poore fellow, and taken away his goods from him.

Theefe. I neuer sawe him before.

Der. Maisters, who comes here?

*Enter the Vintners boy.*

Boy. How now, good-man Cobler.

Cob. How now, Robin. What makes thou abroad at this time of night?

Boy. Marrie, I haue beene at the Counter;[2] I can tell such newes as neuer you haue heard the like!

Cobler. What is that, Robin? what is the matter?

Boy. Why, this night, about two houres ago, there came the young Prince, and three or foure more of his companions, and called for wine good store; and then they sent for a noyse[3] of musitians, and were very merry for the space of an houre; then, whether their musicke liked them not, or whether they had drunke too much wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flue against the wals; and then they drew their swordes and went into the streete and fought, and some tooke one part and some tooke another; but for the space of halfe an houre there was such a bloodie fray as passeth! And none coulde part them, vntill such time as the Maior and Sheriffe were sent for; and then, at the last, with much adoo, they tooke them; and so the yong Prince was carried to the Counter; and then, about one houre after, there came a messenger from the Court in all haste from the king for my Lord Maior and the Sheriffe — but for what cause I know not.

Cobler. Here is newes indeede, Robert!

Law. Marry, neighbour, this newes is strange indeede! I thinke it best, neighbour, to rid our hands of this fellowe first.

Theefe. What meane you to doe with me?

Cobler. We mean to carry you to the prison, and there to remaine till the sessions day.

Theef. Then, I pray you, let me go to the prison where my maister is.

Cob. Nay, thou must go to the country prison, to Newgate. Therefore, come away.

Theef [*to Dericke*]. I prethie, be good to me, honest fellow.

Der. I, marry, will I; Ile be verie charitable to thee — for I will neuer leaue thee til I see thee on the gallowes.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter Henry the Fourth, with the Earle of Exeter, and the Lord of Oxford.*

Oxf. And please your Maiestie, heere is my Lord Maior and the Sheriffe of London to speak with your Maiestie.

K. Hen. 4. Admit them to our presence.

*Enter the Maior and the Sheriffe.*

Now, my good Lord Maior of London, the cause of my sending for you at this time is to tel you of a matter which I haue learned of my Councell. Herein I vnderstand that you haue committed my sonne to prison without our leaue and license. What! althogh he be a rude youth, and likely to giue occasion, yet you might haue considered that he is a prince, and my sonne, and not to be halled to prison by euery subiect.

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[1] A. *Maisters vilaine.*

[2] A prison in London.

[3] Band (of musicians).

MAIOR. May it please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue to tell our tale?

KING HEN. 4. Or else God forbid! Otherwise you might thinke me an vnequall iudge, hauing more affection to my sonne then to any rightfull iudgement.

MAIOR. Then I do not doubt but we shal rather deserue commendations at your Maiesties hands then any anger.

K. HEN. 4. Go too, say on.

MAIOR. Then, if it please your Maiestie, this night betwixt two and three of the clocke in the morning my lord the yong Prince, with a very disordred companie, came to the old tauerne in Eastcheape; and whether it was that their musicke liked them not, or whether they were ouercome with wine, I know not, but they drew their swords, and into the streete they went; and some tooke my lord the yong Princes part, and some tooke the other; but betwixt them there was such a bloodie fray for the space of halfe an houre that neither watchmen[1] nor any other could stay them; till my brother, the Sheriffe of London, and I were sent for; and, at the last, with much adoo, we staied them. But it was long first, which was a great disquieting to all your louing subiects thereabouts. And then, my good lord, we knew not whether your Grace had sent them to trie vs whether we would doe iustice, or whether it were of their owne voluntarie will or not, we cannot tell. And, therefore, in such a case, we knew not what to do; but, for our own safeguard, we sent him to ward; where he wanteth nothing that is fit for his Grace and your Maiesties sonne. And thus, most humbly beseeching your Maiestie to thinke of our answere.

HEN. 4. Stand aside vntill we haue further deliberated on your answere.

*Exit Maior* [*and Sheriff*].

HEN. 4. Ah, Harry! Harry! now thrice-accursed Harry, that hath gotten a sonne which with greefe will end his fathers dayes! Oh, my sonne, a prince thou art, I, a prince, indeed — and to deserue imprisonment! And well haue they done, and like faithfull subiects. Discharge them, and let them go.

L. EXE. I beseech your Grace, be good to my lord the yong Prince.

HEN. 4. Nay, nay, tis no matter; let him alone.

L. OXF. Perchance the Maior and the Sheriffe haue bene too precise in this matter.

HEN. 4. No, they haue done like faithfull subiects. I will go my-selfe to discharge them and let them go.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Lord Chiefe Iustice, Clarke of the Office, Iayler, Iohn Cobler, Dericke, and the Theefe.*

IUDGE. Iayler, bring the prisoner to the barre.

DER. Heare you, my lord; I pray you bring the bar to the prisoner.

[*The theefe is led to the bar.*]

IUDGE. Hold thy hand vp at the barre.

THEEFE. Here it is, my lord.

IUDGE. Clearke of the Office, reade his inditement.

CLEARK. What is thy name?

THEEFE. My name was knowne before I came here, and shall be when I am gone, I warrant you.

IUDGE. I, I thinke so; but we will know it better before thou go.

DER. Sownes, and you do but send to the next iaile we are sure to know his name; for this is not the first prison he hath bene in, Ile warrant you.

CLEARKE. What is thy name?

THEEF. What need you to aske, and haue it in writing?

CLEARKE. Is not thy name Cutbert Cutter?[1]

THEEFE. What the diuell need you ask, and know it so well?

CLEARK. Why then, Cutbert Cutter, I indite thee, by the name of Cutbert Cutter, for robbing a poore carrier the 20 day of May last past, in the fourteen yeare of the raigne of our soueraigne lord King Henry the Fourth, for setting vpon a poore carrier vpon Gads Hill, in Kent, and hauing beaten and wounded the said carrier, and taken his goods from him —

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[1] The watch.

[1] A cutthroat, highway robber.

Der. Oh, maisters, stay there! Nay, lets neuer belie the man! for he hath not beaten and wounded me also, but hee hath beaten and wounded my packe, and hath taken the great rase [1] of ginger that Bouncing Besse with the iolly buttocks should haue had. That greeues me most.

Iudge. Well, what sayest thou? Art thou guiltie, or not guiltie?

Theefe. Not guiltie, my lord.

Iudge. By whom wilt thou be tride?

Theefe. By my lord the young Prince, or by my-selfe, whether you will.

*Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom.*

Hen. 5. Come away, my lads. Gogs wounds, ye villain! what make you heere? I must goe about my businesse myselfe and you must stand loytering here?

Theefe. Why, my lord, they haue bound me, and will not let me goe.

Hen. 5. Haue they bound thee, villain? Why, how now, my lord?

Iudge. I am glad to see your Grace in good health.

Hen. 5. Why, my lord, this is my man. Tis maruell you knew him not long before this. I tell you, he is a man of his hands.[2]

Theefe. I, Gogs wounds, that I am! Try me, who dare.

Iudge. Your Grace shal finde small credit by acknowledging him to be your man.

Hen. 5. Why, my lord, what hath he done?

Iud. And it please your Maiestie, he hath robbed a poore carrier.

Der. Heare you, sir; marry, it was one Dericke, goodman Hoblings man, of Kent.

Hen. 5. What! wast you, butten-breech? Of my word, my lord, he did it but in iest.

Der. Heare you, sir, is it your mans qualitie to rob folks in iest? In faith, he shall be hangd in earnest.[1]

Hen. 5. Well, my lord, what do you meane to do with my man?

Iudg. And please your Grace, the law must passe on him according to iustice; then he must be executed.[2]

Hen. 5. Why, then, belike you meane to hang my man?

Iudge. I am sorie that it falles out so.

Hen. 5. Why, my lord, I pray ye, who am I?

Iud. And please your Grace, you are my lord the yong Prince, our king that shall be after the decease of our soueraigne lord King Henry the Fourth, whom God graunt long to raigne!

Hen. 5. You say true, my lord. And you will hang my man?

Iudge. And like your Grace, I must needs do iustice.

Hen. 5. Tell me, my lord, shall I haue my man?

Iudge. I cannot, my lord.

Hen. 5. But will you not let him go?

Iud. I am sorie that his case is so ill.

Hen. 5. Tush! case me no casings! Shal I haue my man?

Iudge. I cannot, nor I may not, my lord.

Hen. 5. Nay, and "I shal not," say — and then I am answered!

Iudge. No.

Hen. 5. No! Then I will haue him.

*He giueth him a boxe on the eare.*[3]

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[1] Root.

[2] A man of valor (with, perhaps, a sly glance at his skill as a highwayman).

[1] In reality.

[2] Lines 456–63 are repeated in A., with the error of *iest* for the *earnest* of line 458.

[3] In *Tarlton's Jests* is recorded the following anecdote: "At the Bull [Inn] at Bishops-gate was a play of Henry the fift, wherein the judge was to take a box on the eare; and because he was absent that should take the blow, Tarlton himselfe, ever forward to please, tooke upon him to play the same judge, besides his owne part of the clowne: and Knel then playing Henry the fift, hit Tarlton a sound boxe indeed, which made the people laugh the more because it was he. But anon the judge goes in, and immediately Tarlton in his clownes cloathes comes out, and askes the actors, 'What newes?' 'O,' saith one, 'hadst thou been here, thou shouldest have seene Prince Henry hit the judge a terrible box on the eare.' 'What, man!' said Tarlton, 'strike a judge!' 'It is true, yfaith,' said the other. 'No other like,' said Tarlton; 'and it could not be but terrible to the judge, when the report so terrifies me that me thinkes the blow remaines still on my cheeke that it burnes againe!' The people laught at this mightily."

Ned [*drawing his sword*]. Gogs wounds, my lord, shal I cut off his head?

Hen. 5. No; I charge you, draw not your swords; but get you hence; prouide a noyse of musitians. Away, be gone!

*Exeunt Ned and Tom.*[1]

Iudge. Well, my lord, I am content to take it at your hands.

Hen. 5. Nay, and you be not, you shall haue more!

Iudge. Why, I pray you, my lord, who am I?

Hen. 5. You! who knowes not you? Why, man, you are Lord Chiefe Iustice of England.

Iudge. Your Grace hath said truth; therefore in striking me in this place you greatly abuse me; and not me onely but also your father, whose liuely person here in this place I doo represent. And therefore to teach you what prerogatiues meane, I commit you to the Fleete[2] vntill we haue spoken with your father.

Hen. 5. Why, then, belike you meane to send me to the Fleete!

Iudge. I, indeed; and therefore, carry him away.

*Exeunt Hen. 5. with the officers.*

Iudge. Iayler, carry the prisoner to Newgate againe vntil the next sises.

Iay. At your commandement, my Lord, it shalbe done.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter Dericke and Iohn Cobler.*

Der. Sownds, maisters, heres adoo when princes must go to prison! Why, Iohn, didst euer see the like?

Iohn. O Dericke, trust me, I neuer saw the like!

Der. Why, Iohn, thou maist see what princes be in choller. A iudge a boxe on the eare! Ile tel thee, Iohn, O Iohn, I would not haue done it for twentie shillings.

Iohn. No, nor I. There had bene no way but one with vs — we should haue bene hangde.

Der. Faith, Iohn, Ile tel thee what: thou shalt be my Lord Chiefe Iustice, and thou shalt sit in the chaire; and Ile be the yong Prince, and hit thee a boxe on the eare; and then thou shalt say, "To teach you what prerogatiues meane, I commit you to the Fleete."

Iohn. Come on; Ile be your iudge! But thou shalt not hit me hard?

Der. No, no.

[*John Cobler takes his place in the Judge's seat.*]

Iohn. What hath he done?

Der. Marry, he hath robd Dericke.

Iohn. Why, then, I cannot let him go.

Der. I must needs haue my man.

Iohn. You shall not haue him!

Der. Shall I not haue my man? Say "no," and you dare! How say you? Shall I not haue my man?

Iohn. No, marry, shall you not!

Der. Shall I not, Iohn?

Iohn. No, Dericke.

Der. Why, then, take you that [*boxing his ears*] till more come! Sownes, shall I not haue him?

Iohn. Well, I am content to take this at your hand. But, I pray you, who am I?

Der. Who art thou? Sownds, doost not know thy self?

Iohn. No.

Der. Now away, simple fellow. Why, man, thou art Iohn the Cobler.

Iohn. No, I am my Lord Chiefe Iustice of England.

Der. Oh, Iohn; masse! thou saist true, thou art indeed.

Iohn. Why, then, to teach you what prerogatiues mean, I commit you to the Fleete.

Der. Wel, I will go; but, yfaith, you gray-beard knaue, Ile course you!

*Exit. And straight enters again.*

Oh Iohn, come, come out of thy chair. Why, what a clown weart thou to let me hit thee a box on the eare! And now thou seest they will not take me to the Fleete. I thinke that thou art one of these Worenday[1] clownes.

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[1] A. *Exeunt the Theefe.*

[2] A well-known prison.

[1] ?

Iohn. But I maruell what will become of thee.

Der. Faith, Ile be no more a carrier.

Iohn. What wilt thou doo, then?

Der. Ile dwell with thee, and be a cobler.

Iohn. With me? Alasse, I am not able to keepe thee. Why, thou wilt eate me out of doores.

Der. Oh Iohn! No, Iohn; I am none of these great slouching fellowes that deuoure these great peeces of beefe and brewes. Alasse, a trifle serues me — a woodcocke, a chicken, or a capons legge, or any such little thing serues me.

Iohn. A capon! Why, man, I cannot get a capon once a yeare — except it be at Christmas, at some other mans house; for we coblers be glad of a dish of rootes.

Der. Rootes! why, are you so good at rooting? Nay, cobler, weele haue you ringde.[1]

Iohn. But, Dericke, though we be so
poore,
Yet wil we haue in store a crab in the fire,[2]
With nut-browne ale that is full stale,
Which wil a man quaile and laie in the mire.

Der. A bots on you! and be but for your ale, Ile dwel with you. Come, lets away as fast as we can.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the yoong Prince, with Ned and Tom.*

Hen. 5. Come away, sirs. Gogs wounds, Ned! didst thou not see what a boxe on the eare I tooke my Lord Chiefe Iustice?

Tom. By Gogs blood, it did me good to see it. It made his teeth iarre in his head!

*Enter Sir Iohn Old-Castle.*

Hen. 5. How now, Sir Iohn Old-Castle, what newes with you?

Ioh. Old. I am glad to see your Grace at libertie. I was come, I, to visit you in prison.

Hen. 5. To visit me! Didst thou not know that I am a princes son? Why, tis inough for me to looke into a prison, though I come not in my-selfe. But heres such adoo now-a-dayes — heres prisoning, heres hanging, whipping, and the diuel and all. But I tel you, sirs, when I am king we will haue no such things. But, my lads, if the old king, my father, were dead, we would be all kings.

Ioh. Old. Hee is a good olde man; God take him to his mercy the sooner!

Hen. 5. But, Ned, so soone as I am king, the first thing I wil do shal be to put my Lord Chief Iustice out of office, and thou shalt be my Lord Chiefe Iustice of England.

Ned. Shall I be Lord Chiefe Iustice? By Gogs wounds, Ile be the brauest Lord Chiefe Iustice that euer was in England!

Hen. 5. Then, Ned, Ile turne all these prisons into fence-schooles,[1] and I will endue [2] thee with them, with landes to maintaine them withall. Then I wil haue a bout [3] with my Lord Chiefe Iustice. Thou shalt hang none but picke-purses, and horse-stealers, and such base-minded villaines; but that fellow that will stand by the high-way side couragiously with his sword and buckler and take a purse — that fellow, giue him commendations! Beside that, send him to me, and I will giue him an anuall pension out of my exchequer to maintaine him all the dayes of his life.

Ioh. Nobly spoken, Harry! We shall neuer haue a mery world til the old king be dead.

Ned. But whither are ye going now?

Hen. 5. To the Court; for I heare say my father lies verie sicke.

Tom. But I doubt he wil not die.

Hen. 5. Yet will I goe thither; for the breath shal be no sooner out of his mouth but I wil clap the crowne on my head.

Iockey. Wil you goe to the Court with that cloake so full of needles?

Hen. 5. Cloake, ilat-holes, needles, and all was of mine owne deuising; and therefore I wil weare it.

Tom. I pray you, my lord, what may be the meaning thereof?

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[1] As pigs are ringed in the nose to keep them from rooting.

[2] A crab apple, toasted in the fire and dropped into a mug of ale to warm and flavor the drink.

[1] Schools of fencing.

[2] Endow.

[3] A. *about*. A fencing match.

HEN. 5. Why, man, tis a signe that I stand vpon thorns til the crowne be on my head.

IOC. Or that euery needle might be a prick to their harts that repine at your doings.

HEN. 5. Thou saist true, Iockey. But thers some wil say the yoong Prince will be "a well toward yoong man" — and all this geare, that I had as leeue they would breake my head with a pot as to say any such thing. But we stand prating here too long; I must needs speake with my father. Therfore, come away.

*[They cross over to the King's palace.]*

PORTER. What a rapping keep you at the kings court-gate?

HEN. 5. Heres one that must speake with the king.

POR. The king is verie sick, and none must speak with him.

HEN. 5. No? You rascall, do you not know me?

POR. You are my lord the yong Prince.

HEN. 5. Then goe and tell my father that I must, and will, speake with him.

NED [*drawing his sword*]. Shall I cut off his head?

HEN. 5. No, no. Though I would helpe you in other places, yet I haue nothing to doo here. What! you are in my fathers Court.

NED. I will write him in my tables; for so soone as I am made Lord Chiefe Iustice I wil put him out of his office.

*The trumpet sounds.*

HEN. 5. Gogs wounds, sirs, the king comes. Lets all stand aside.

*Enter the King, with the Lord of Exeter.*

HEN. 4. And is it true, my lord, that my sonne is alreadie sent to the Fleete? Now, truly, that man is more fitter to rule the realme then I; for by no meanes could I rule my sonne, and he, by one word, hath caused him to be ruled. Oh my sonne! my sonne! no sooner out of one prison but into another? I had thought once-whiles I had liued to haue seene this noble realme of England flourish by thee, my sonne; but now I see it goes to ruine and decaie.

*He wepeth.*

*Enters Lord of Oxford.*

OX. And please your Grace, here is my lord your sonne that commeth to speake with you. He saith he must, and wil, speake with you.

HEN. 4. Who? my sonne Harry?

OXF. I, and please your Maiestie.

HEN. 4. I know wherefore he commeth. But looke that none come with him.[1]

OXF. A verie disordered company, and such as make verie ill rule in your Maisties house.

HEN. 4. Well, let him come; but looke that none come with him.

*He goeth.*

OXF. And please your Grace my lord the king sends for you.

HEN. 5. Come away, sirs; lets go all togither.

OXF. And please your Grace, none must go with you.

HEN. 5. Why, I must needs haue them with me; otherwise I can do my father no countenance:[2] therefore, come away.

OXF. The king your father commaunds there should none come.

HEN. 5. Well, sirs, then be gone — and prouide me three noyse of musitians.

*Exeunt knights.*

*Enters the Prince, with a dagger in his hand.*

HEN. 4. Come, my sonne; come on, a Gods name! I know wherefore thy comming is. Oh, my sonne, my sonne! what cause hath euer bene that thou shouldst forsake me, and follow this vilde and reprobate company which abuseth youth so manifestly? Oh, my sonne, thou knowest that these thy doings wil end thy fathers dayes.

*He weepes.*

I, so, so, my sonne, thou fearest not to approach the presence of thy sick father in that disguised sort. I tel thee, my sonne, that there is neuer a needle in thy cloke but it is a prick to my heart, and neuer an ilat-hole but it is a hole to my soule; and wherefore thou bringest that dagger in thy hande I know not, but by coniecture.

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[1] This line may be corrupt, caught by the printer from line 733. We should expect a question.

[2] Show him no dignity, proper respect.

*He weepes.*

Hen. 5. [*aside*]. My conscience accuseth me. [*He kneels.*] Most soueraign lord, and welbeloued father, to answere first to the last point, that is, whereas you coniecture that this hand and this dagger shall be armde against your life, no! Know, my beloued father, far be the thoughts of your sonne — "sonne," said I? an vnworthie sonne for so good a father! — but farre be the thoughts of any such pretended mischiefe. And I most humbly render it to your Maiesties hand. And liue, my lord and soueraigne, for euer! And with your dagger-arme show like vengeance vpon the bodie of — "that, your sonne," I was about say, and dare not; ah, woe is me therefore! — that, your wilde slaue. Tis not the crowne that I come for, sweete father, because I am vnworthie. And those vilde and reprobate companions [1] — I abandon and vtterly abolish their company for euer! Pardon, sweete father! pardon! the least thing and most desire. And this ruffianly cloake I here teare from my backe, and sacrifice it to the diuel, which is maister of al mischiefe. Pardon me, sweet father! pardon me! Good my Lord of Exeter, speak for me. Pardon me! pardon, good father! Not a word? Ah, he wil not speak one word! A, Harry, now thrice vnhappie Harry! But what shal I do? I wil go take me into some solitarie place, and there lament my sinfull life; and, when I haue done, I wil laie me downe and die.

*Exit.*

Hen. 4. Call him againe! Call my sonne againe!

[*Re-enter the Prince.*]

Hen. 5. And doth my father call me again? Now, Harry, happie be the time that thy father calleth thee againe!

[*He kneels.*]

Hen. 4. Stand vp, my son; and do not think thy father but at the request of thee, my sonne, I wil pardon thee. And God blesse thee, and make thee his seruant.

Hen. 5. Thanks, good my lord. And no doubt but this day, euen this day, I am borne new againe.

Hen. 4. Come, my son and lords, take me by the hands.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Dericke* [*shouting at John Cobler's wife within*].

Der. Thou art a stinking whore! and a whorson stinking whore! Doest thinke Ile take it at thy hands?

*Enter Iohn Cobler, running.*

Iohn. Derick, D[ericke], D[ericke], hearesta? [1] Oh,[2] D[ericke], neuer while thou liuest vse that! Why, what wil my neighbors say and thou go away so?

Der. Shees a narrant whore; and Ile haue the lawe on you, Iohn.

Iohn. Why, what hath she done?

Der. Marry, marke thou, Iohn. I wil proue it, that I wil!

Iohn. What wilt thou proue?

Der. That she cald me in to dinner — Iohn, marke the tale wel, Iohn — and when I was set, she brought me a dish of rootes and a peece of barrel-butter therein. And she is a verie knaue, and thou a drab if thou take her part.

Iohn. Hearesta, Dericke? is this the matter? Nay, and it be no worse we wil go home againe, and all shall be amended.

Der. Oh Iohn, hearesta, Iohn? is all well?

Iohn. I, all is wel.

Der. Then Ile go home before, and breake all the glasse windows.

[*Exeunt Dericke and John.*]

*Enter the King with his lords.*

Hen. 4. Come, my lords. I see i

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[1] A. *company.*

[1] Hearest thou.

[2] A. *Do.*

bootes me not to take any phisick, for all the phisitians in the world cannot cure me; no, not one. But, good my lords, remember my last wil and testament concerning my sonne; for truly, my lordes, I doo not thinke but he wil proue as valiant and victorious a king as euer raigned in England.

BOTH. Let heuen and earth be witnesse betweene vs if we accomplish not thy wil to the vttermost.

HEN. IV. I giue you most vnfained thanks, good my lords. Draw the curtaines, and depart my chamber a while; and cause some musicke to rocke me a-sleepe.

*He sleepeth. Exeunt Lords.*

*Enter the Prince.*

HEN. 5. Ah, Harry, thrice vnhappie, that hath neglect so long from visiting of thy sicke father! I wil goe. Nay, but why doo I not go to the chamber of my sick father to comfort the melancholy soule of his bodie? [*He approaches the sleeping king.*] His soule, said I? Here is his bodie, indeed, but his soule is whereas it needs no bodie. Now, thrice accursed Harry, that hath offended thy father so much! And could not I craue pardon for all? Oh my dying father! Curst be the day wherin I was borne, and accursed be the houre wherin I was begotten! But what shal I do? If weeping teares, which come too late, may suffice the negligence, neglected to some, I wil weepe day and night vntil the fountaine be drie with weeping.

*Exit* [*with the crown*].

*Enter Lord of Exeter and Oxford.*

EXE. Come easily, my lord, for waking of the king.

HEN. 4. [*waking*] Now, my lords?

OXF. How doth your Grace feele your selfe?

HEN. 4. Somewhat better after my sleepe. But, good my lords, take off my crowne. Remoue my chaire a little backe, and set me right.

AMBO. And please your Grace, the crown is taken away.

HEN. IV. The crowne taken away! Good my Lord of Oxford, go see who hath done this deed. No doubt tis some vilde traitor that hath done it to depriue my sonne. They that would do it now would seeke to scrape and scrawle for it after my death.

*Enter Lord of Oxford with the Prince.*

OXF. Here, and please your Grace, is my lord the yong Prince with the crowne.

HEN. 4. Why, how now, my sonne! I had thought the last time I had you in schooling I had giuen you a lesson for all; and do you now begin againe? Why, tel me, my sonne, doest thou thinke the time so long that thou wouldest haue it before the breath be out of my mouth?

HEN. 5. Most soueraign lord and welbeloued father, I came into your chamber to comfort the melancholy soule of your bodie; and finding you at that time past all recouerie, and dead, to my thinking — God is my witnesse — and what should I doo, but with weeping tears lament the death of you, my father? And after that, seeing the crowne, I tooke it. And tel me, my father, who might better take it then I, after your death? But, seeing you liue, I most humbly render it into your Maiesties hands; and the happiest man aliue that my father liue[s]. And liue, my lord and father, for euer!

[*He kneels.*]

HEN. 4. Stand, vp my sonne. Thine answere hath sounded wel in mine eares; for I must need confesse that I was in a very sound sleep, and altogither vnmindful of thy comming. But come neare, my sonne, and let me put thee in possession whilst I liue, that none depriue thee of it after my death.

HEN. 5. Well may I take it at your Maiesties hands; but it shal neuer touch my head so long as my father liues.

*He taketh the crowne.*

HEN. 4. God giue thee ioy, my sonne! God bless thee, and make thee his seruant, and send thee a prosperous raigne! For God knowes, my sonne, how hardly I came by it, and how hardly I haue maintained it.

HEN. 5. Howsoeuer you came by it I know not; but now I haue it from you, and from you I wil keepe it. And he that seekes to take the crowne from my head, let him looke that his armour be thicker then mine, or I will pearce him to the heart, were it harder then brasse or bollion.

HEN. IV. Nobly spoken, and like a king! Now trust me, my lordes, I feare not but my sonne will be as warlike and victorious a prince as euer raigned in England.

L[ORDES] AMBO. His former life shewes no lesse.

HEN. 4. Wel, my lords, I know not whether it be for sleep, or drawing neare of drowsie summer of death, but I am verie much giuen to sleepe. Therefore, good my lords, and my sonne, draw the curtaines; depart my chamber; and cause some musicke to rocke me a-sleepe.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*The King dieth.*

*Enter the theefe.*

THEEFE. Ah, God, I am now much like to a bird which hath escaped out of the cage; for so soone as my Lord Chiefe Iustice heard that the old king was dead he was glad to let me go for feare of my lord the yong Prince. But here comes some of his companions. I wil see and I can get any thing of them for old acquaintance.

*Enter Knights raunging.*

TOM. Gogs wounds, the king is dead!

IOH. Dead! then, Gogs blood, we shall be all kings!

NED. Gogs wounds, I shall be Lord Chiefe Iustice of England.

TOM [*to the thief*]. Why how, are you broken out of prison?

NED. Gogs wounds, how the villaine stinkes![1]

IOC. Why, what wil become of thee now? Fie vpon him, how the rascall stinkes!

THEEF. Marry, I wil go and serue my maister againe.

TOM. Gogs blood, doost think that he wil haue any such scab'd knaue as thou art? What, man! he is a king now.

NED [*giving him money*]. Hold thee. Heres a couple of angels[1] for thee. And get thee gone, for the king wil not be long before he come this way. And hereafter I wil tel the king of thee.

*Exit Theefe.*

IOC. Oh, how it did me good to see the king when he was crowned! Me-thought his seate was like the figure of heauen, and his person like vnto a god.

NED. But who would haue thought that the king would haue changde his countenance so?

IOC. Did you not see with what grace he sent his embassage into France to tel the French king that Harry of England hath sent for the crowne, and Harry of England wil haue it?

TOM. But twas but a litle to make the people beleeue that he was sorie for his fathers death.

*The Trumpet sounds.*

NED. Gogs wounds, the king comes! Lets all stand aside.

*Enter the King with the Archbishop and the Lord of Oxford.*

IOC. How do you, my lord?

NED. How now, Harry? [*The King frowns upon him.*] Tut, my lord, put away these dumpes. You are a king, and all the realme is yours. What, man! do you not remember the old sayings? You know I must be Lord Chiefe Iustice of England. Trust me, my lord, methinks you are very much changed. And tis but with a litle sorrowing, to make folkes beleeue the death of your father greeues you — and tis nothing so.

HEN. 5. I prethee, Ned, mend thy maners, and be more modester in thy tearmes; for my vnfeined greefe is not to be ruled by thy flattering and dissembling talke. Thou saist I am changed; so I am, indeed; and so must thou be, and that quickly, or else I must cause thee to be chaunged.

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[1] The prisons were foul, and we have many allusions to the evil smell of persons confined therein.

[1] Gold coins, with a value of about ten shillings.

IOC. Gogs wounds, how like you this? Sownds! tis not so sweete as musicke.

TOM. I trust we haue not offended your Grace no way.

HEN. 5. Ah, Tom, your former life greeues me, and makes me to abandon and abolish your company for euer. And therfore, not vpon pain of death to approch my presence by ten miles space. Then, if I heare wel of you, it may be I wil do somewhat for you; otherwise looke for no more fauour at my hands then at any other mans. And therefore, be gone! we haue other matters to talke on.

*Exeunt knights.*

Now, my good Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, what say you to our embassage into France?

ARCHB. Your right to the French crowne of France came by your great grandmother Izabel, wife to King Edward the Third, and sister to Charles, the French king. Now, if the French king deny it, as likely inough he wil, then must you take your sword in hand and conquer the right. Let the vsurped Frenchman know, although your predecessors haue let it passe, you wil not; for your countrymen are willing with purse and men to aide you. Then, my good lord, as it hath bene alwaies knowne that Scotland hath bene in league with France by a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence, I thinke it therefore best to conquere Scotland; and then I think that you may go more easily into France. And this is all that I can say, my good lord.

HEN. 5. I thanke you, my good Lord Archbisop of Canterbury. What say you, my good Lord of Oxford?

OXF. And[1] please your Maiestie, I agree to my Lord Archbishop, sauing in this: — "He that wil Scotland win must first with France begin," according to the old saying. Therefore, my good lord, I thinke it best first to inuade France; for in conquering Scotland you conquer but one, and conquere France, and conquere both.

*Enter Lord of Exeter.*

EXE. And please your Maiestie, my Lord Embassador is come out of France.

HEN. 5. Now trust me, my lord, he was the last man that we talked of. I am glad that he is come to resolue vs of our answere. Commit him to our presence.

*Enter Duke of Yorke.*

YORK. God saue the life of my soueraign lord the king!

HEN. 5. Now, my good lord the Duke of Yorke, what newes from our brother the French king?

YORKE. And please your Maiestie, I deliuered him my embassage, whereof I tooke some deliberation. But for the answere, he hath sent my Lord Embassador of Burges, the Duke of Burgony, Monsieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie horsemen to bring the embassage.

HEN. 5. Commit my Lord Archbishop of Burges into our presence.

*Enter Archbishop of Burges.*

Now, my Lord Archbishop of Burges, we do learne by our Lord Embassador that you haue our message to do from our brother the French king. Here, my good lord, according to our accustomed order, we giue you free libertie and license to speake with good audience.

ARCHB. God saue the mightie King of England! My lord and maister, the most Christian King Charles the Seuenth, the great and mightie King of France, as a most noble and Christian king not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content to yeeld somewhat to your vnreasonable demaunds — that, if fiftie thousand crownes a yeare, with his daughter, the said Ladie Katheren, in marriage, and some crownes which he may wel spare not hurting of his kingdome, he is content to yeeld so far to your vnreasonable desire.

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[1] A. *And and.*

Hen. 5. Why then, belike your lord and maister thinks to puffe me vp with fifty thousand crowns a yere? No! Tell thy lord and maister that all the crownes in France shall not serue me, except the crowne and kingdome it selfe! And perchance hereafter I wil haue his daughter.

Archb. And it please your Maiestie, my Lord Prince Dolphin greets you well with this present.

*He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis-balles.*[1]

Hen. 5. What, a guilded tunne! I pray you, my Lord of Yorke, looke what is in it.

Yorke. And it please your Grace, here is a carpet, and a tunne of tennis-balles.

Hen. 5. A tunne of tennis-balles! I pray you, good my Lord Archbishop, what might the meaning thereof be?

Archb. And it please you, my lord, a messenger, you know, ought to keepe close his message — and specially an embassador.

Hen. 5. But I know that you may declare your message to a king; the law of armes allowes no lesse.

Archb. My Lord [Prince Dolphin], hearing of your wildnesse before your fathers death, sent you this, my good lord, meaning that you are more fitter for a tennis-court then a field, and more fitter for a carpet then the camp.

Hen. 5. My Lord Prince Dolphin is very pleansant with me! But tel him that in-steed of balles of leather we wil tosse him balles of brasse and yron — yea, such balles as neuer were tost in France. The proudest tennis-court shall rue it! I, and thou, Prince of Burges, shall rue it! Therefore, get thee hence; and tel him thy message quickly, least I be there before thee. Away, priest! be gone!

Archb. I beseech your Grace to deliuer me your safe conduct vnder your broad seale emanuel.

Hen. 5. Priest of Burges, know that the hand and seale of a king, and his word, is all one. And, in-stead of my hand and seale I will bring him my hand and sword. And tel thy lord and maister that I, Harry of England, said it; and I, Harry of England, wil performe it! My Lord of Yorke, deliuer him our safe conduct under our broad seale emanuel.

*Exeunt Archbishop and the Duke of Yorke.*

Now, my lords, to armes! to armes! For I vow by heauen and earth that the proudest French-man in all France shall rue the time that euer these tennis-balles were sent into England. My lord, I wil that there be prouided a great nauy of ships with all speed at South-Hampton, for there I meane to ship my men; for I would be there before him, if it were possible. Therefore come — but staie; I had almost forgot the chiefest thing of all with chafing with this French Embassador. Call in my Lord Chiefe Iustice of England.

*Enters Lord Chiefe Iustice of England.*

Exe. Here is the king, my lord.

Iustice. God preserue your Maiestie!

Hen. 5. Why, how now, my lord? what is the matter?

Iustice. I would it were vnknowne to your Maiestie.

Hen. 5. Why, what aile you?

Iust. Your Maiestie knoweth my griefe well.

Hen. 5. Oh, my lord, you remember you sent me to the Fleete, did you not?

Iust. I trust your Grace haue forgotten that.

Hen. 5. I, truly, my lord; and for reuengement I haue chosen you to be my Protector ouer my realme, until it shall please God to giue me speedie returne out of France.

Iust. And if it please your Maiestie, I am far vnworthie of so high a dignitie.

Hen. 5. Tut, my lord! you are not vnworthie, because I thinke you worthie; for you that would not spare me, I thinke, wil not spare another. It must needs be so. And therefore, come, let vs be gone, and get our men in a readinesse.

*Exeunt omnes.*

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[1] A. repeats this stage-direction before and after the speech of the Archbishop.

*Enter a Captaine, Iohn Cobler and his wife.*

Cap. Come, come; there's no remedie. Thou must needs serue the king.

Iohn. Good Maister Captaine, let me go. I am not able to go so farre.

Wife. I pray you, good Maister Captaine, be good to my husband.

Cap. Why, I am sure he is not too good to serue the king.

Iohn. Alasse, no — but a great deale too bad; therefore, I pray you, let me go.

Cap. No, no; thou shalt go.

Iohn. Oh, sir, I haue a great many shooes at home to cobble.

Wife. I pray you, let him go home againe.

Cap. Tush, I care not. Thou shalt go.

Iohn. Oh wife, and you had beene a louing wife to me this had not bene; for I haue said many times that I would go away, and now I must go against my will.

*He weepeth.*

*Enters Dericke* [*with a pot-lid for a shield*].

Der. How now, ho! Basillus manus[1] for an old codpeece! Maister Captaine, shall we awaye? Sownds! how now, Iohn? What, a crying? What make you and my dame there? [*To the wife*:] I maruell whose head you will throw the stooles at, now we are gone.

Wife. Ile tell you! Come, ye cloghead! What do you with my potlid? Heare you, will you haue it rapt about your pate?

*She beateth him with her potlid.*

Der. Oh good dame!

*Here he shakes her.*[2]

And I had my dagger here I wold worie you al to peeces, that I would!

Wife. Would you so? Ile trie that.

*She beateth him.*

Der. Maister Captaine, will ye suffer her? Go too, dame! I wil go backe as far as I can; but, and you come againe — Ile clap the law on your backe, thats flat! Ile tell you, Maister Captaine, what you shall do: presse her for a souldier! I warrant you she will do as much good as her husband and I too.

*Enters the Theefe.*

Sownes! who comes yonder?

Cap. How now, good fellow; doest thou want a maister?

Theefe. I, truly, sir.

Cap. Hold thee, then. I presse thee for a souldier to serue the king in France.

Der. How now, Gads! What, doest knowes,[1] thinkest?

Theefe. I, I knew thee long ago.

Der. Heare you, Maister Captaine.

Cap. What saist thou?

Der. I pray you, let me go home againe.

Cap. Why, what wouldst thou do at home?

Der. Marry, I haue brought two shirts with me, and I would carry one of them home againe; for I am sure heele steale it from me, he is such a filching fellow.

Cap. I warrant thee he wil not steale it from thee. Come, lets away.

Der. Come, Maister Captaine, lets away. Come, follow me.

Iohn. Come, wife, lets part louingly.

Wife. Farewell, good husband.

[*They embrace.*]

Der. Fie, what a kissing and crying is here! Sownes, do ye thinke he wil neuer come againe? Why, Iohn, come away! Doest thinke that we are so base-minded to die among Frenchmen? Sownes, we know not whether they will laie[2] us in their church or no. Come, M[aster] Captain, lets away.

Cap. I cannot staie no longer; therefore, come away.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the* [*French*] *King, Prince Dolphin, and Lord High Constable of France.*

King. Now, my Lord High Constable, what say you to our embassage into England?

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[1] A common phrase, corrupted from the Spanish greeting, *besár los manos* (to kiss the hands); here used as nonsense.

[2] A. prints this as a part of Dericke's speech.

[1] Know us.

[2] Bury.

Const. And it please your Maiestie, I can say nothing untill my Lords Embassadors be come home. But yet methinkes your Grace hath done well to get your men in so good a readinesse for feare of the worst.

King. I, my lord, we haue some in a readinesse; but if the king of England make against vs we must haue thrice so many moe.

Dolphin. Tut, my lord; although the king of England be yoong and wilde-headed, yet neuer thinke he will be so unwise to make battell against the mightie king of France.

King. Oh, my sonne, although the king of England be yoong and wilde-headed, yet neuer thinke but he is rulde by his wise councellors.

*Enter Archbishop of Burges.*

Arch. God saue the life of my soueraign lord, the King!

King. Now, my good Lord Archbishop of Burges, what news from our brother, the English king?

Archb. And please your Maiestie, he is so far from your expectation that nothing wil serue him but the crowne and kingdome it-selfe. Besides, he bad me haste quickly least he be there before me. And, so far as I heare, he hath kept promise; for they say he is alreadie landed at Kidcocks in Normandie vpon the Riuer of Sene, and laid his siege to the garrison-towne of Harflew.

King. You haue made great haste in the meanetime, haue you not?

Dolphin. I pray you, my lord, how did the king of England take my presents?

Archb. Truly, my lord, in verie ill part. For these your balles of leather he will toss you balles of brasse and yron. Trust me, my lord, I was verie affraide of him, he is such a hautie and high-minded prince. He is as fierce as a lyon.

Con. Tush! we wil make him as tame as a lambe, I warrant you.

*Enters a Messenger.*

Messen. God saue the mightie King of France!

King. Now, messenger, what newes?

Messen. And it please your Maiestie, I come from your poore distressed towne of Harflew, which is so beset on euery side, if your Maiestie do not send present aide the towne will be yeelded to the English king.

King. Come, my lords, come! Shall we stand still till our country be spoyled vnder our noses? My lords, let the Normanes, Brabants, Pickardies, and Danes be sent for with all speede. And you, my Lord High Constable, I make generall ouer all my whole armie; Monsieur le Colle, Maister of the Boas,[1] Signior Deuens, and all the rest, at your appointment.

Dolp. I trust your Maiestie will bestow some part of the battell on me. I hope not to present any otherwise then well.

King. I tell thee, my sonne, although I should get the victory, and thou lose thy life, I should thinke my-selfe quite conquered, and the English-men to haue the victorie.

Dol. Why, my lord and father, I would haue the pettie king of England to know that I dare encounter him in any ground of the world.

King. I know well, my sonne; but at this time I will haue it thus. Therefore, come away.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enters Henry the Fifth, with his lords.*

Hen. 5. Come, my lords of England. No doubt this good lucke of winning this towne is a signe of an honourable victorie to come. But, good my lord, go and speake to the captaines with all speed, to number the hoast of the Frenchmen, and by that meanes we may the better know how to appoint the battell.

Yorke. And it please your Maiestie, there are many of your men sicke and diseased, and many of them die for want of victuals.

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[1] Qy. *bowse*, crossbows. According to Holinshed, Lord Rambures was "maister of the crosbowes," and this officer played a conspicuous part in the battle.

Hen. 5. And why did you not tell me of it before? If we cannot haue it for money we will haue it by dint of sword; the lawe of armes allow no lesse.

Oxf. I beseech your Grace to graunt me a boone.

Hen. 5. What is that, my good lord?

Oxf. That your Grace would giue me the euantgard [1] in the battell.

Hen. 5. Trust me, my Lord of Oxford, I cannot; for I haue alreadie giuen it to my vncke, the Duke of York. Yet I thanke you for your good will. *A trumpet sounds.* How now, what is that?

Yorke. I thinke it be some herald of armes.

*Enters a Herald.*

Herald. King of England, my Lord High Constable, and others of the noblemen of France, sends me to defie thee as open enemy to God, our countrey, and vs; and hereupon they presently bid thee battell.

Hen. 5. Herald, tell them that I defie them as open enemies to God, my countrey, and me, and as wronfull vsurpers of my right. And whereas thou saist they presently bid me battell, tell them that I thinke they know how to please me. But, I pray thee, what place hath my Lord Prince Dolphin here in battell?

Herald. And it please your Grace, my lord and king, his father, will not let him come into the field.

Hen. 5. Why, then he doth me great iniurie. I thought that he and I shuld haue plaid at tennis togither; therefore I haue brought tennis-balles for him — but other maner of ones then he sent me. And, Herald, tell my Lord Prince Dolphin that I haue inured [2] my hands with other kind of weapons then tennis-balles ere this time a day, and that he shall finde it, ere it be long. And so, adue my friend. And tell my lord that I am readie when he will.

*Exit Herald.*

Come, my lords. I care not and I go to our captaines; and Ile see the number of the French army my selfe. Strike up the drumme!

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter French Souldiers.*

1. Soul. Come away, Jack Drummer! Come away all, and me will tel you what me wil doo. Me wil tro [1] one chance on the dice who shall haue the king of England and his lords.

2. Soul. Come away, Jacke Drummer, and tro your chance; and lay downe your drumme.

*Enter Drummer.*

Drum. Oh, the braue [2] apparel that the English-mans hay broth ouer! I wil tel you what me ha donne. Me ha prouided a hundreth trunkes, and all to put the fine parel of the English-mans in.

1. Soul. What do thou meane by "trunkes"?

2. Soul. A shest, man, a hundred shests.

1. Soul. Awee, awee, awee.[3] Me wil tel you what: me ha put fiue shildren [4] out of my house, and all too litle to put the fine apparel of the English-mans in.

Drum. Oh, the braue, the braue apparel that we shall haue anon! But come, and you shall see what me wil tro at the kings drummer and fife. [*He throws the dice.*] Ha! me ha no good lucke. Tro you.

3. Sol. Faith, me wil tro at the Earle of Northumberland, and my Lord a Willowby with his great horse, snorting, farting — oh braue horse! [*He throws the dice.*]

1. Sol. Ha! Bur Ladie, you ha reasonable good lucke. Now I wil tro at the king himselfe. [*He throws the dice.*] Ha! me haue no good lucke.

*Enters a Captaine.*

Cap. How now! what make you here so farre from the campe?

2. Sol. Shal me tel our captain what we haue done here?

Drum. Awee, awee.

*Exeunt Drum*[*mer*] *and one Souldier.*

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[1] The foremost part of the army. [2] Practised.

[1] Throw. [2] Magnificent. [3] *Oui* (yes). [4] Children.

2. Sol. I wil tel you what we[1] haue donne. We haue bene troing our shance on the dice; but none can win the king.

Cap. I thinke so. Why, he is left behind for me! And I haue set three or foure chaire-makers a worke to make a new disguised chaire to set that womanly king of England in, that all the people may laugh and scoffe at him.

2. Soul. Oh braue captaine!

Cap. I am glad, and yet with a kinde of pitie, to see the poore king — why, who euer saw a more flourishing armie in France in one day then here is? Are not here all the peeres of France? Are not here the Normans, with their firie hand-gunnes and flaunching[2] curtleaxes? Are not here the barbarians, with their bard[3] horses and lanching speares? Are not here Pickardes, with their crosbowes and piercing dartes? The Henues,[4] with their cutting glaues[5] and sharpe carbuckles?[6] Are not here the lance-knights of Burgondie? And, on the other side, a site of poore English scabs! Why, take an English-man out of his warme bed and his stale drinke but one moneth, and, alas! what wil become of him? But giue the Frenchman a reddish[7] roote, and he wil liue with it all the dayes of his life.

*Exit.*

2. Soul. Oh, the braue apparel that we shall haue of the English-mans!

*Exit.*

*Enters the King of England and his Lords.*

Hen. 5. Come, my lords and fellowes of armes. What company is there of the French-men?

Oxf. And it please your Maiestie, our captaines haue numbred them, and, so neare as they can iudge, they are about threescore thousand horsemen and fortie thousand footemen.

Hen. 5. They threescore thousand [horsemen], and we but two thousand! They fortie[1] thousand footemen, and we twelue thousand! They are a hundred thousand, and we forteen[2] thousand! Ten to one! My lords and louing countrymen, though we be fewe, and they many, feare not. Your quarrel is good, and God wil defend you. Plucke vp your hearts, for this day we shall either haue a valiant victorie, or a honourable death! Now, my lords, I wil that my vncle, the Duke of Yorke, haue the auantgard in the battell; the Earle of Darby, the Earle of Oxford, the Earle of Kent, the Earle of Nottingham, the Earle of Huntington I wil haue beside the army, that they may come fresh vpon them; and I my-selfe, with the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Clarence, and the Duke of Gloster wil be in the midst of the battell. Furthermore, I wil that my Lord of Willowby and the Earle of Northhumberland, with their troupes of horsmen, be continually running like wings on both sides of the army — my Lord of Northhumberland on the left wing. Then I wil that euery archer prouide him a stake of a tre, and sharpe it at both endes; and, at the first encounter of the horsemen, to pitch their stakes downe into the ground before them, that they may gore themselues vpon them; and then, to recoyle backe, and shoote wholly altogither, and so discomfit them.

Oxf. And it please your Maiestie, I wil take that in charge, if your Grace be therwith content.

Hen. With all my heart, my good Lord of Oxford. And go and prouide quickly.

Oxf. I thanke your Highnesse.

*Exit [the Earl of Oxford].*

Hen. 5. Well, my lords, our battels are ordeined, and the French making of bon-fires, and at their bankets. But let them looke, for I meane to set vpon them.

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[1] A. *whe.*

[2] Flaunting? (showy, gay).

[3] Covered with bards, protective plates of armor set with spikes.

[4] Men of Hainault.

[5] Swords, or halberts.

[6] Originally a carbuncle borne in a shield; here, apparently, the pointed spike in the centre of the shield.

[7] Radish.

[1] A. *threescore,* possibly caught by the printer from the second line above.

[2] A. *fortie.*

*The trumpet soundes.*

Soft, heres comes some other French message.

*Enter Herauld.*

Herald. King of England, my Lord High Constable and other of my lords, considering the poore estate of thee and thy poore countrey-men, sends me to know what thou wilt giue for thy ransome. Perhaps thou maist agree better cheape [1] now then when thou art conquered.

Hen. 5. Why then, belike, your High Constable sends to know what I wil giue for my ransome? Now trust me, Herald, not so much as a tun of tennis-bals — no, not so much as one poore tennis-ball! Rather shall my bodie lie dead in the field to feed crowes then euer England shall pay one penny ransome for my bodie.

Herald. A kingly resolution!

Hen. 5. No, Herald; tis a kingly resolution, and the resolution of a king. Here, take this for thy paines.

*Exit Herald.*

But stay, my lords; what time is it?

All. Prime,[2] my lord.

Hen. 5. Then is it good time, no doubt, for all England praieth for vs. What, my lords! me-thinks you looke cheerfully vpon mee. Why then, with one voice, and like true English hearts, with me throw vp your caps, and for England cry, "S[aint] George!" And God and S[aint] George helpe vs!

*Strike, Drummer.*[3] *Exeunt omnes.*

*The French-men crie within, "S[aint] Dennis! S[aint] Dennis! Mount Ioy! S[aint] Dennis!"*

*The Battell* [*within*].

*Enters King of England, and his Lords.*

Hen. 5. Come, my lords, come! By this time our swords are almost drunke with French blood. But, my Lords, which of you can tell me how many of our army be slaine in the battell?

Oxf. And it please your Maiestie, there are of the French armie slaine aboue ten thousand twentie-sixe hundred, whereof are princes and nobles bearing banners; besides, all the nobilitie of France are taken prisoners. Of your Maiesties armie are slaine none but the good Duke of Yorke, and not aboue fiue or six and twentie common souldiers.

Hen. 5. For the good Duke of Yorke, my vnckle, I am heartily sorie, and greatly lament his misfortune. Yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath giuen vs doth make me much reioyce. But, staie; here comes another French message.

*Sound, Trumpet.*

*Enters a Herald, and kneeleth.*

Her. God saue the life of the most mightie conqueror, the honourable King of England!

Hen. 5. Now, Herald, me-thinks the world is changed with you now. What! I am sure it is a great disgrace for a Herald to kneele to the king of England! What is thy message?

Her. My lord and maister, the conquered king of France, sends thee long health, with heartie greeting.

Hen. 5. Herald, his greetings are welcome; but I thanke God for my health. Well, Herald, say on.

Herald. He hath sent me to desire your Maiestie to giue him leaue to go into the field to view his poore country-men, [and] that they may all be honourably buried.

Hen. 5. Why Herald, doth thy lord and maister send to me to burie the dead? Let him bury them, a Gods name! But, I pray thee, Herald, where is my Lord Hie Constable, and those that would haue had my ransome?

Herald. And it please your Maiestie, he was slaine in the battell.

Hen. 5. Why, you may see — you will make your selues sure before the victorie be wonne. But, Herald, what castle is this so neere adioyning to our campe?

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[1] Make a better bargain.

[2] The first of the Day Hours of the church, beginning at 6 A.M., or at sunrise.

[3] The imperative form of the stage-directions indicate that the printer was setting up from a prompt-copy of the play.

Herald. And it please your Maiestie, tis cald the Castle of Agincourt.

Hen. 5. Well then, my lords of England, for the more honour of our Englishmen, I will that this be for-euer cald The Battell of Agincourt.

Herald. And it please your Maiestie, I haue a further message to deliuer to your Maiestie.

Hen. 5. What is that, Herald? say on.

Her. And it please your Maiestie, my lord and maister craues to parly with your Maiestie.

Hen. 5. With a good will — so some of my nobles view the place for feare of trecherie and treason.

Herald. Your Grace needs not to doubt that.

*Exit Herald.*[1]

Hen. 5. Well, tell him, then, I will come. Now, my lords, I will go into the field my-selfe to view my countreymen, and to haue them honourably buried; for the French king shall neuer surpasse me in curtesie whiles I am Harry, King of England. Come on, my lords.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enters Iohn Cobler, and Robbin Pewterer.*

Robin. Now, Iohn Cobler, didst thou see how the king did behaue himselfe?

Iohn. But, Robin, didst thou see what a pollicie the king had? To see how the French-men were kild with the stakes of the trees!

Robin. I, Iohn, there was a braue pollicie!

*Enters an English souldier, roming.*

Soul. What are you, my maisters?

Both. Why, we be English-men.

Soul. Are you English-men? then change your language, for the kings tents are set a fire, and all they that speake English will be kild. [*Exit soldier.*]

Iohn. What shal we do, Robin? Faith, Ile shift,[1] for I can speake broken French.

Robin. Faith, so can I. Lets heare how thou canst speak.

Iohn. Commodeuales,[2] Monsieur.

Robin. Thats well. Come, lets be gone. [*Exeunt.*]

*Drum and trumpet sounds.*

*Enters Dericke roming. After him a Frenchman, and takes him prisoner.*

Dericke. O, good Mounser!

Frenchman. Come, come, you villeaco!

Der. O, I will, sir, I will.

Frenchman. Come quickly, you pesant!

Der. I will, sir. What shall I giue you?

French. Marry, thou shalt giue me one, to, tre, foure hundred crownes.

Der. Nay, sir, I will giue you more; I will giue as many crowns as wil lie on your sword.

French. Wilt thou giue me as many crowns as will lie on my sword?

Der. I, marrie, will I. I, but you must lay downe your sword, or else they will not lie on your sword.

*Here the Frenchman laies downe his sword, and the clowne takes it vp, and hurles him downe.*

Der. Thou villaine! darest thou looke vp?

French. O, good Mounsier, comparteue![3] Monsieur, pardon me!

Der. O, you villaine! now you lie at my mercie. Doest thou remember since thou lambst me in thy short el?[4] O, villaine! Now I will strike off thy head.

*Here, whiles he turnes his backe, the Frenchman runnes his wayes.*

Der. What, is he gone? Masse, I am

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[1] A. prints this stage-direction a line above.

[1] I'll manage to get along.

[2] Does John try to say *comment-allez-vous?* Cf. line 1842.

[3] Is this based on some form of *compartir*, show compassion?

[4] "To measure with a short ell" was a proverbial phrase meaning to deal unfairly. Dericke refers to the Frenchman's sword as a short ell measuring rod.

glad of it. For, if he had staid, I was afraid he wold haue sturd again, and then I should haue beene spilt.[1] But I will away to kill more Frenchmen. [*Exit.*]

*Enters King of France, King of England, and attendants.*

Hen. 5. Now, my good brother of France, my comming into this land was not to shead blood, but for the right of my countrey; which if you can deny, I am content peaceably to leaue my siege and to depart out of your land.

Charles. What is it you demand, my louing brother of England?

Hen. 5. My secretary hath it written. Read it.

Secretary. Item, that immediately Henry of England be crowned King of France.

Charles. A very hard sentence, my good brother of England.

Hen. 5. No more but right, my good brother of France!

French King. Well, read on.

Secret. Item, that after the death of the said Henry the crowne remaine to him and his heires for-euer.

French King. Why then, you do not onely meane to dispossesse me, but also my sonne!

Hen. 5. Why, my good brother of France, you haue had it long inough. And as for Prince Dolphin, it skils not though he sit beside the saddle.[2] Thus I haue set it downe, and thus it shall be!

French King. You are very peremptorie, my good brother of England.

Hen. And you as peruerse, my good brother of France.

Charles. Why then, belike all that I haue here is yours!

Hen. 5. I, euen as far as the kingdom of France reaches.

Charles. I, for by this hote beginning we shall scarce bring it to a calme ending.

Hen. 5. It is as you please. Here is my resolution.

Charles. Well, my brother of England, if you will giue me a coppie we will meete you againe to-morrow.

Hen. 5. With a good will, my good brother of France. Secretary, deliuer him a coppie.

*Exit King of France and all their attendants.*[1]

My lords of England, go before, and I will follow you.

*Exeunt Lords.*

*Speakes to himselfe.*

Hen. 5. Ah, Harry! thrice vnhappie Harry! Hast thou now conquered the French king, and begins a fresh supply with his daughter? But with what face canst thou seeke to gaine her loue which hath sought to win her fathers crowne? Her fathers crowne, said I? No, it is mine owne.
I, but I loue her, and must craue her —
Nay, I loue her, and will haue her!

*Enters Lady Katheren and her Ladies.*

But here she comes. How now, faire Ladie Katheren of France, what newes?

Kathren. And it please your Maiestie, my father sent me to know if you will debate [2] any of these unreasonable demands which you require.

Hen. 5. Now trust me, Kate, I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this; for none in the world could sooner haue made me debate it, if it were possible. But tell me, sweete Kate, canst thou tell how to loue?

Kate. I cannot hate, my good lord, therefore far vnfit were it for me to loue.

Hen. 5. Tush, Kate! but tell me in plaine termes, canst thou loue the King of England? I cannot do as these countries do that spend halfe their time in woing. Tush, wench, I am none such. But, wilt thou go ouer to England?

Kate. I would to God that I had your Maiestie as fast in loue as you haue my father in warres! I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke untill you had related [3] all these vnreasonable demands.

---

[1] Ruined, killed.

[2] "To abandon oneself to despair?" (*N.E.D.*)

[1] A. prints this stage-direction two lines above.

[2] Abate, reduce.

[3] Qy. debated, abated (cf. l. 1779).

HEN. 5. Tush, Kate! I know thou wouldst not vse me so hardly. But tell me, canst thou loue the King of England?

KATE. How should I loue him that hath dealt so hardly with my father?

HEN. 5. But Ile deale as easily with thee as thy heart can imagine, or tongue can require. How saist thou? What! will it be?

KATE. If I were of my owne direction I could giue you answere; but seeing I stand at my fathers direction, I must first know his will.

HEN. 5. But shal I haue thy good wil in the mean season?

KATE. Whereas I can put your Grace in no assurance, I would be loth to put you in any dispaire.

HEN. 5. Now, before God, it is a sweete wench!

*She goes aside, and speakes as followeth.*

KAT. I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the world that is beloued of the mightie King of England!

HEN. 5. Well, Kate, are you at hoast [1] with me? Sweete Kate, tel thy father from me that none in the world could sooner haue perswaded me to it then thou; and so tel thy father from me.

KAT. God keepe your Maiestie in good health.

*Exit Kat.*

HEN. 5. Farwel, sweet Kate. In faith, it is a sweet wench! But if I knew I could not haue her fathers good wil, I would so rowse the towers ouer his eares that I would make him be glad to bring her me upon his hands and knees.

*Exit King.*

*Enters Dericke with his girdle full of shooes.*

DER. How, now! Sownes, it did me good to see how I did triumph ouer the French-men!

*Enters Iohn Cobler rouing, with a packe full of apparell.*

IOHN. Whoope, Dericke! How doest thou?

DER. What, Iohn! Comedeuales? aliue yet?

IOHN. I promise thee, Dericke, I scapte hardly; for I was within halfe a mile when one was kild!

DER. Were you so?

IOHN. I, trust me. I had like bene slaine.

DER. But, once kild — why it tis nothing. I was foure or fiue times slaine.

IOHN. Foure or fiue times slaine! Why, how couldst thou haue beene aliue now?

DER. O Iohn, neuer say so! For I was cald "the bloodie souldier" amongst them all.

IOHN. Why, what didst thou?

DER. Why, I will tell thee, Iohn. Euery day whan I went into the field I would take a straw and thrust it into my nose and make my nose bleed; and then I wold go into the field. And when the captaine saw me, he would say, "Peace, a bloodie souldier!" and bid me stand aside. Whereof I was glad. But marke the chance, Iohn: I went and stood behinde a tree — but marke then, Iohn — I thought I had beene safe; but on a sodaine there steps to me a lustie tall French-man; now he drew, and I drew; now I lay here, and he lay there; now I set this leg before, and turned this backward — and skipped quite ouer a hedge; and he saw me no more there that day! And was not this well done, Iohn?

IOHN. Masse, Dericke, thou hast a wittie head.

DER. I, Iohn, thou maist see, if thou hadst taken my counsel. But what hast thou there? I thinke thou hast bene robbing the French-men.

IOHN. I-faith, Dericke, I haue gotten some reparrell [1] to carry home to my wife.

DER. And I haue got some shooes; for Ile tel thee what I did: when they were dead, I would go take off all their shooes.

IOHN. I, but Dericke, how shall we get home?

DER. Nay, sownds, and they take thee they wil hang thee. O, Iohn, neuer do so! If it be thy fortune to be hangd, be hangd in thy owne language, whatsoeuer thou doest!

---

[1] On friendly terms.

[1] Apparel.

Iohn. Why, Dericke, the warres is done; we may go home now.

Der. I, but you may not go before you aske the king leaue. But I know a way to go home and aske the king no leaue.

Iohn. How is that, Dericke?

Der. Why, Iohn, thou knowest the Duke of Yorkes funerall must be carried into England, doest thou not?

Iohn. I, that I do.

Der. Why, then, thou knowest weele go with it.

Iohn. I, but Dericke, how shall we do for to meet them?

Der. Sownds, if I make not shift to meet them, hang me! Sirra, thou knowst that in euery towne there wil be ringing, and there wil be cakes and drinke. Now I wil go to the clarke and sexton, and keepe a talking and say, "O, this fellow rings well!" And thou shalt go and take a peece of cake. Then Ile ring, and thou shalt say "Oh, this fellow keepes a good stint!" And then I will go drinke to thee all the way. But I maruel what my dame wil say when we come home, because we haue not a French word to cast at a dog by the way.

Iohn. Why, what shall we do, Dericke?

Der. Why, Iohn, Ile go before and call my dame whore; and thou shalt come after and set fire on the house.[1] We may do it, Iohn, for Ile proue it — because we be souldiers.

*The trumpets sound.*

Iohn. Dericke, helpe me to carry my shooes and bootes.

[*Exeunt Dericke and John.*]

*Enters King of England, Lord of Oxford and Exeter, then the King of France, Prince Dolphin, and the Duke of Burgondie, and attendants.*

Hen. 5. Now, my good brother of France, I hope by this time you haue deliberated of your answere.

Fr. King. I, my welbeloued brother of England. We haue viewed it ouer with our learned councell, but cannot finde that you should be crowned king of France.

Hen. 5. What! not king of France? Then nothing! I must be king. But, my louing brother of France, I can hardly forget the late iniuries offered me when I came last to parley; the French-men had better a raked the bowels out of their fathers carkasses then to haue fiered my tentes. And if I knew thy sonne, Prince Dolphin, for one, I would so rowse him as he was neuer so rowsed!

Fr. King. I dare sweare for my sonnes innocencie in this matter. But if this please you, that immediately you be proclaimed and crowned Heire and Regent of France, not king, because I my-selfe was once crowned king.

Hen. 5. Heire and Regent of France? That is well. But that is not all that I must haue.

Fr. King. The rest my secretary hath in writing.

Secret. [*reads*]. Item, that Henry, King of England, be crowned Heire and Regent of France during the life of King Charles; and after his death the crowne with all rights to remaine to King Henry of England, and to his heires foreuer.

Hen. 5. Well, my good brother of France, there is one thing I must needs desire.

Fr. King. What is that, my good brother of England?

Hen. 5. That all your nobles must be sworne to be true to me.

Fr. King. Whereas they haue not stucke with greater matters, I know they wil not sticke with such a trifle. Begin you, my Lord Duke of Burgondie.

Hen. 5. Come, my Lord of Burgondie; take your oath vpon my sword.

Burgon. I, Philip, Duke of Burgondie, sweare to Henry, King of England, to be true to him, and to become his league-man; and that if I, Philip, heare of any forraigne power comming to inuade the said Henry, or his heires, then I, the said Philip, to send him word, and aide him with all the power I can make. And thereunto I take my oath.

*He kisseth the sword.*

---

[1] Soldiers and apprentices assumed the liberty of setting fire to houses of ill-fame.

HEN. 5. Come, Prince Dolphin, you must sweare too.

*He kisseth the sword.*

HEN. 5. Well, my brother of France, there is one thing more I must needs require of you.

FR. KING. Wherein is it that we may satisfie your Maiestie?

HEN. 5. A trifle, my good brother of France: I meane to make your daughter Queene of England, if she be willing, and you therewith content. How saist thou, Kate? canst thou loue the King of England?

KATE. How should I loue thee, which is my fathers enemy?

HEN. 5. Tut! stand not vpon these points. Tis you must make vs friends. I know, Kate, thou art not a litle proud that I loue thee. What, wench, the King of England!

FRENCH KING. Daughter, let nothing stand betwixt the King of England and thee. Agree to it.

KATE. I had best whilst he is willing, least when I would he will not. I rest at your Maiesties commaund.

HEN. 5. Welcome, sweet Kate! But, my brother of France, what say you to it?

FRENCH KING. With all my heart I like it. But when shall be your wedding day?

HEN. 5. The first Sunday of the next moneth, God willing.

*Sound Trumpets.*

*Exeunt omnes.*

**FINIS**

# A PLEASANT CONCEYTED COMEDIE OF *GEORGE A GREENE*, THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD[1]

AS IT WAS SUNDRY TIMES ACTED BY THE SERUANTS OF THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE THE EARLE OF SUSSEX.

Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be sold at
his shop neere the Royall Exchange. 1599.

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

EDWARD, King of England.
EARL OF WARWICK, attending King Edward.
JAMES, King of Scotland, invading English territory.
LORD HUMES, attending King James.
EARL OF KENDALL, rebelliously seeking the crown of England.
LORD BONFIELD,
SIR NICHOLAS MANNERING,
SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG, } Kendall's supporters.
MUSGROVE, Keeper of one of King Edward's strongholds.
CUDDY, his son.
GEORGE A GREENE, the pinner of Wakefield.
JENKIN, a clown, servant to George a Greene.
WILY, a boy, servant to George a Greene.
GRIME, the father of Bettris.
WOODROFFE, the justice of Wakefield.
ROBIN HOOD, the outlaw.
SCARLET,
MUCH, } Robin Hood's men.
JOHN TAYLOR, post of King James.
NED A BARLEY, a small boy, son of Jane a Barley.

JANE A BARLEY.
BETTRIS, daughter to Grime, beloved by George a Greene.
MAID MARIAN, beloved by Robin Hood.
Townsmen, Shoemakers, Soldiers, etc.]

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[1] Our first reference to *George a Greene* is in 1593, when Henslowe records its performance, as an old play, at the Rose by the Earl of Sussex' Men who were temporarily occupying that playhouse. The exact date of its composition is a matter of conjecture, but the year 1588 would not be far wrong. Its authorship is also a matter of conjecture. The Devonshire copy of the first quarto (now in the Huntington Library) has on the title-page two notes in early seventeenth century hands: "Written by ..... a minister, who ac[ted] the pinners part in it himself. Teste W. Shakespea[re]"; and below: "Ed. Iuby saith that the play was made by Ro. Gree[ne]." Juby was an eminent Elizabethan actor; but the two notes seem to be contradictory, for, so far as we know, Robert Greene was never a minister, and there is no evidence that he was an actor. Little faith can be put in anonymous scribblings of this character, yet there is some internal evidence supporting the attribution of the play to Greene. Unquestionably the original text has been cut down for use in provincial traveling, occasioned, we may suppose, by the plague raging from 1592 to 1594; and it may be that this mutilation explains why Greene's characteristics as a writer are not more evident in the extant version. On the other hand, the play has a virility not found in Greene.

The play was entered in the Stationers' Registers in 1595, but the earliest edition we have was issued in 1599. I have reproduced the text of this edition (A.) from The Malone Society Reprints. As a result of the mutilation of the text for traveling purposes, the verse is often corrupt, and sometimes it is hard to distinguish between the verse and prose. I have followed, in the main, the line arrangement adopted by J. C. Collins (*The Plays and Poems of Robert Greene*, 1905). I have also modernized the punctuation and the use of capital letters, and I have added, in brackets, stage-directions.

# A PLEASANT CONCEYTED COMEDIE OF *GEORGE A GREENE*, THE PINNER[1] OF WAKEFIELD

[*Near Bradford.*]

*Enter the Earle of Kendall, with him the Lord Bonfild* [*and*] *Sir Gilbert Armestrong; and* [*enter later*] *Iohn* [*Taylor*].

Earle of Kendall. Welcome to Bradford, martiall gentlemen!
L[ord] Bonfild, and Sir Gilbert Armstrong both,
And all my troups, euen to my basest groome,
Courage and welcome, for the day is ours!
Our cause is good — it is for the lands auayle;
Then let vs fight, and dye for Englands good!

Omnes. We will, my lord!

Kendall. As I am Henrie Momford, Kendals Earle,
You honour me with this assent of yours.
And here vpon my sword I make protest
For to relieue the poore, or dye my-selfe.
And know, my lords, that Iames, the King of Scots,
Warres hard vpon the borders of this land.

[*Enter John Taylor.*]

Here is his post. — Say, Iohn Taylour,
What newes with King Iames?

Iohn. Warre, my lord! Tall[2] and good newes, I trow;
For King Iam[i]e vowes to meete you the 26 of this month,
God willing; marie, doth he, sir.

Kendall. My friends, you see what we haue to winne. —
Well, Iohn, commend me to King Iames,
And tell him, I will meete him the 26 of this month,
And all the rest. And so, farewell.

*Exit Iohn.*

Bonfild, why standst thou as a man in dumps?
Courage! for, if I winne, Ile make thee duke.
I, Henry Momford, will be king my selfe;
And I will make thee Duke of Lancaster,
And Gilbert Armestrong Lord of Doncaster.

Bonfild. Nothing, my lord, makes me amazde[1] at all,
But that our souldiers findes our victuals scant.
We must make hauocke of those countrey swaynes;
For so will the rest tremble and be afraid,
And humbly send prouision to your campe.

Gilb. My Lord Bonfild giues good aduice.
They make a scorne, and stand vpon the king;
So what is brought is sent from them perforce.
Aske Mannering else.

Kend. What sayest thou, Mannering?

Man. When-as I shew'd your high commission,
They made this answere —
Onely to send prouision for your horses.

Kend. Well, hye thee to Wakefield; bid the towne
To send me all prouision that I want,
Least I, like martiall Tamberlaine, lay waste
Their bordering countries,
And leauing none aliue that contradicts my commission.

Man. Let me alone, my lord; Ile make them
Vayle their plumes! For whatsoere he be,
The proudest knight, iustice, or other, that gaynsayeth
Your word, Ile clap him fast, to make the rest to feare.

Kend. Doe so, Nick. Hye thee thither presently;

---

[1] An officer whose duty is to impound stray beasts.
[2] Seemly, excellent. A. has *tell*, and Dyce and Collins emend to *I tell*.

[1] Perplexed.

And let vs heare of thee againe tomorrowe.
Man. Will you not remooue, my lord?
Kend. No; I will lye at Bradford all this night,
And all the next. — Come, Bonfield, let vs goe
And listen out[1] some bonny lasses here.

*Exeunt omnes.*

[*Wakefield.*]

*Enter the Iustice, a Townesman, George a Greene, and Sir Nicholas Mannering with his Commission.*

Iustice. M[aster] Mannering, stand aside whilest we conferre what is best to doe. [*Mannering stands to one side.*] Townesmen of Wakefield, the Earle of Kendall here hath sent for victuals; and in ayding him we shewe our selues no lesse than traytours to the King. Therefore let me heare, townesmen, what is your consents.

Townes. Euen as you please, we are all content.

Iustice. Then — M[aster] Mannering, we are resolu'd.

[*Mannering advances.*]

Man. As howe?

Iustice. Marrie, sir, thus. We will send the Earle of Kendall no victuals, because he is a traytour to the king, and in ayding him we shewe our selues no lesse.

Man. Why, men of Wakefield! are you waxen madde,
That present danger cannot whet your wits
Wisely to make prouision of your selues?
The earle is thirtie thousand men strong in power,
And what towne soeuer him resist
He layes it flat and leuell with the ground.
Ye silly men, you seeke your owne decay!
Therefore send my lord such prouision as he wants,
So he will spare your towne, and come no neerer
Wakefield then he is.

Iustice. Master Mannering, you haue your answere.
You may be gone.

Man. Well, Woodroffe — for so I gesse is thy name — Ile make thee curse thy ouerthwart deniall; and all that sit vpon the bench[1] this day shall rue the houre they haue withstood my lord's commission.

Iustice. Doe thy worst, we feare thee not.

Man. See you these seales? Before you passe the towne
I will haue all things [that][2] my lord doth want,
In spite of you!

George a Greene. Proud dapper Iacke, vayle bonnet to the bench[3]
That represents the person of the king;
Or, sirra, Ile lay thy head before thy feete.

Man. Why, who art thou?

George. Why, I am George a Greene,
True liegeman to my king,
Who scornes that men of such esteeme as these
Should brooke the braues of any trayterous squire.
You of the bench, and you, my fellowe-friends,
Neighbours we, subiects all vnto the king,
We are English borne, and therefore Edwards friends,
Voude vnto him euen in our mothers wombe,
Our mindes to God, our hearts vnto our king.
Our wealth, our homage, and our carcases,
Be all King Edwards. Then, sirra, we haue
Nothing left for traytours but our swordes,
Whetted to bathe them in your bloods, and dye
Against you, before we send you any victuals.[4]

Iustice. Well spoken, George a Greene!

Townes. Pray let George a Greene speake for vs.

George. Sirra, you get no victuals here —

---

[1] Secure tidings of.

[1] The bench where persons sit in some official capacity.

[2] Added by Collins.

[3] I follow Collins' rearrangement of lines 95–96.

[4] A. arranges lines 111–12 to end with "bloods" and "victuals." I follow Dyce's rearrangement.

Not if a hoofe of beefe would saue your liues.

MAN. Fellowe, I stand amazde at thy presumption.
Why, what art thou that darest gaynsay my lord,
Knowing his mighty puissance and his stroke?
Why, my friend, I come not barely of my selfe;
For, see, I haue a large commission.

GEORGE. Let me see it, sirra. [*Takes the Commission.*] Whose seales be these?

MAN. This is the Earle of Kendals seale at armes;
This, Lord Charnel Bonfield's;
And this, Sir Gilbert Armestrongs.

GEORGE. I tell thee, sirra, did good King Edwards sonne seale a commission against the king his father, thus would I teare it in despite of him,

*He teares the Commission.*

Being traytour to my soueraigne.

MAN. What! hast thou torne my lords commission? Thou shalt rue it — and so shall all Wakefield.

GEORGE. What! are you in choler? I will giue you pilles to coole your stomacke! Seest thou these seales? Now, by my fathers soule, which was a yeoman when he was aliue, eate them, or eate my daggers poynt, proud squire!

MAN. But thou doest but iest, I hope.

GEORGE. Sure that shall you see before we two part.

MAN. Well, and there be no remedie, so, George. [*Swallows one of the seals.*] One is gone. I pray thee, no more nowe.

GEORGE. O sir, if one be good, the others cannot hurt. [*Mannering swallows the other seals.*] So, sir; nowe you may goe tell the Earle of Kendall, although I haue rent his large commission, yet of curtesie I haue sent all his seales backe againe by you.

MAN. Well, sir, I will doe your arrant.

*Exit* [*Mannering*].

GEORGE. Nowe let him tell his lord that he hath spoke with George a Greene, right[1] pinner of merrie Wakefield towne, that hath phisicke for a foole, pilles for a traytour that doeth wrong his soueraigne. Are you content with this that I haue done?

IUSTICE. I,[2] content, George;
For highly hast thou honourd Wakefield toune
In cutting of proud Mannering so short.
Come; thou shalt be my welcome ghest today;
For well thou hast deseru'd reward and fauour.

*Exeunt omnes.*

[*Outside the "hold" kept by Musgrove.*][3]

*Enter olde Musgroue and yong Cuddie his sonne.*

CUDDIE. Nowe, gentle father, list vnto thy sonne;
And for my mothers loue,
That earst was blythe and bonny in thine eye,
Graunt one petition that I shall demaund.

OLDE MUSGROUE. What is that, my Cuddie?

CUDDIE. Father, you knowe the ancient enmitie of late
Betweene the Musgroues and the wily Scottes,
Whereof they haue othe
Not to leaue one aliue that strides a launce.
O, Father, you are olde, and, wanyng, age vnto the graue.
Olde William Musgroue, which whilome was thought
The brauest horseman in all Westmerland,
Is weake, and forst to stay his arme vpon a staffe,
That earst could wield a launce.
Then, gentle father, resigne the hold to me;
Giue armes to youth, and honour vnto age.

MUS. Auaunt, false hearted boy! My ioynts doe quake

---

[1] Dyce emends to *hight.*

[2] Aye.

[3] "Handoun, or Sandon Castle, off wch Sr William Musgrave and his soon Cuddy had the keepinge." — *The Famouus Hystory off George a Greene,* chap. vi. This prose romance was apparently the source of the play, or closely related to the source.

Euen with anguish of thy verie words!
Hath William Musgroue seene an hundred yeres?
Haue I bene feard and dreaded of the Scottes
That when they heard my name in any roade[1]
They fled away, and posted thence amaine,
And shall I dye with shame nowe in mine age?
No, Cuddie, no. Thus resolue I: —
Here haue I liu'd, and here will Musgroue dye.

*Exeunt omnes.*

[*Before Grime's house.*]

*Enter Lord Bonfild, Sir Gilbert Armestrong, M. Grime, and Bettris his daughter.*

**Bon.** Now, gentle Grime, God a mercy for our good chere!
Our fare was royall, and our welcome great.
And sith so kindly thou hast entertained vs,
If we returne with happie victorie
We will deale as friendly with thee in recompence.

**Grime.** Your welcome was but dutie, gentle lord;
For wherefore haue we giuen vs our wealth
But to make our betters welcome when they come?
[*Aside.*] O, this goes hard when traytours must be flattered!
But life is sweete, and I cannot withstand it.
God, I hope, will reuenge the quarrell of my king.

**Gilb.** What said you, Grime?

**Grime.** I say, Sir Gilbert, looking on my daughter
I curse the houre that ere I got the girle;
For, sir, she may haue many wealthy suters,
And yet she disdaines them all to haue
Poore George a Greene vnto her husband.

**Bonfild.** On that, good Grime, I am talking with thy
Daughter;
But she in quirkes and quiddities[1] of loue
Sets me to schoole, she is so ouerwise. —
But, gentle girle, if thou wilt forsake
The pinner and be my loue, I will aduaunce thee high.
To dignifie those haires of amber hiew,
Ill grace them with a chaplet made of pearle,
Set with choice rubies, sparkes,[2] and diamonds,
Planted vpon a veluet hood, to hide that head
Wherein two saphires burne like sparkling fire.
This will I doe, faire Bettris, and farre more,
If thou wilt loue the Lord of Doncaster.

**Bettris.** Heigh ho! my heart is in a higher place —
Perhaps on the earle, if that be he [*pointing*];
See where he comes, or angrie, or in loue,
For why[3] his colour looketh discontent.

**Kendall** [*entering*]. Come, Nick, followe me.

*Enter the Earle of Kendall* [*and*] *Sir Nicholas Mannering.*

**Bonfild.** Howe nowe, my lord! what newes?

**Kendall.** Such newes, Bonfild, as will make thee laugh
And fret thy fill to heare how Nick was vsde.
Why, the iustices stand on their termes.[4]
Nick, as you knowe, is hawtie in his words;
He layd the lawe vnto the iustices
With threatning braues, that one lookt on another
Ready to stoope, but that a churle came in,
One George a Greene, the pinner of the towne,
And with his dagger drawne layd hands on Nick,
And by no beggers[5] swore that we were traytours,
Rent our commission, and vpon a braue

---

[1] Hostile incursion on horseback, foray.

[1] Verbal subtleties and quibbles.
[2] Precious stones.
[3] Because.
[4] Stipulations.
[5] A proverbial phrase, "by no mean oaths."

Made Nick to eate the seales or brooke the stabbe.
Poore Mannering, afraid, came posting hither straight.
Bettris [*aside*]. Oh louely George, fortune be still thy friend!
And as thy thoughts be high, so be thy minde
In all accords, euen to thy hearts desire!
Bonfild. What sayes faire Bettris?
Grimes. My Lord, she is praying for George a Greene.
He is the man, and she will none but him.
Bonfild. But him! why, looke on me, my girle.
Thou knowest that yesternight I courted thee,
And swore at my returne to wedde with thee.
Then tell me, loue, shall I haue all thy faire?[1]
Bettris. I care not for earle, nor yet for knight,
Nor baron that is so bold;
For George a Greene, the merrie pinner,
He hath my heart in hold.
Bonfild. Bootlesse, my lord, are many vaine replies.
Let vs hye vs to Wakefield, and send her the pinners head.
Kend. It shall be so. — Grime, gramercie.
Shut vp thy daughter; bridle her affects;
Let me not misse her when I make returne.
Therefore looke to her as to thy life, good Grime.
Grime. I warrant you, my Lord.
Ken. [*aside to Bettris*]. And, Bettris, leaue a base pinner, for to loue an earle.

*Ex. Grime and Bettris.*[2]

Faine would I see this pinner, George a Greene.
It shall be thus:
Nick Mannering shall leade on the battell,
And we three will goe to Wakefield in some disguise.
But howsoeuer, Ile haue his head today!

*Ex. omnes.*

[*Before Sir Iohn a Barley's castle.*]

*Enter the King of Scots, Lord Humes, with Souldiers, and Iohnie.*

King. Why, Iohnie, then the Earle of Kendall is blithe,
And hath braue men that troupe along with him?
Iohnie. I, marie, my liege, and hath good men
That come along with him;
And vowes to meete you at Scrasblesea, God willing.
King. If good S[aint] Andrewe lend King Iam[i]e leaue,
I will be with him at the pointed day.
But, soft! — Whose pretie boy art thou?

*Enter Iane a Barleys sonne.*

Ned. Sir, I am sonne vnto Sir Iohn a Barley,
Eldest and all that ere my mother had;
Edward my name.
Iame. And whither art thou going, pretie Ned?
Ned. To seeke some birdes, and kill them, if I can.
And now my scholemaster is also gone,
So haue I libertie to ply my bowe;
For when he comes, I stirre not from my booke.
Iames. Lord Humes, but marke the visage of this child!
By him I gesse the beautie of his mother;
None but Læda could breede Helena.
Tell me, Ned, who is within with thy mother?
Ned. Nought[1] but her selfe and houshold seruants, sir.
If you would speake with her, knocke at this gate.
Iames. Iohnie, knocke at that gate.

*Enter Iane a Barley vpon the walles.*

Iane. O, I am betraide! What multitudes be these?
Iames. Feare not, faire Iane, for all these men are mine —
And all thy friends, if thou be friend to me.
I am thy louer, Iames, the King of Scottes.

---

[1] Beauty.
[2] A. prints the stage-direction after line 261.

[1] A. *Not;* corrected by Nicholson.

That oft haue sued and wooed with many letters,
Painting my outward passions with my pen
When-as my inward soule did bleede for woe.
Little regard was giuen to my sute;
But haply thy husbands presence wrought it.
Therefore, sweete Iane, I fitted me to time,
And, hearing that thy husband was from home,
Am come to craue what long I haue desirde.
**Ned.** Nay, soft you, sir! You get no entrance here,
That seeke to wrong Sir Iohn a Barley so,
And offer such dishonour to my mother.
**Iames.** Why, what dishonour, Ned?
**Ned.** Though young,
Yet often haue I heard my father say,
"No greater wrong than to be made cuckold."
Were I of age, or were my bodie strong,
Were he ten kings, I would shoote him to the heart
That should attempt to giue Sir Iohn the horne. —
Mother, let him not come in.
I will goe lie [1] at Iockie Millers house.

[*He starts away.*]

**Iames.** Stay him.
**Iane.** I, well said, Ned! Thou hast giuen the king
His answere.
For were the ghost of Cesar on the earth,
Wrapped in the wonted glorie of his honour,
He should not make me wrong my husband so.
But good King Iames is pleasant, as I gesse,
And meanes to trie what humour I am in;
Else would he neuer haue brought an hoste of men
To haue them witnes of his Scottish lust.
**Iames.** Iane, in faith, Iane —
**Iane.** Neuer reply; for I protest by the highest
Holy God,
That doometh iust reuenge for things amisse,
King Iames, of all men, shall not haue my loue.
**Iames.** Then list to me: Saint Andrewe be my boote,
But Ile rase thy castle to the verie ground,
Vnlesse thou open the gate and let me in!
**Iane.** I feare thee not, King Iamie. Doe thy worst!
This castle is too strong for thee to scale;
Besides, tomorrowe will Sir Iohn come home.
**Iames.** Well, Iane, since thou disdainst King Iame's loue,
Ile drawe thee on with sharpe and deepe extremes;
For, by my fathers soule, this brat of thine
Shall perish here before thine eyes,
Vnlesse thou open the gate and let me in.
**Iane.** O deepe extremes! My heart begins to breake!
My little Ned lookes pale for feare. —
Cheare thee, my boy; I will doe much for thee.
**Ned.** But not so much as to dishonour me.
**Iane.** And if thou dyest, I cannot liue, sweete Ned.
**Ned.** Then dye with honour, mother, dying chaste.
**Iane.** I am armed.
My husbands loue, his honour, and his fame,
Ioynes victorie by vertue. Nowe, King Iames,
If mothers teares cannot alay thine ire,
Then butcher him, for I will neuer yeeld.
The sonne shall dye before I wrong the father.
**Iames.** Why, then, he dyes.

*Allarum within. Enter a Messenger.*

**Messenger.** My Lord, Musgroue is at hand.
**Iames.** Who? Musgroue! The deuill he is! Come,
My horse!

*Exeunt omnes* [*below*].

[*Skirmish within.*]

*Enter olde Musgroue with King Iames prisoner.*

**Mus.** Nowe, King Iames, thou art my prisoner.
**Iames.** Not thine, but Fortunes prisoner.

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[1] Live, spend the night.

*Enter Cuddie.*

CUDDIE. Father, the field is ours! Their colours we
Haue seyzed,
And Humes is slayne; I slewe him hand to hand.
MUS. God and Saint George!
CUDDIE. O father, I am sore athirst!
IANE. Come in, young Cuddie, come and drinke thy fill.
Bring in King Iame with you as a ghest;
For all this broile was cause he could not enter.

*Exeunt omnes.*

[*Near George a Greene's wheat close outside Wakefield.*]

*Enter George a Greene alone.*

GEORGE. The sweete content of men that liue in loue
Breedes fretting humours in a restlesse minde;
And fansie,[1] being checkt by fortunes spite,
Growes too impatient in her sweete desires; —
Sweete to those men whome loue leades on to blisse,
But sowre to me, whose happe is still amisse.

*Enter the Clowne.*

IENKIN. Marie, amen, sir!

GEORGE. Sir, what doe you crye, "Amen" at?

IENKIN. Why, did not you talke of loue?

GEORGE. Howe doe you knowe that?

IENKIN. Well, though I say it that should not say it, there are fewe fellowes in our parish so netled with loue as I haue bene of late.

GEOR. Sirra, I thought no lesse when the other morning you rose so earely to goe to your wenches. Sir, I had thought you had gone about my honest busines.

IENKIN. Trow, you haue hit it! For, master, be it knowne to you, there is some good-will betwixt Madge, the sousewife,[1] and I. Marie, she hath another louer.

GEORGE. Canst thou brooke any riuals in thy loue?

IEN. A rider! no, he is a sow-gelder and goes afoote. But Madge pointed to meete me in your wheate close.

GEORGE. Well, did she meete you there?

IEN. Neuer make question of that! And first I saluted her with a greene gowne,[2] and after fell as hard a wooing as if the priest had bin at our backs to haue married vs.

GEORG. What, did she grant?

IEN. Did she graunt? Neuer make question of that! And she gaue me a shirt coler wrought ouer with no counterfet stuffe.

GEORG. What, was it gold?

IEN. Nay, twas better than gold.

GEORG. What was it?

IEN. Right Couentrie-blew. We [3] had no sooner come there but wot you who came by?

GEORG. No; who?

IEN. Clim, the sow-gelder.

GEORG. Came he by?

IEN. He spide Madge and I sit together. He leapt from his horse, laid his hand on his dagger, and began to sweare. Now I, seeing he had a dagger, and I nothing but this twig in my hand, I gaue him faire words and said nothing. He comes to me and takes me by the bosome. "You hoorson slaue," said he, "hold my horse; and looke he take no colde in his feete." "No, marie, shall he, sir," quoth I; "Ile lay my cloake vnderneath him." I tooke my cloake, spread it all along, and his horse on the midst of it.

GEORG. Thou clowne! didst thou set his horse vpon thy cloake?

IEN. I; but marke how I serued him. Madge and he was no sooner gone downe into the ditch, but I plucked out my knife, cut foure hoales in my cloake, and made his horse stand on the bare ground.

---

[1] Love.

[1] Souse consisted of the feet, head, and other parts of the hog ground up and made into something like a jelly. A sousewife, or seller of souse, was looked upon with disdain.

[2] Rolled her in the grass so that her gown became green; a proverbial phrase.

[3] A. *Who.*

GEORG. Twas well done. Now, sir, go and suruay my fields; if you finde any cattell in the corne, to pound[1] with them.

IEN. And if I finde any in the pound, I shall turne them out.

*Exit Ienkin.*

*Enter the Earle of Kendal, Lord Bonfield, Sir Gilbert, all disguised, with a traine of men [placed in ambush].*

KEND. Now we haue put the horses in the corne, let vs stand in some corner for to heare what brauing tearmes the pinner will breathe when he spies our horses in the corne.

*Enter Ienkin[2] blowing of his horne.*

IEN. O master, where are you? We haue a prise.

GEORG. A prise! what is it?

IEN. Three goodly horses in our wheate close.

GEORGE. Three horses in our wheat close! Whose be they?

IENKIN. Marie, thats a riddle to me. But they are there — veluet horses,[3] and I neuer sawe such horses before. As my dutie was, I put off my cappe, and said as followeth: "My masters, what doe you make in our close?" One of them, hearing me aske what he made there, held vp his head and neighed, and, after his maner, laught as heartily as if a mare had bene tyed to his girdle. "My masters," said I, "it is no laughing matter; for, if my master take you here, you goe as round as a top to the pound." Another vntoward iade, hearing me threaten him to the pound and to tell you of them, cast vp both his heeles and let such a monstrous great fart, that was as much as in his language to say: "A fart for the pound, and a fart for George a Greene!" Nowe I, hearing this, put on my cap, blewe my horne, called them all iades, and came to tell you.

GEORGE. Nowe, sir, goe and driue me those three horses to the pound.

IENKIN. Doe you heare? I were best to take a constable with me.

GEORGE. Why so?

[IENKIN.] Why, they, being gentlemens horses, may stand on their reputation, and will not obey me.

GEORGE. Goe doe as I bid you, sir.

IENKIN. Well, I may goe.

*The Earle of Kendall, the Lord Bonfild, and Sir Gilbert Armestrong, meete them.*

KEND. Whither away, sir?

IENKIN. Whither away? I am going to put the horses in the pound.

KEND. Sirra, those three horses belong to vs, and we put them in; and they must tarrie there, and eate their fill.

IENKIN. Stay, I will goe tell my master. — Heare you, master; we haue another prise! Those three horses be in your wheate close still, and here be three geldings more.

GEORGE. What be these?

IENKIN. These are the masters of the horses.

GEORGE. Nowe, gentlemen — I know not your degrees, but more you cannot be,[1] vnlesse you be kings — why wrong you vs of Wakefield with your horses? I am the pinner, and before you passe you shall make good the trespasse they haue done.

KEND. Peace, saucie mate! Prate not to vs: I tell thee, pinner, we are gentlemen.

GEORGE. Why, sir, so may I, sir, although I giue no armes.

KEND. Thou! Howe art thou a gentleman?

IENKIN. And such is my master, and he may giue as good armes as euer your great grandfather could giue.

KEND. Pray thee, let me heare howe.

IENKIN. Marie, my master may giue for his armes the picture of Aprill in a greene ierkin, with a rooke on one fist and an horne[2] on the other: but my master giues his armes the wrong way, for he giues the horne on his fist; and your grandfather, because he would not lose his armes, weares the horne on his owne head.[1]

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[1] The enclosure where strayed beasts were kept until redeemed.

[2] A. *Iacke;* possibly the name of the actor who assumed the rôle of Jenkin.

[3] With velvet caparisons.

[1] More than "gentlemen."

[2] Does he refer to the cornucopia?

Kend. Well, pinner, sith our horses be in, in spite of thee they now shall feede their fill, and eate vntill our leasures serue to goe.

George. Now, by my fathers soule, were good King Edwards horses in the corne, they shall amend the scath, or kisse the pound; much more yours, sir, whatsoere you be!

Kend. Why, man, thou knowest not vs. We do belong to Henry Momford, Earle of Kendal; men that, before a month be full expirde, will be King Edwards betters in the land.

Georg. King Edwards better[s]! Rebell, thou liest!

*George strikes him.*

Bonfild. Villaine, what hast thou done? Thou hast stroke an earle.

Geor. Why, what care I? A poore man that is true is better then an earle, if he be false. Traitors reape no better fauours at my hands.

Kend. I, so me thinks; but thou shall deare aby [2] this blow. — Now or neuer, lay hold on the pinner!

*Enter all the ambush.*

Georg. Stay, my lords. Let vs parlie on these broiles. "Not Hercules against two," the prouerbe is, nor I against so great a multitude. — [*Aside*] Had not your troupes come marching as they did, I would haue stopt your passage vnto London: but nowe Ile flie to secret policie.

Kend. What doest thou murmure, George?

George. Marie, this, my lord: I muse, if thou be Henrie Momford, Kendals Earle, that thou wilt doe poore G[eorge] a Greene this wrong, euer to match me with a troupe of men.

Kend. Why doest thou strike me, then?

Geor. Why, my lord, measure me but by your selfe: had you a man had seru'd you long, and heard your foe misuse you behinde your backe and would not draw his sword in your defence, you would cashere him. Much more, King Edward is my king; and, before Ile heare him so wrong'd, Ile die within this place, and maintaine good whatsoeuer I haue said. And, if I speake not reason in this case, what I haue said Ile maintaine in this place.

Bon. A pardon, my lord, for this pinner; for, trust me, he speaketh like a man of worth.

Kend. Well, George, wilt thou [1] leaue Wakefielde and wend with me, Ile freely put vp all and pardon thee.

Georg. I, my lord, considering me [2] one thing — you will leaue these armes and follow your good king.

Ken. Why, George, I rise not against King Edward, but for the poore that is opprest by wrong; and if King Edward will redresse the same, I will not offer him disparagement, but otherwise; and so let this suffise. Thou hear'st the reason why I rise in armes; nowe, wilt thou leaue Wakefield and wend with me, Ile make thee captaine of a hardie band, and, when I haue my will, dubbe thee a knight.

George. Why, my lord, haue you any hope to winne?

Kend. Why, there is a prophecie doeth say that King Iames and I shall meete at London, and make the king vaile bonnet to vs both.[3]

Geo. If this were true, my lord, this were a mighty reason.

Ken. Why, it is a miraculous prophecie, and cannot faile.

George. Well, my lord, you haue almost turned me. — Ienkin, come hither.

Ienkin. Sir?

George. Goe your waies home, sir, and driue me those three horses home vnto my house; and powre them downe a bushell of good oates.

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[1] Alluding to the horns of the cuckold.

[2] Pay for.

[1] If thou wilt.

[2] Rewarding, remunerating.

[3] "When hee was but a child a wysard had prophesyde off him that Richard [in the play changed to King Edward] and hee should meete in London, and the kinge shoold theare vayle his bonnet unto him; wch prediction of the suthsayer prooved after to bee trewe, but not as he" . . . *The Famouus Hystory off George a Greene*, chap. iv.

**Ienkin.** Well, I will. [*Aside.*] Must I giue these scuruie horses oates?

*Exit Ienkin.*

**Geor.** Will it please you to commaund your traine aside?

**Kend.** Stand aside.

*Exit the trayne.*

**George.** Nowe list to me: here in a wood, not farre from hence, there dwels an old man in a caue alone, that can foretell what fortunes shall befall you, for he is greatly skilfull in magike arte. Go you three to him early in the morning and question him: if he saies good, why, then, my lord, I am the formost man! We will march vp with your campe to London.

**Kend.** George, thou honourest me in this. But where shall we finde him out?

**George.** My man shall conduct you to the place. But, good my lords, tell me true what the wise man saith.

**Kend.** That will I, as I am Earle of Kendal.

**George.** Why, then, to honour G[eorge] a Greene the more, vouchsafe a peece of beefe at my poore house. You shall haue wafer cakes your fill, a peece of beefe hung vp since Martilmas:[1] — if that like you not, take what you bring, for me!

**Kend.** Gramercies, George.

*Exeunt omnes.*

[*Before Grime's House.*]

*Enter George a Greenes boy, Wily, disguised like a woman, to M. Grimes.*

**Wily.** O, what is loue! It is some mightie power,
Else could it neuer conquer G[eorge] a Greene.
Here dwels a churle that keepes away his loue.
I know the worst — and if I be espied,
Tis but a beating. And if I by this meanes
Can get faire Bettris forth her fathers dore,[2]
It is enough.
Venus, for me, and all the Gods above,[1]
Be aiding to my wily enterprise!

*He knocks at the doore.*

*Enter Grime.*

**Gri.** How now! Who knocks there? What would you haue?
From whence came you? Where doe you dwell?

**Wily.** I am, forsooth, a semsters maide hard by,
That hath brought worke home to your daughter.

**Grime.** Nay, are you not some craftie queane
That comes from George a Greene, that rascall,
With some letters to my daughter?
I will haue you searcht.

**Wily.** Alas, sir, it is Hebrue vnto me
To tell me of George a Greene, or any other!
Search me, good sir,
And if you finde a letter about me,
Let me haue the punishment that is due.

**Grime.** Why are you mufled? I like you the worse
For that.

**Wily.** I am not, sir, asham'd to shew my face,
Yet loth I am my cheekes should take the aire —
Not that I am charie of my beauties hue,
But that I am troubled with the tooth-ach sore.

[*He takes the handkerchief from before his mouth.*] [2]

**Grime.** A pretie wench, of smiling countenance!
Olde men can like, although they cannot loue —
I,[3] and loue, though not so briefe as yong men can.
Well, goe in, my wench, and speake with my daughter.

---

[1] Martinmas, November 11.

[2] I.e. enable her to escape.

[1] A. *and all goes alone.* Dyce and Collins read: *of all the Gods alone;* Greg suggests: *and all gods a loue.*

[2] "Holdinge her handkercher beeffore mouthes as trobled with a payne in her teethe." — *The Famouus Hystory off George a Greene*, chap. ix.

[3] Aye.

*Exit* [*Wily*].

I wonder much at the Earle of Kendall,
Being a mightie man, as still he is,
Yet for to be a traitor to his king
Is more then God or man will well allow.
But what a foole am I to talke of him!
My minde is more heere of the pretie lasse.
Had she brought some fortie pounds to towne
I could be content to make her my wife.
Yet I haue heard it in a prouerbe said,
"He that is olde and marries with a lasse,
Lies but at home, and prooues himselfe an asse."

*Enter Bettris in Wilies apparell to Grime,* [*holding her handkerchief before her mouth*].

How now, my wench! How ist? What, not a word? —
Alas, poore soule, the tooth-ach plagues her sore. —
Well, my wench, here is an angel[1] for to buy thee pinnes.
And I pray thee vse mine house;
The oftner, the more welcome. Farewell.

*Exit.*

Bettris. O blessed loue, and blessed fortune both!
But, Bettris, stand not here to talke of loue,
But hye thee straight vnto thy George a Greene.
Neuer went roe-bucke swifter on the downes
Then I will trip it till I see my George.

[*Exit Bettris.*]

[*Before the cave of the old magician, near Wakefield.*]

*Enter the Earle of Kendall, L*[*ord*] *Bonfield, Sir Gilbert, and Ienkin the clowne.*

Kend. Come away, Ienkin.
Ien. Come; here is his house. [*Calling.*] Where be you, ho?
Georg [*within*]. Who knocks there?
Kend. Heere are two or three poore men, father,
Would speake with you.
Georg. Pray, giue your man leaue to leade me forth.
Kend. Goe, Ienkin, fetch him forth.
Ien. Come, olde man.

*Enter George a Greene disguised.*

Kend. Father, heere is three poore men come to question
Thee a word in secrete that concernes their liues.
George. Say on, my sonnes.
Kend. Father, I am sure you heare the newes
How that the Earle of Kendal wars against the king.
Now, father, we three are gentlemen by birth,
But yonger brethren that want reuenues,
And for the hope we haue to be preferd,
If that we knew that we shall winne,
We will march with him;
If not, we will not march a foote to London more.
Therefore, good father, tell vs what shall happen,
Whether the king or the Earle of Kendal shall win.
George. The king, my sonne.
Kend. Art thou sure of that?
George. I, as sure as thou art Henry Momford,
The one L[ord] Bonfild, the other Sir Gilbert.
Kend. Why this is wondrous, being blinde of sight,
His deepe perseuerance[1] should be such to know vs!
Gilb. Magike is mightie, and foretelleth great matters.
In-deede, father, here is the earle come to see thee;
And therefore, good father, fable not with him.
George. Welcome is the earle to my poore cell,
And so are you, my lords. But let me counsell you
To leaue these warres against your king,
And liue in quiet.
Kend. Father, we come not for aduice in warre,

---

[1] A gold coin with a value of about ten shillings.

[1] Perceiverance, power of perceiving.

But to know whether we shall win or leese.
**George.** Lose, gentle lords, but not by good King Edward;
A baser man shall giue you all the foile.
**Kend.** I, marie, father, what man is that?
**George.** Poore George a Greene, the pinner.
**Kend.** What shall he?
**George.** Pull all your plumes, and sore dishonour you.
**Kend.** He! As how?
**Georg.** Nay, the end tries all. But so it will fall out.
**Kend.** But so it shall not, by my honor! Christ!
Ile raise my campe, and fire Wakefield towne,
And take that seruile pinner, George a Greene,
And butcher him before King Edwards face.
**George.** Good my lord, be not offended;
For I speake no more then arte reueales to me:
And for greater proofe,
Giue your man leaue to fetch me [out] [1] my staffe.
**Kend.** Ienkin, fetch him his walking staffe.

[*Jenkin goes in and brings out George's staff.*]

**Ien.** Here is your walking staffe.
**George.** Ile proue it good vpon your carcases
A wiser wisard neuer met you yet,
Nor one that better could foredoome your fall.
Now I haue singled you here alone,
I care not, [I],[2] though you be three to one.

[*Throws off his disguise.*]

**Kend.** Villaine, hast thou betraid vs?
**Georg.** Momford, thou liest! neuer was I traitor yet;
Onely deuis'd this guile to draw you on
For to be combatants.
Now conquere me, and then march on to London!
But [it][3] shall goe hard, but I will holde you taske.[4]

---

[1] Added by Nicholson.
[2] Added by Collins.
[3] Collins changes *But* to *It*.
[4] Qy. *faste*.

**Gilb.** Come, my lord, cheerely. Ile kill him hand to hand.
**Kend.** A thousand pound to him that strikes that stroke!
**Georg.** Then giue it me, for I will haue the first.

*Here they fight. George kils Sir Gilbert, and takes the other two prisoners.*

**Bonfild.** Stay, George! we doe appeale.[1]
**George.** To whom?
**Bon.** Why, to the king;
For rather had we bide what he appoynts,
Then here be murthered by a seruile groome.
**Kend.** What wilt thou doe with vs?
**Georg.** Euen as Lord Bonfild wis[h]t,
You shall vnto the king;
And, for that purpose, see where the Iustice is placed.

*Enter Iustice.*

**Iust.** Now, my Lord of Kendal, where be al your threats?
Euen as the cause, so is the combat fallen,
Else one could neuer haue conquerd three.
**Kend.** I pray thee, Woodroffe, doe not twit me.
If I haue faulted, I must make amends.
**Georg.** Master Woodroffe, here is not a place for many
Words.
I beseech ye, sir, discharge all his souldiers,
That euery man may goe home vnto his owne house.
**Iustice.** It shall bee so. What wilt thou doe, George?
**Georg.** Master Woodroffe, looke to your charge;
Leaue me to myselfe.
**Iust.** Come, my Lords.

*Exit all but George.*

**Georg.** Here sit thou, George, wearing a willow wreath,
As one despairing of thy beautious loue.
Fie, George! No more!
Pine not away for that which cannot be.
I cannot ioy in any earthly blisse
So long as I doe want my Bettris.

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[1] Appeal to a higher judge.

*Enter Ienkin.*

Ien. Who see a master of mine?
George. How now, sirrha! whither away?
Ien. Whither away? why, who doe you take me to bee?
Georg. Why Ienkin, my man.
Ien. I was so once, in-deede, but now the case is altered.
George. I pray thee, as how?
Ien. Were not you a fortune-teller to day?
George. Well, what of that?
Ien. So sure am I become a iugler.
What will you say if I iuggle your sweete heart?
George. Peace, prating losell! Her ielous father
Doth wait ouer her with such suspitious eyes,
That, if a man but dally by her feete,
He thinks it straight a witch [1] to charme his daughter.
Ien. Well, what will you giue me if I bring her hither?
George. A sute of greene, and twentie crownes besides.
Ien. Well, by your leaue, giue me roome.

[*He draws a magician's circle.*]

You must giue me something that you haue lately worne.[2]
George. Here is a gowne; will that serue you?

[*Throws him the gown used in the impersonation of the old man.*]

Ienkin. I, this will serue me. Keepe out of my circle,
Least you be torne in pieces by shee deuils.
Mistres Bettris, once! twice! thrice!

*He throwes the gowne [3] in, and she comes out.*

Oh, is this no cunning?
George. Is this my loue, or is it but her shadow?
Ienkin. I, this is the shadow, but heere is the substance.
George. Tell mee, sweete loue, what good fortune
Brought thee hither?
For one it was that fauoured George a Greene.
Bettris. Both loue and fortune brought me to my George,
In whose sweete sight is all my hearts content.
Geor. Tell mee, sweete loue, how camst thou from thy fathers?
Bettris. A willing minde hath many slips in loue:
It was not I, but Wily, thy sweete boy.
Geor. And where is Wily now?
Bettris. In my apparell, in my chamber still.
Geor. Ienkin, come hither. Goe to Bradford,
And listen out [1] your fellow Wily. —
Come, Bettris, let vs in,
And in my cottage we will sit and talke.

*Exeunt omnes.*

[*London: the Court of King Edward.*]

*Enter King Edward, the King of Scots, Lord Warwicke, yong Cuddy, and their traine.*

Edward. Brother of Scotland, I doe hold it hard,
Seeing a league of truce was late confirmde
Twixt you and me, without displeasure offered
You should make such inuasion in my land.
The vowes of kings should be as oracles,
Not blemisht with the staine of any breach,
Chiefly where fealtie and homage willeth it.
Iames. Brother of England, rub not the sore afresh;
My conscience grieues me for my deepe misdeede.
I haue the worst; of thirtie thousand men,
There scapt not full fiue thousand from the field.
Edward. Gramercie, Musgroue, else it had gone hard.
Cuddie, Ile quite thee well ere we two part.
Iames. But had not his olde father, William Musgroue,
Plaid twice the man, I had not now bene here.
A stronger man I seldome felt before.
But one of more resolute valiance

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[1] Here, as often, masculine.
[2] A regular device in witchcraft.
[3] A. *ground.*

[1] Seek information concerning.

Treads not, I thinke, vpon the English ground.
**Edward.** I wot wel, Musgroue shall not lose his hier.[1]
**Cuddie.** And it please your Grace, my father was
Fiue score and three at midsommer last past;
Yet, had King Iamie bene as good as George a Greene,
Yet Billy Musgroue would haue fought with him.
**Edward.** As George a Greene! I pray thee, Cuddie,
Let me question thee.
Much haue I heard, since I came to my crowne,
Many in manner of a prouerbe[2] say,
"Were he as good as G[eorge] a Green, I would strike him sure."
I pray thee tell me, Cuddie, canst thou informe me
What is that George a Greene?
**Cuddie.** Know, my lord, I neuer saw the man,
But mickle talke is of him in the country.
They say he is the pinner of Wakefield towne;
But for his other qualities, I let alone.
**War.** May it please your Grace, I know the man too wel.
**Edward.** Too well! Why so, Warwicke?
**War.** For once he swingde me till my bones did ake.
**Edward.** Why, dares he strike an earle?
**Warw.** An earle, my lord! nay, he wil strike a king,
Be it not King Edward.
For stature he is framde
Like to the picture of stoute Hercules,
And for his carriage passeth Robin Hood.
The boldest earle or baron of your land
That offereth scath vnto the towne of Wakefield,
George will arrest his pledge vnto the pound;
And who-so resisteth beares away the blowes,
For he himselfe is good inough for three.
**Edward.** Why, this is wondrous! My L[ord] of Warwicke,
Sore do I long to see this George a Greene.
But leauing him, what shall we do, my lord,
For to subdue the rebels in the north?
They are now marching vp to Doncaster.

*Enter one with the Earle of Kendal prisoner.*

Soft! who haue we there?
**Cuddie.**[1] Here is a traitour, the Earle of Kendal.
**Edward.** Aspiring traitour! how darst thou once
Cast thine eyes vpon thy soueraigne
That honour'd thee with kindenes and with fauour?
But I will make thee buy this treason deare.
**Kend.** Good my lord —
**Edward.** Reply not, traitor. —
Tell me, Cuddy, whose deede of honour
Wonne the victorie against this rebell?
**Cuddy.** George a Greene, the pinner of Wakefield.
**Edward.** George a Greene! Now shall I heare newes
Certaine what this pinner is.
Discourse it briefly, Cuddy, how it befell.
**Cud.** Kendall and Bonfild, with Sir Gilbert Armstrong,
Came to Wakefield towne disguisd,
And there spoke ill of your grace;
Which George, but hearing, feld them at his feete;
And, had not rescue come into the place,
George had slaine them[2] in his close of wheate.
**Edward.** But, Cuddy, canst thou not tell
Where I might giue and grant some thing
That might please, and highly gratifie the pinners thoughts?
**Cuddie.** This at their parting George did say to me:
"If the king vouchsafe of this my seruice,
Then, gentle Cuddie, kneele vpon thy knee,
And humbly craue a boone of him for me."

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[1] Hire, reward.

[2] The phrase quoted was a common proverb.

[1] This, with the following speeches, is inconsistently put into the mouth of Cuddie, possibly as a result of the cutting of the play and the elimination of one actor. In the prose story we read: "Justyce Grymes arrived lykewyse and presented, as from George a Greene, the Earle of Kendall." In the play it should be Justice Woodroffe.

[2] A. *him*.

**Edward.** Cuddie, what is it?
**Cuddie.** It is his will your Grace would pardon them,
And let them liue, although they haue offended.
**Edward.** I think the man striueth to be glorious.
Well, George hath crau'd it, and it shall be graunted,
Which none but he in England should haue gotten.
Liue, Kendall — but as prisoner;
So shalt thou end thy dayes within the tower.
**Kend.** Gracious is Edward to offending subiects.
**James.** My Lord of Kend, you are welcome to the court.
**Edward.** Nay, but "ill come," as it fals out now;
I, "ill come," in-deede, were it not for George a Greene.

[*Edward mockingly bows to James and the Earl of Kendall.*]

But, "gentle king" — for so you would auerre —
And "Edwards betters," I salute you both,

[*He mockingly vails bonnet to them.*][1]

And here I vowe, by good Saint George,
You wil gaine but litle when your summes are counted!
I sore doe long to see this George a Greene.
And for because I neuer saw the north,
I will forthwith goe see it;
And for that to none I will be knowen,
We will disguise our selues and steale downe secretly,
Thou and I, King Iames, Cuddie, and two or three,
And make a merrie iourney for a moneth.
Away, then, conduct him to the tower.
Come on, King Iames, my heart must needes be merrie,
If fortune make such hauocke of our foes.

*Ex. omnes.*

[*Sherwood Forest.*][1]

*Enter Robin Hood, Mayd Marian, Scarlet, and Much, the Millers sonne.*

**Robin.** Why is not louely Marian blithe of cheere?
What ayles my lemman,[2] that she gins to lowre?
Say, good Marian, why art thou so sad?
**Marian.** Nothing, my Robin, grieues me to the heart
But whensoeuer I doe walke abroad
I heare no songs but all of George a Greene;
Bettris, his faire lemman, passeth me.
And this, my Robin, gaules my very soule.
**Robin.** Content [thee].[3] What wreakes it vs though George a
Greene be stoute,
So long as he doth proffer vs no scath?
Enuie doth seldome hurt but to it selfe.
And therefore, Marian, smile vpon thy Robin.
**Marian.** Neuer will Marian smile vpon her Robin,
Nor lie with him vnder the green wood shade,
Till that thou go to Wakefield on a greene,
And beate the pinner for the loue of me.
**Robin.** Content thee, Marian; I will ease thy griefe;
My merrie men and I will thither stray.
And heere I vow that, for the loue of thee,
I will beate George a Greene, or he shall beate me.
**Scarlet.** As I am Scarlet, next to Little Iohn,
One of the boldest yeomen of the crew,
So will I wend with Robin all along,
And try this pinner what he dares [to] do.
**Much.** As I am Much, the millers sonne,
That left my mill to go with thee —
And nill repent that I haue done;
This pleasant life contenteth me —
In ought I may, to doe thee good,
Ile liue and die with Robin Hood.
**Marian.** And, Robin, Marian she will goe with thee,
To see faire Bettris how bright she is of blee.

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[1] Thus fulfilling the prophecy. Cf. lines 597–600.

[1] The place is stated in the prose romance, *The Famouus Hystory off George a Greene*, chap. xii.
[2] Sweetheart.
[3] Supplied by Dyce.

Robin. Marian, thou shalt goe with thy Robin.

[*He turns to his followers.*]

Bend vp your bowes, and see your strings be tight,
The arrowes keene, and euery thing be ready;
And each of you a good bat on his necke,
Able to lay a good man on the ground.
Scarlet. I will haue Frier Tuckes.
Much. I will haue Little Iohns.
Robin. I will haue one made of an ashen planke,[1]
Able to beare a bout or two. —
Then come on, Marian, let vs goe!
For before the sunne doth shew the morning day,
I wil be at Wakefield to see this pinner, George a Greene.

*Exeunt omnes.*

[*The town of Bradford.*]

*Enter a Shoomaker sitting vpon the stage at worke. Ienkin to him* [*with a staff on his shoulder*].

Ien. My masters, he that hath neither meate nor money,
And hath lost his credite with the alewife,
For anything I know may goe supperlesse to bed.
But, soft! who is heere? Here is a shoomaker.
He knowes where is the best ale. —
Shoomaker, I pray thee tell me,
Where is the best ale in the towne?
Shoomaker. Afore, afore; follow thy nose;
At the signe of the eggeshell.[2]
Ienkin. Come, shoomaker, if thou wilt,
And take thy part of a pot.
Shoomaker. Sirra, downe with your staffe!
Downe with your staffe!
Ienkin. Why, how now! is the fellow mad?
I pray thee tell me, why should I hold downe my staffe?
Shooma. You wil downe with him, will you not, sir?
Ienkin. Why, tell me wherefore?
Shoo. My friend, this is the towne of merry Bradford,[1]
And here is a custome held
That none shall passe with his staffe on his shoulders
But he must haue a bout with me;
And so shall you, sir.
Ienkin. And so will I not, sir!
Shoo. That wil I try. Barking dogs bite not the sorest.
Ienkin [*aside*]. I would to God I were once well rid of him.
Shooma. Now, what! will you downe with your staffe?
Ienkin. Why, you are not in earnest, are you?
Shooma. If I am not, take that.

[*Strikes him with his staff.*]

Ienkin. You whoorsen cowardly scabbe,
It is but the part of a clapperdudgeon[2]
To strike a man in the streete.
But darest thou walke to the townes end with me?
Shoomaker. I, that I dare do! But stay till I lay in my
Tooles, and I will goe with thee to the townes end
Presently.
Ienkin [*aside*]. I would I knew how to be rid of this fellow.
Shoom. Come, sir; wil you go to the townes end now, sir?
Ienkin. I, sir; come.

[*They cross over to the other end of the stage.*]

Now we are at the townes end. What say you now?
Shoomaker. Marry, come let vs euen haue a bout.
Ienkin. Ha! stay a little! Hold thy hands, I pray thee!
Shoom. Why whats the matter?
Ienkin. Faith, I am vnder-pinner of a towne,
And there is an order, which if I doe not keepe,

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[1] A. *plunke;* emend. by Mitford.
[2] The sign of the ale-house.

[1] A. *Wakefield.*
[2] A term of insult, of unknown origin.

I shall be turned out of mine office.
Shoomaker. What is that, sir?
Ienkin. Whensoeuer I goe to fight with any bodie,
I vse to flourish my staffe thrise about my head
Before I strike — and then shew no fauour.
Shoomaker. Well, sir, and till then I will not strike thee.
Ienkin. Wel, sir, here is once, twice: — here is my hand;
I will neuer doe it the third time.
Shoomaker. Why, then I see we shall not fight.
Ienkin. Faith, no. Come, I will giue thee two pots
Of the best ale, and be friends.
Shoomak. Faith, I see it is as hard to get water out of a flint,
As to get him to haue a bout with me;
Therefore I will enter into him for some good cheere. —
My friend, I see thou art a faint-hearted fellow,
Thou hast no stomacke to fight;
Therefore let vs go to the alehouse and drinke.
Ienkin. Well, content. Goe thy wayes, and say thy prayers
Thou scapst my hands today.

*Exeunt omnes.*

[*Near George a Greene's house, Wakefield.*]

*Enter George a Greene and Bettris.*

George. Tell me, sweet loue: how, is thy minde content?
What, canst thou brooke to liue with George a Greene?
Bettris. Oh, George, how little pleasing are these words!
Came I from Bradford for the loue of thee
And left my father for so sweet a friend.
Here will I liue vntill my life doe end.

*Enter Robin Hood and Marian, and his traine.*

George. Happy am I to haue so sweet a loue. —
But what are these come trasing[1] here along?
Bettris. Three men come striking through the corne,
My loue.

[*George runs towards the trespassers.*]

George. Backe againe, you foolish trauellers!
For you are wrong, and may not wend this way.
Robin Hood. That were great shame!
Now, by my soule, proud sir,
We be three tall[1] yeomen, and thou art but one. —
Come, we will forward in despite of him.
George. Leape the ditch, or I will make you skip!
What, cannot the hie-way serue your turne,
But you must make a path ouer the corne?
Robin. Why, art thou mad? Dar'st thou incounter three?
We are no babes, man; looke vpon our limmes.
Geo. Sirra, the biggest lims haue not the stoutest hearts.
Were ye as good as Robin Hood and his three mery men,
Ile driue you backe the same way that ye came.
Be ye men, ye scorne to incounter me all at once;
But be ye cowards, set vpon me all three,
And try the pinner what he dares performe!
Scarlet. Were thou as high in deedes
As thou art haughtie in wordes,
Thou well mightest be a champion for the king;
But emptie vessels haue the loudest sounds,
And cowards prattle more than men of worth.
George. Sirra, darest thou trie me?
Scarlet. I, sirra, that I dare.

*They fight, and George a Greene beats him.*

Much. How now! what! art thou downe?
Come, sir, I am next.

*They fight, and George a Greene beates him.*

Robin Hood. Come, sirra, now to me. Spare me not,

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[1] Proceeding.

[1] Stout.

For Ile not spare thee!
GEORGE. Make no doubt I will be as liberall to thee.

*They fight; Robin Hood stays.*

ROBIN HOOD. Stay, George! for here I doo protest,
Thou art the stoutest champion that euer I layd
Handes vpon.[1]
GEORGE. Soft you, sir! by your leaue, you lye;
You neuer yet laid hands on me.
ROBIN HOOD. George, wilt thou forsake Wakefield,
And go with me?
Two liueries will I giue thee euerie yeere,
And fortie crownes shall be thy fee.
GEORGE. Why, who art thou?
ROBIN HOOD. Why, Robin Hood.
I am come hither with my Marian
And these my yeomen for to visit thee.
GEORGE. Robin Hood! Next to King Edward
Art thou leefe to me.
Welcome, sweet Robin! Welcome, mayd Marian!
And welcome, you my friends!
Will you to my poore house?
You shall haue wafer cakes your fill,
A peece of beefe hung vp since martlemas,
Mutton, and veale. If this like you not,
Take that you finde, or that you bring, for me.
ROBIN HOOD. Godamercies, good George;
Ile be thy ghest to day.
GEORGE. Robin, therein thou honourest me.
Ile leade the way.

*Exeunt omnes.*

[*Bradford.*]

*Enter King Edward and King Iames disguised, with two staues* [*on their shoulders*].

EDWARD. Come on, King Iames. Now wee are
Thus disguised,
There is none, I know, will take vs to be kings.
I thinke we are now in Bradford,
Where all the merrie shoomakers dwell.

*Enter a Shoomaker.*

SHOOMAKER. Downe with your staues, my friends!
Downe with them!
EDWARD. Downe with our staues? I pray thee, why so?
SHOOMAKER. My friend, I see thou art a stranger heere,
Else wouldest thou not haue questiond of the thing.
This is the towne of merrie Bradford,
And here hath beene a custome, kept of olde,
That none may beare his staffe vpon his necke,
But traile it all along throughout the towne,
Vnlesse they meane to haue a bout with me.
EDWARD. But heare you, sir, hath the king
Granted you this custome?
SHOOMAKER. King or kaisar, none shall passe this way,
Except King Edward;
No, nor the stoutest groome that haunts his court.
Therefore downe with your staues!
EDWARD. What were we best to do?
IAMES. Faith, my lord, they are stoute fellowes;
And because we will see some sport,
We will traile our staues.
EDWARD. Heer'st thou, my friend?
Because we are men of peace, and trauellers,
We are content to traile our staues.
SHOOMAKER. The way lyes before you; go along.

*Enter Robin Hood and George a Greene, disguised.*

ROBIN HOOD. See, George, two men are passing
Through the towne,
Two lustie men, and yet they traile their staues.
GEORGE. Robin, they are some pesants
Trickt in yeomans weedes. — Hollo, you two trauellers!
EDWARD. Call you vs, sir?
GEORGE. I, you! Are ye not big inough to beare

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[1] Cf. the Robin Hood plays. In the prose story the Robin Hood legend is much further developed.

Your bats vpon your neckes,
But you must traile them along the streetes?
EDWAR. Yes, sir, we are big inough; but here is a custome
Kept, that none may passe, his staffe vpon his necke,
Vnless he traile it at the weapons point.
Sir, we are men of peace, and loue to sleepe
In our whole skins, and therefore quietnes is best.
GEORGE. Base minded pesants, worthlesse to be men!
What! haue you bones and limmes to strike a blow,
And be your hearts so faint you cannot fight?
Wert not for shame I would shrub your shoulders well,
And teach you manhood against another time.
SHOOM. Well preacht, sir Iacke! Downe with your staffe!
EDWAR. Do you heare, my friends? and you be wise,
Keepe downe your staues,
For all the towne will rise vpon you.
GEORGE. Thou speakest like an honest quiet fellow!
But heare you me: In spite of all the swaines
Of Bradford town, beare me your staues vpon your necks —
Or, to begin withall, Ile baste you both so well,
You were neuer better basted in your liues.
EDWARD. We will hold vp our staues.

*George a Greene fights with the Shoomakers, and beates them all downe.*

GEORGE. What, haue you any more?
Call all your towne forth, cut and longtaile.

*The Shoomakers spy George a Greene.*

SHOOMAKER. What, George a Greene! is it you?
A plague found[1] you!
I thinke you long'd to swinge me well.
Come, George, we wil crush a pot before we part.
GEORGE. A pot, you slaue? we will haue an hundred!
Heere, Will Perkins; take my purse,
Fetch me a stand[2] of ale, and set [it] in the market-place,
That all may drinke that are athirst this day;
For this is for a feee to welcome Robin Hood
To Bradford towne.

*They bring out the stande of ale, and fall a drinking.*

Here, Robin, sit thou here; for thou art the best man
At the boord this day.
You that are strangers, place your selues where you will.
Robin, heer's a carouse to good King Edwards selfe.
And they that loue him not, I would we had
The basting of them a litle!

*Enter the Earle of Warwicke with other noble men, bringing out the Kings garments; then George a Greene and the rest kneele downe to the King.*

EDWARD. Come, masters, all fellowes!
Nay, Robin, you are the best man at the boord to-day;
Rise vp, George.
GEORGE. Nay, good my liege, ill-nurturd we were, then.
Though we Yorkeshire men be blunt of speech,
And litle skild in court or such quaint fashions,
Yet nature teacheth vs duetie to our king;
Therefore, I humbly beseech you, pardon George a Greene.
ROBIN. And, good my lord, a pardon for poore Robin;
And for vs all a pardon, good King Edward.
SHOOMAKER. I pray you, a pardon for the shoomakers.
EDWARD. I frankely grant a pardon to you all.
And, George a Greene, giue me thy hand!
There is none in England that shall doe thee wrong.
Euen from my court I came to see thy selfe;
And now I see that fame speakes nought but trueth.

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[1] Confound.

[2] Cask, barrel.

George. I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie.
That which I did against the Earle of Kendal,
It was but a subiects duetie to his soueraigne,
And therefore little merit[s] such good words,
Edward. But ere I go, Ile grace thee with good deeds.
Say what King Edward may performe,
And thou shalt haue it, being in Englands bounds.
George. I haue a louely lemman,
As bright of blee as is the siluer moone;
And olde Grimes, her father, will not let her match
With me, because I am a pinner,
Although I loue her, and she me, dearely.
Edward. Where is she?
George. At home at my poore house,
And vowes neuer to marrie vnlesse her father
Giue consent; which is my great griefe, my Lord.
Edward. If this be all, I will dispatch it straight;
Ile send for Grime and force him giue his grant.
He will not denie King Edward such a sute.

*Enter Ienkin, and speakes.*

[Ienkin.] Ho! who saw a master of mine?
Oh, he is gotten into company — and [1] a bodie should rake
Hell for companie.
George. Peace, ye slaue! see where King Edward is?
Edward. George, what is he?
George. I beseech your Grace pardon him; he is my man.
Shoomaker. Sirra, the king hath bene drinking with vs,
And did pledge vs too.
Ienkin. Hath he so? Kneele; I dub you "gentlemen."
Shoomaker. Beg it of the king, Ienkin.
Ienkin. I wil. — I beseech your worship grant me one thing.
Edward. What is that?
Ienkin. Hearke in your eare.

*He whispers the King in the eare.*

Edward. Goe your wayes, and do it.
Ienkin. Come! downe on your knees! I haue got it.
Shoomaker. Let vs heare what it is first.

Ienkin. Mary, because you haue drunke with the king, and the king hath so graciously pledgd you, you shall be no more called shoomakers, but you and yours, to the worlds ende, shall be called "the trade of the gentle craft."

Shoomaker. I beseech your Maiestie reforme [1] this which he hath spoken.

Ienkin. I beesech your worship consume this which he hath spoken.

Edward. Confirme it, you would say. — Well, he hath done it for you; it is sufficient. — Come, George, we will goe to Grime, and haue thy loue.

Ienkin. I am sure your worship will abide; for yonder is comming olde Musgroue and mad Cuddie his sonne. — Master, my fellow Wilie comes drest like a woman, and master Grime will marrie Wilie. Heere they come.

*Enter Musgroue and Cuddie, and master Grime, Wilie, Mayd Marian, and Bettris.*

Edward. Which is thy old father, Cuddie?
Cuddie. This, if it please your Maiestie.
Edward. Ah, old Musgroue, rise [2] vp!
It fits not such gray haires to kneele.
Musgroue. Long liue my soueraigne!
Long and happie be his dayes!
Vouchsafe, my gracious lord, a simple gift
At Billy Musgroues hand.
King Iames at Meddellom Castle gaue me this;
This wonne the honour, and this giue I thee.

*[He hands him a sword.]*

Edward. Godamercie, Musgroue, for this friendly gift.
And, for thou feldst a king with this same weapon,
This blade shall here dub valiant Musgroue knight.

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[1] If.

[1] Re-establish, renew.

[2] A. *kneele*, possibly caught by the printer from the line below.

MUSG. Alas, what hath your highnes done? I am poore.
EDW. To mend thy liuing take thou Meddellom Castle,
The hold [1] of both. And if thou want liuing, complaine;
Thou shalt haue more to mainetaine thine estate.
George, which is thy loue?
GEORGE. This, if please your Maiestie.
EDWARD. Art thou her aged father?
GRIME. I am, and it like your Maiestie.
EDWAR. And wilt not giue thy daughter vnto George?
GRIME. Yes, my lord, if he will let me marrie
With this louely lasse.
EDWARD. What sayst thou, George?
GEORGE. With all my heart, my lord, I giue consent.
GRIME. Then do I giue my daughter vnto George.
WILIE. Then shall the mariage soone be at an end.

[*Throws off his disguise.*]

Witnesse, my lord, if that I be a woman!
For I am Wilie, boy to George a Greene,
Who for my master wrought this subtill shift.
EDWARD. What! is it a boy? What sayst thou to this, Grime?
GRIME. Mary, my lord, I thinke this boy hath
More knauerie than all the world besides.
Yet am I content that George shall both haue
My daughter and my lands.
EDWARD. Now, George, it rests I gratifie thy worth.
And therefore here I doe bequeath to thee,
In full possession, halfe that Kendal hath;
And what as Bradford holdes of me in chiefe,
I giue it frankely vnto thee for euer.
Kneele downe, George.
GEORGE. What will your Maiestie do?
EDWARD. Dub thee a knight, George.
GEORGE. I beseech your Grace, grant me one thing.
EDWARD. What is that?
GEORGE. Then let me liue and die a yeoman still.
So was my father, so must liue his sonne.
For tis more credite to men of base degree
To do great deeds, than men of dignitie.
EDWARD. Well, be it so, George.
IAMES. I beseech your Grace dispatch with me,[1]
And set downe my ransome.
EDWARD. George a Greene, set downe the King of Scots
His ransome.
GEORGE. I beseech your Grace pardon me;
It passeth my skill.
EDWARD. Do it; the honor's thine.
GEORGE. Then let King Iames make good
Those townes which he hath burnt vpon the borders;
Giue a small pension to the fatherlesse,
Whose fathers he caus'd murthered in those warres;
Put in pledge for these things to your Grace;
And so returne.
[EDWARD.] [2] King Iames, are you content?
IAMIE. I am content, and like [3] your Maiestie,
And will leaue good castles in securitie.
EDWARD. I craue no more. — Now, George a Greene,
Ile to thy house. And when I haue supt, Ile go to Aske,[4]
And see if Iane a Barley be so faire
As good King Iames reports her for to be.
And for the ancient custome of "Vaile Staffe," keepe it still;
Clayme priuiledge from me:
If any aske a reason why, or how,
Say, English Edward vaild his staffe to you.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

FINIS.

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[1] I imagine that Edward appoints him to be keeper of Meddellom Castle, as well as Handoun (or Sandon) Castle. The line, however, may be corrupt.

[1] Dispose of my case.

[2] A. omits speaker's name, and runs the line into George's speech. Corrected by Dyce.

[3] If it please.

[4] A town in Yorkshire.

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